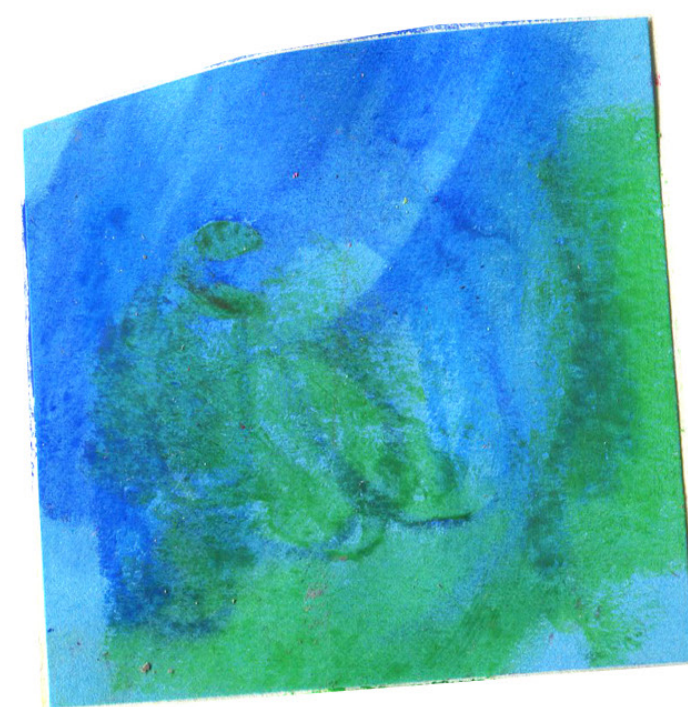
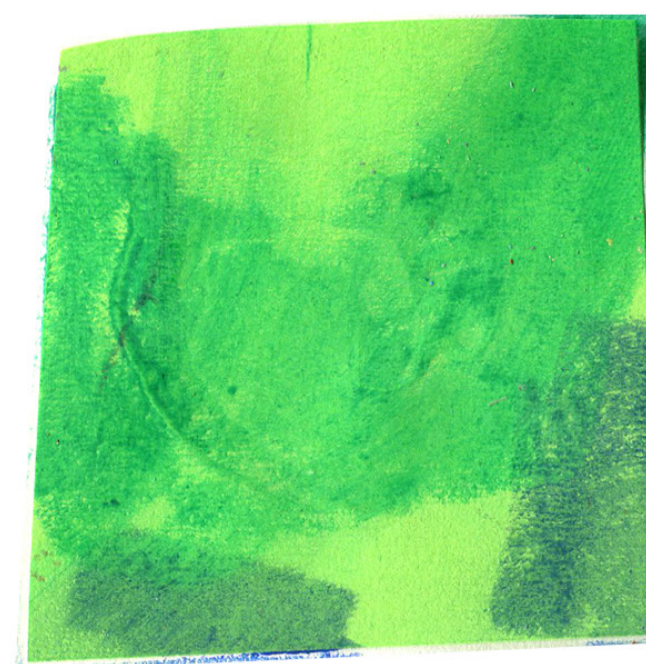
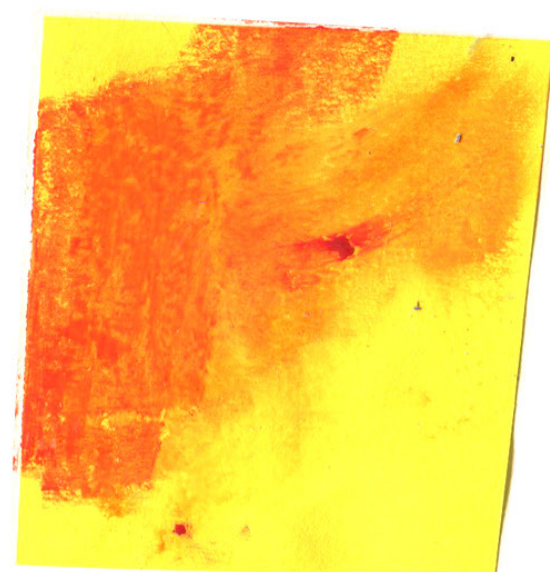
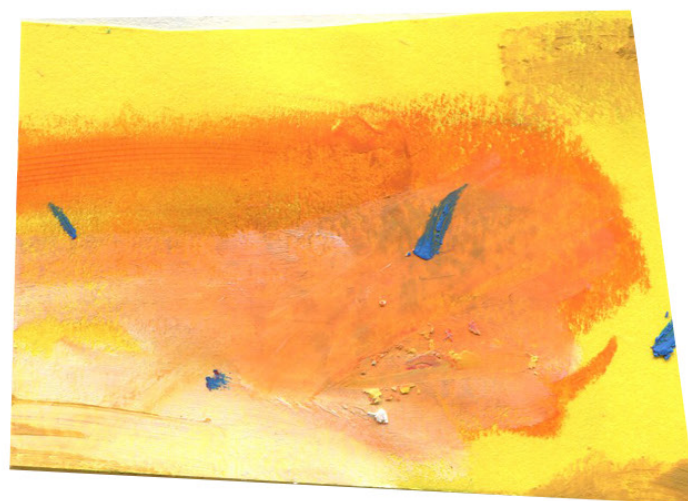
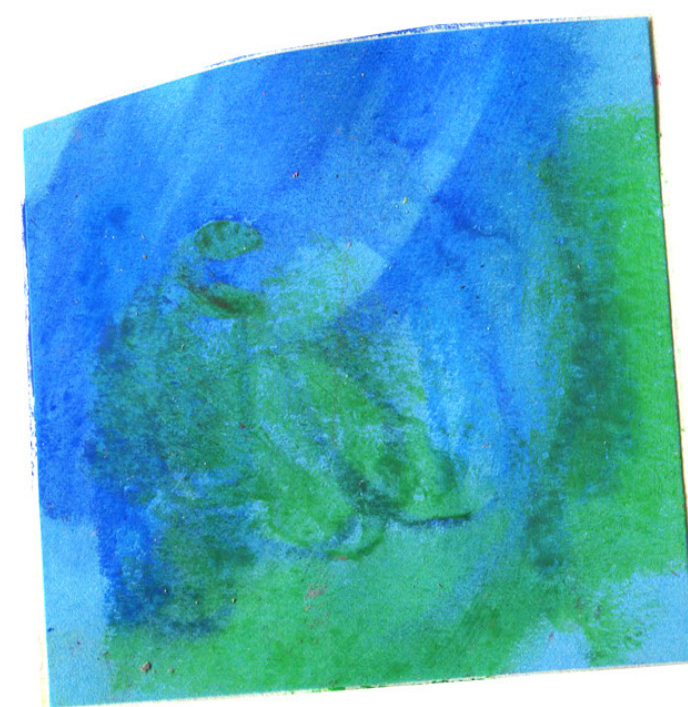
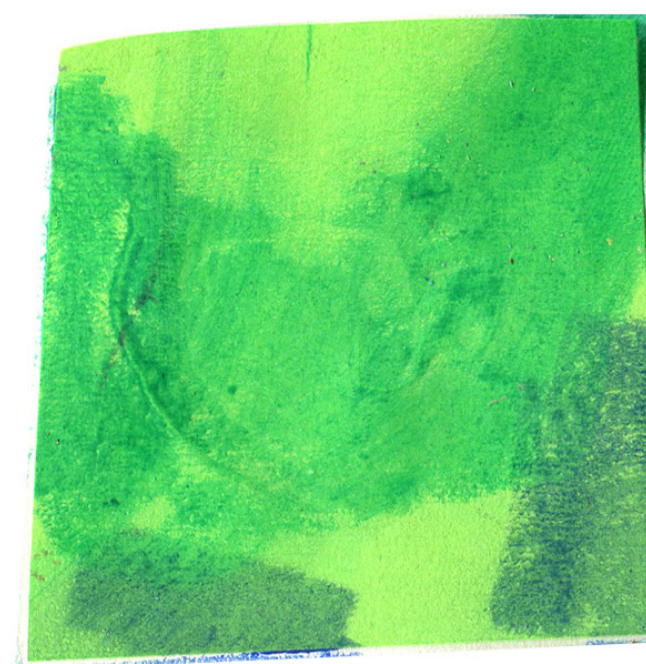
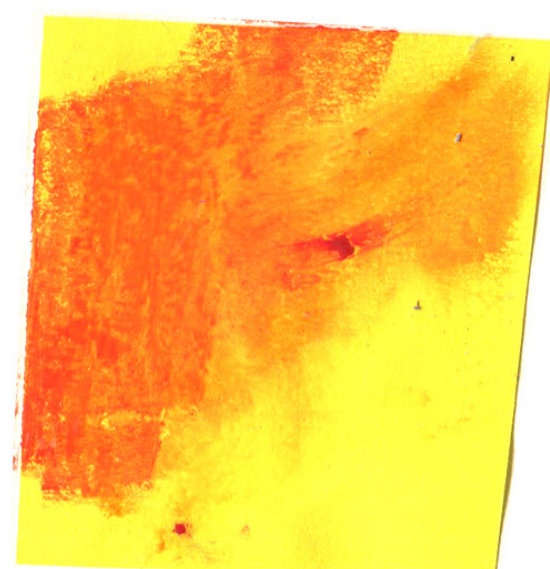


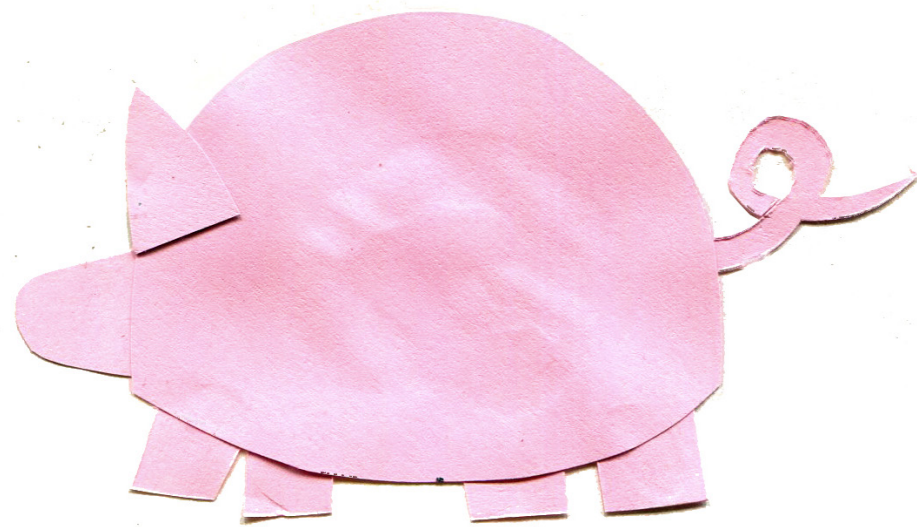


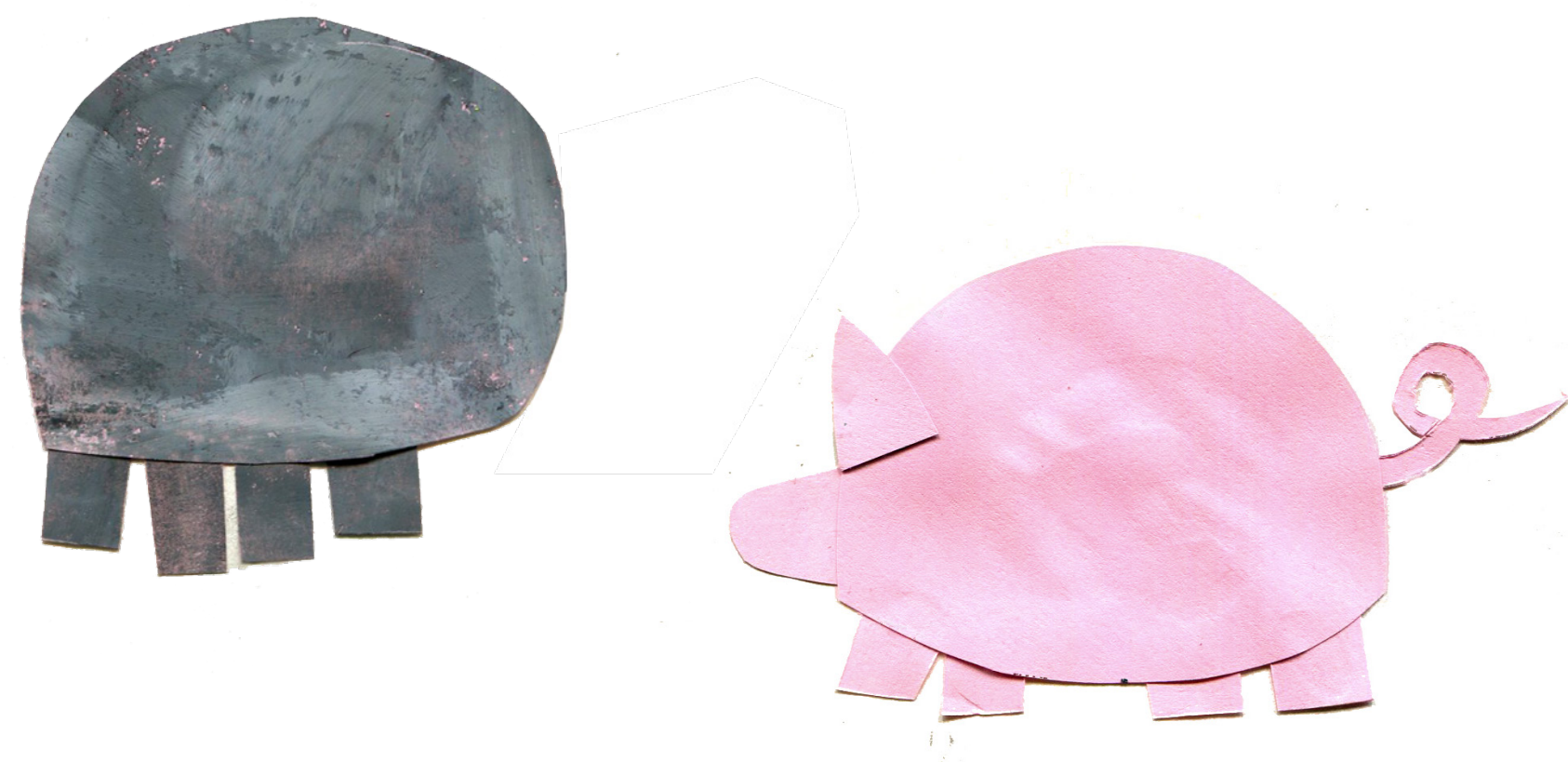


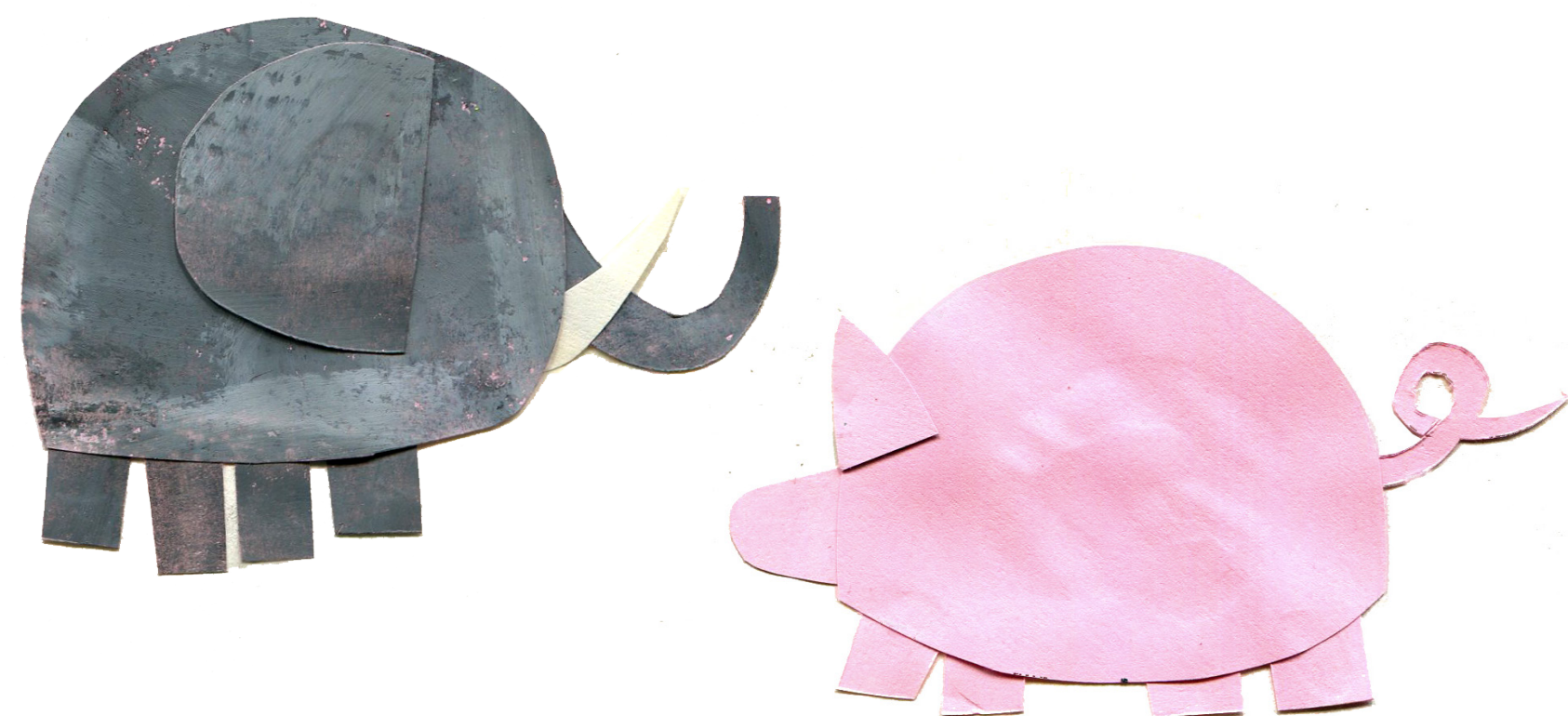


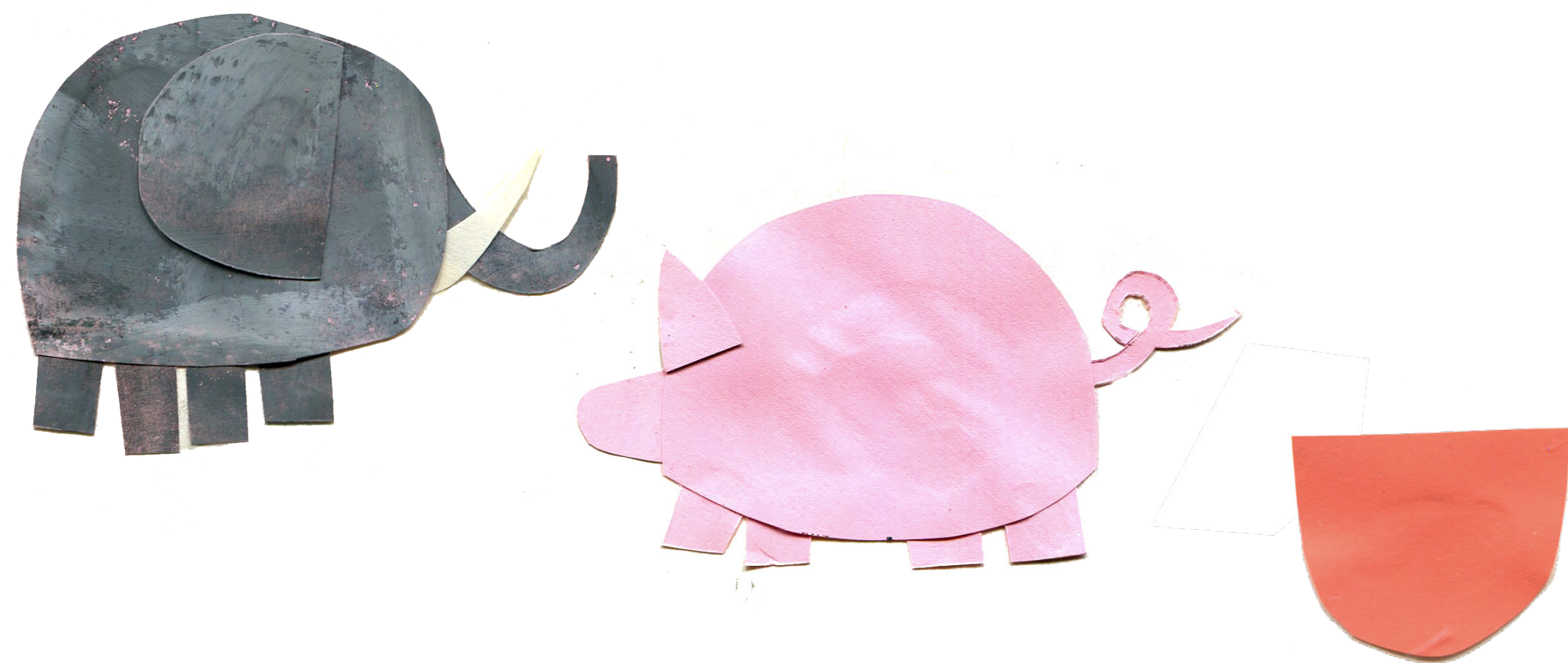


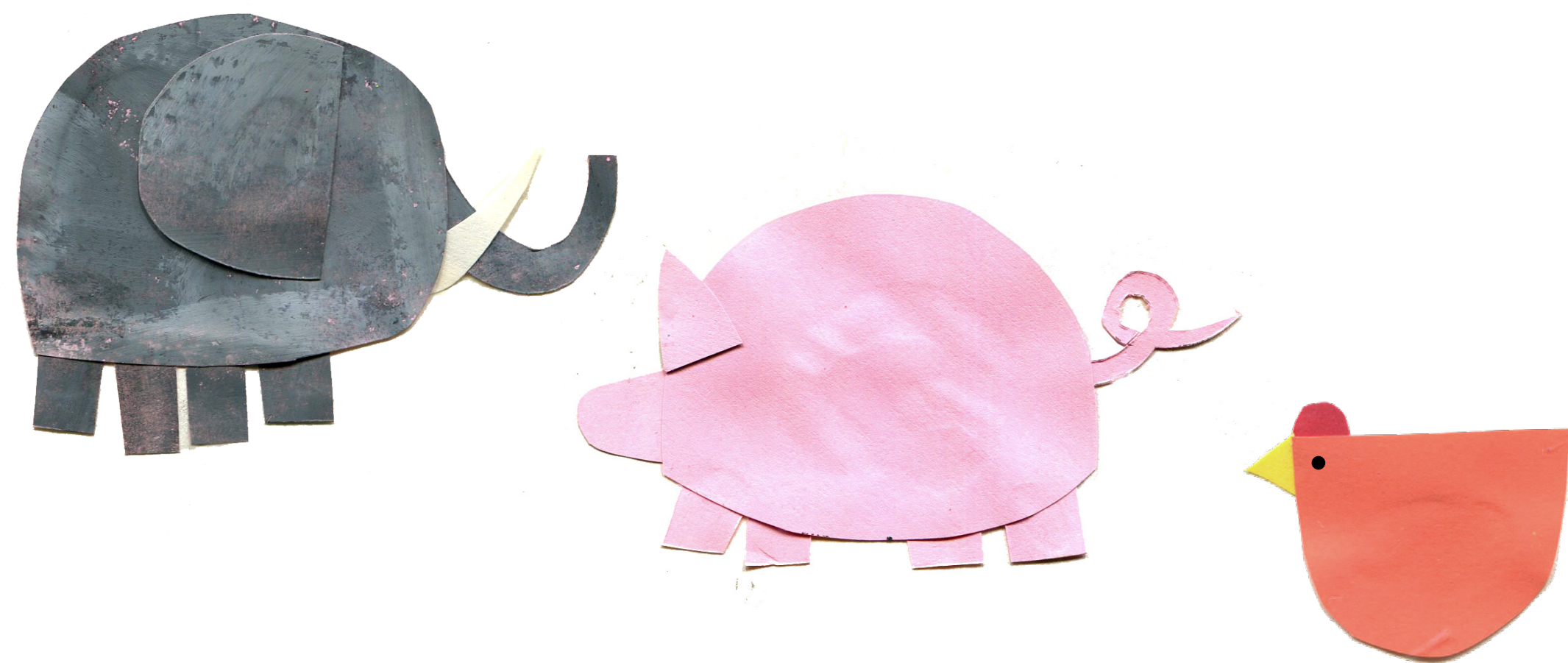


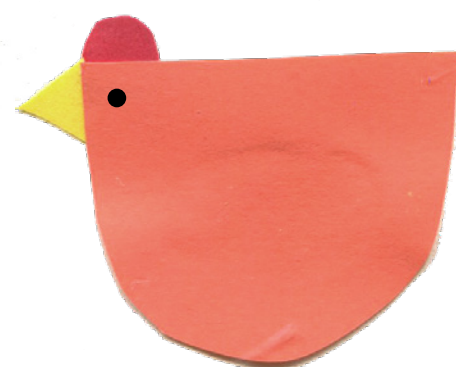
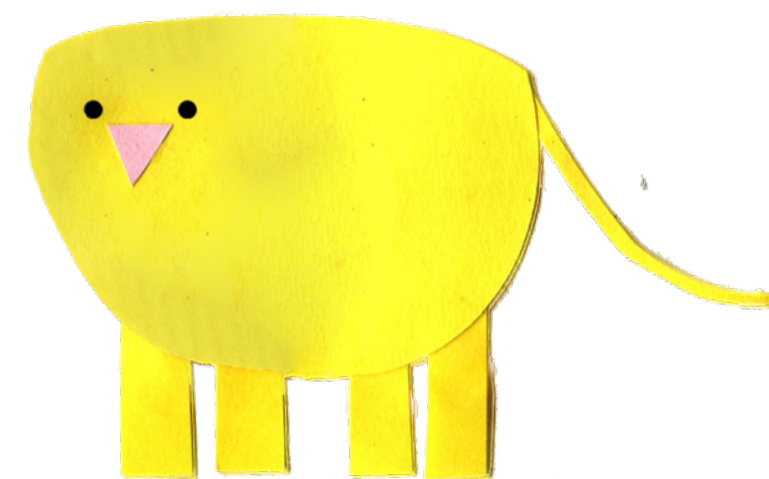
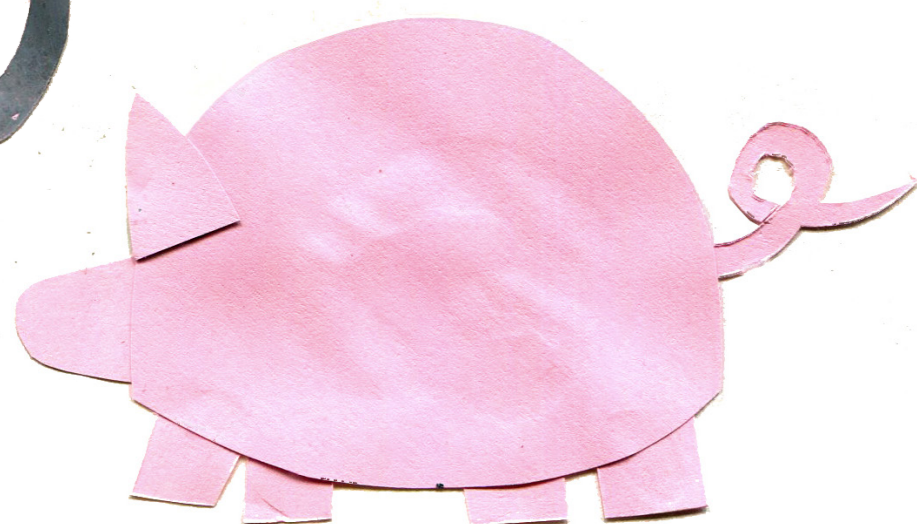
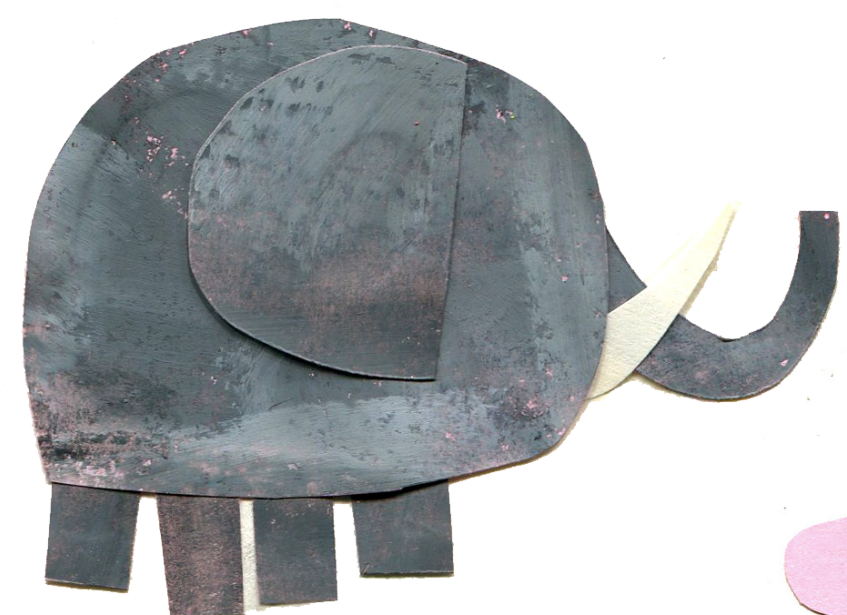


