



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")