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Lesson Plan: Cambridge Rindge & Latin  
April 4, 2018

Enduring Understandings: Students will understand that...

- ...movement together in a community can unlock possibilities for shaping narratives
- ...creative collaboration requires spontaneity, the willingness to say yes, and listening with all your senses and subsequently responding

Essential Questions:

- Is movement the event or does movement facilitate the event?

Lesson Plan

- Circle: name, pronouns, favorite game from childhood
- Warm-up: Flow (through sand, molasses; intro character from poem's feelings: image from a childhood game, what is it like to be away from home?)
  - Parameters: walk through doorways, following, turning away
- Read poem
  - What are images and lines that stood out? What gestures express that?
  - Reenter flow to explore gestures (one expressive, one behavioral; at different tempos)
- Lanes
  - Half up, half watching
  - Parameters: walk, run, jump, drop, be still
  - Gesture, repetition, kinesthetic response
  - Explore poem and character
  - Offer cues; then challenge students to find end to group event
  - What stood out to you?
- Tableaux
  - Find partner, designate A & B
  - All As in performance space, do a frozen gesture that they saw or performed in the lane work. Bs make directions to create one communal image (one partnership at a time)
  - Group A will flow and explore gesture (Viewpoints Lite) ending when everyone finds themselves back in communal image
  - Reverse process with Bs in their partner's space; As have the opportunity to make directions
  - Group B will flow and explore gesture (Viewpoints Lite) ending when everyone finds themselves back in communal image
- Reflection
  - What was surprising or moving about what you observed in the other group's work?
- Whole class exploration using all available material from the entire lesson
- Final reflection
  - What will you take away/keep from this lesson for future work?

## **“The Ceiba” - Claribel Alegria**

How was my ceiba?  
the one facing the park  
the one to which I made a promise?  
I remember it  
as a shadowed roof  
as a gigantic pillar sustaining the sky  
as the sentinel of my childhood.  
Beneath its thick branches  
each of them like a trunk  
the street sellers rested  
children and dogs scampered about  
the air paused to watch us.  
My absences have been lengthy  
innumerable  
lengthy  
but they never weighed on me like now.  
I still must return  
the final station is always the hardest  
weariness accumulates  
dismembers us.  
How was my Ceiba?  
I sense your map in its foliage  
the circle is open  
I must still return to close it  
the trunk of the ceiba  
is thick  
cannot be encircled with an embrace  
I have made many trips around it  
many slow circles.  
They won't let me return.  
Hostile forces forbid it.  
Just one last circle  
to close the ritual  
one last return  
to arrive at my Kaaba  
and sit in the park  
to contemplate it.