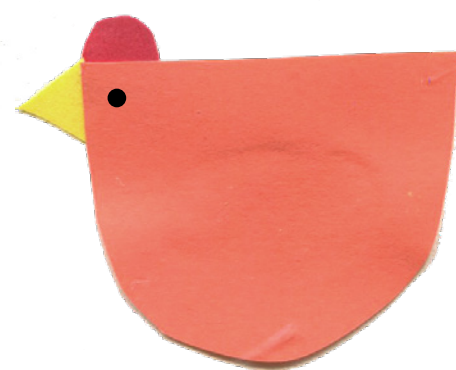
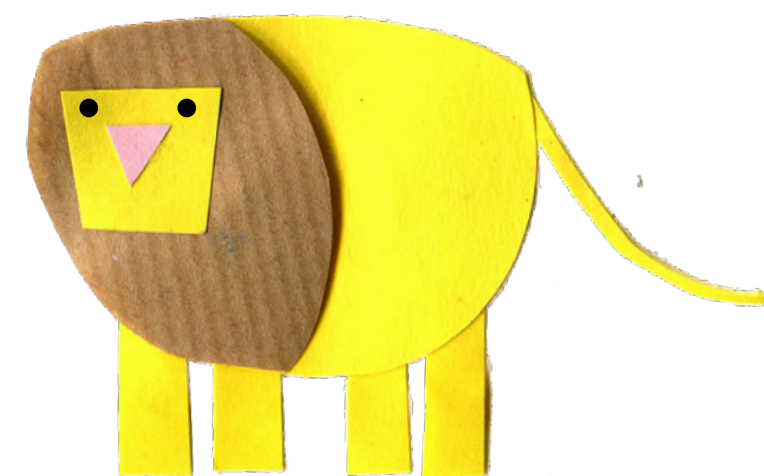
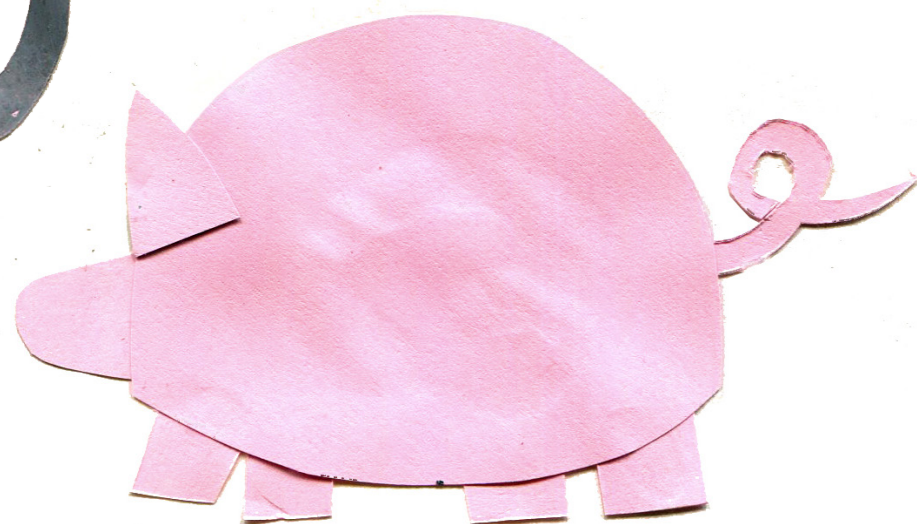
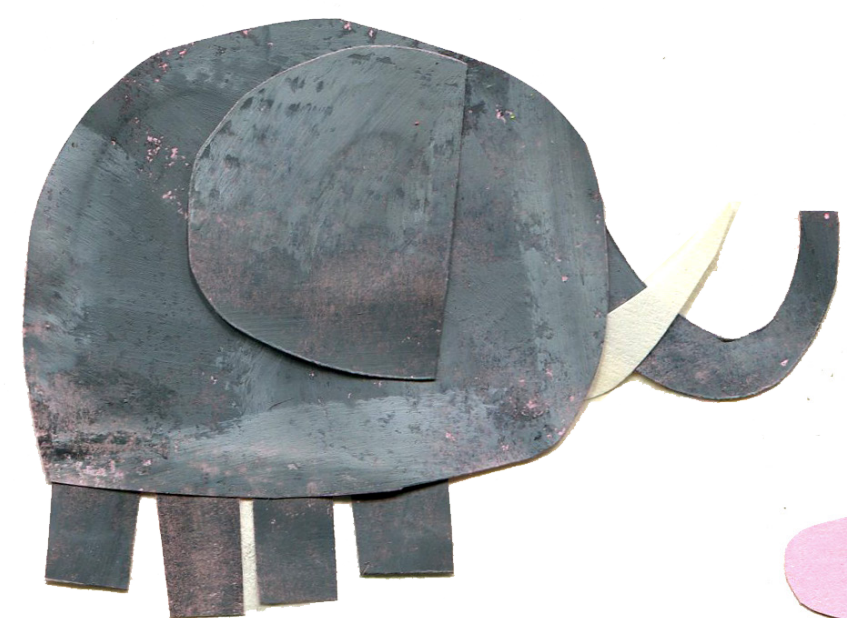


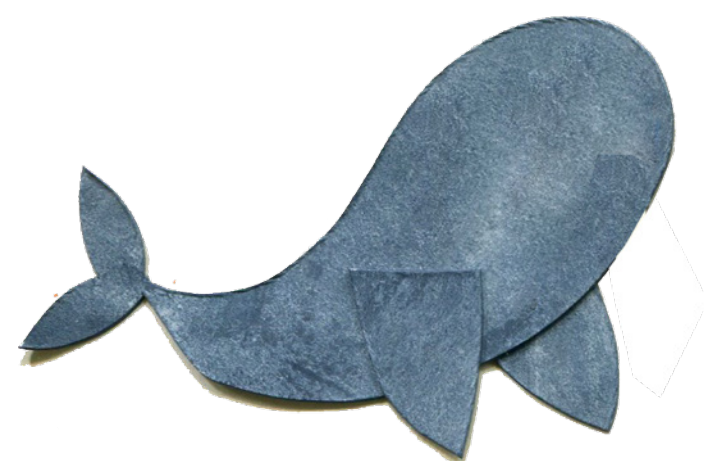
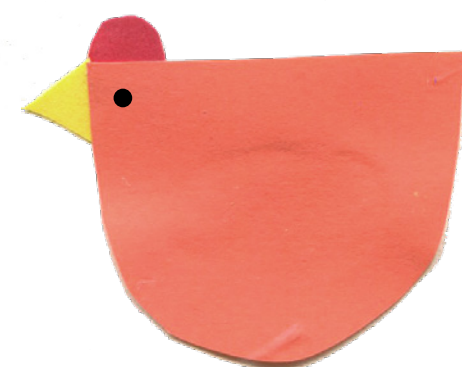
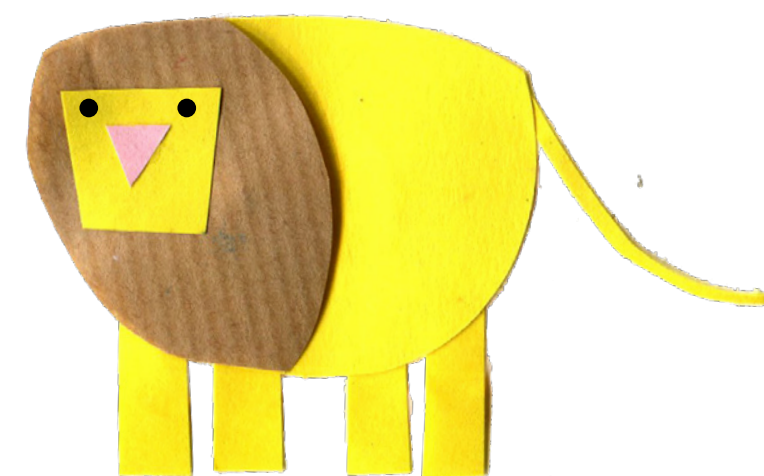
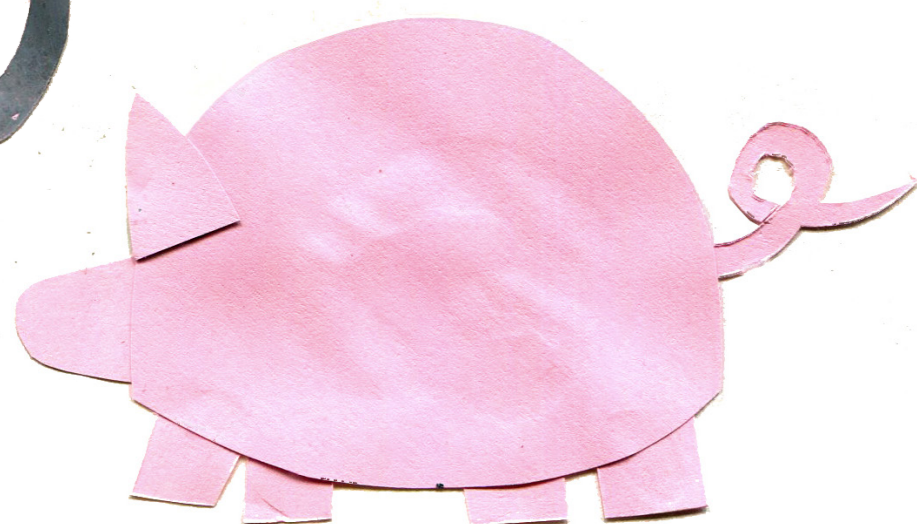
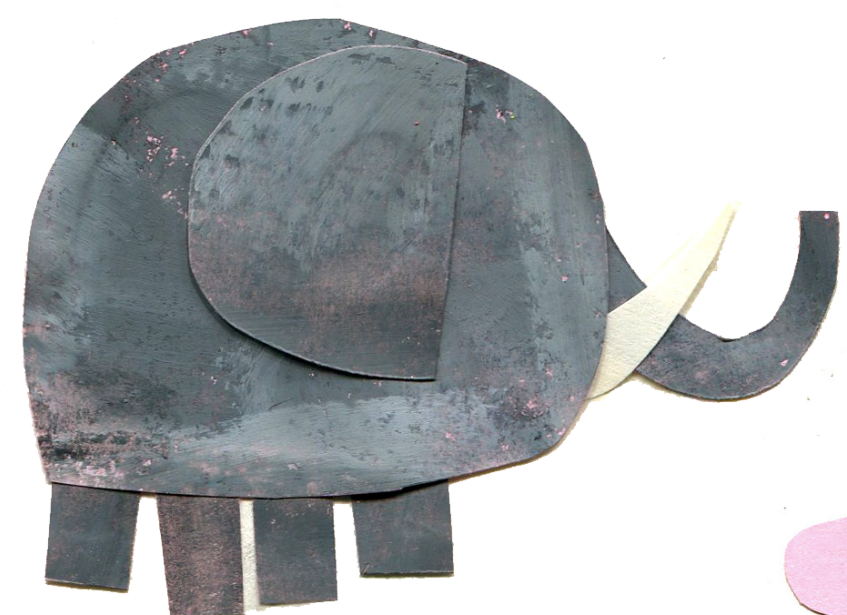


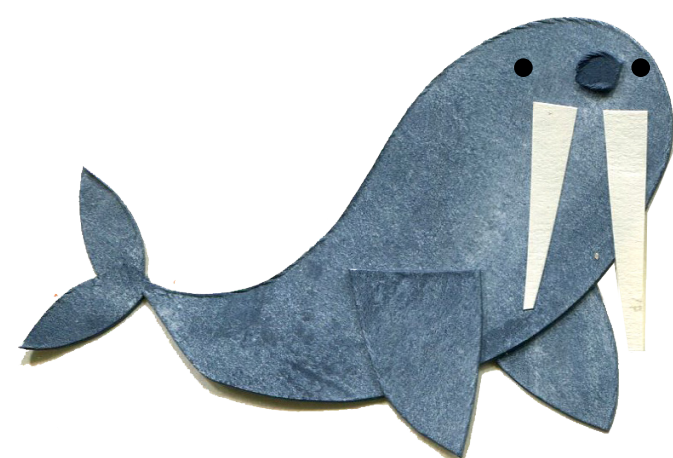
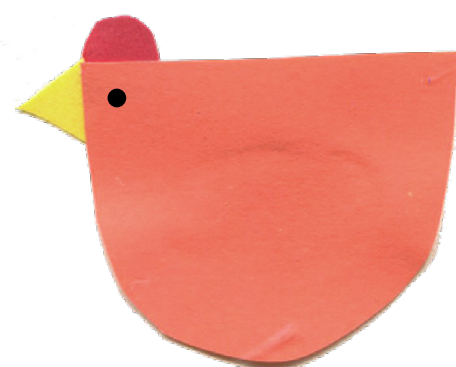
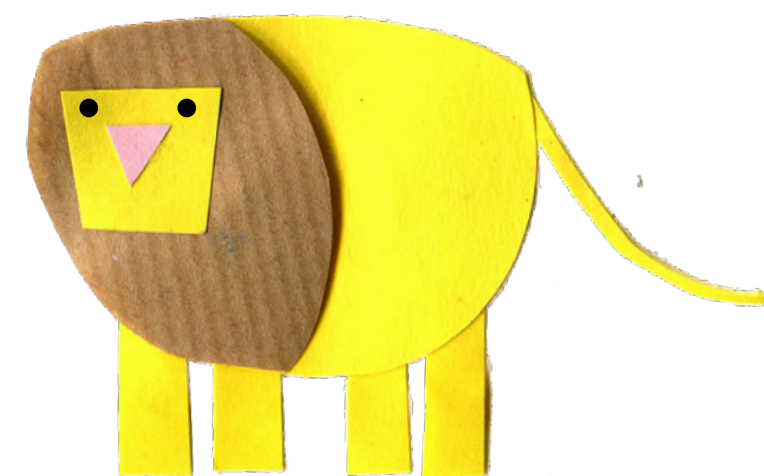
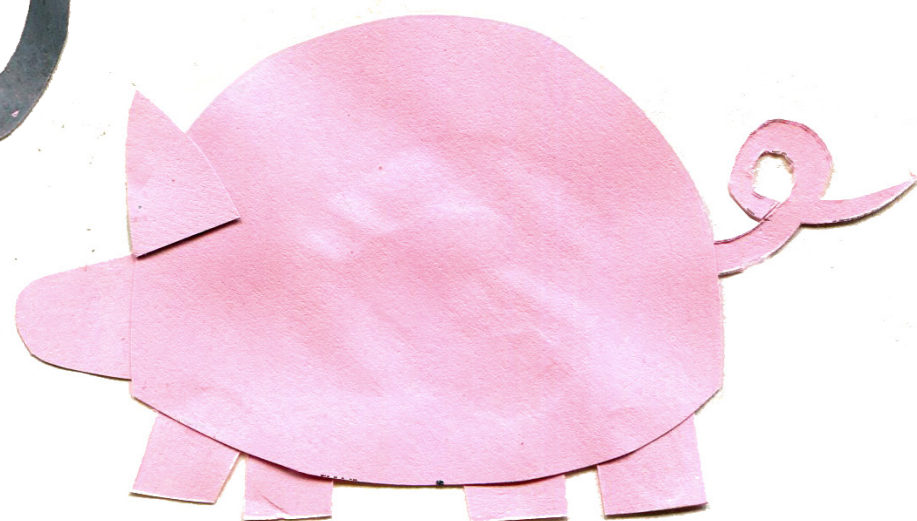
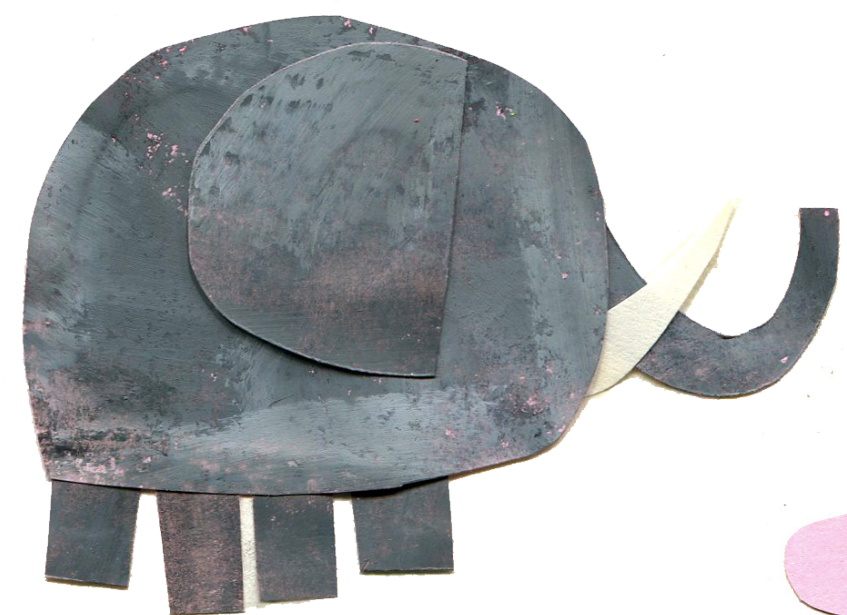


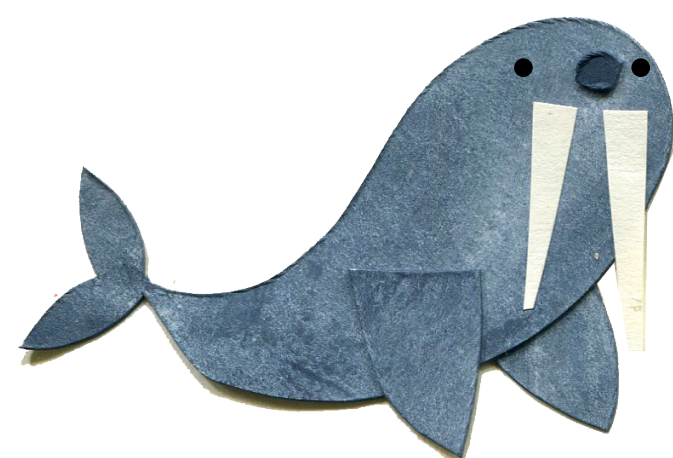
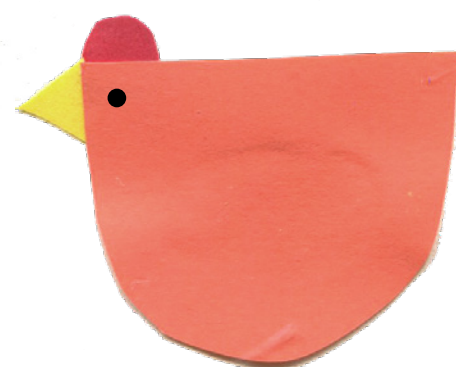
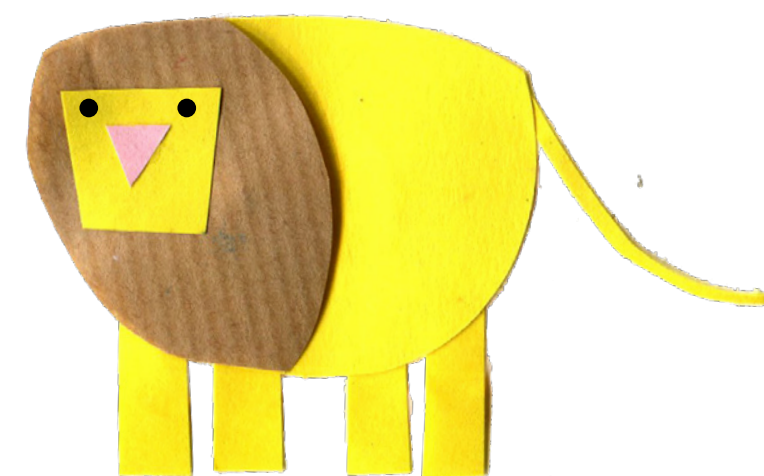
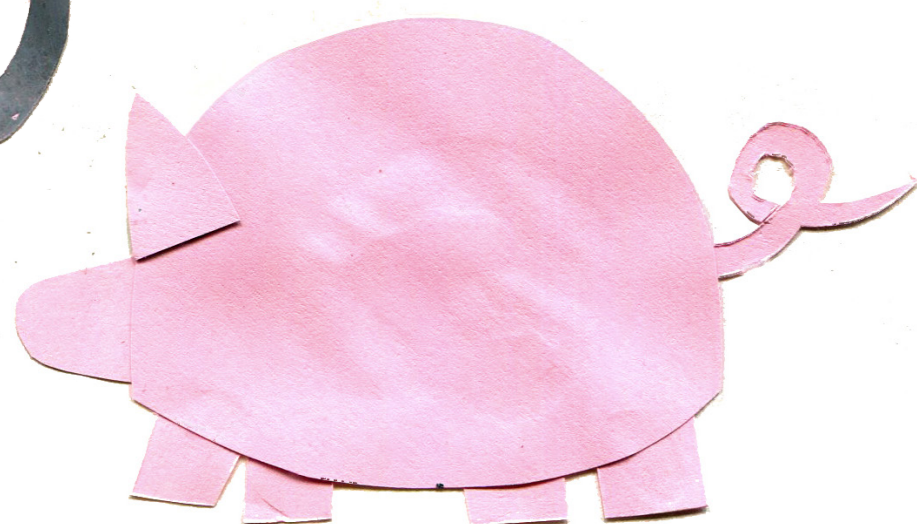
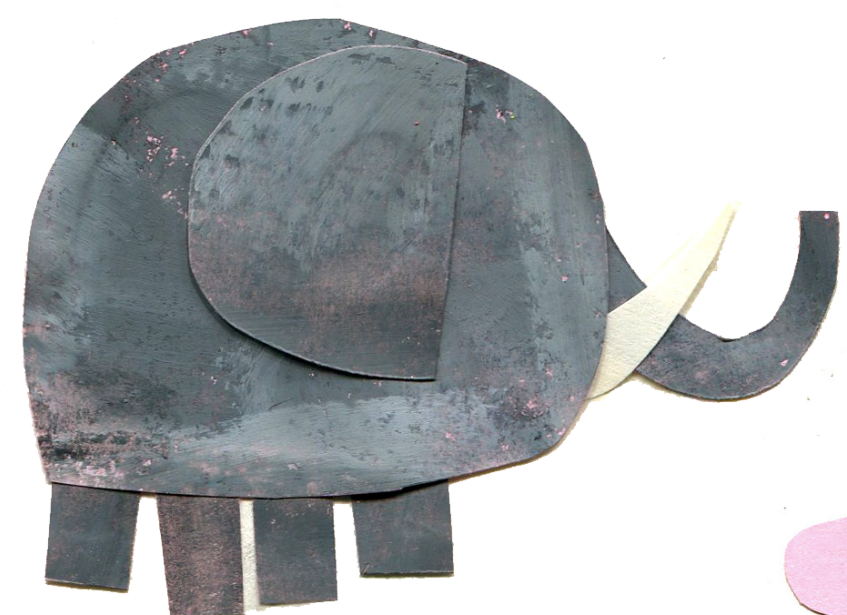


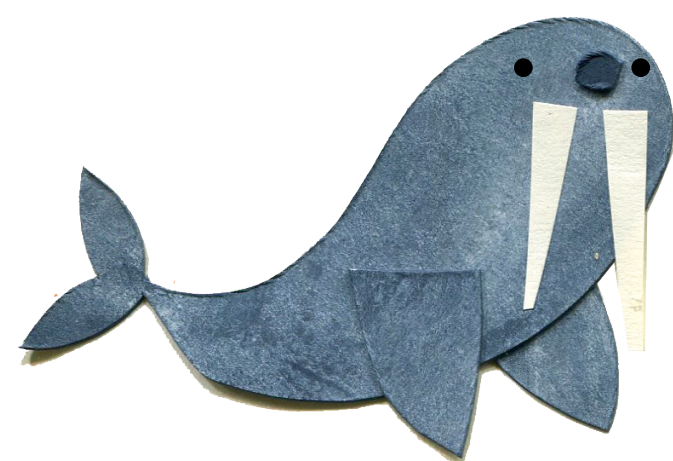
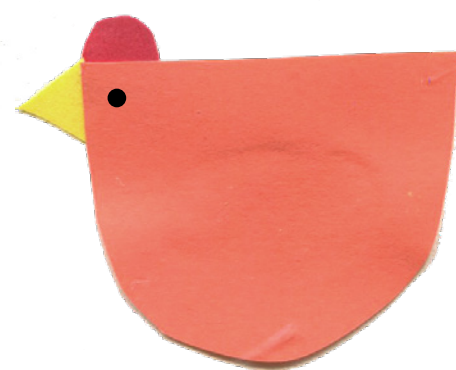
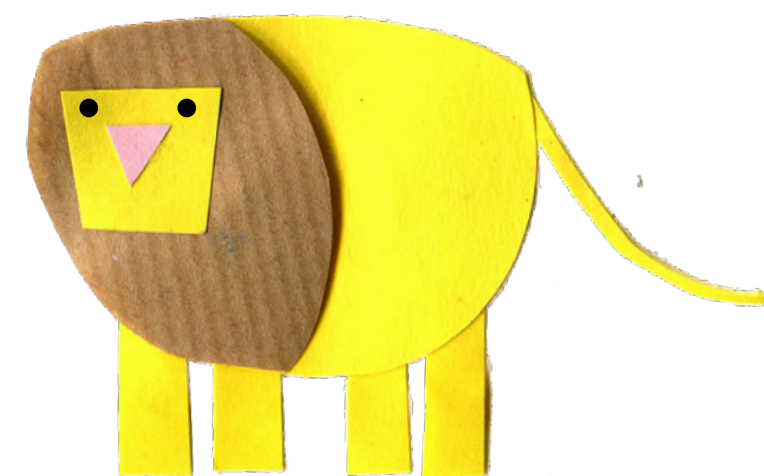
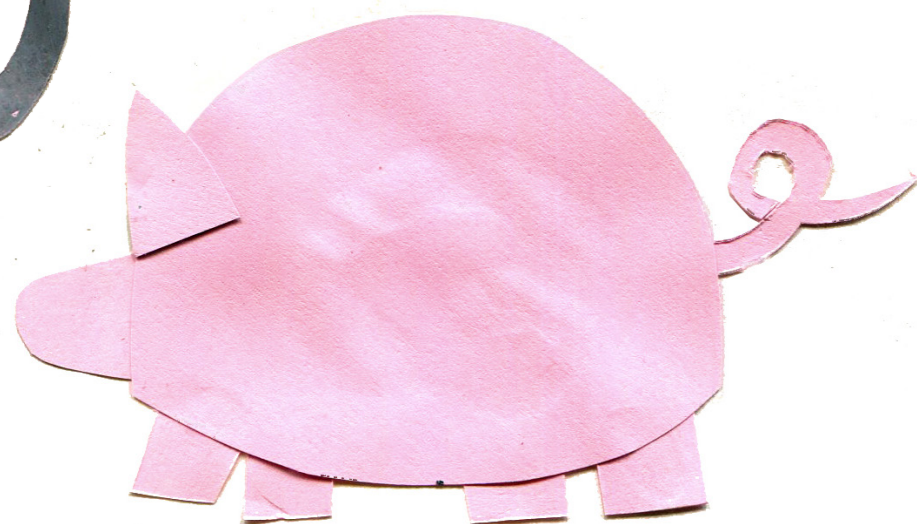
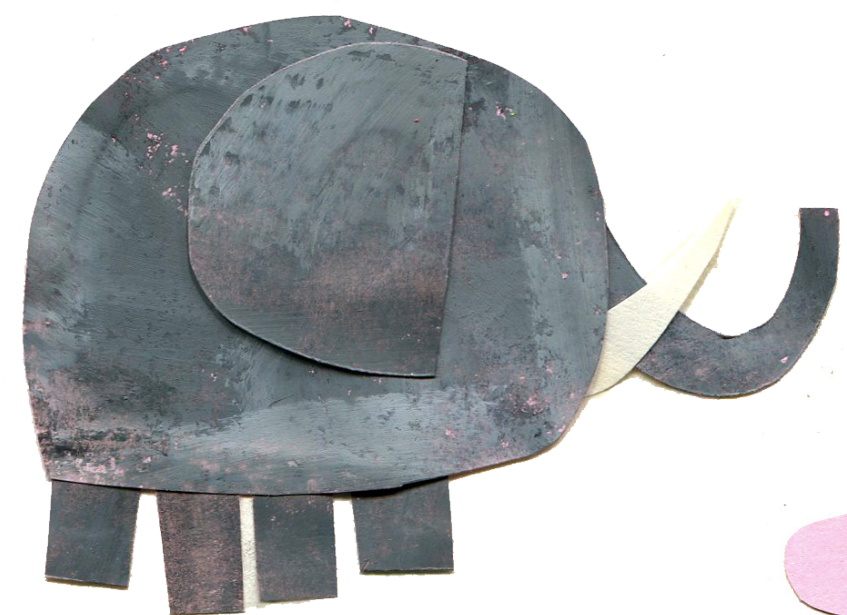


