

Hope is the Thing With Feathers
Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops - at all.

And sweetest--in the Gale--is heard,
And sore must be the storm,
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land,
And on the strangest Sea.
Yet, never, in Extremity
It asked a crumb--of me.

Esperanza es la Cosa Con Plumas
Emily Dickinson
Translated by Arturo Romero Rendon

Esperanza es la cosa con plumas
Que se asienta en el alma,
Y canta la melodía sin palabras
Y nunca se detiene -- para nada.

Y lo dulce -- en el Ventarrón -- se escuchó,
Y abatida debe estar la tormenta,
Que pudiera desconcertar a la pequeña Ave
Que guardaba mucho calor.

Lo he escuchado en las tierras gélidas,
Y en los mares místicos.
Mas, nunca en Extremo
Pidió una migaja -- mía.

Poem Reader 

CCSSR2 and 5—figure out the theme and how the writer communicates it.

Underline the words that help you understand the poem.
Draw a picture that shows what this poem means to you.

What is the theme of the poem?