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**The Street**



In the box, write what each underlined word or phrase could SYMBOLIZE.

Underline the words and phrases which show the SETTING of this poem.

Here is a long and silent street.  
I walk in blackness and I stumble and fall  
and rise, and I walk blind, my feet  
trampling the silent stones and the dry leaves.  
Someone behind me also tramples, stones, leaves:  
if I slow down, he slows;  
if I run, he runs I turn : nobody.  
Everything dark and doorless,  
only my steps aware of me,  
I turning and turning among these corners  
which lead forever to the street  
where nobody waits for, nobody follows me,  
where I pursue a man who stumbles  
and rises and says when he sees me : nobody.



Octavio Paz