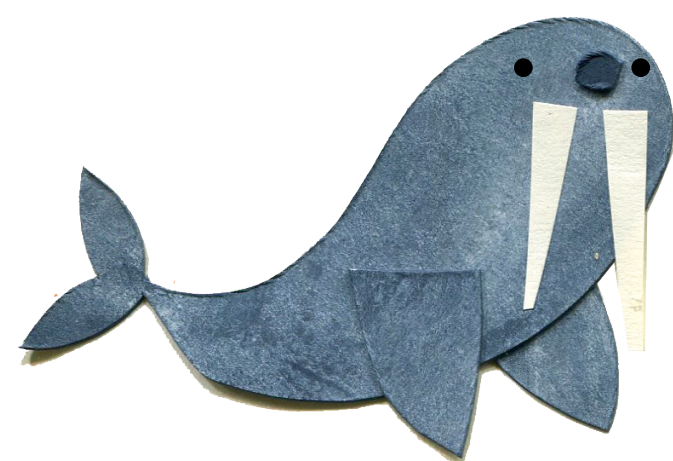
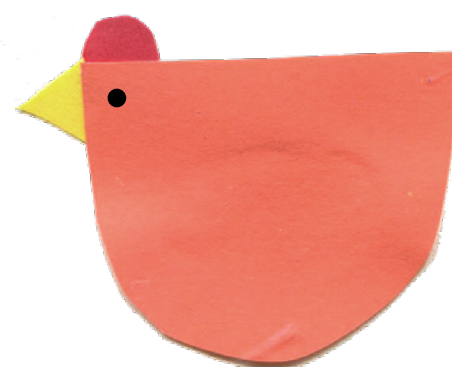
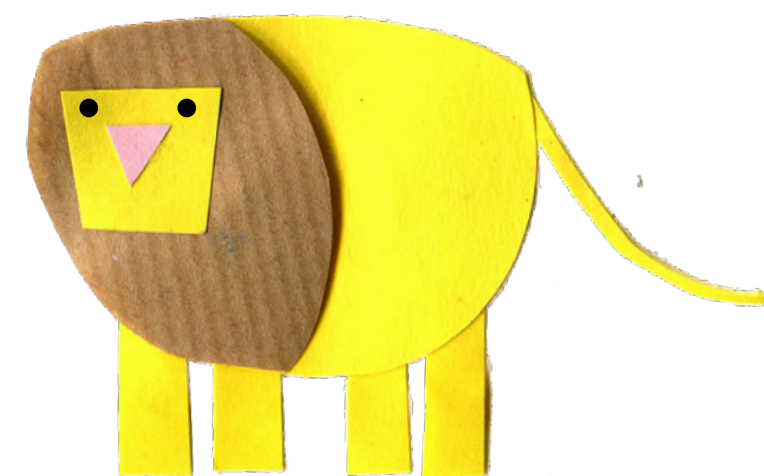
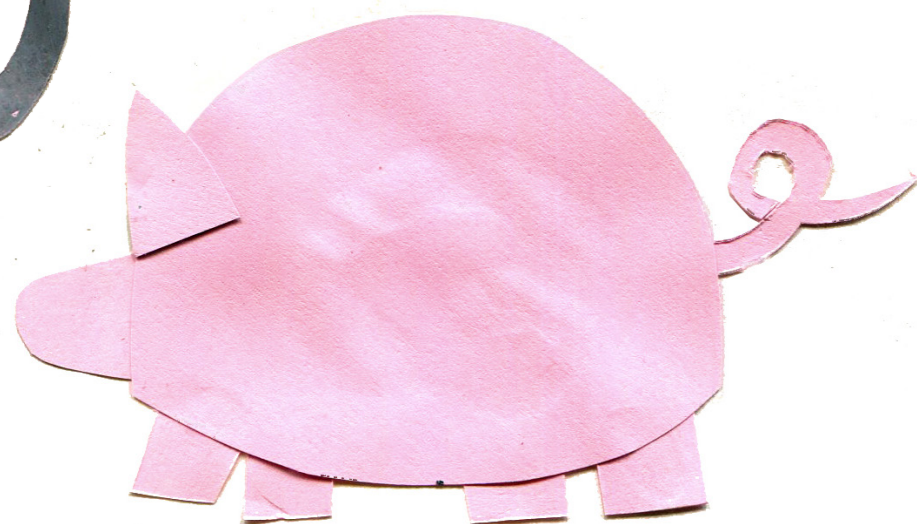
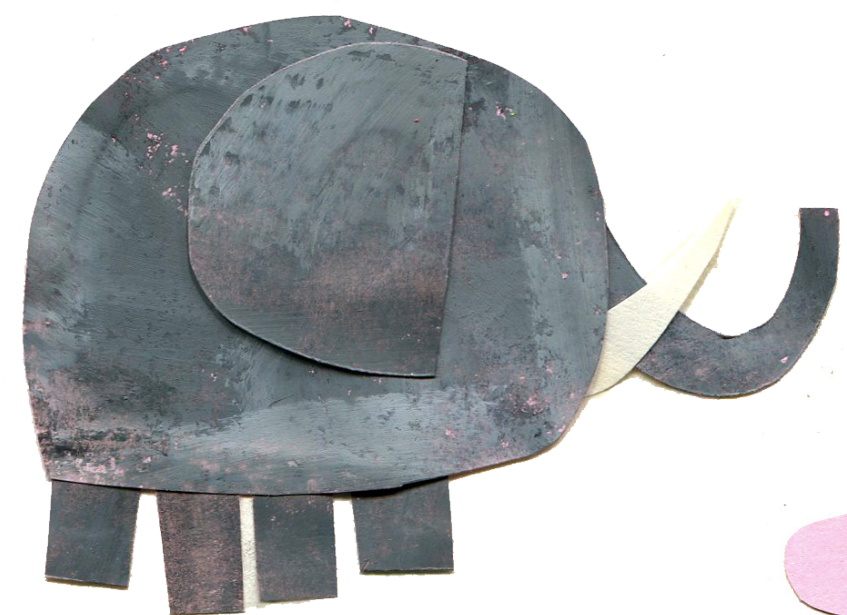


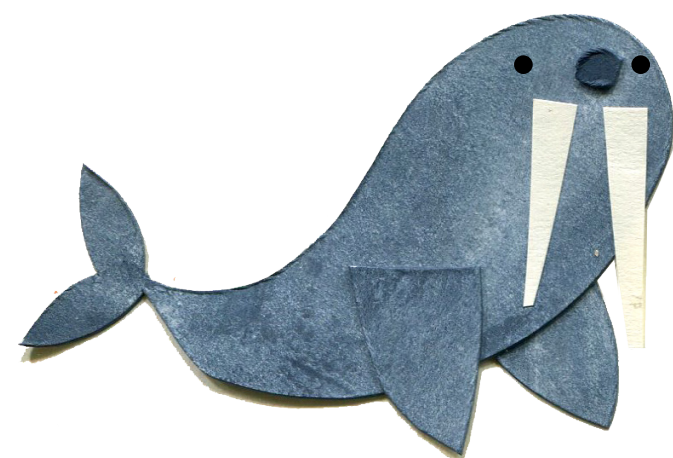
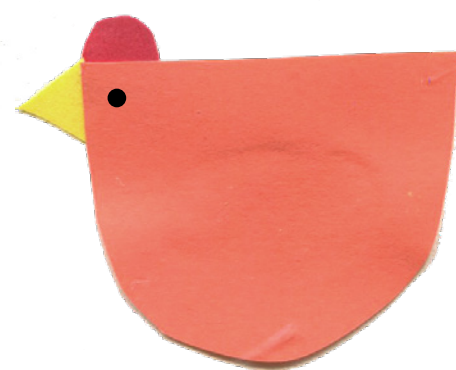
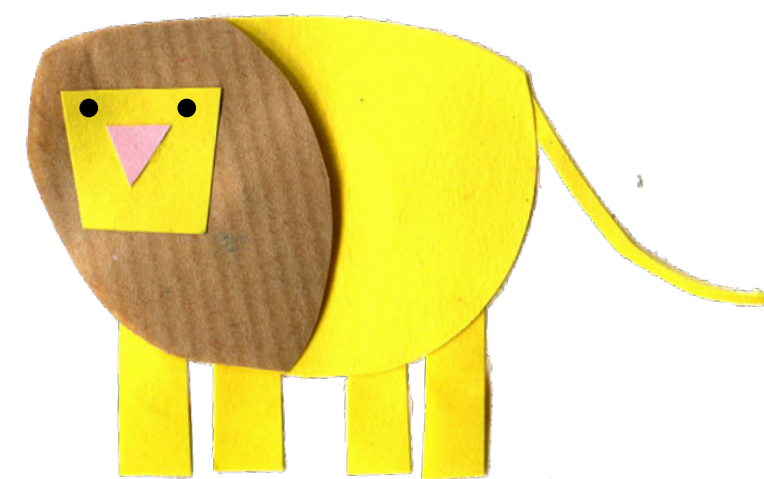
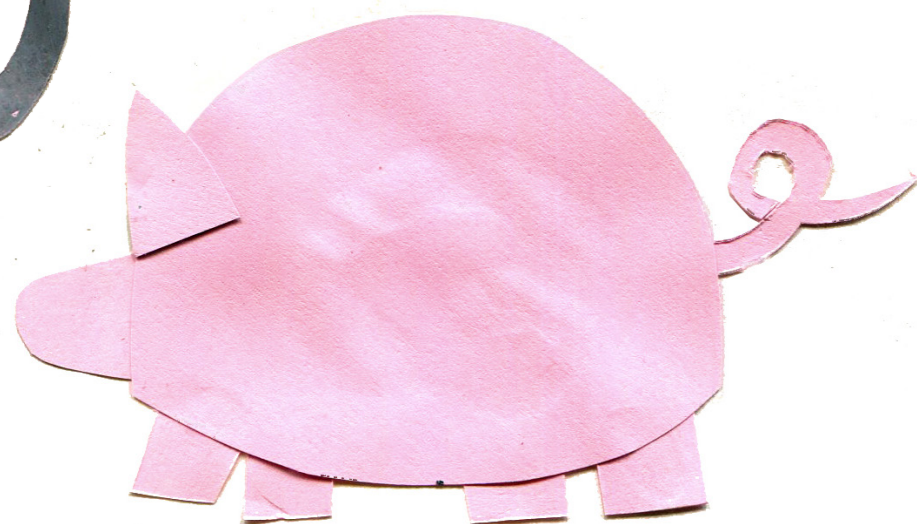
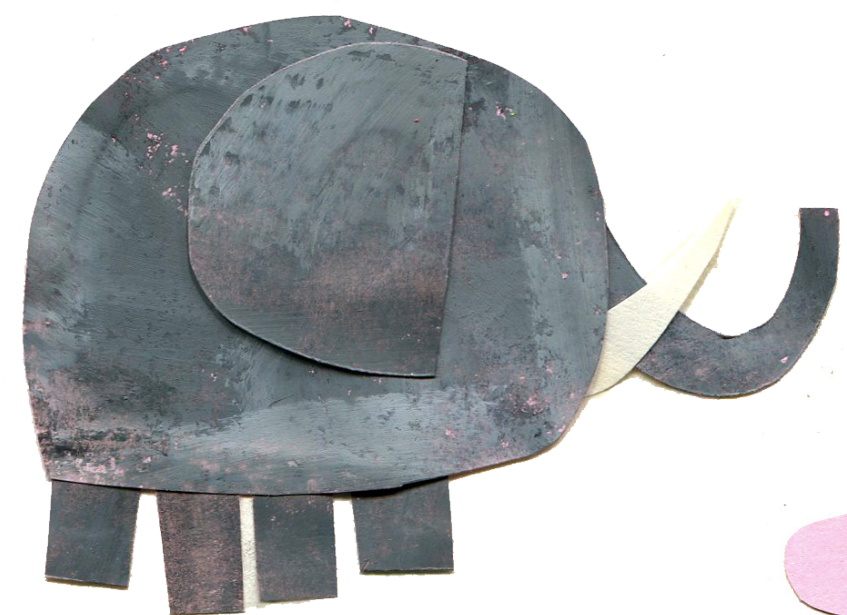


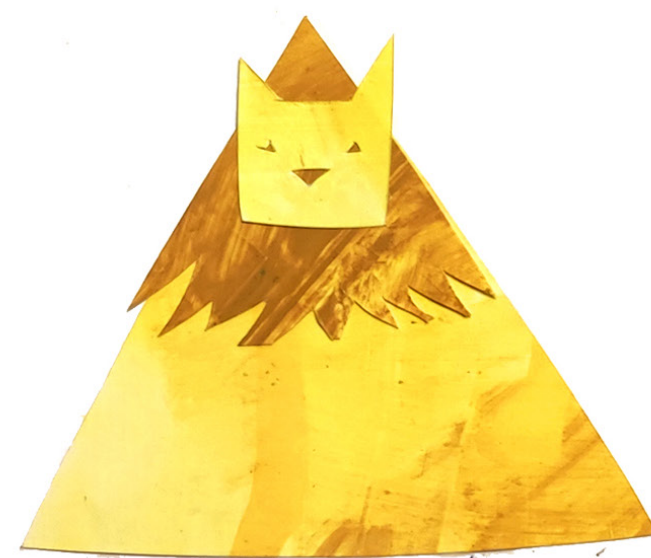
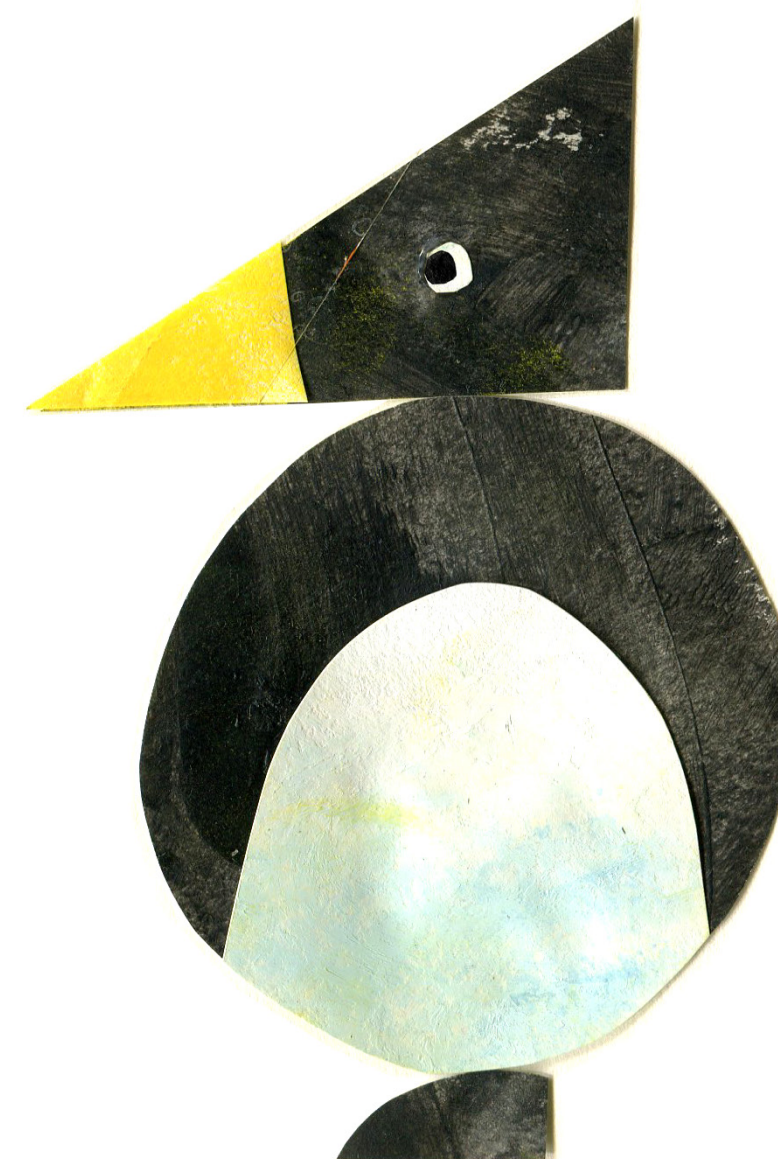
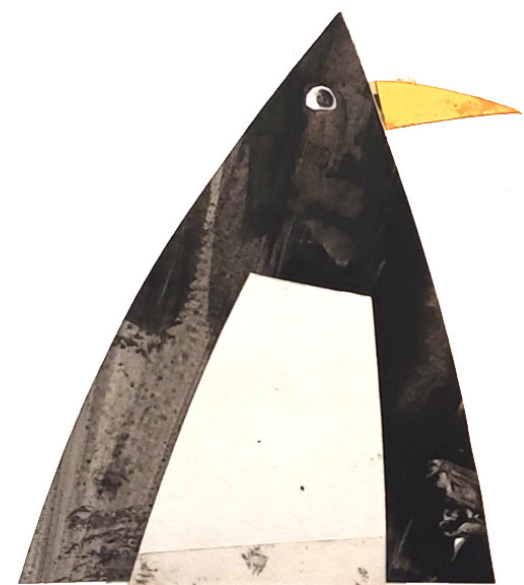




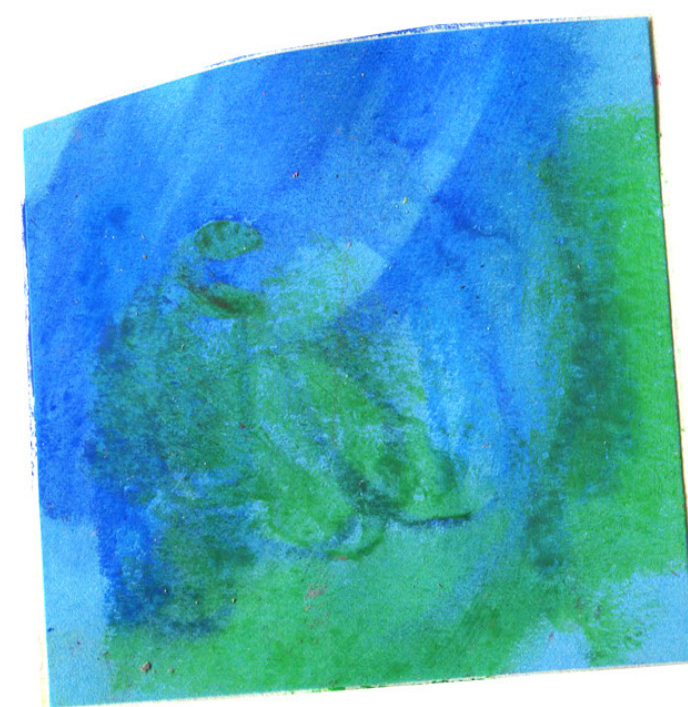
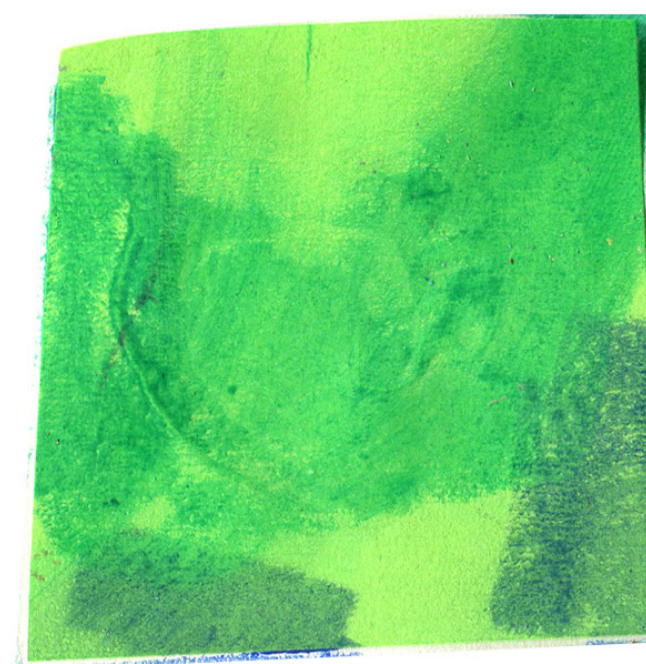
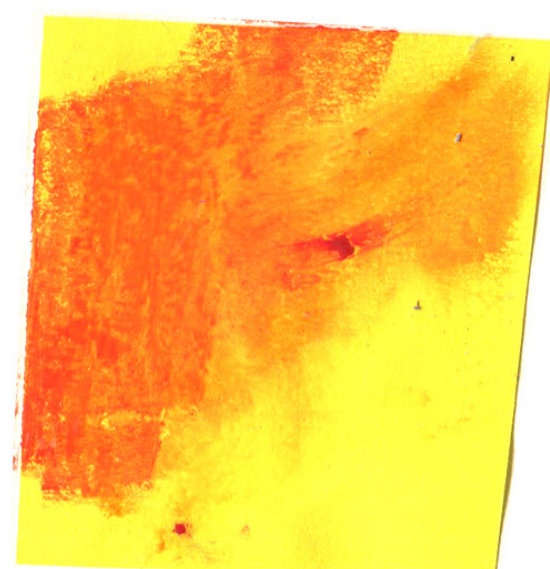


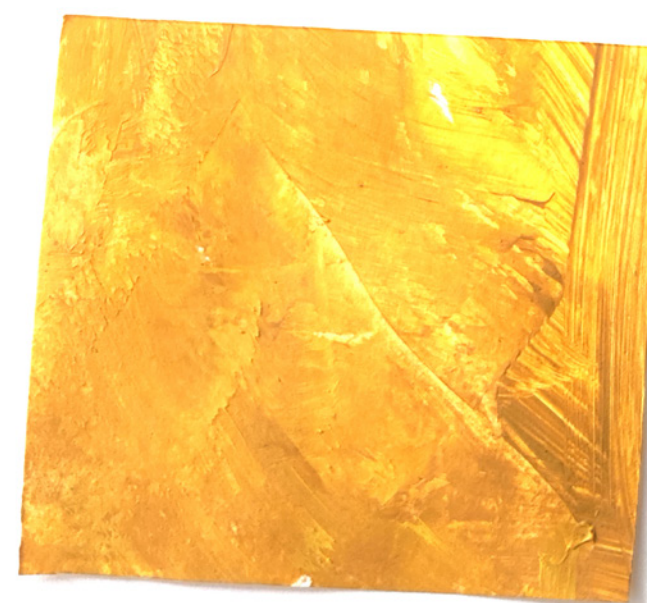
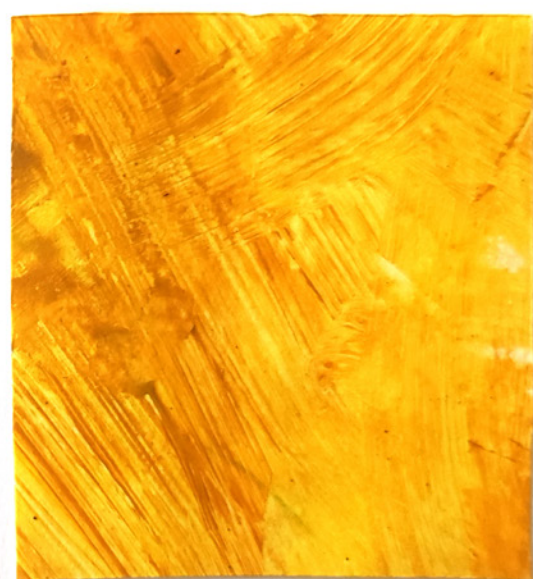
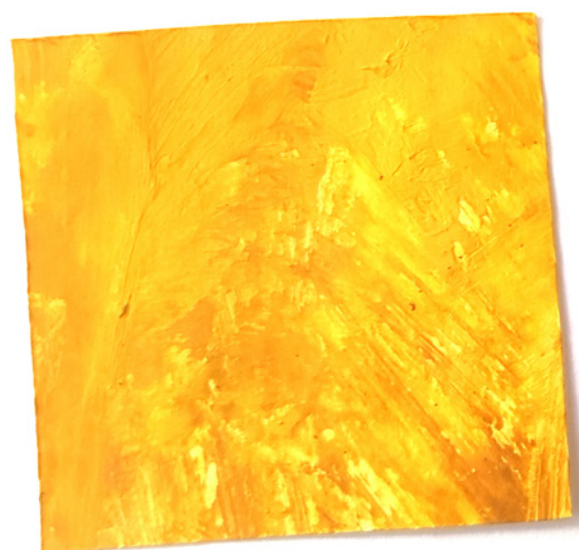
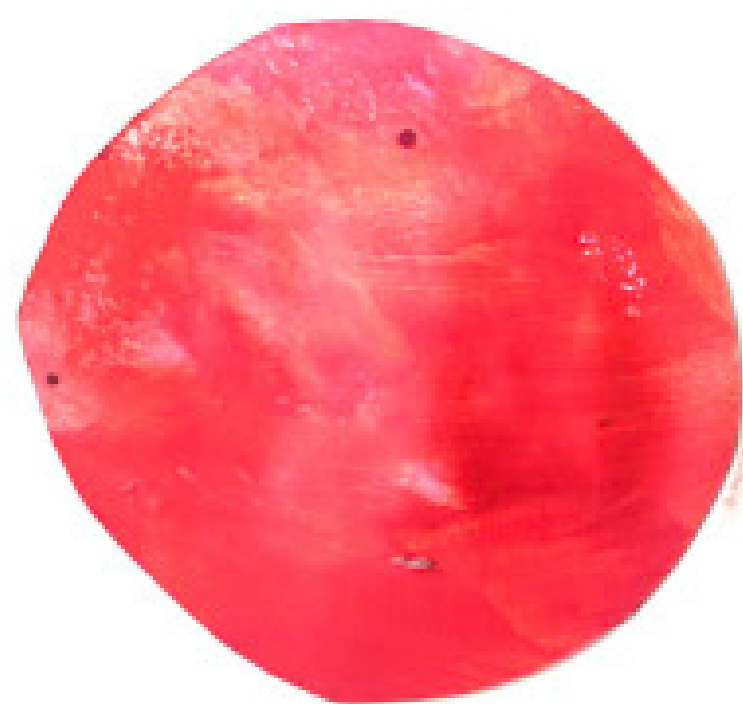


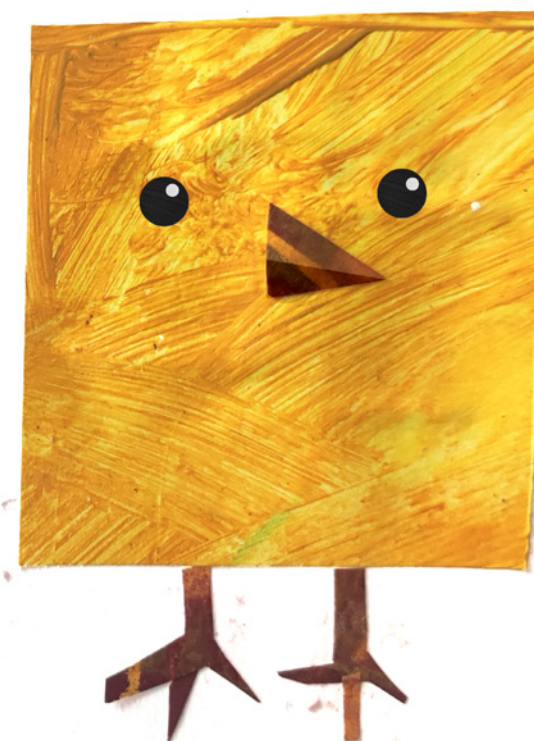
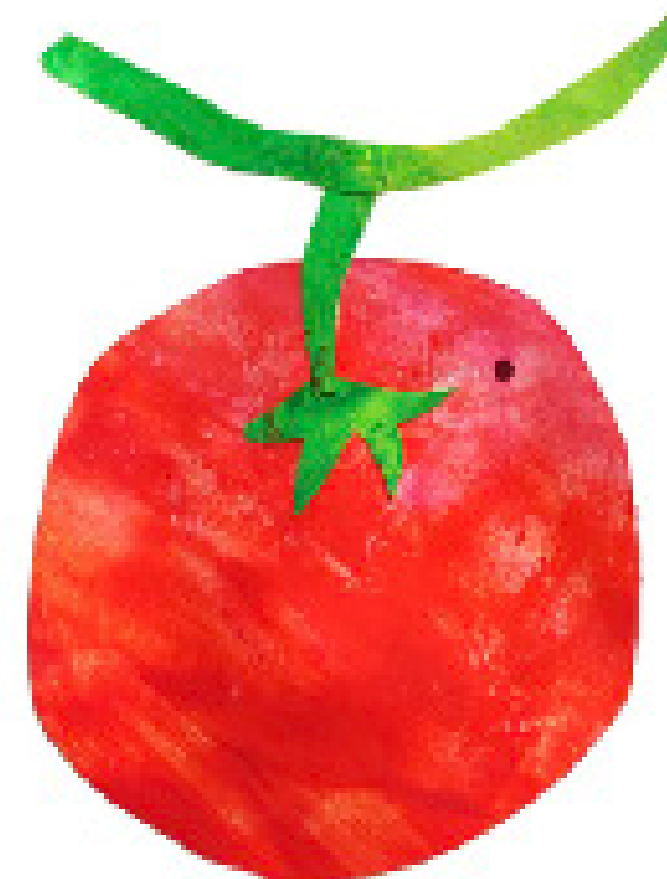
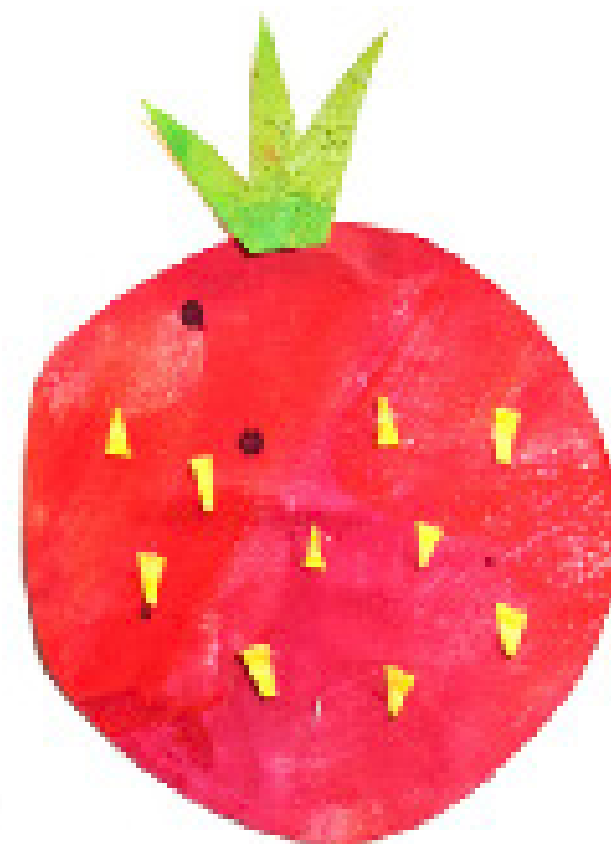












Aló arriba naquela montaña
estaba o golpe na súa paraña
coa súa aira, coas súas medas,
coa súa corte chea de ovellas.

Acolá arriba entre aquelas penas
haivos un galo con tres polas negras;
o galo canta, a galiña chora
porque lle dormen os pitiños fóra.

“Aló arriba naquela montaña”, cancionero popular

[...]

Xa se ouce o pío alegre
do paxariño terno,
perdído-los seus ollos
na estrela da mañán,
i as nubes sacudíndose
das brétemas do inverno,
vestidas de ouro e nacre
polo hourizonte van.

Os álbores espidos
de fruto e de ramaxe,
cubertos xa de folla
comenzan a dar fror;
i á sombra agachapado
do prácido follaxe,
mentras que o gando garda,
fai chifros o pastor.

