

## Cloze Activity

If This Is the \_\_\_\_\_

A pine tree, its hands raised,  
the cloud behind it gone

grey. How the light is \_\_\_\_\_  
by the soft grey \_\_\_\_\_ of the cloud,

how the wind steadily blows,  
though in no \_\_\_\_\_ direction.

Its meandering somehow \_\_\_\_\_ me,  
soothes me the way the night will \_\_\_\_\_

this day from its obligations.  
As anticipated, the grape leaves

are just beginning to collect rain now,  
and when the weight is too much, they

simply turn their \_\_\_\_\_, then right themselves  
to begin again. I sense no \_\_\_\_\_ in these

unfinished dreams. Those of the grape leaves,  
the uncertain wind, the pine tree locked in praise

every day; not even this \_\_\_\_\_ which I've seen  
make a prisoner of light, can impose sorrow

upon me while I sit waiting on the  
gathering clouds, growing heavy

with a darkness they will offer \_\_\_\_\_.