

Poem by Luísa Villalta.
Click the text to listen,
then choose the correct words.



Through this _____ the sound of life lays out a lightset.
Left and right disagree the _____ of the crowd,
for they are only locks caught in that nameless hydra.
A _____ splits site that moves and I follow through.
Through this forest a device mimics an inhuman wind.
The _____ entangle in rhetorical cables,
electric shocks that do not thrill me.
I seek the natural voice, the echo of a chant and the rose of the centre.
The _____ combs this forest idle with streetlamps and posts.
The artificial _____ does not let us think we are dreaming.

(From "Study of the Shadows")

LIVEWORKSHEETS