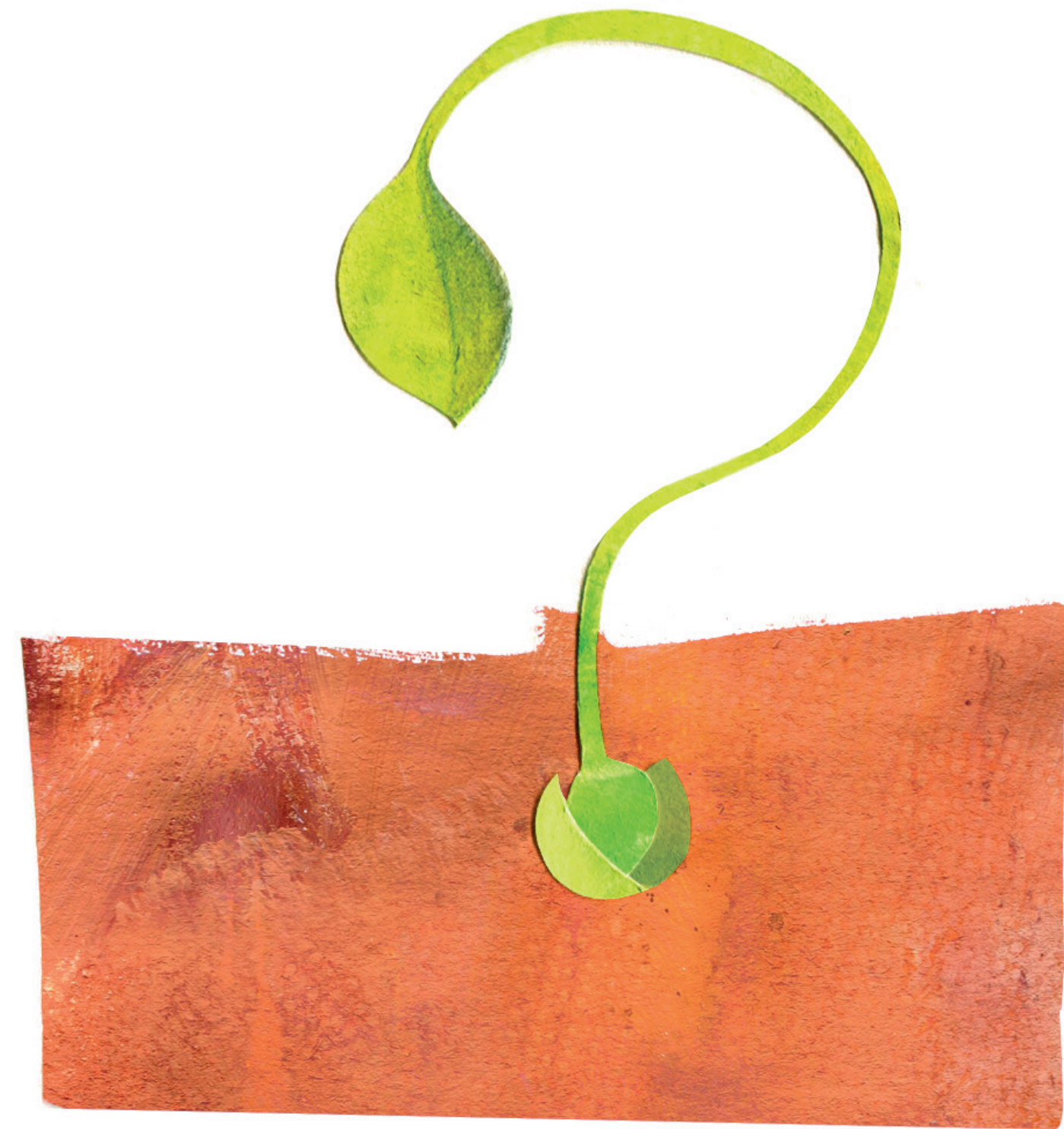
Xa de amarelo e branco
se pintan os outeiros,
xa nacen nas silveiras
as froles de San Xoan;
xa crecen nos valados
as hedras i os loureiros;
xa ten carroucho o millo,
xa as vides gromos dan.

[...]

“*A Primaveira*”, de Manuel Curros Enríquez

Sabremos
si dice verdad
o
si miente,
cuando ella germine
un tierno tallito verde.

Antonio Rubio en *Versos vegetales*



CANCIÓN DO MARIÑO MERCANTE

O meu pai marchou traballar
e voltou despois de trinta anos.
Entráronlle a contramán
os remos daquel reloxo.

Cantos minutos levaría
destilar pinga a pinga un buque mercante?
Como descontar a chuvia?
A que hora repican as ondas?
[...]

Yolanda Castaño en *Materia*



Abeflorario.

Alhelí, Bambú, Clavel,
así empieza este abecé.
Dalia y Espino,
flores que adornan camino.
Fresa y Geranio,
flores de mesa y verano.
Hortensia, Ipomea, Jara,
flores rosas, flores blancas.
Kalanchoe, Lirio y Menta,
flores de lluvia y tormenta.
Narciso, Orquídea, Petunia,
flores de sol y luna.
Quejigo, Romero, Salvia,
flores de ocaso y del alba.
Tulipán, Uña, Violeta,
flores de **arriate** y maceta.
La Weigelia y la Xicoria,
flores de molino y noria.
La Yuca y la Zarzamora,
flores de hora y deshora.

Antonio Rubio: *Versos vegetales*

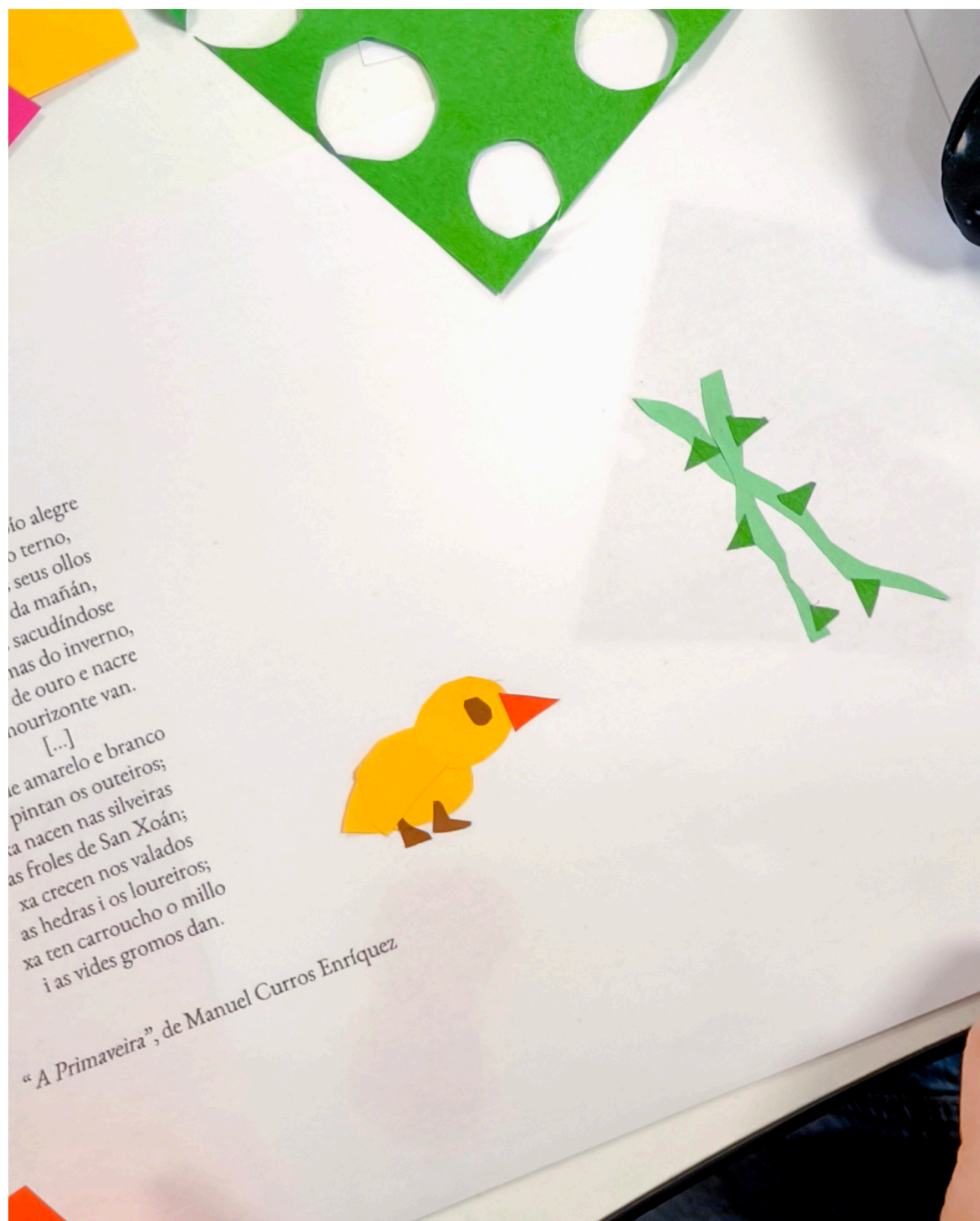


Arriate

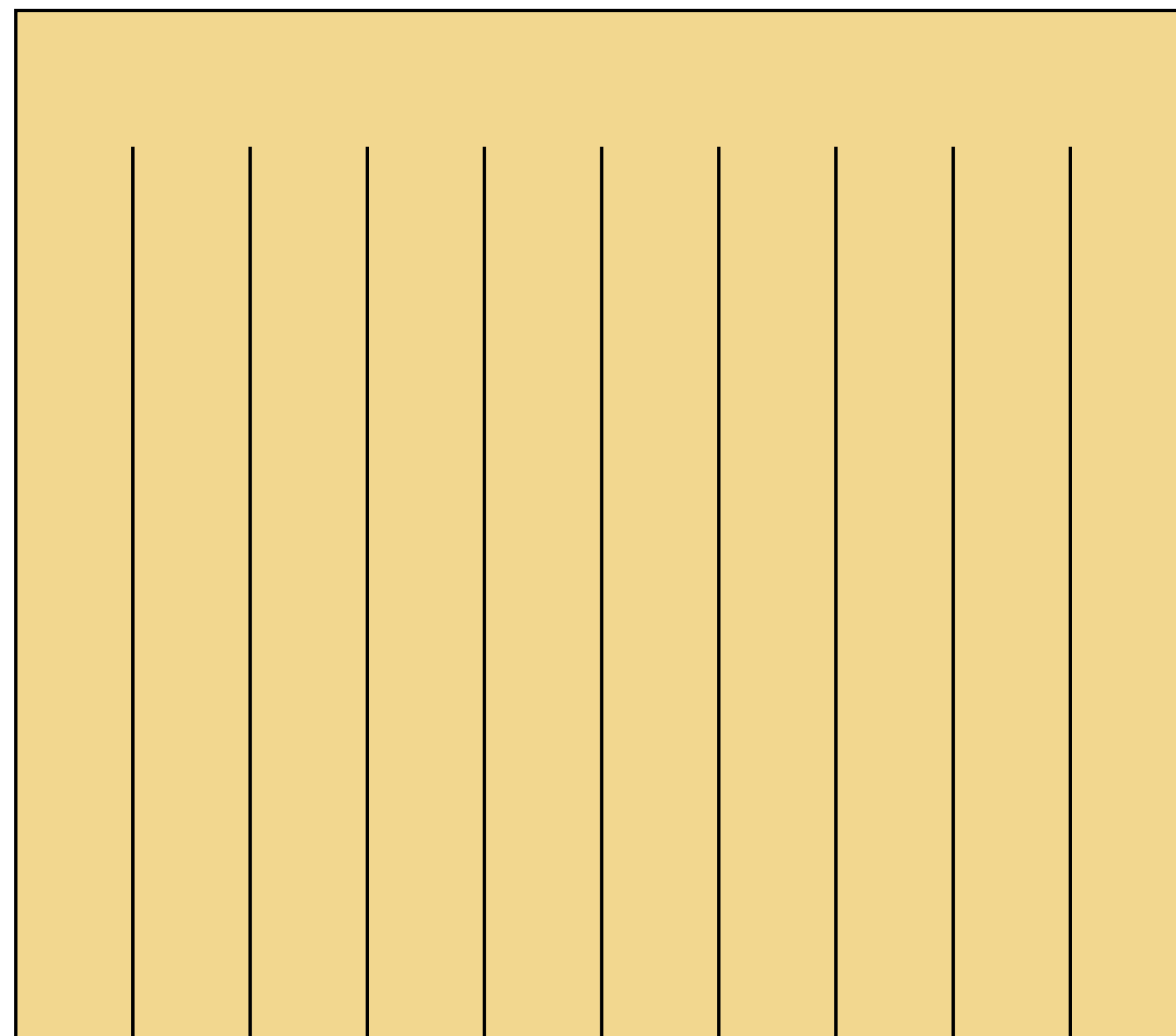
Es una forma de jardinería que combina plantas, flores y otros elementos decorativos para crear una experiencia visual. Puede ser una composición de plantas que se crea al borde de un muro o valla.

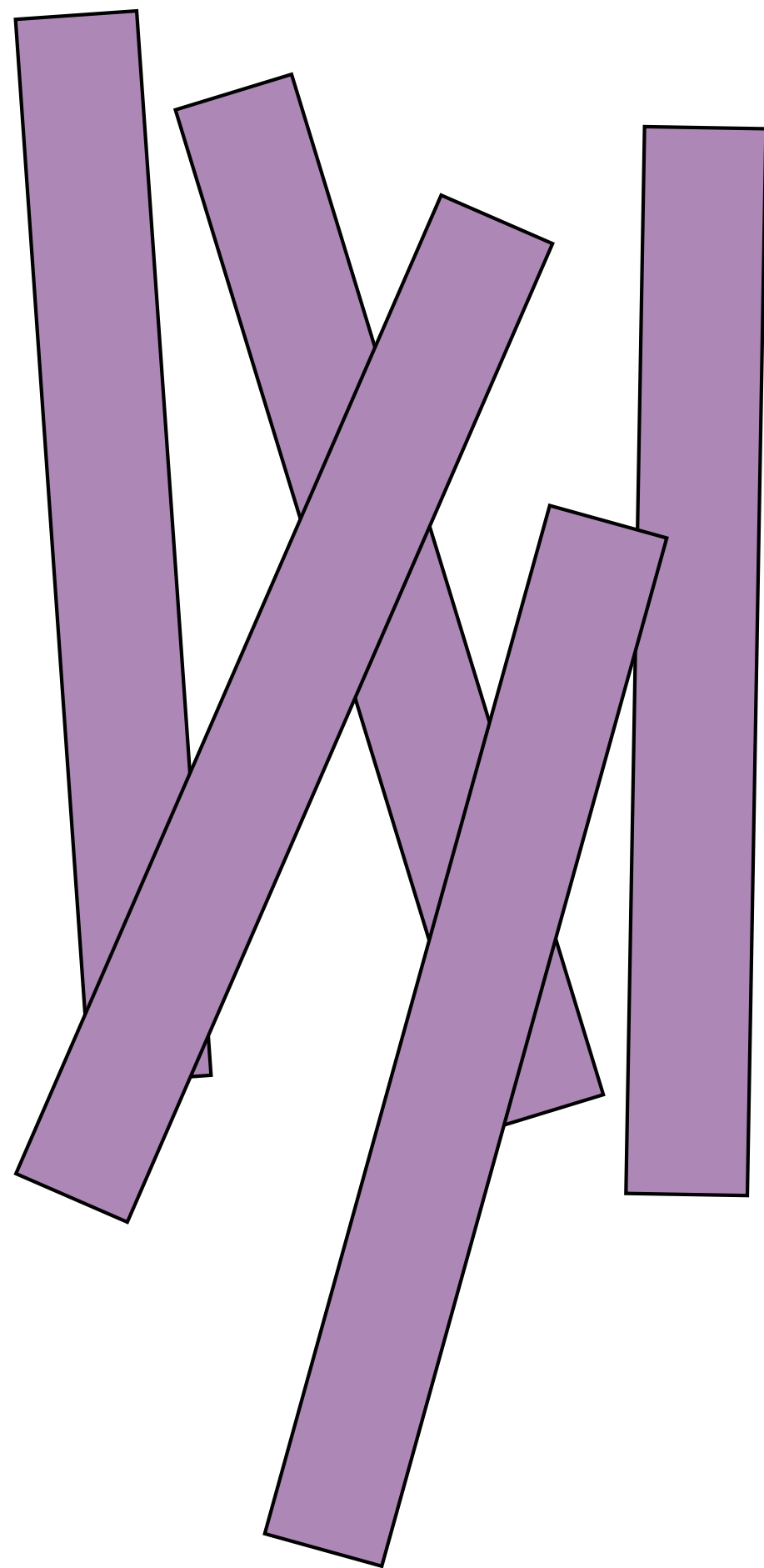
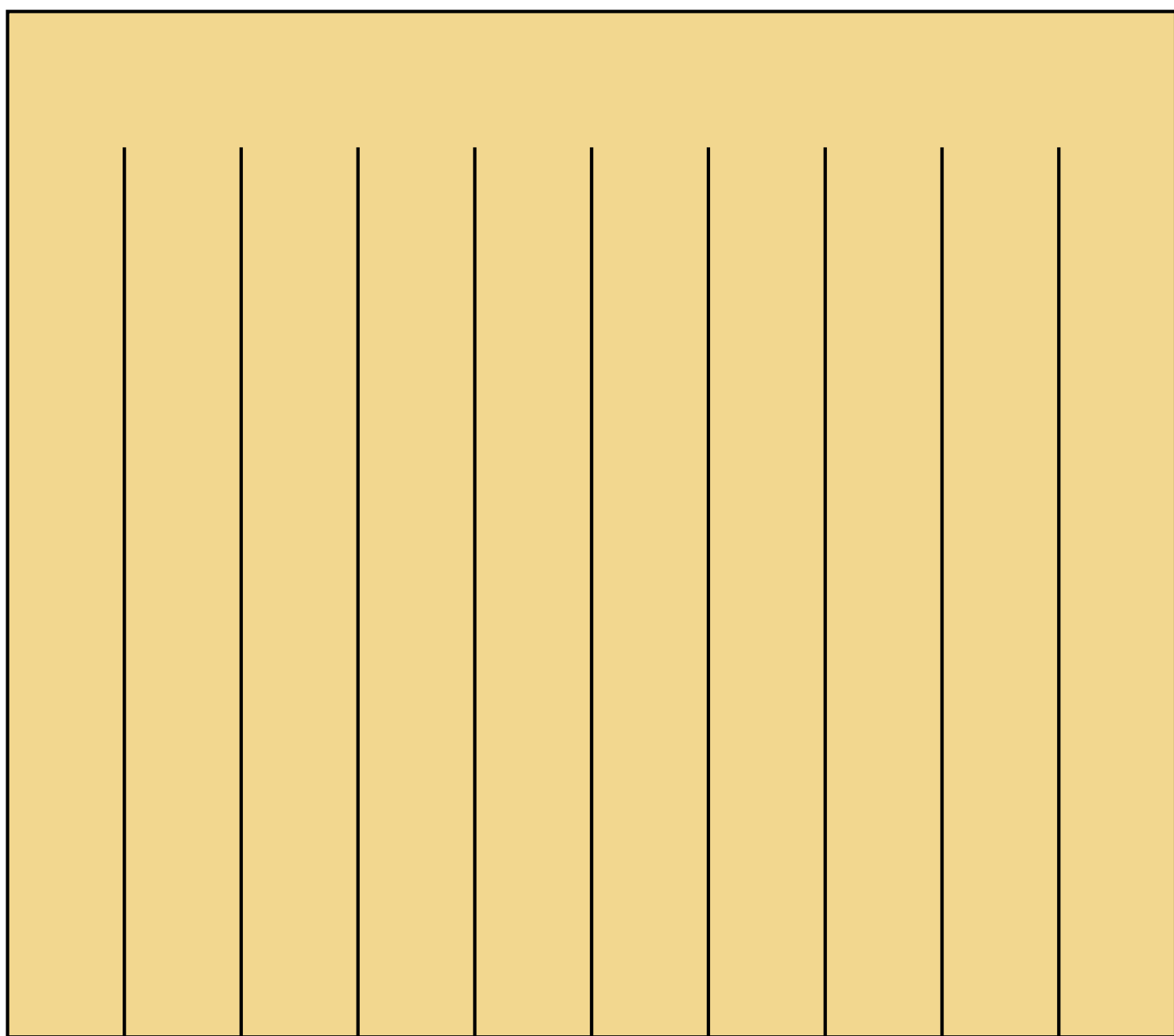
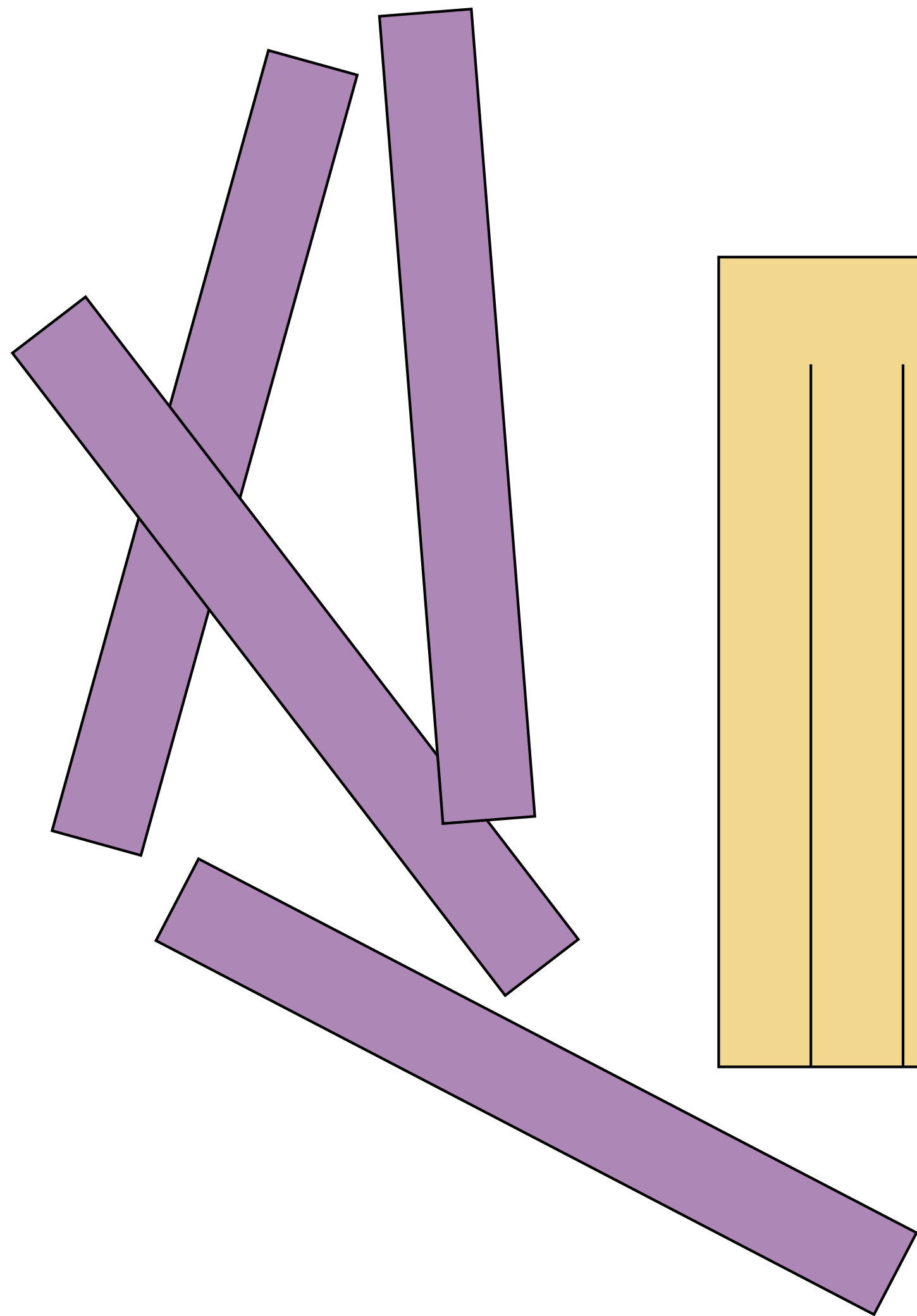


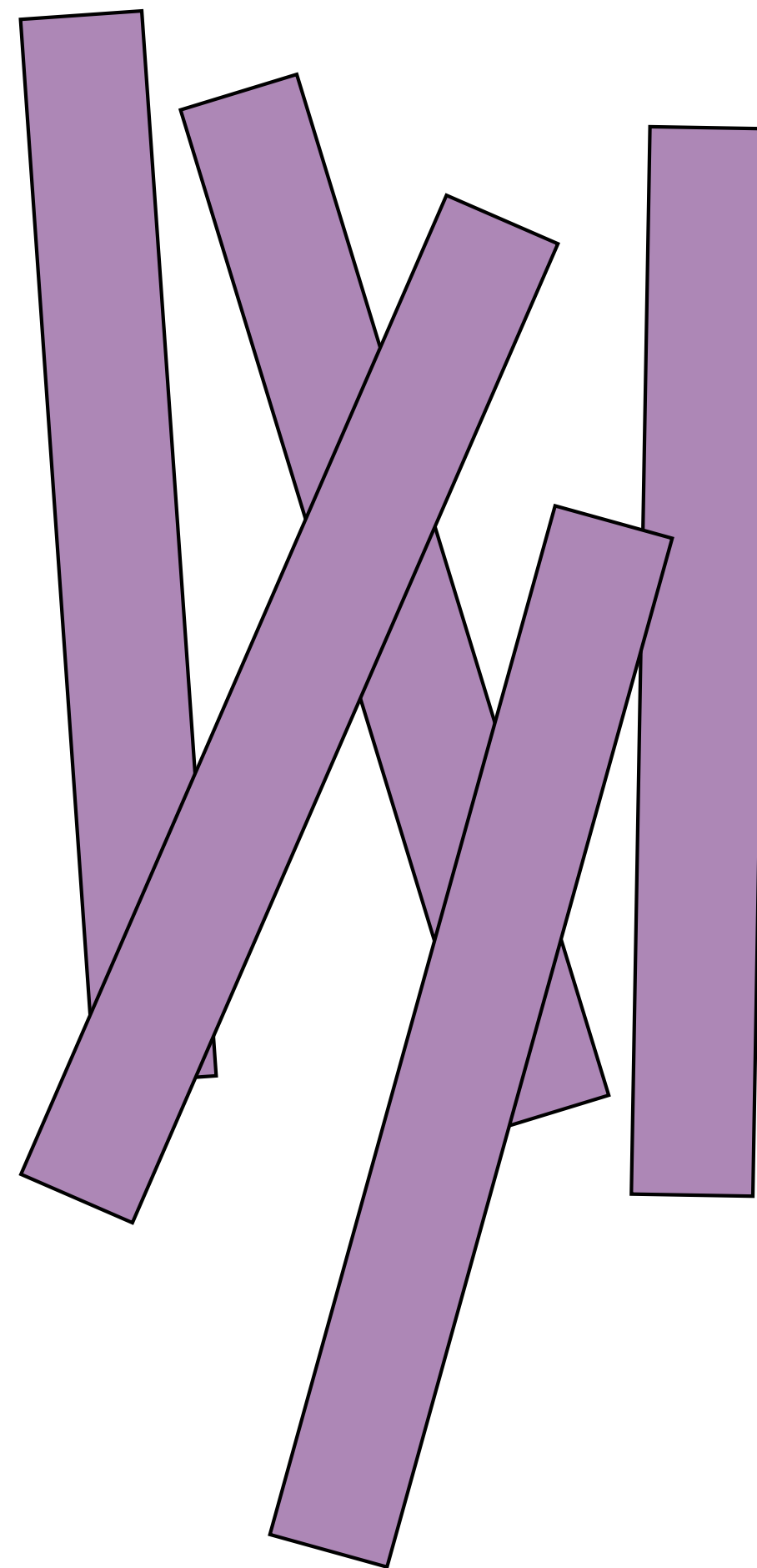
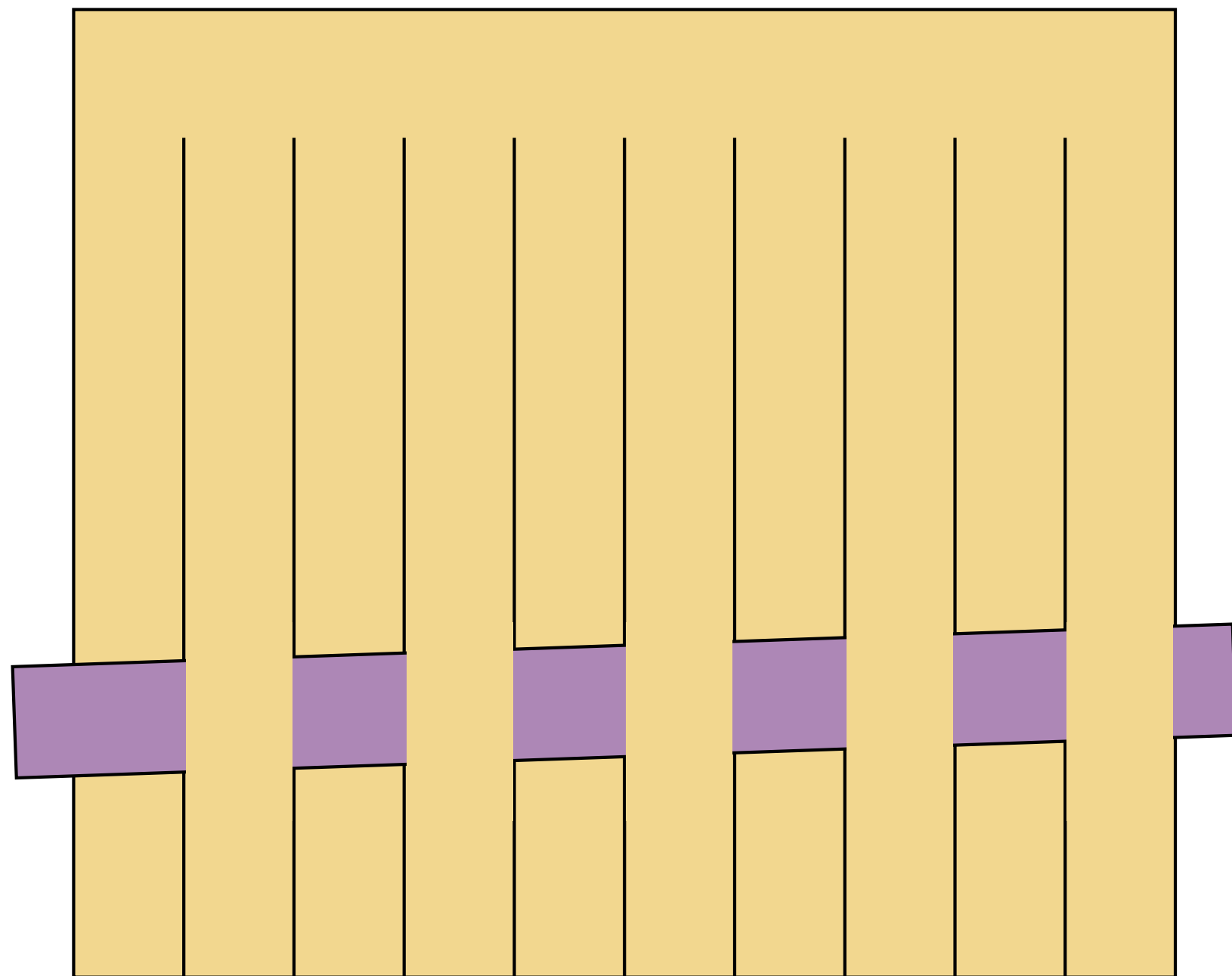
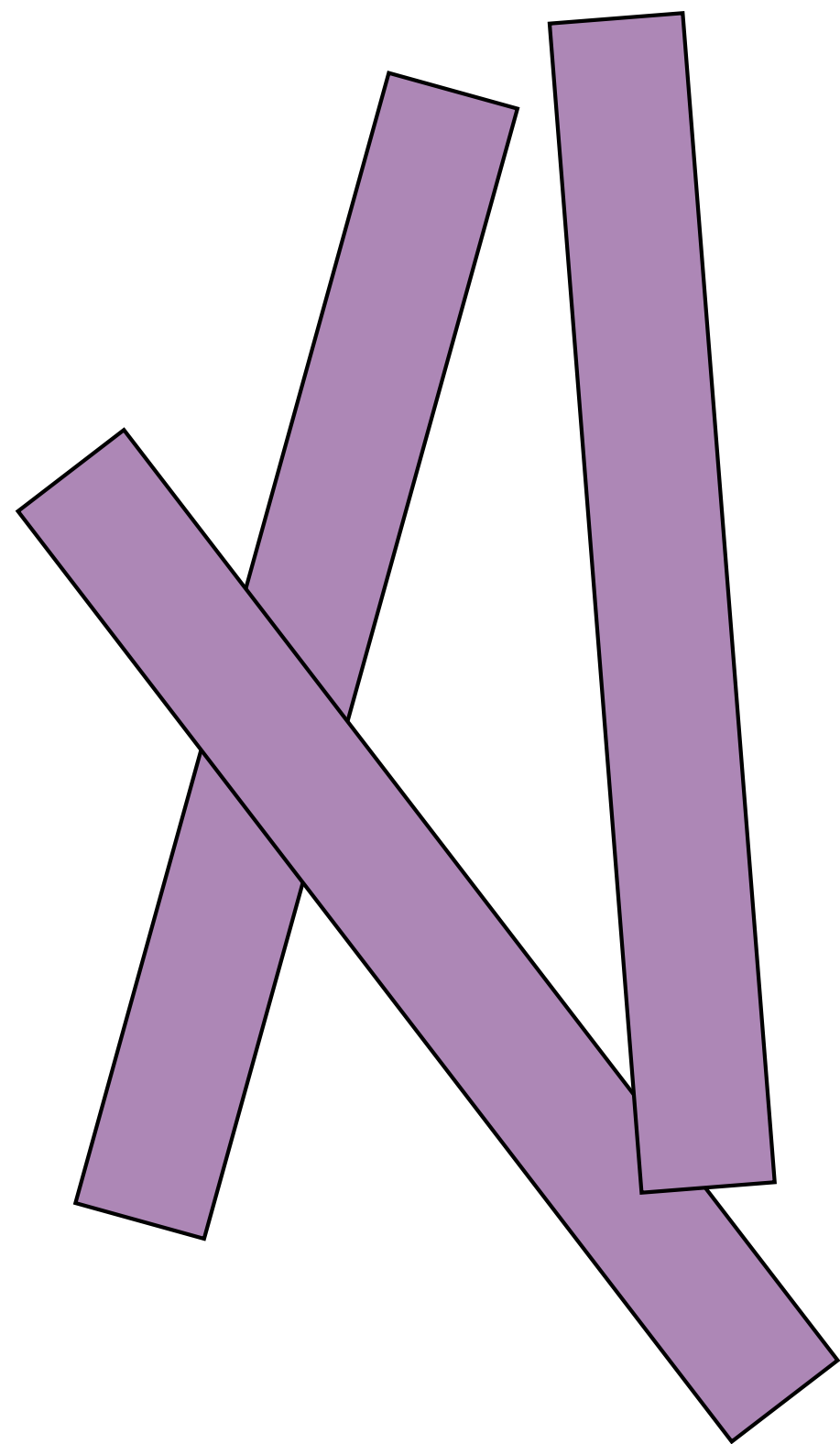
1. ¿Qué flores son características del verano según la poesía?
2. ¿Qué flores salen por la mañana?
3. ¿Qué letra del abecedario no tiene flor en esta poesía?
4. ¿Qué flores te gustan más a ti?

