

## Cloze Activity

When the Mask \_\_\_\_\_

Inside the raven's \_\_\_\_\_  
an ancient man's face is \_\_\_\_\_,  
capturing the moment he \_\_\_\_\_  
tears potent enough  
to put us here forever.

Whatever we call ourselves now.  
Whatever we will call ourselves.  
It was the ancient man inside the  
\_\_\_\_\_, driven by loneliness  
to despair, who put us here forever.

A man standing at his \_\_\_\_\_  
is looking through years  
at the dancer flipping open  
the raven mask, only in  
quick glimpses at first. Then,  
at the end of the \_\_\_\_\_, down  
on his knees, the dancer  
leaves the mask open,  
the raven's mouth \_\_\_\_\_,  
the ancient man's face  
forever in \_\_\_\_\_

The man knows that he can't  
look through all those years  
and remember \_\_\_\_\_  
about being seven and seeing  
a dancer perform in accordance  
with the mask he wore. Only with  
the dull and clumsy prodding of  
the adult mind can he recall  
the place of dance that rotted  
and was burned down, or was  
burned down before  
it was humiliated by rot  
in the times of vast poverty.

Yet when a raven looks at him,  
head cocked, from a tree \_\_\_\_\_  
his window, he tries to remember  
or to recreate the earnestness in him  
from years ago when a similar raven  
looked from that very tree and  
the boy wanted it to \_\_\_\_\_  
its mouth so he could see  
what was inside.