

My Longest Journey

Metaphor and Simile Translation

Imagine you are explaining this poem to someone who does not understand metaphors and similes. For each of the lines draw a picture to show what is happening.

Line of the Poem	Illustration
Winter's greeting, cheeks slapped red by the first morning's chill, Throats on fire, plumes erupting with every breath,	
Colour retreats, once happy gardens wither in silent submission, Shivering trees, branches stripped bare by leaf-greedy storms,	
Carrot-nosed sentries, standing proud in every garden, Streets at war, glove-tightened grenades explode with laughter.	

Glossary:

plumes - thick clouds of smoke coming out of something.

erupting - exploding out of something, such as a volcano.

retreats - to go back, to back off.

submission - surrender

sentries - soldiers who guard an entrance.

grenades - small, ball-shaped round weapons that explode when thrown.

My Longest Journey

Metaphor and Simile Translation

Imagine you are explaining this poem to someone who does not understand metaphors and similes. You are going to write a plain English translation for each line so that the person can understand what is happening in the poem.

The first one has been done for you.

Line of the Poem	Plain English Translation
Winter's greeting, cheeks slapped red by the first morning's chill,	My cheeks have gone red in the cold, winter, morning air.
Throats on fire, plumes erupting with every breath,	
Faces hidden, friends like highwaymen in hoods and scarves,	
Colour retreats, once happy gardens wither in silent submission,	
Shivering trees, branches stripped bare by leaf-greedy storms,	
Gatling-gun clouds, raindrops shower like bouncing bullets,	
Sledges poised, dreams of hilltops brushed cotton-wool white,	
Carrot-nosed sentries, standing proud in every garden,	
Streets at war, glove-tightened grenades explode with laughter.	
Countdown calendar, striking days like a gloomy prisoner,	
Reluctant traveller, wishing the long journey would finally end,	
Please give me a year of spring and summer. Winter is not my friend!	

My Longest Journey

Metaphor and Simile Translation

Imagine you are explaining this poem to someone who does not understand metaphors and similes. You are going to write a plain English translation for each line so that the person can understand what is happening in the poem.

The first one has been done for you.

Line of the Poem	Plain English Translation
Winter's greeting, cheeks slapped red by the first morning's chill,	My cheeks have gone red in the cold, winter, morning air.
Throats on fire, plumes erupting with every breath,	
Faces hidden, friends like highwaymen in hoods and scarves,	
Desperate dances; feet stamp and hands clap their reluctant beats.	
Colour retreats, once happy gardens wither in silent submission,	
Shivering trees, branches stripped bare by leaf-greedy storms,	
Gatling-gun clouds, raindrops shower like bouncing bullets,	
Vampire skies, draining daylight into shadows and darkness.	

Sledges poised, dreams of hilltops brushed cotton-wool white,	
Crunching footsteps, forging giddy pathways through fresh snow,	
Carrot-nosed sentries, standing proud in every garden,	
Streets at war, glove-tightened grenades explode with laughter.	
Wasted weekends, reluctant dog walks and slow soggy Sundays,	
Countdown calendar, striking days like a gloomy prisoner,	
Reluctant traveller, wishing the long journey would finally end,	
Please give me a year of spring and summer. Winter is not my friend!	

My Longest Journey

Metaphor and Simile Translation

Answers

Line of the Poem	Plain English Translation
Winter's greeting, cheeks slapped red by the first morning's chill,	My cheeks have gone red in the cold, winter, morning air.
Throats on fire, plumes erupting with every breath,	People get sore throats and it's so cold you can see your breath in the cold air.
Faces hidden, friends like highwaymen in hoods and scarves,	Friends are dressed in hoods and scarves to cover their faces.
Desperate dances; feet stamp and hands clap their reluctant beats.	People stamp feet and clap their hands as they're desperately trying to keep warm.
Colour retreats, once happy gardens wither in silent submission,	There are no colourful flowers in the gardens.
Shivering trees, branches stripped bare by leaf-greedy storms,	There are no leaves on the trees which have been blown off by the wind.
Gatling-gun clouds, raindrops shower like bouncing bullets,	It's raining so hard that raindrops bounce off the ground. [A gatling gun is an early version of a machine gun on wheels from the 1800s]
Vampire skies, draining daylight into shadows and darkness.	The sky is getting darker.

Sledges poised, dreams of hilltops brushed cotton-wool white,	Sledges are ready to be used on the white snow.
Crunching footsteps, forging giddy pathways through fresh snow,	Footsteps make crunching noises and leave a trail behind them.
Carrot-nosed sentries, standing proud in every garden,	There's a snowman in every garden.
Streets at war, glove-tightened grenades explode with laughter.	There's a snowball fight where people are laughing and enjoying themselves.
Wasted weekends, reluctant dog walks and slow soggy Sundays,	It's sometimes miserable going on soggy walks at the weekend when you feel you might like to doing something else.
Countdown calendar, striking days like a gloomy prisoner,	An Advent calendar is being used to countdown to Christmas.
Reluctant traveller, wishing the long journey would finally end,	The person is not enjoying the walk in the snow and they wish it was over.
Please give me a year of spring and summer. Winter is not my friend!	I dislike winter - I much prefer spring and summer!