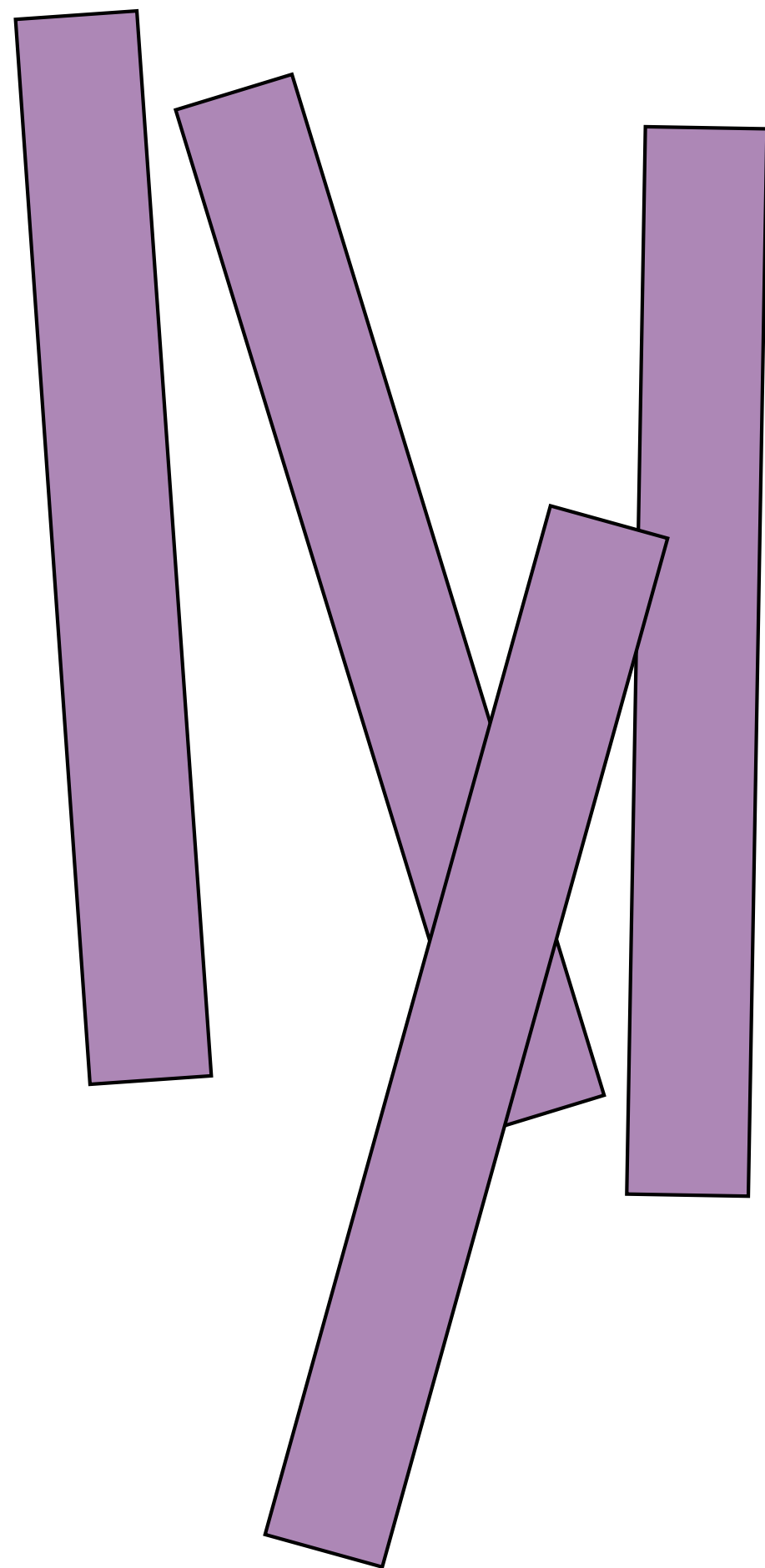
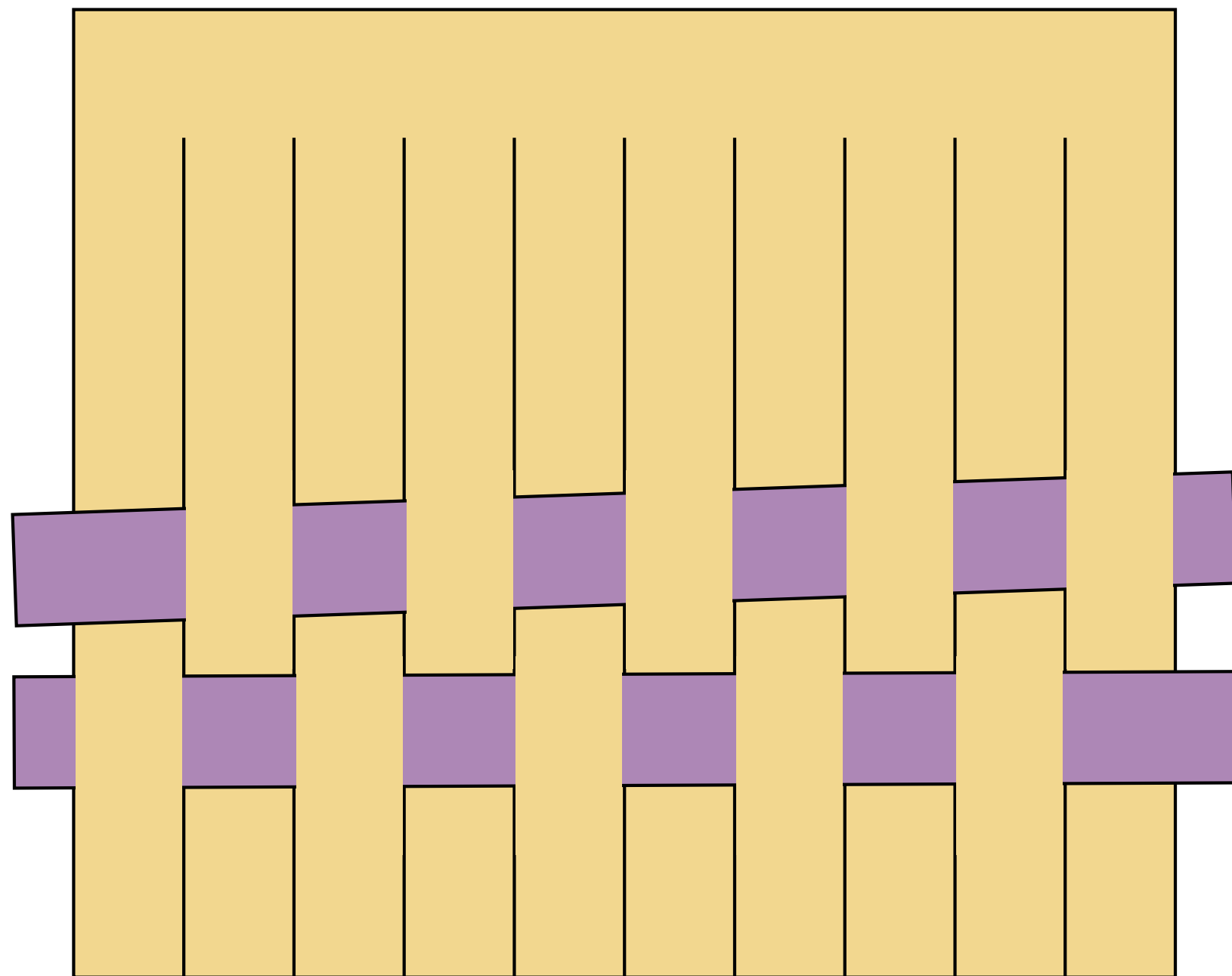
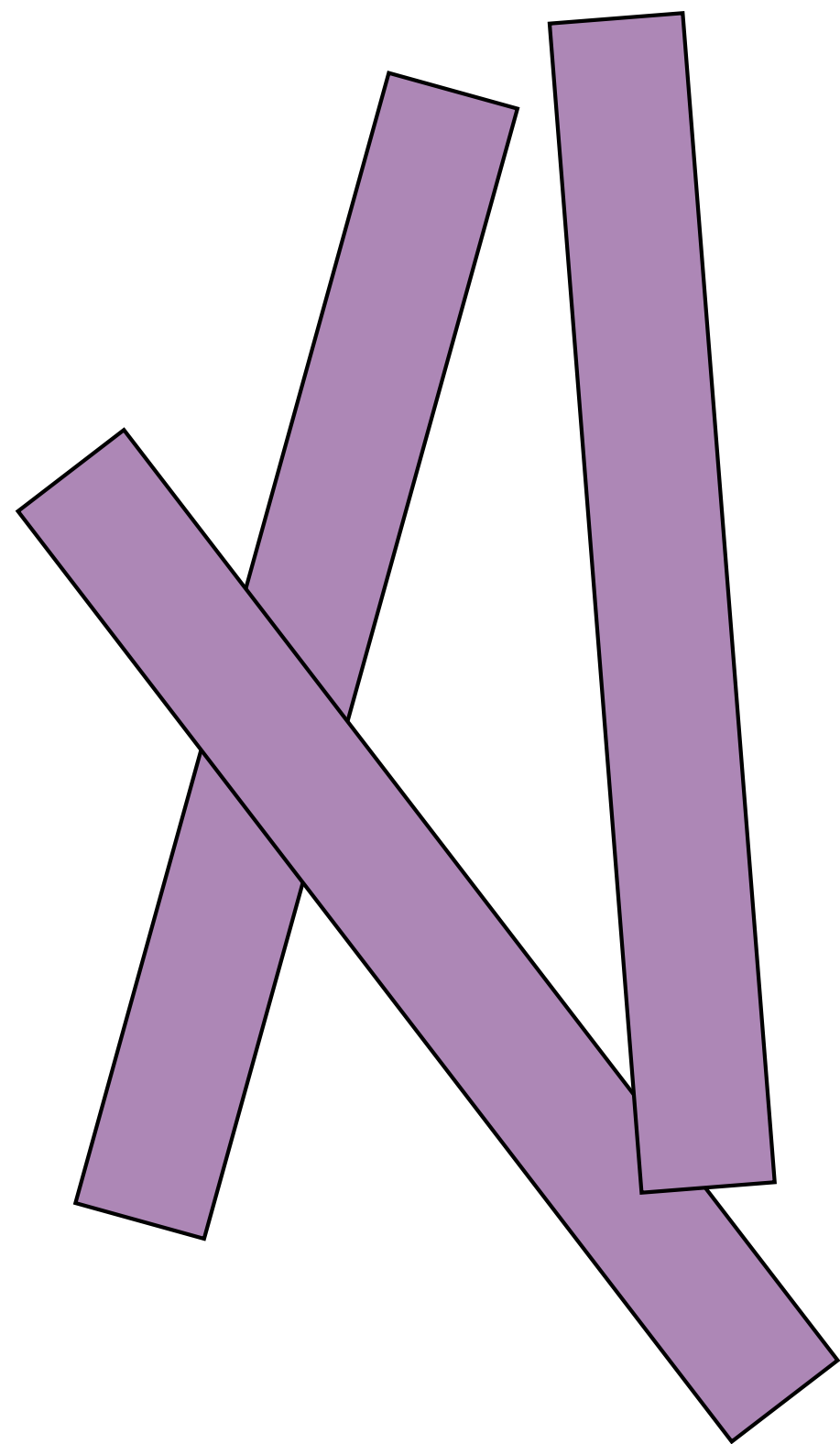


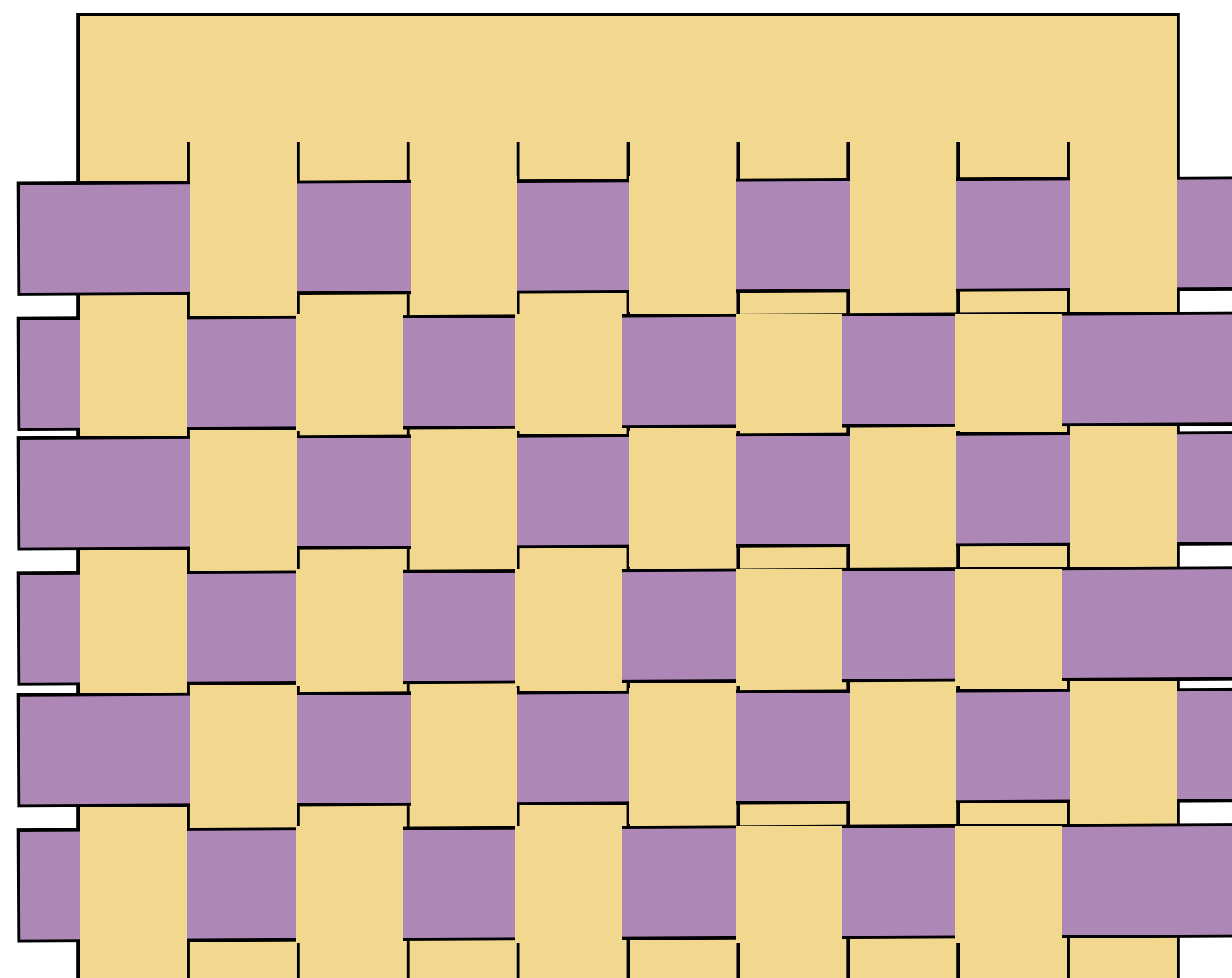


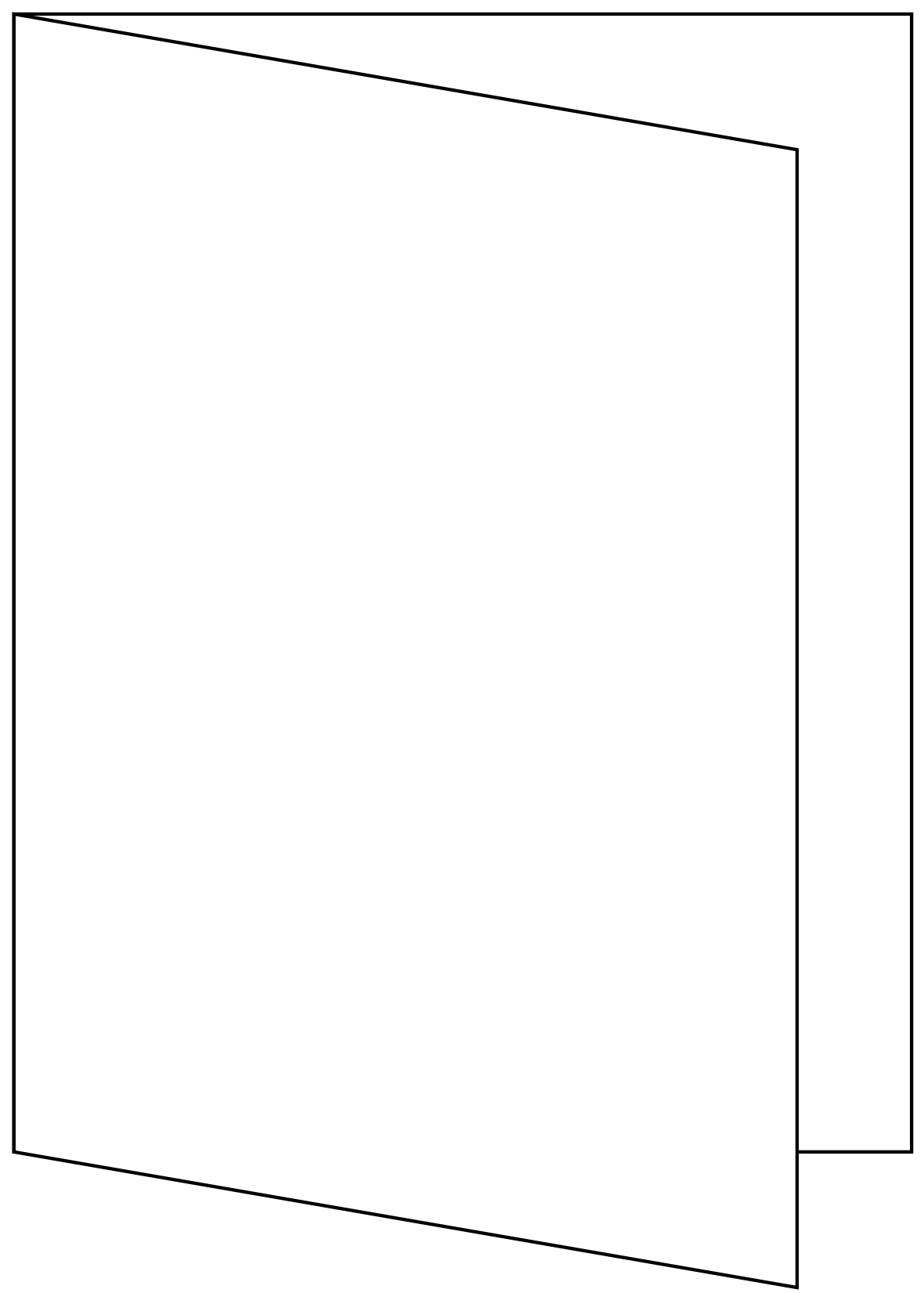


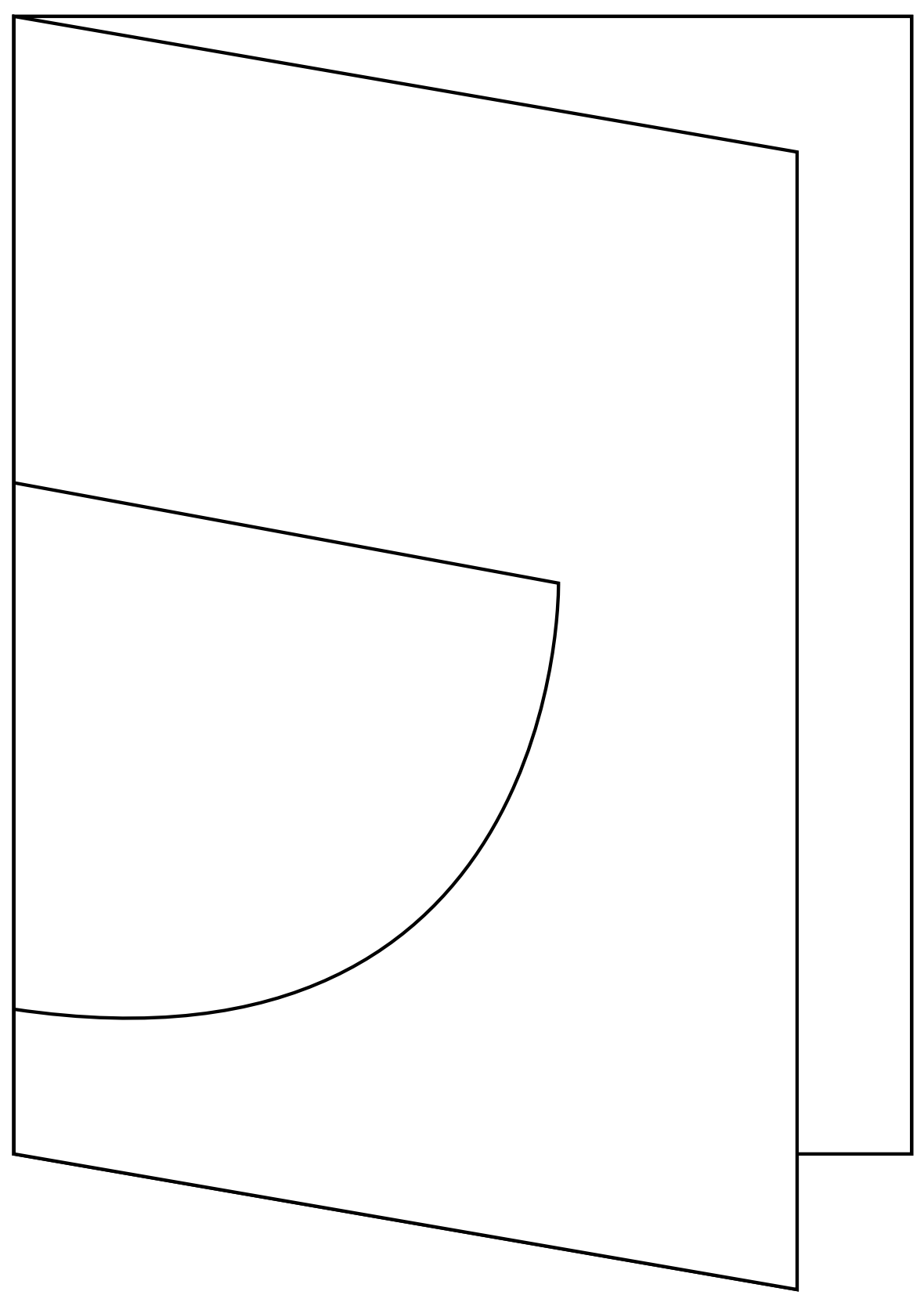


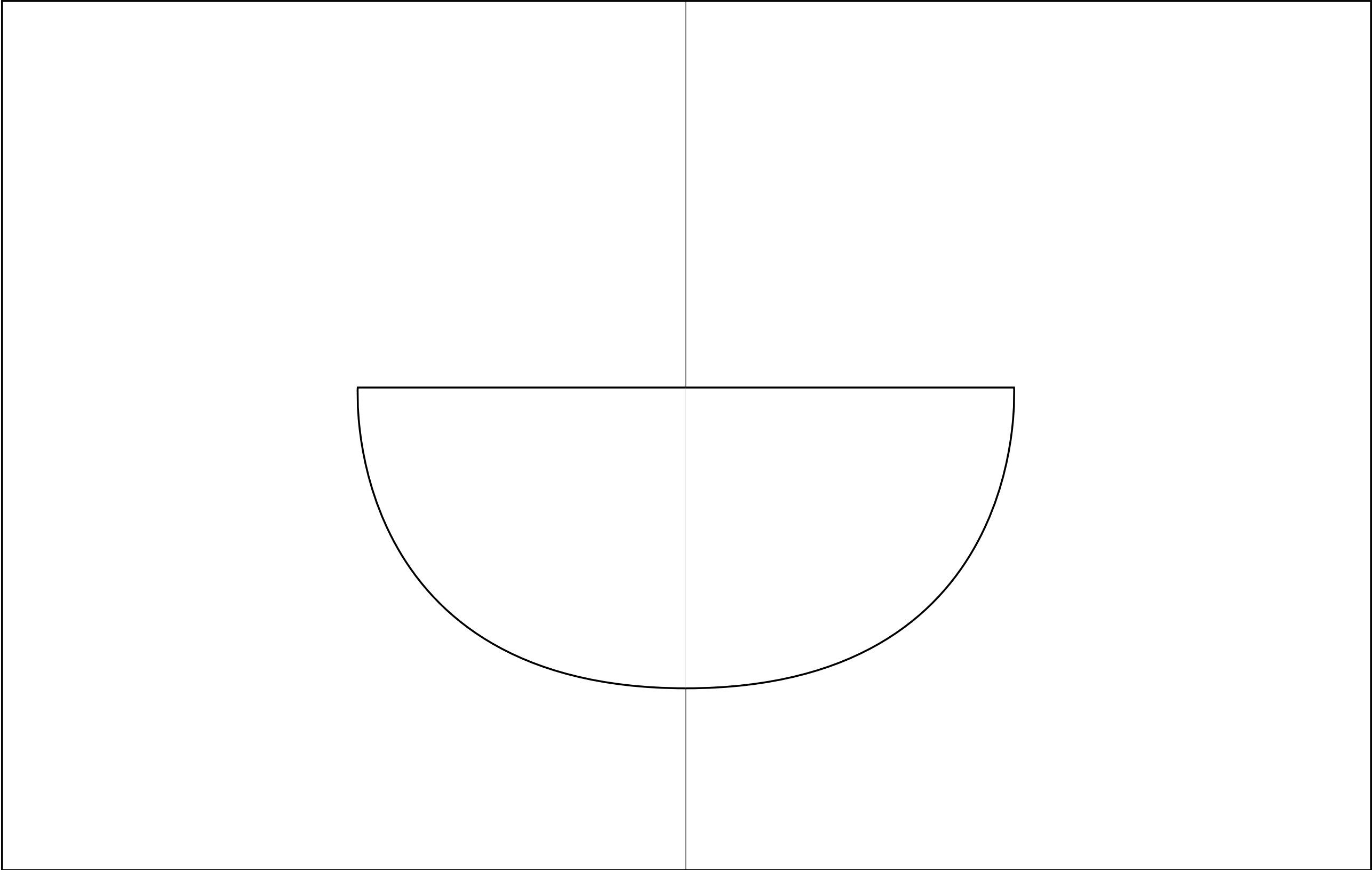


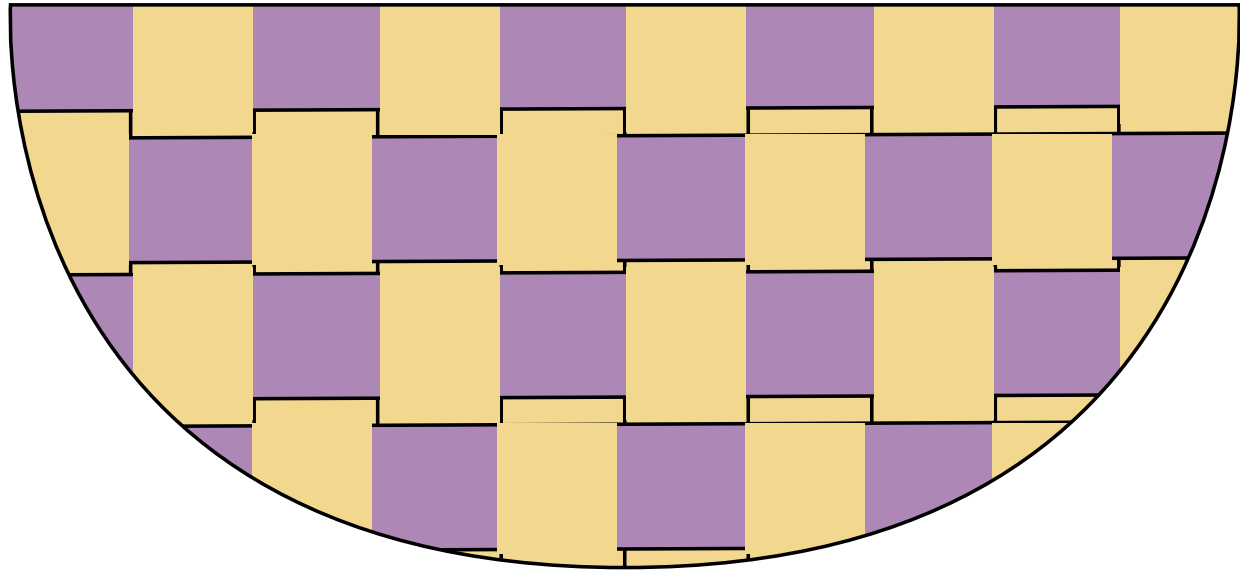


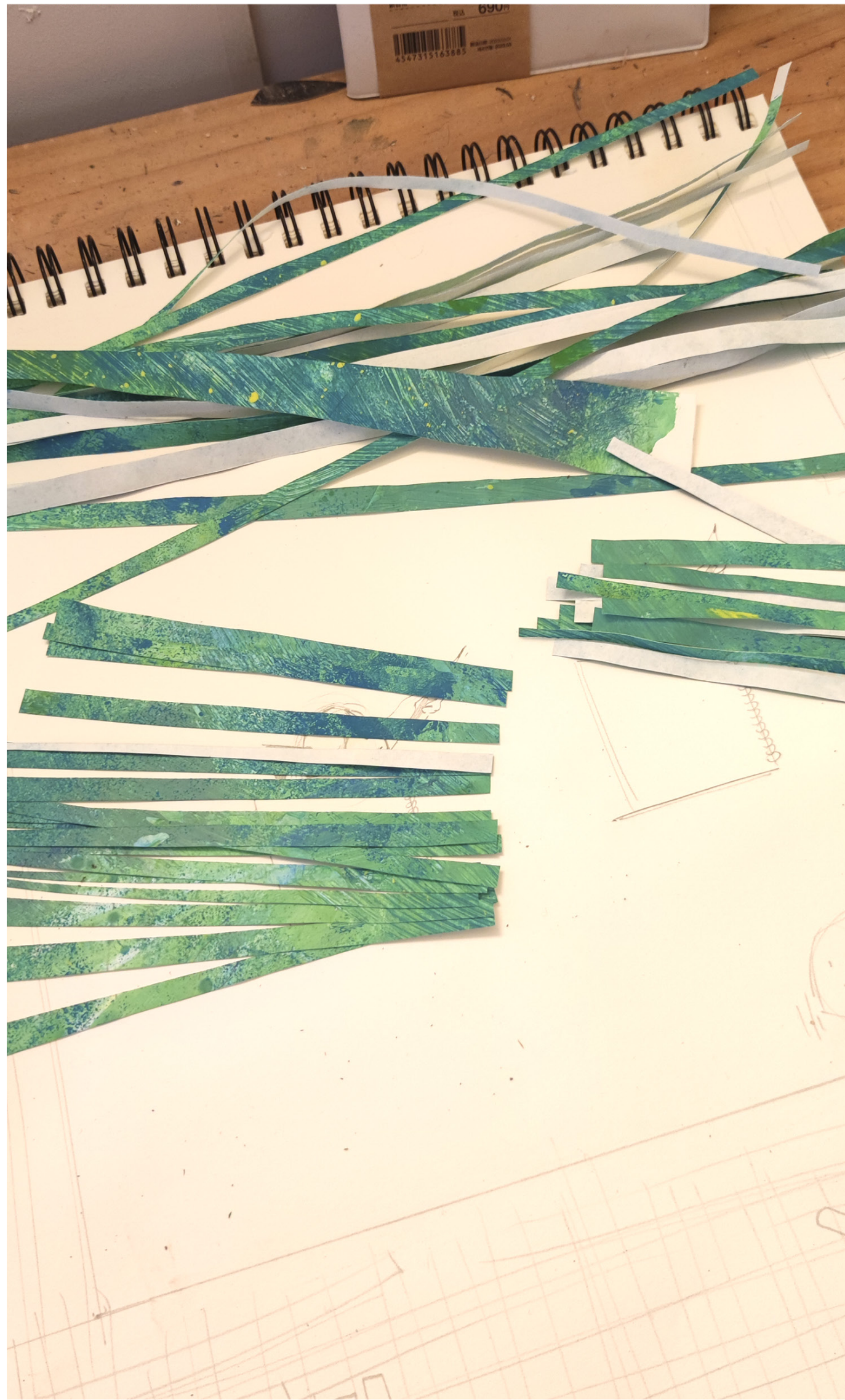
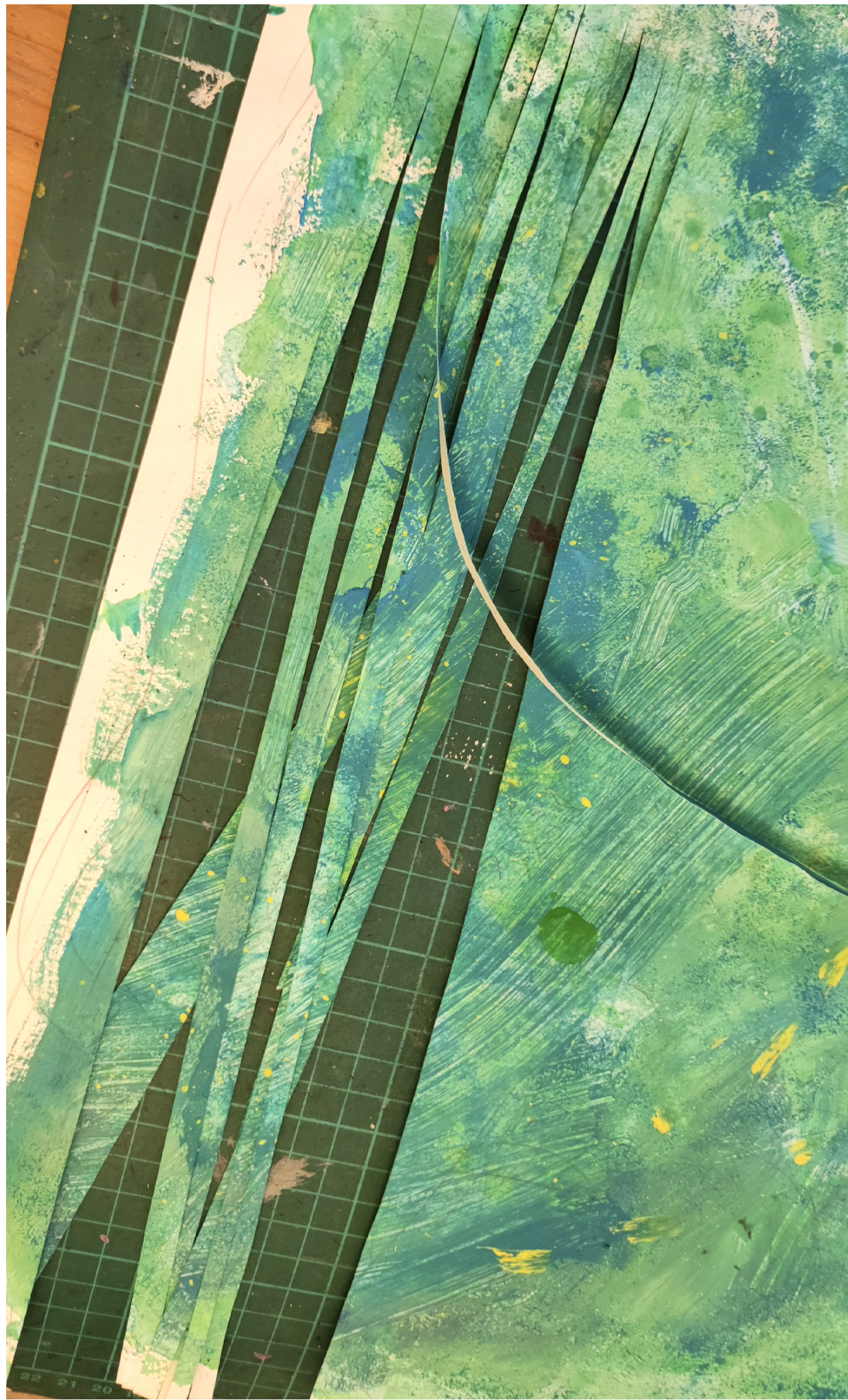
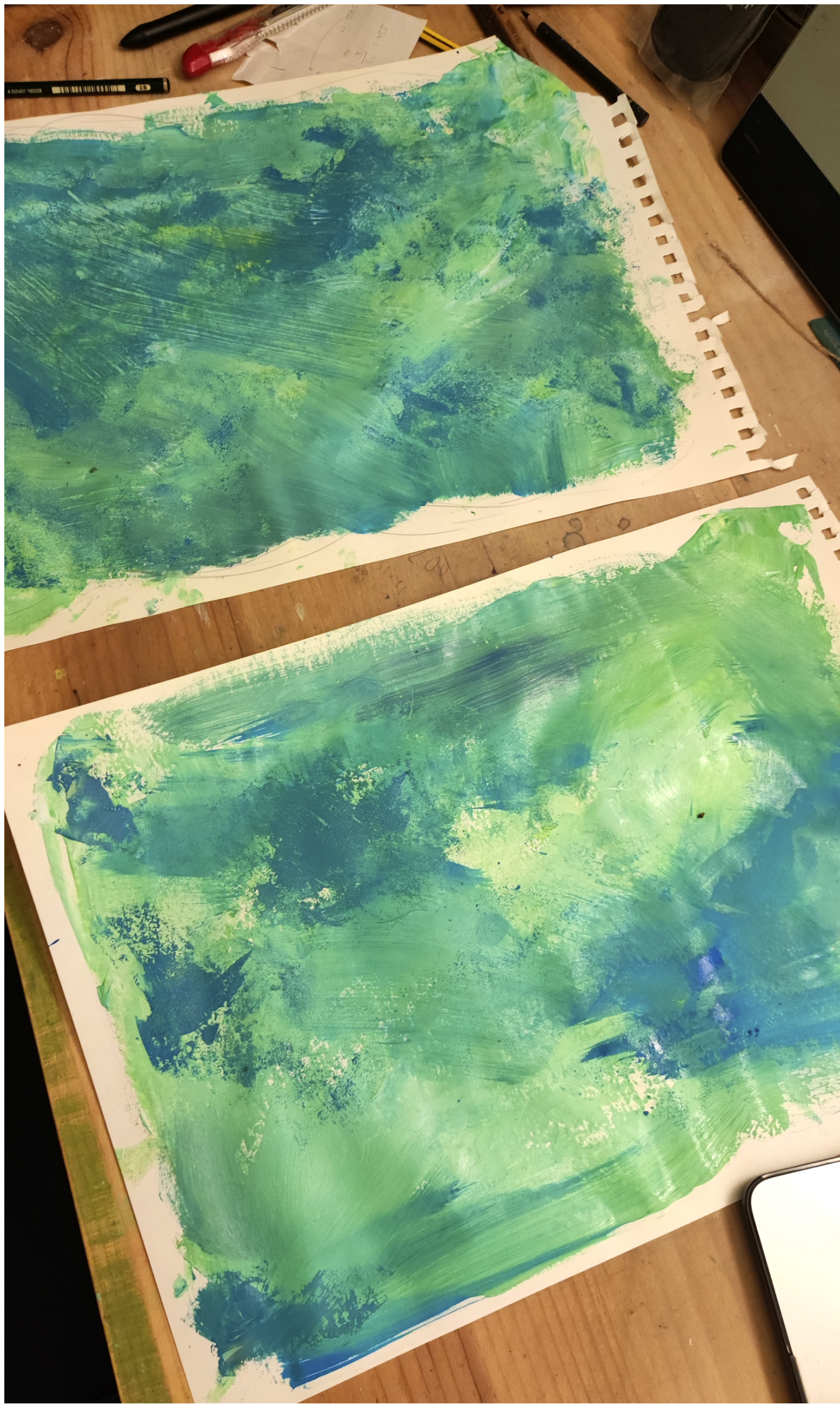


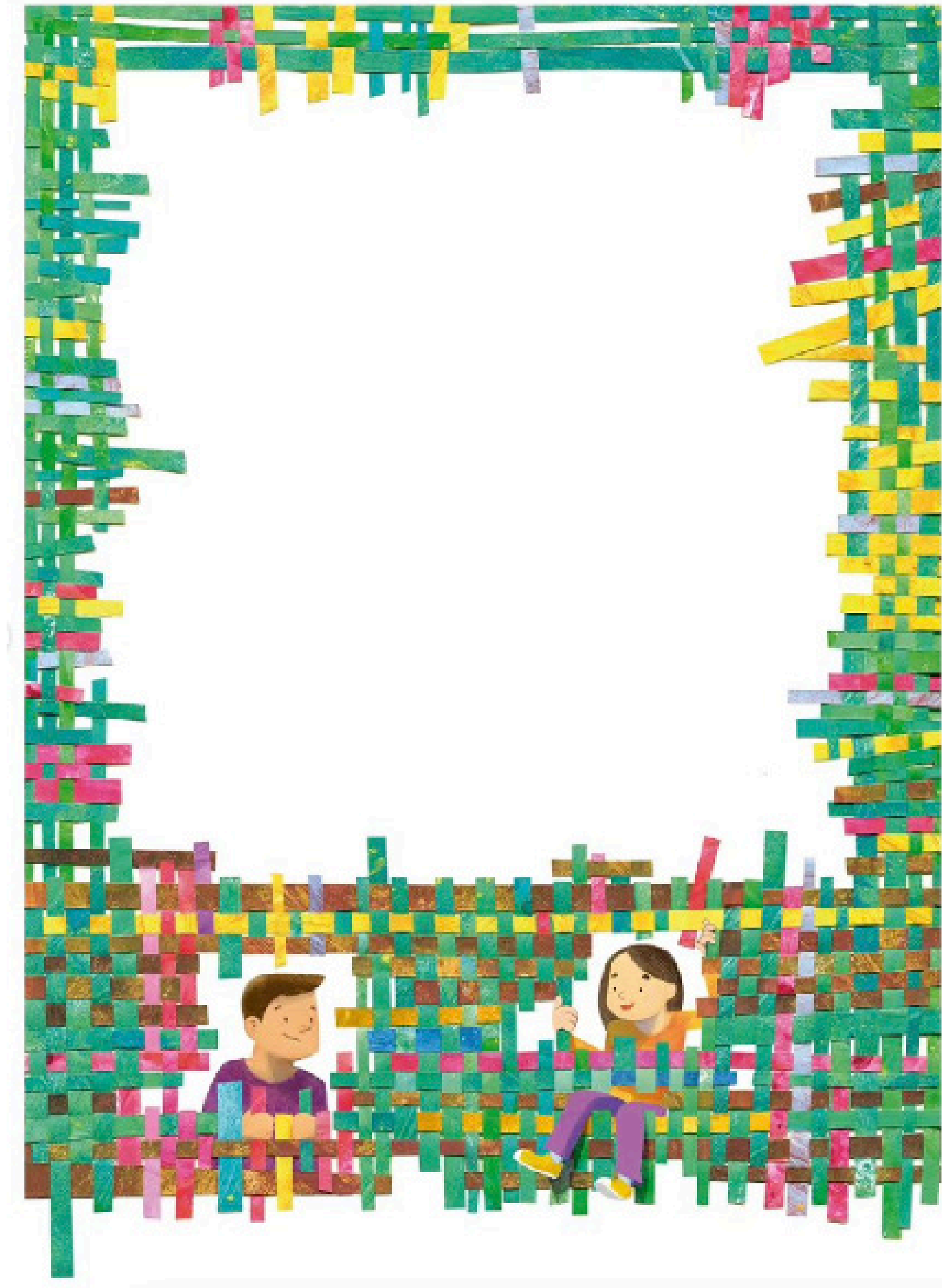














O maio

«Aí vén o maio
de frores cuberto ...»
Puxéronse á porta
cantándome os nenos;
5 e os puchos furados
pra min estendendo,
pedironme crocas
dos meus castiñeiros.

Pasai, rapaciños,
10 calados e quedos;
que o que é polo de hoxe
que darvos non teño.
Eu sonvos o probe
do pobo galego:
15 pra min non hai maio,
pra min sempre é inverno! ...

Cando eu me atopare
de donos liberto
i o pan non me quiten
20 trabucos e préstemos,
e como os do abade
frorezan meus eidos,
chegado haberá *estonces*
o maio que eu quero.

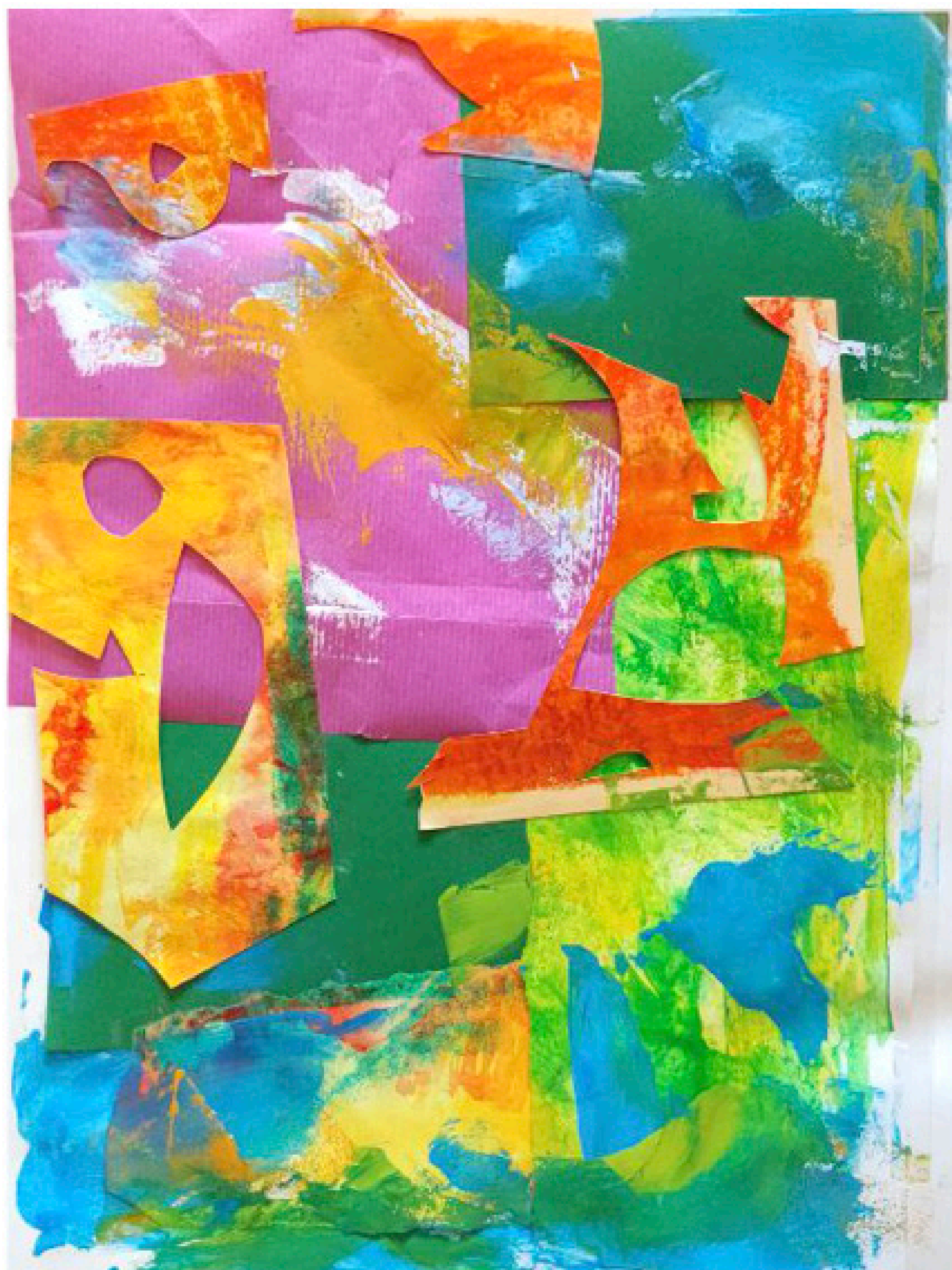
25 Queredes castañas
dos meus castiñeiros? ...
Cantádeme un maio
sen bruxas nin demos;
un maio sin segas,
30 usuras nin preitos,
sen quintas, nin portas,
nin foros, nin cregos.

Manuel Curros Enríquez. *Aires da miña terra*,
Ed. Xerais

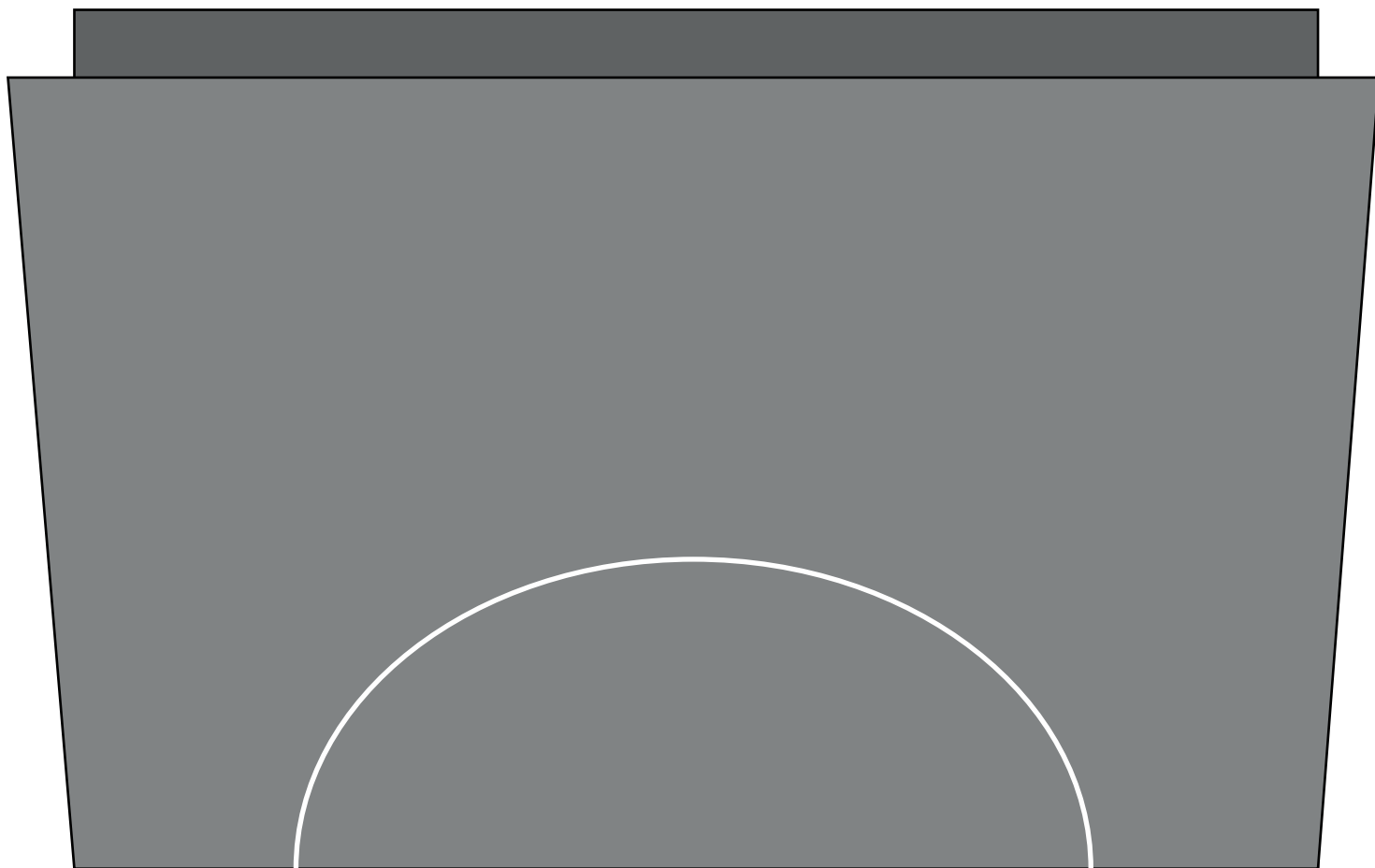


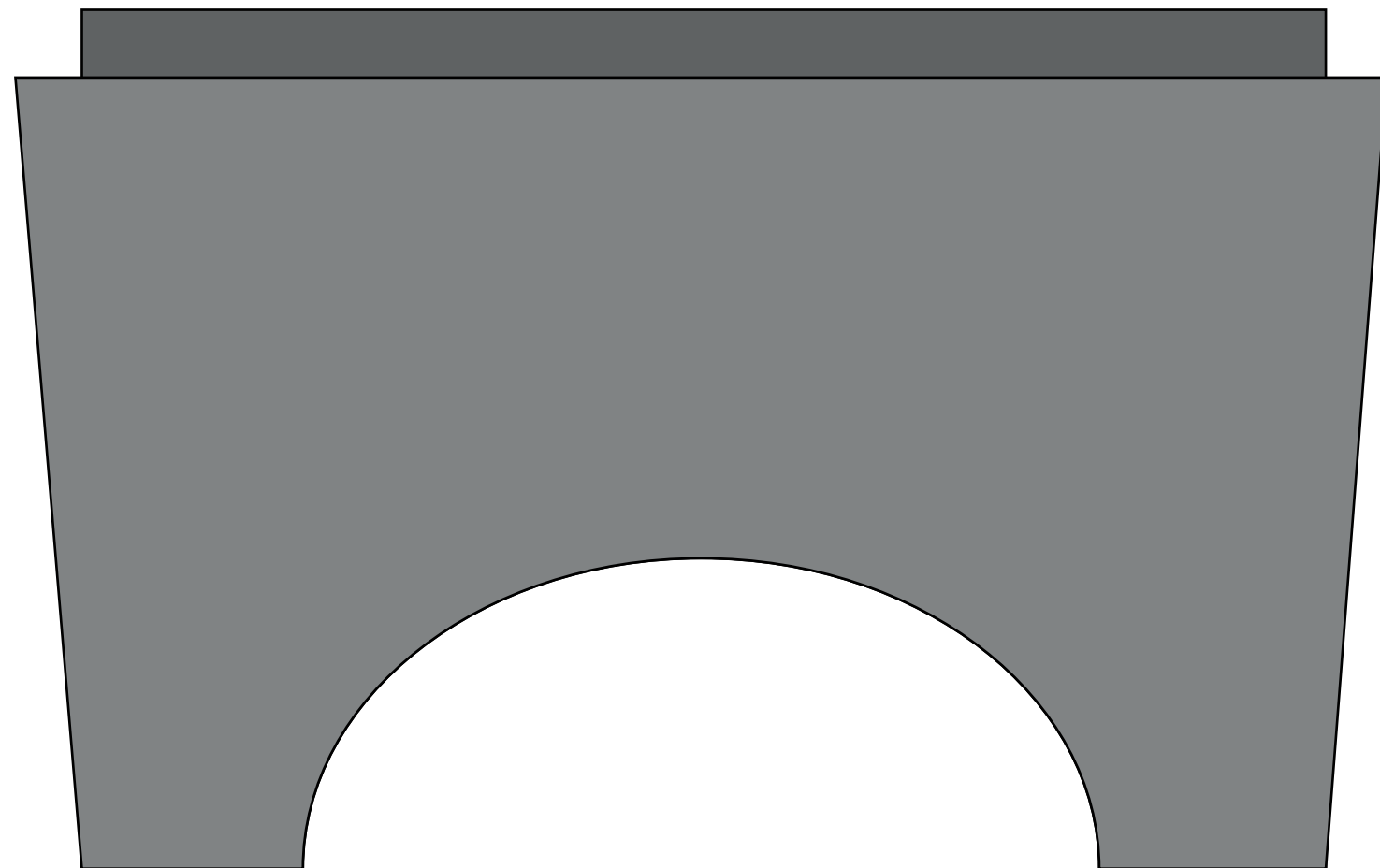
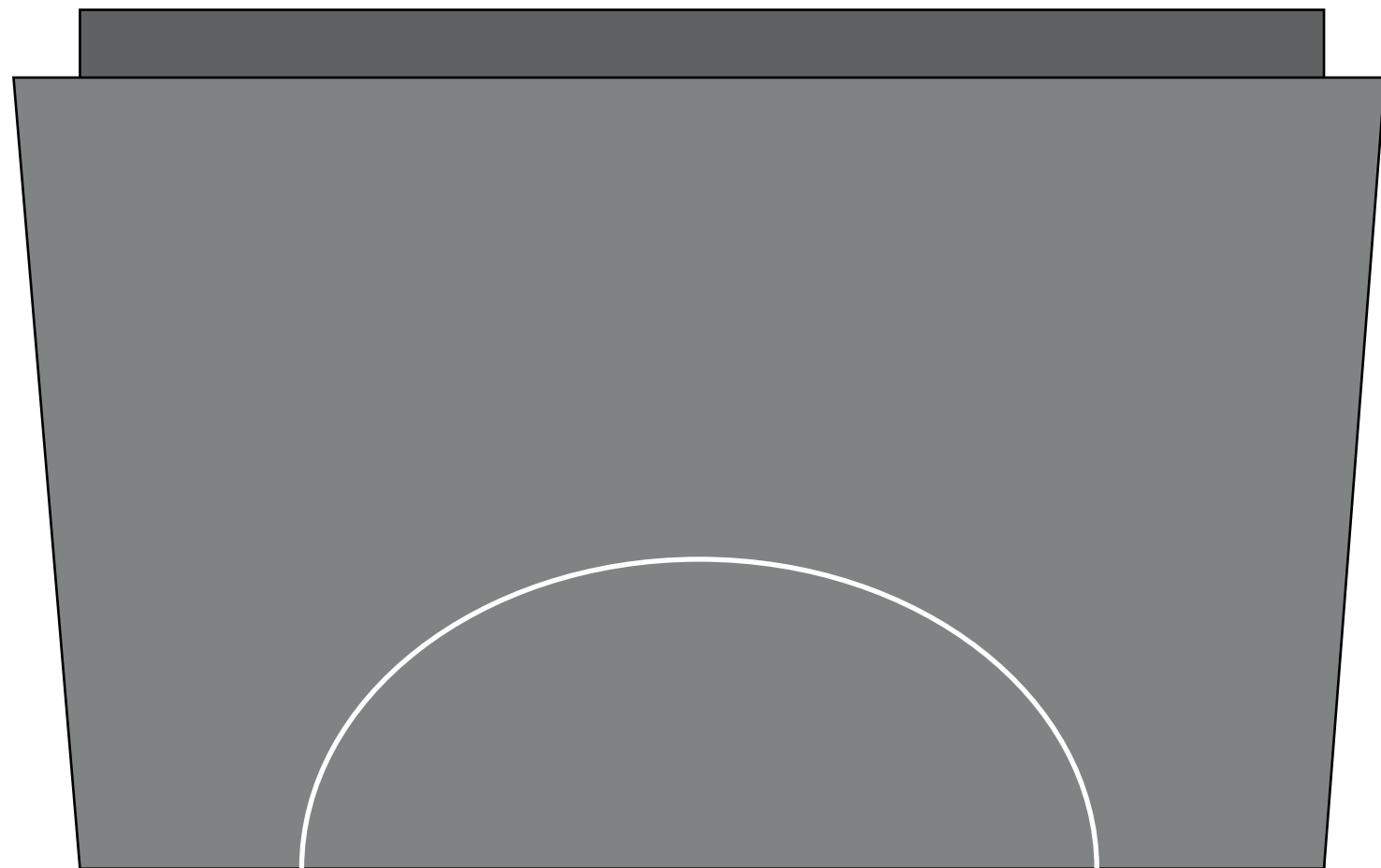
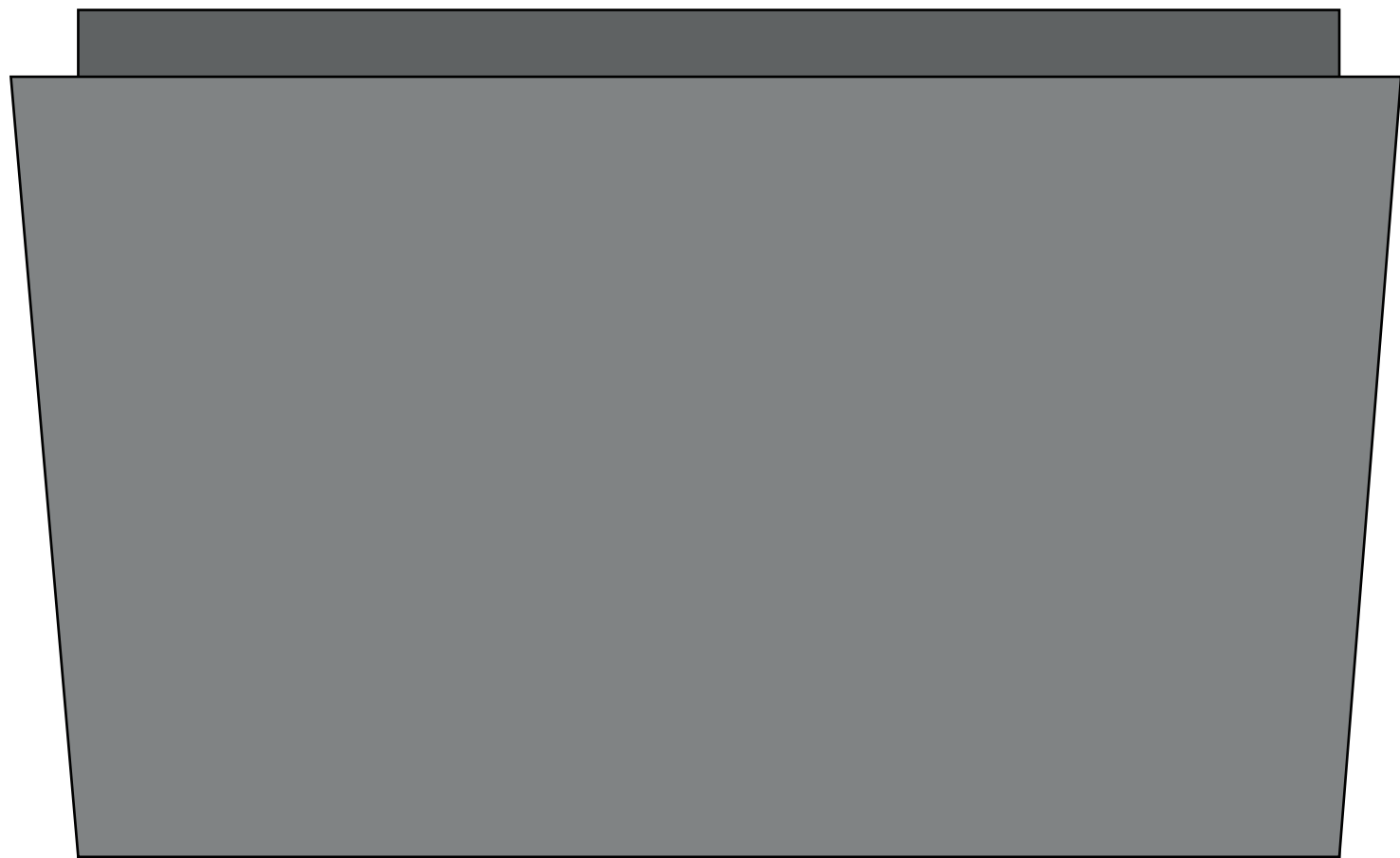


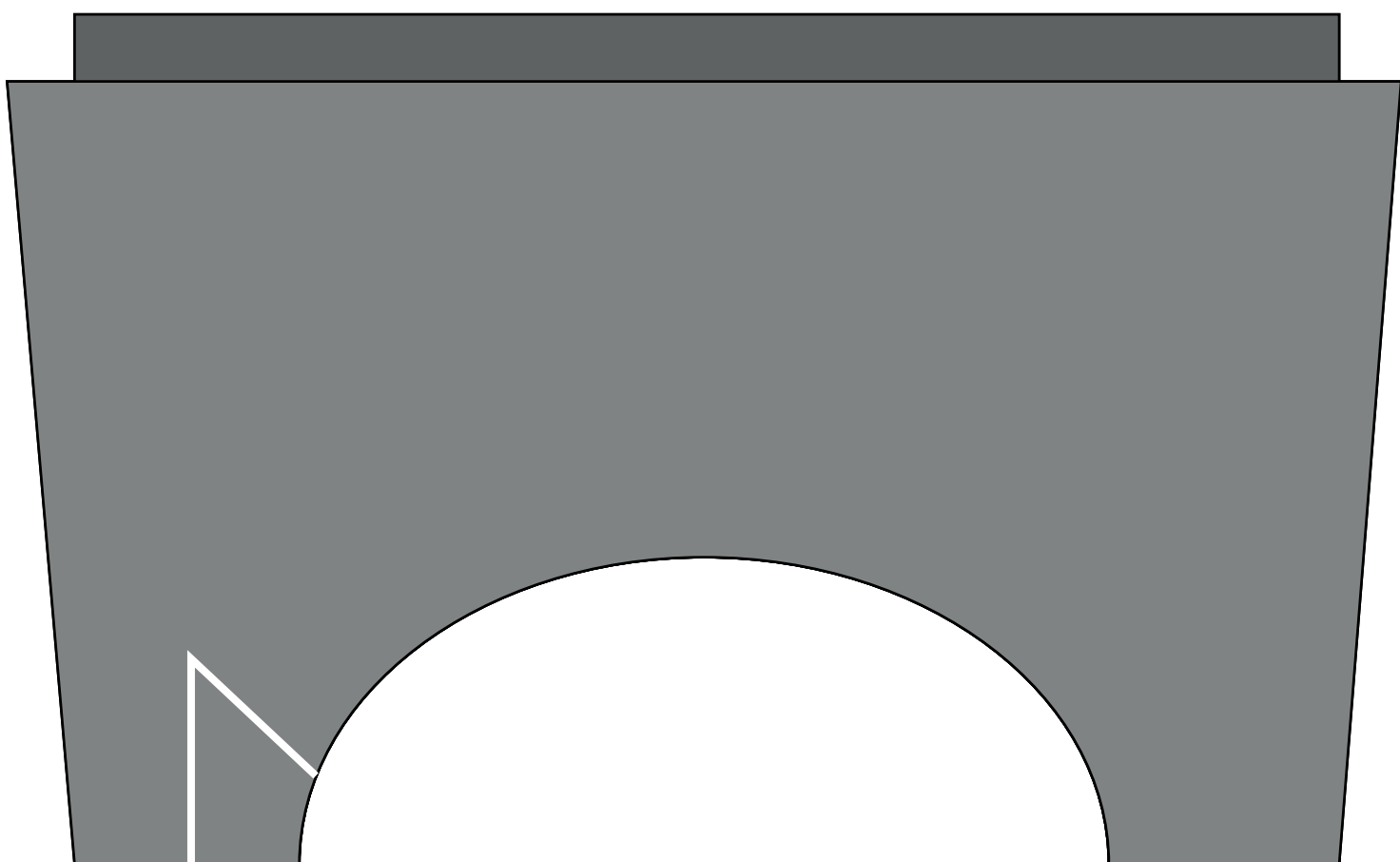
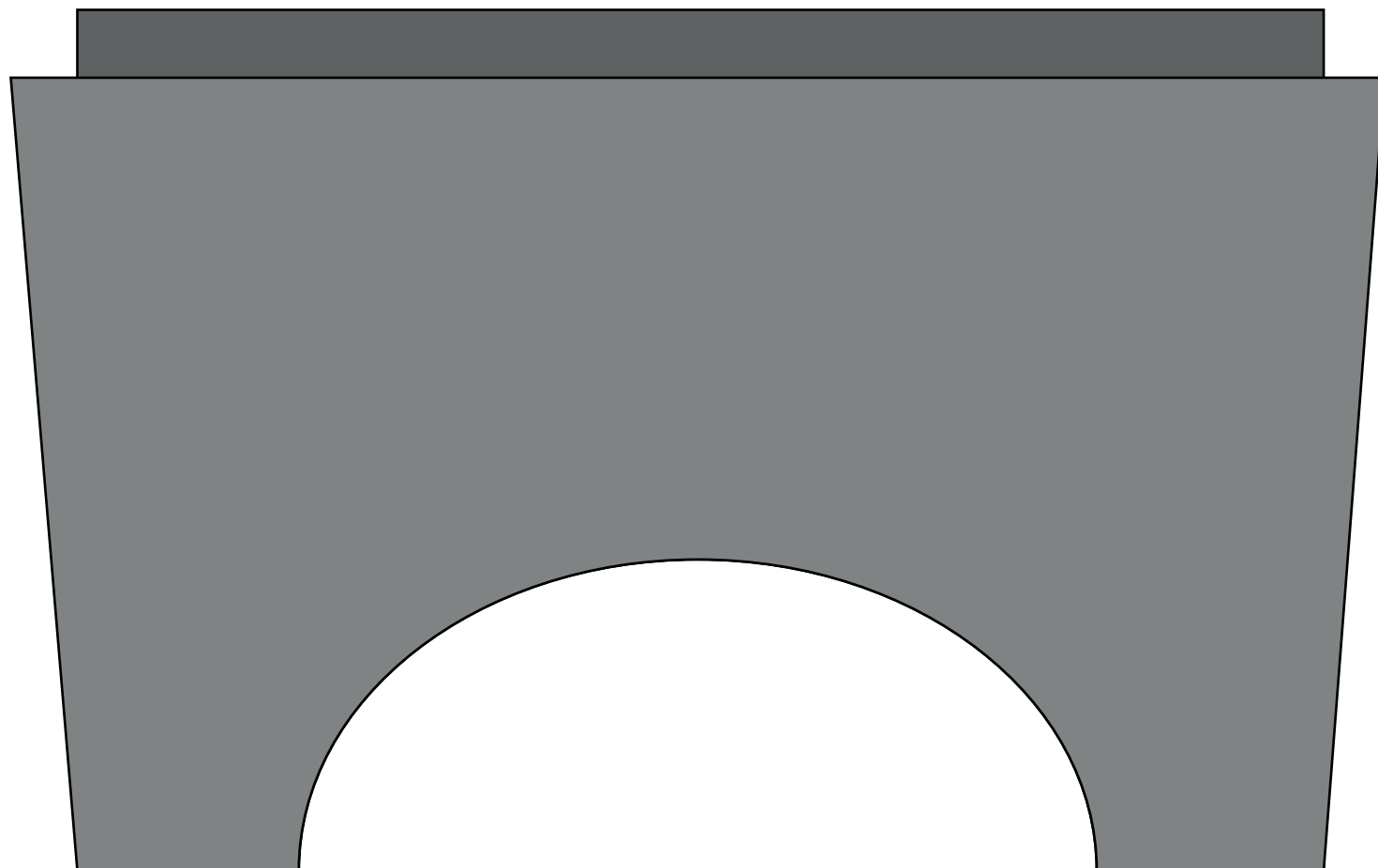
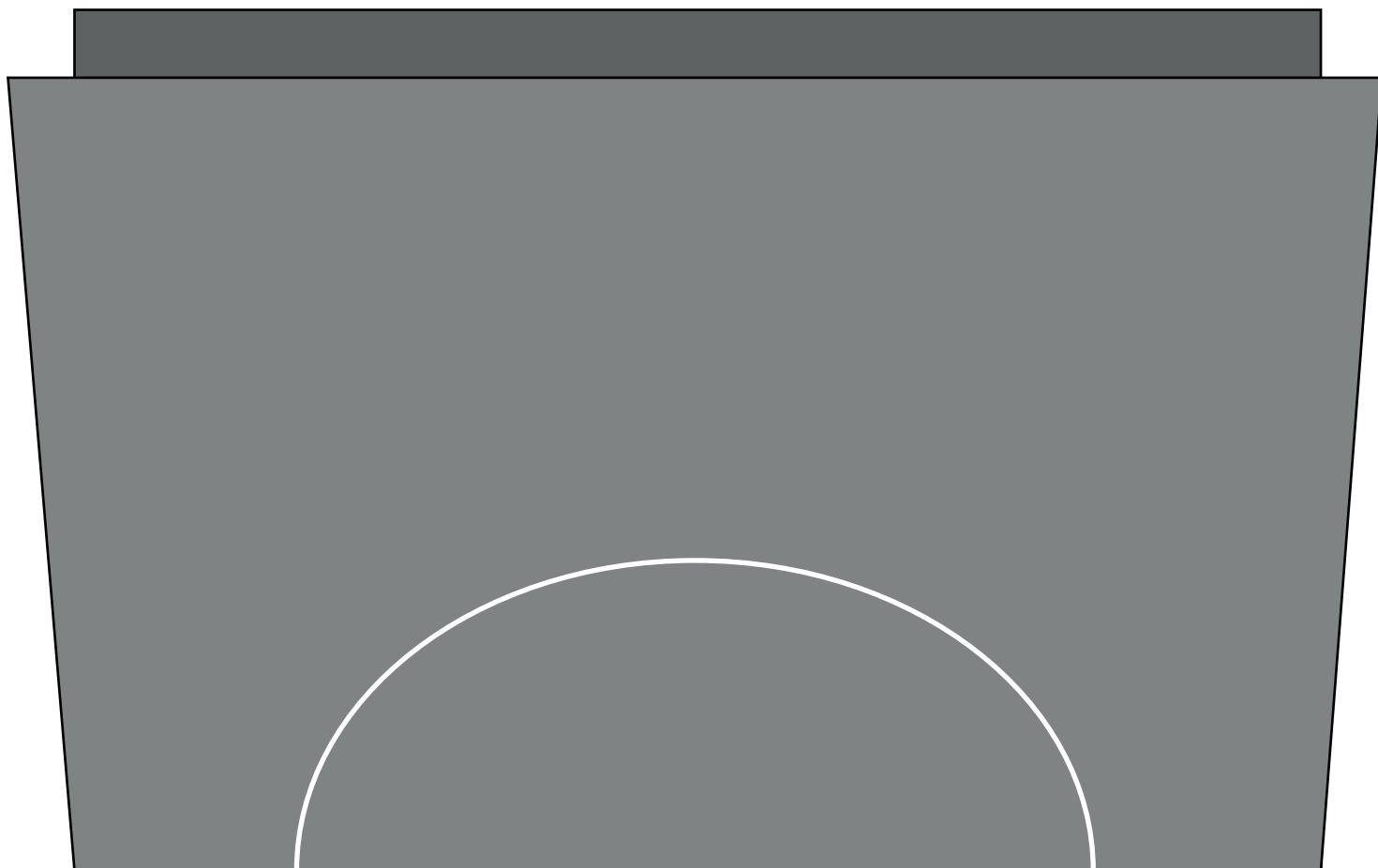


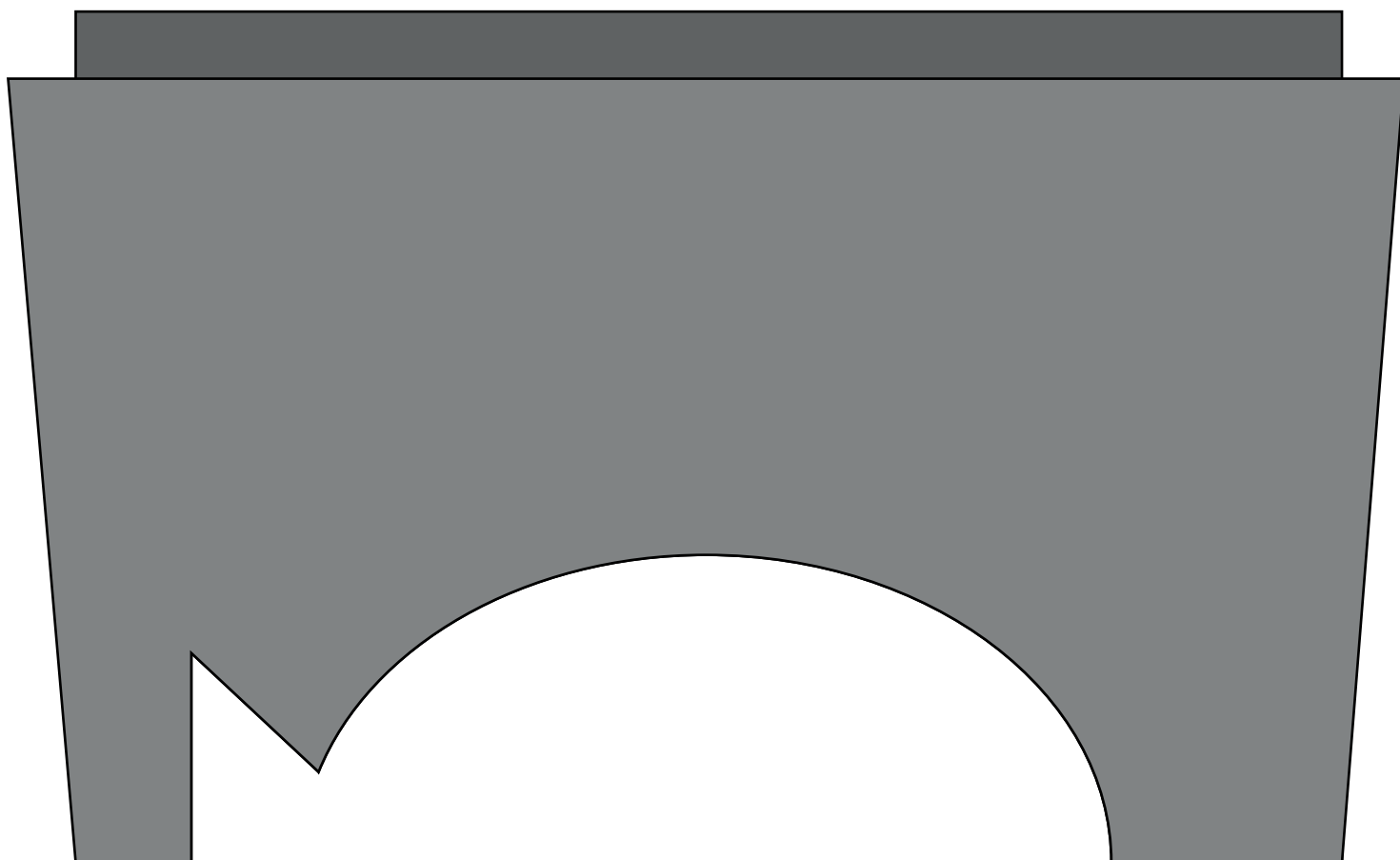
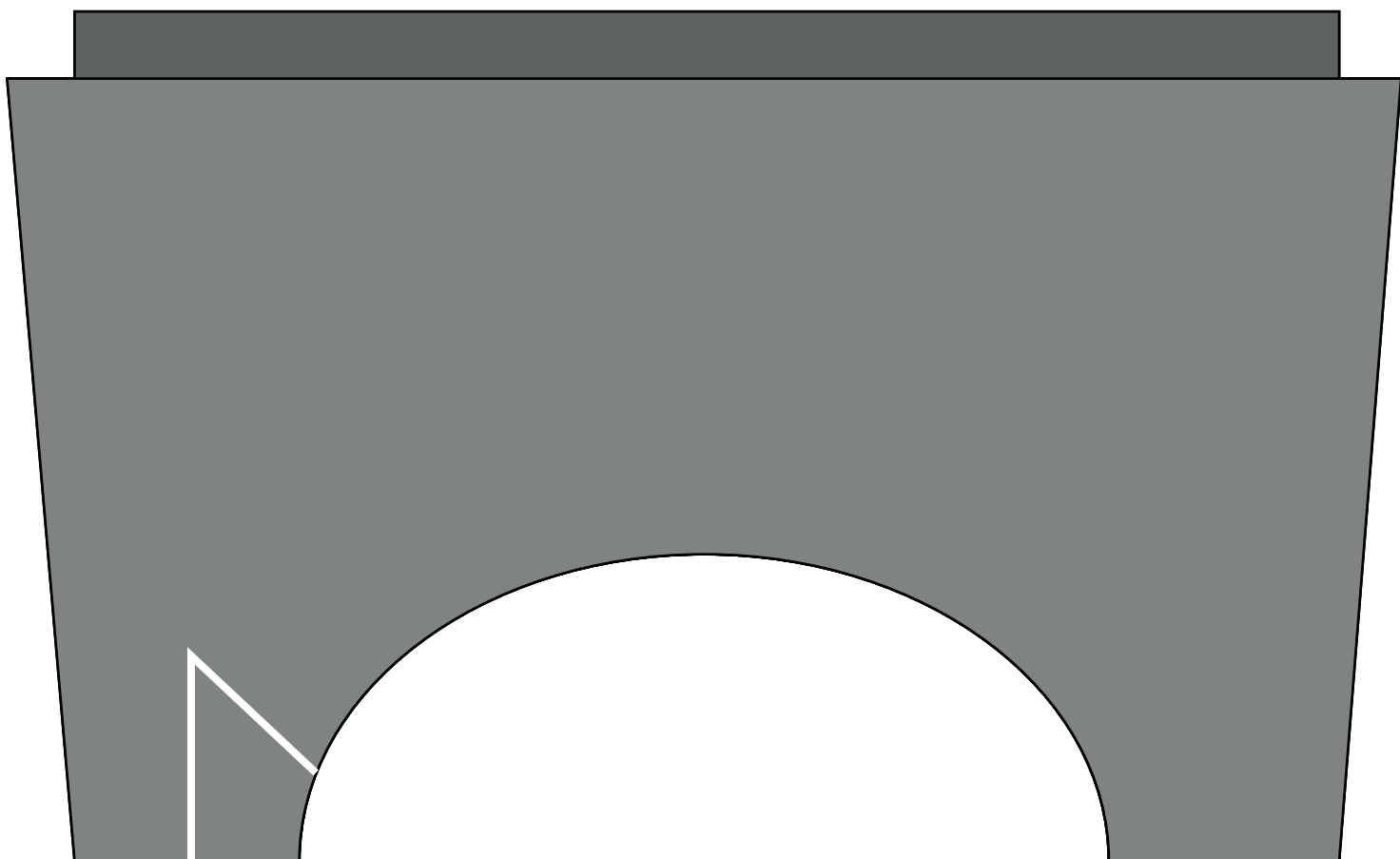
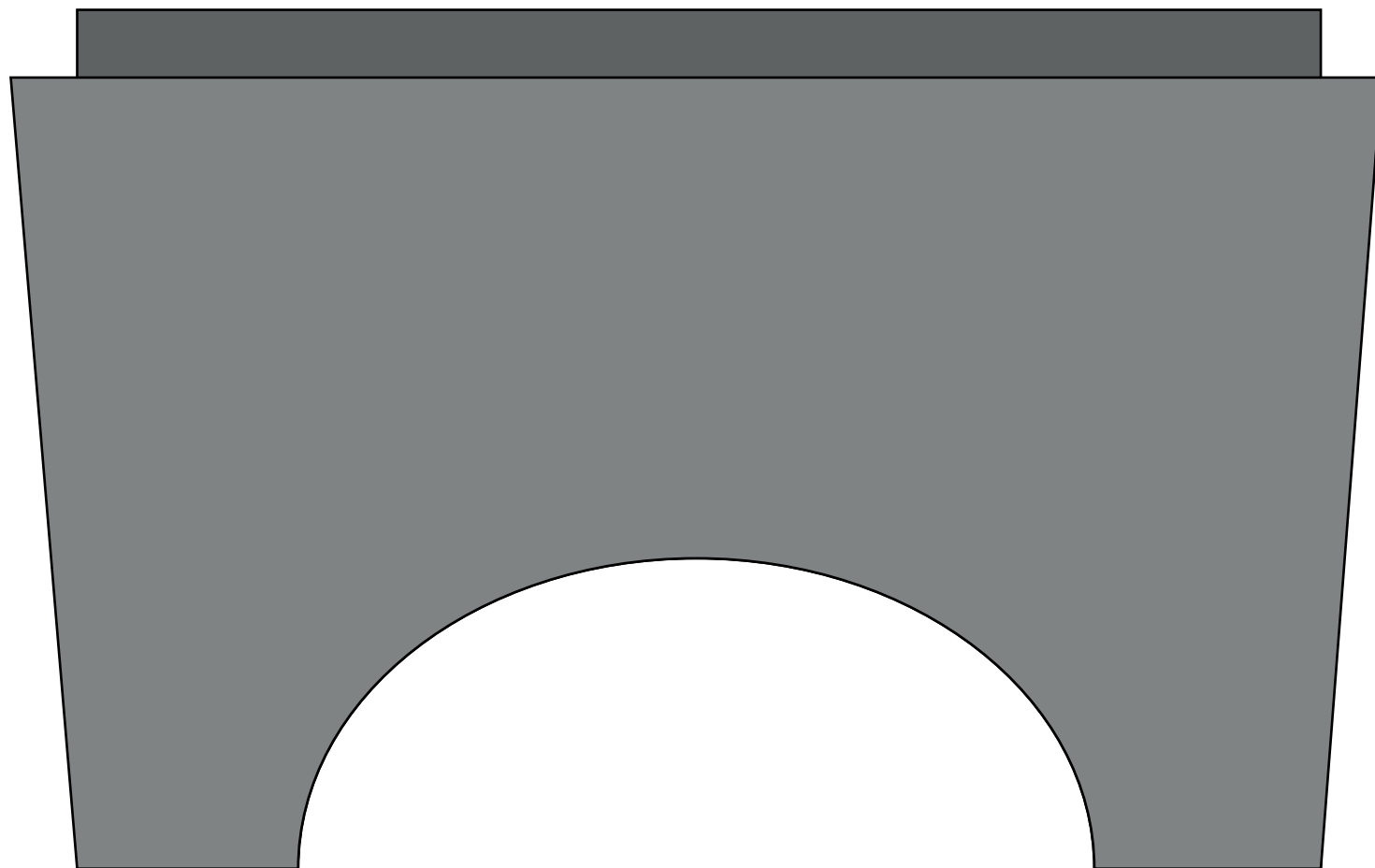
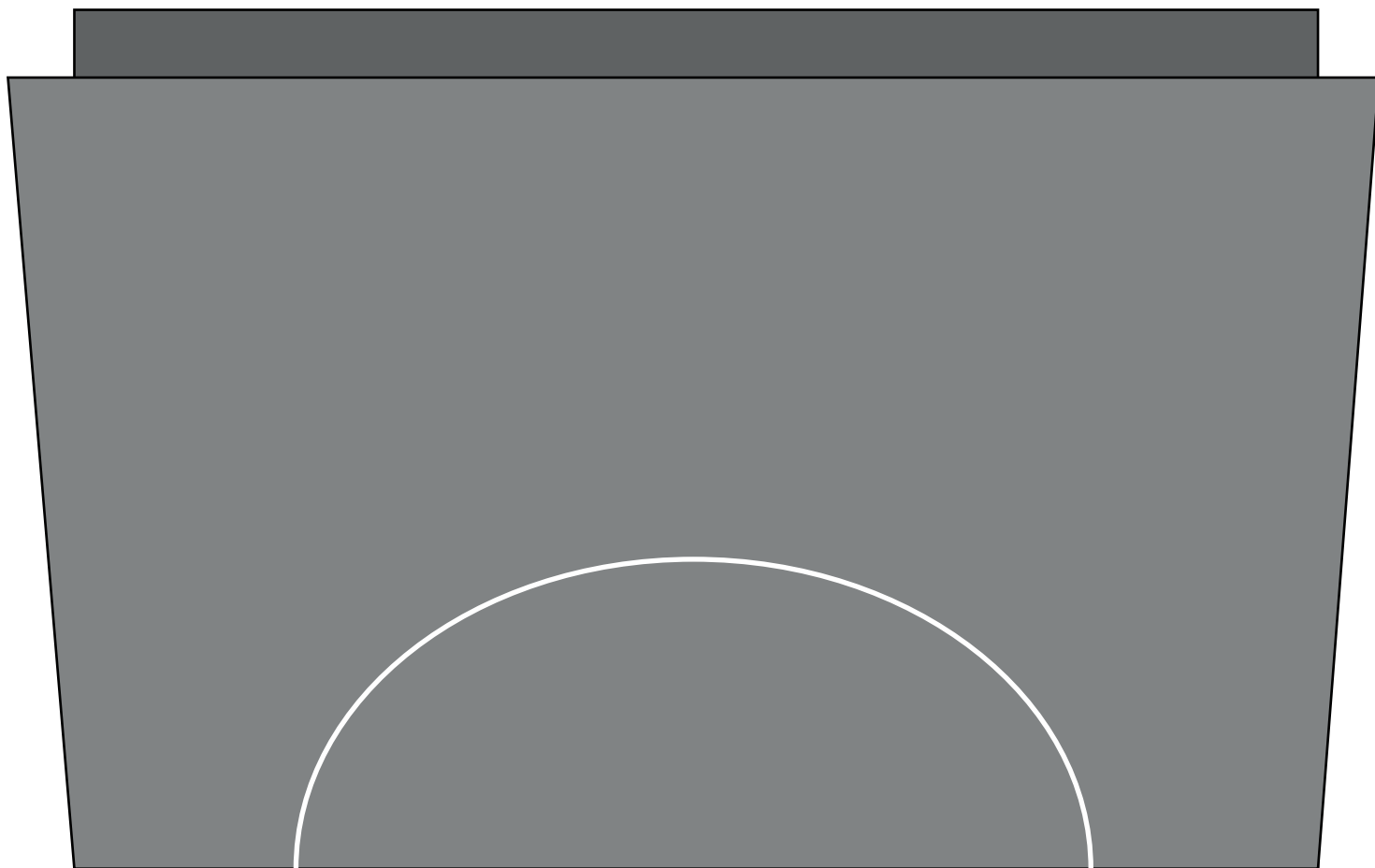


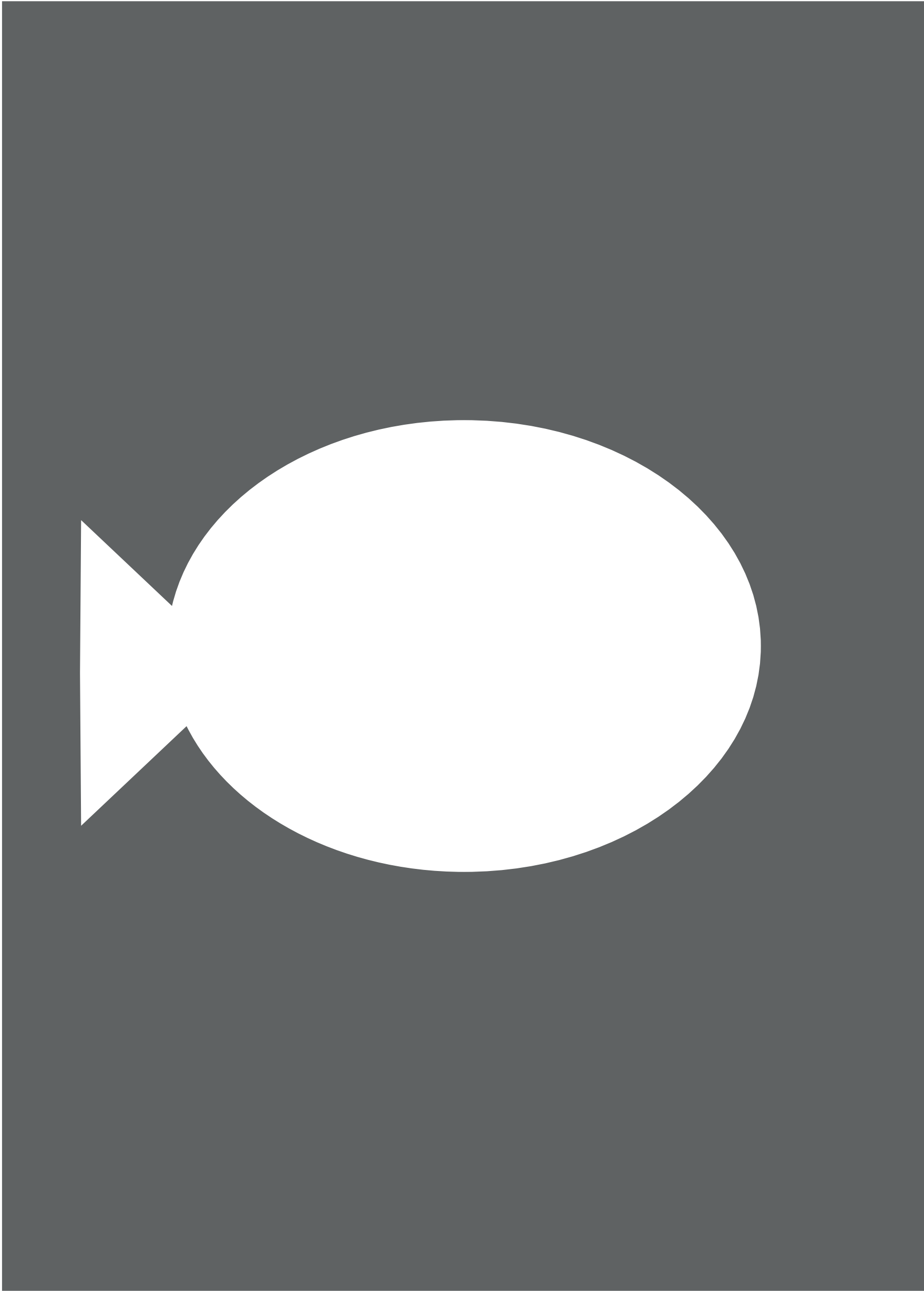


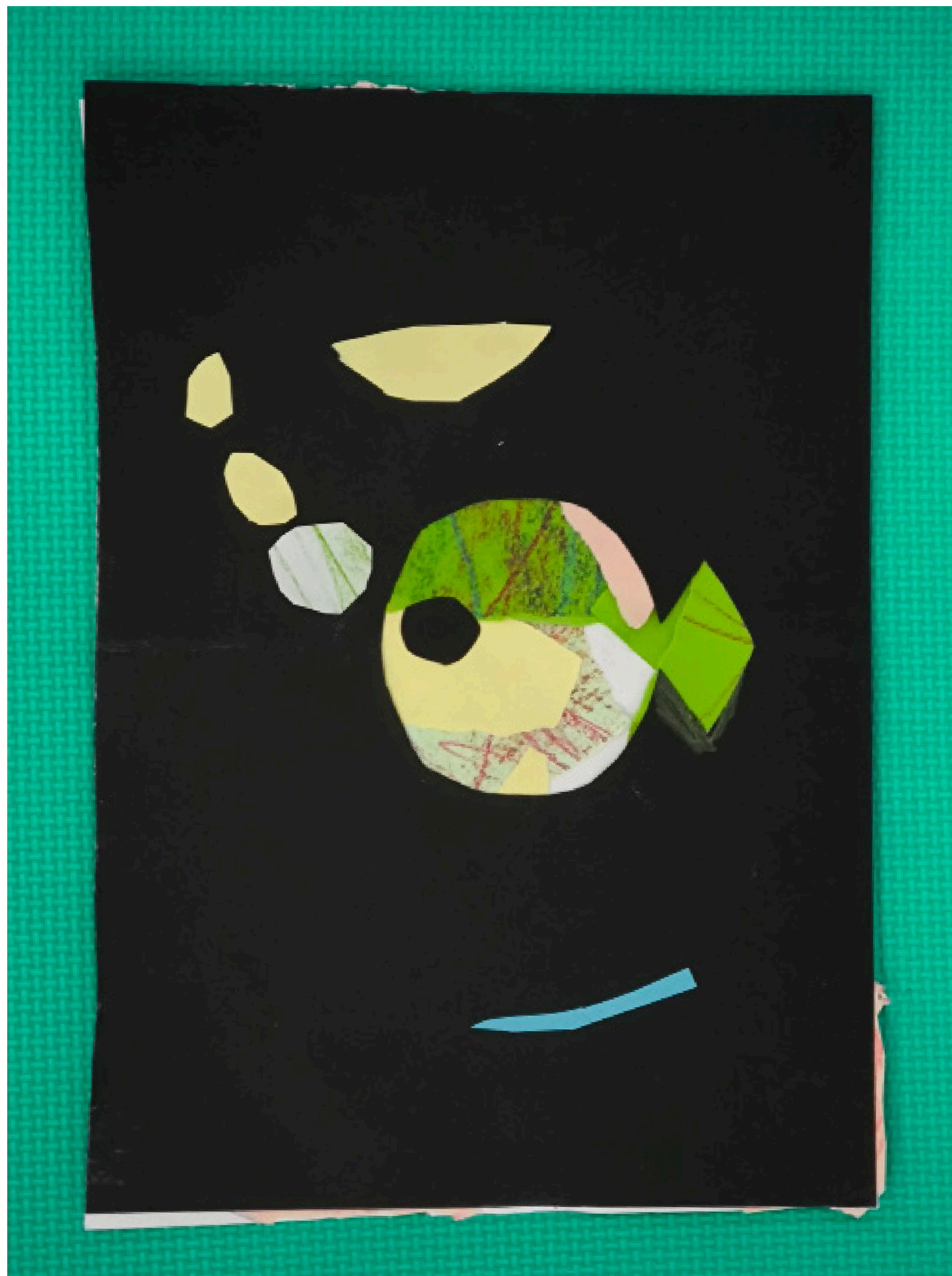


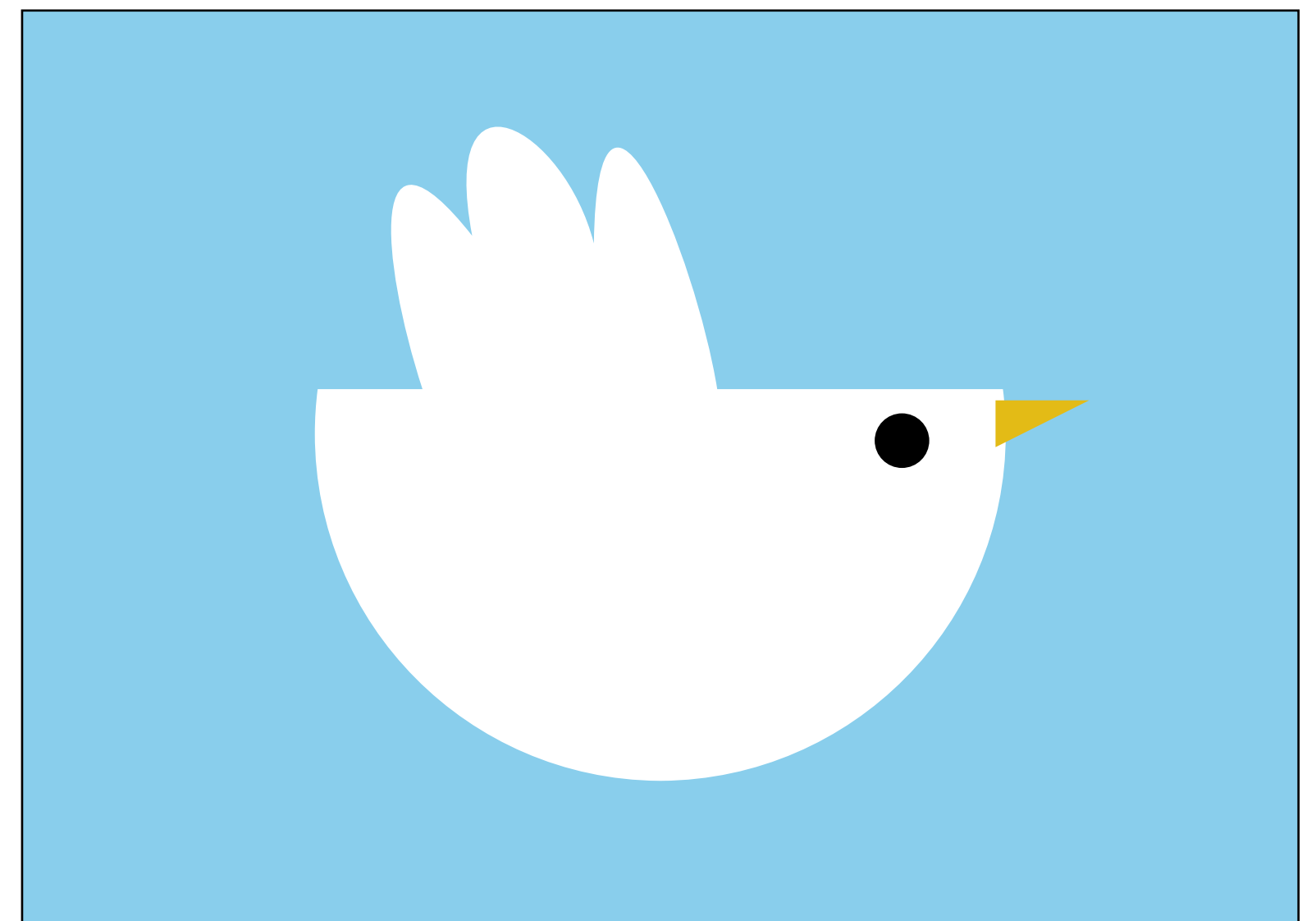
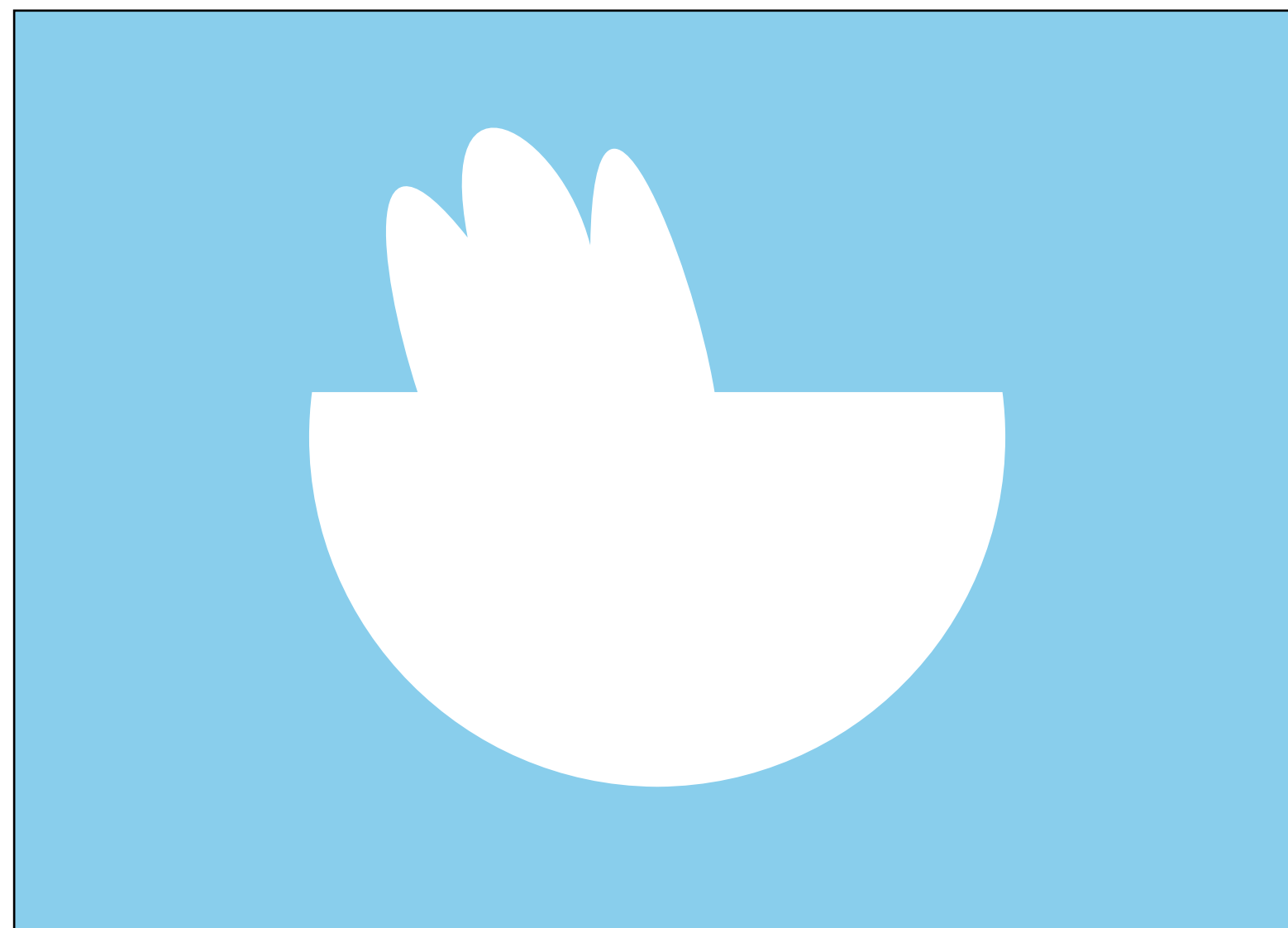
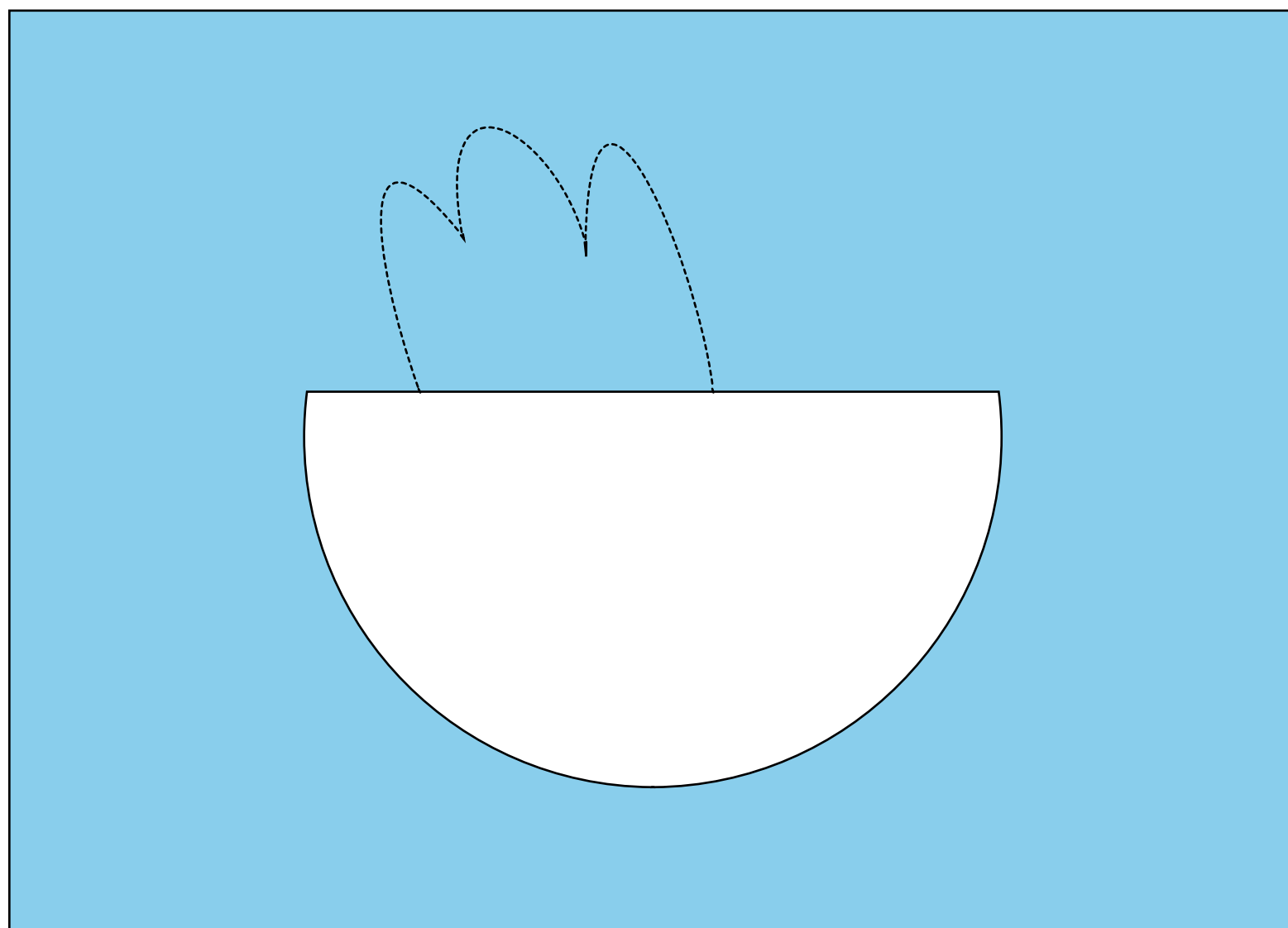
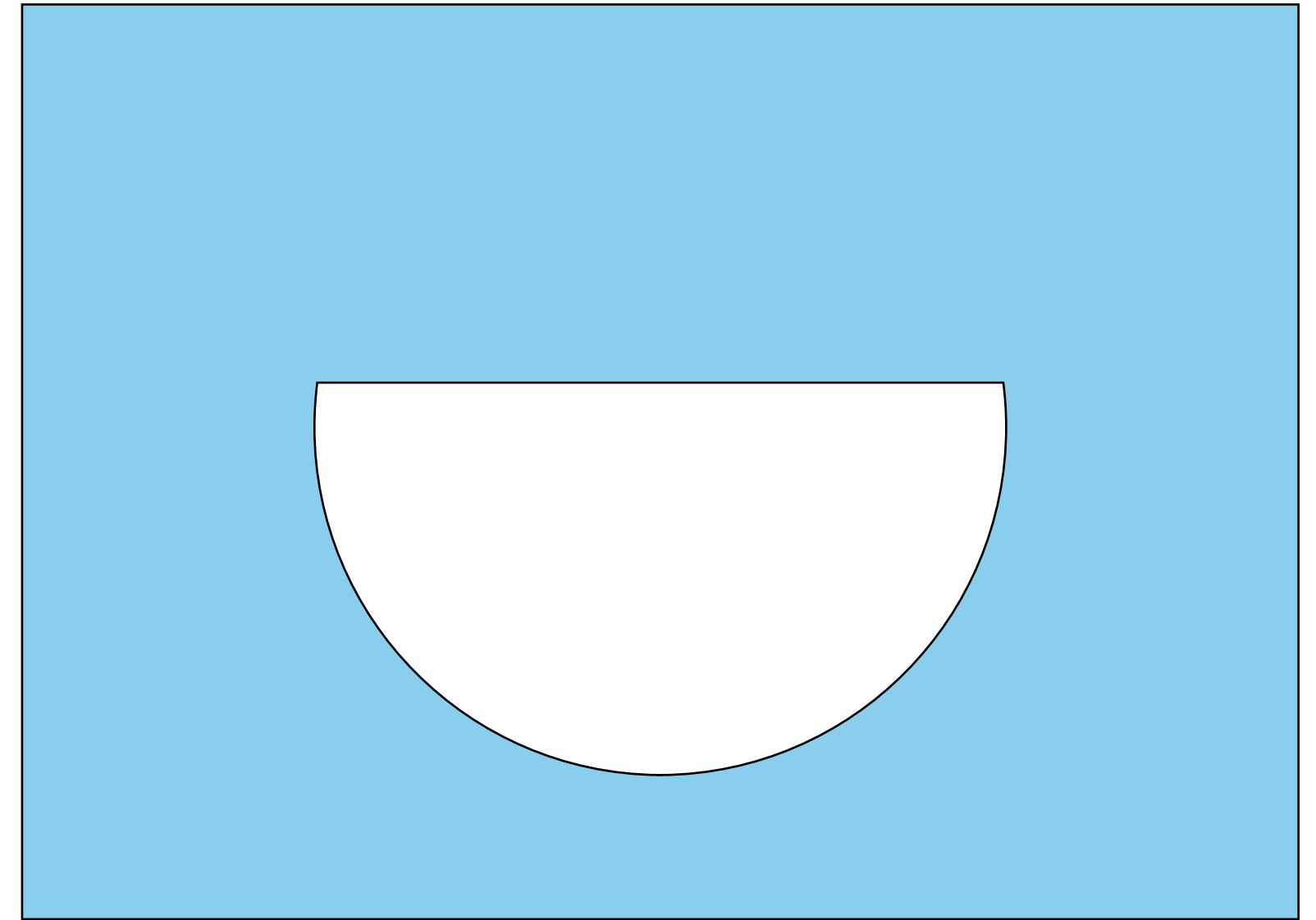
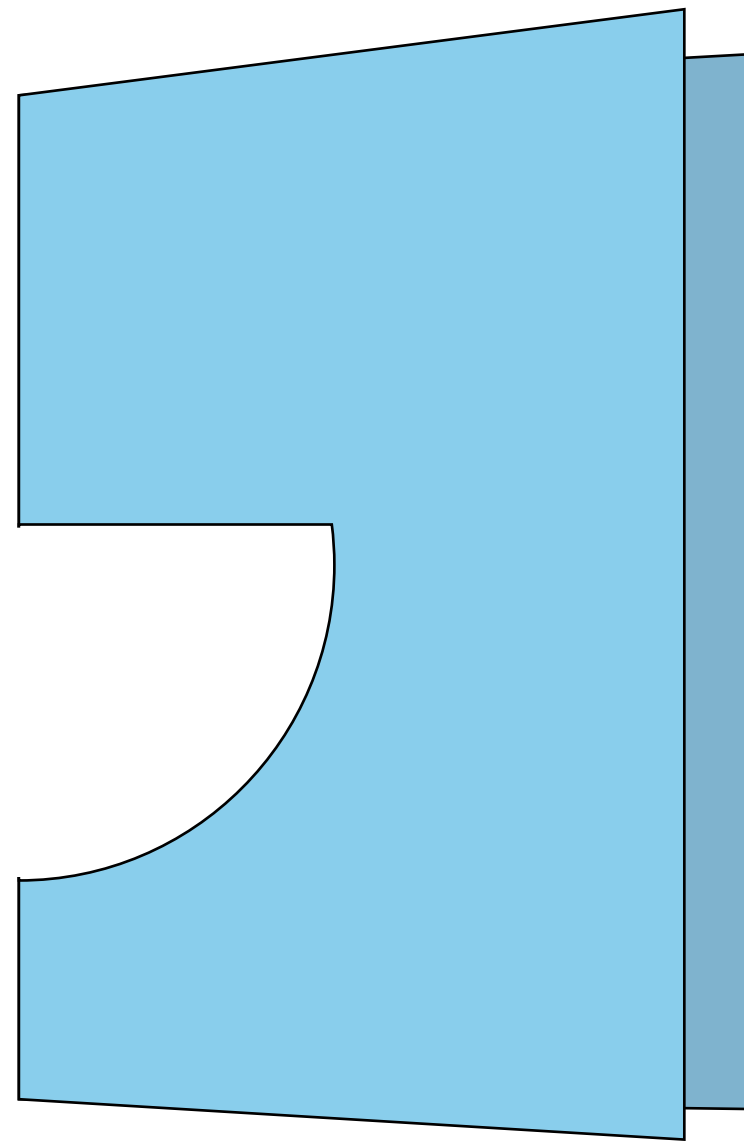
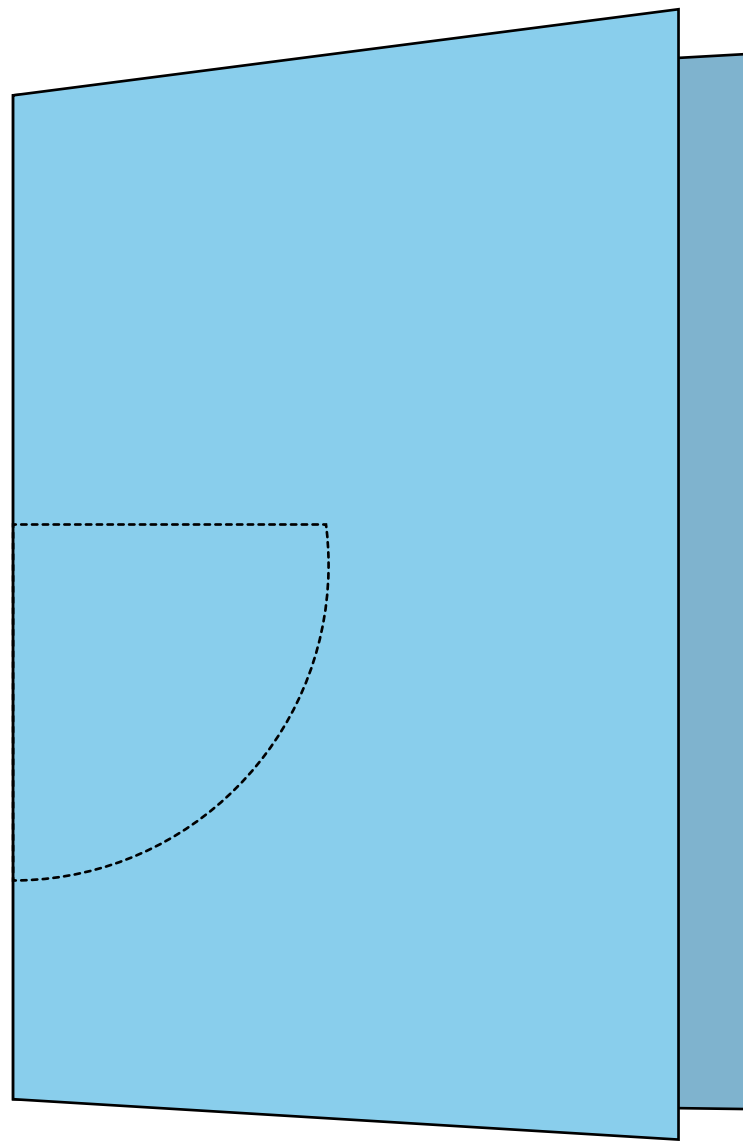














Grazas!

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