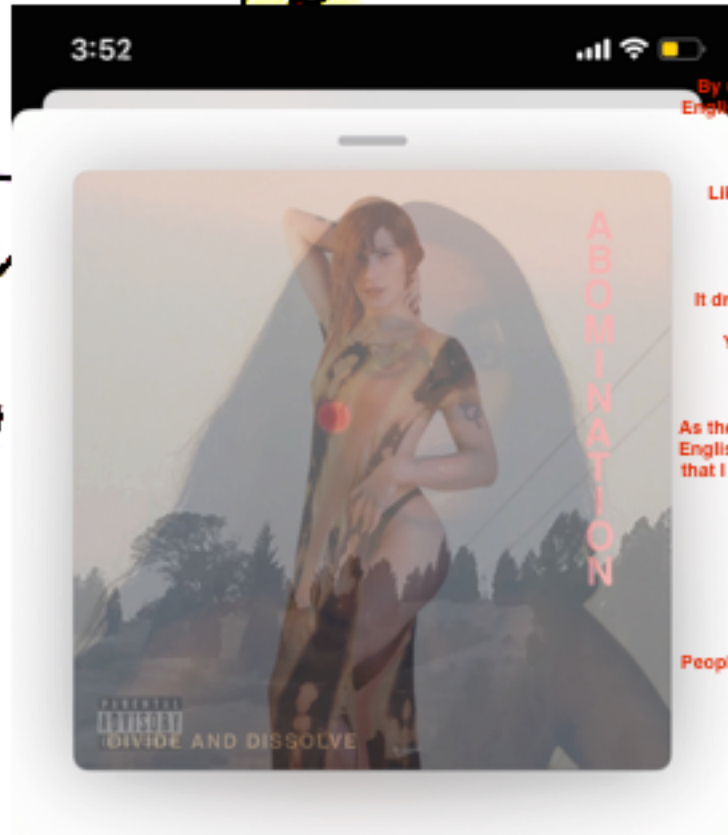


## Known

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Saw things I imagined  
 Soothe me  
 When I look at it is cold  
 I saw things I imagined  
 make my thoughts go  
 You have to treat it a little so that it starts to light up like not a real tree.  
 I saw things I imagined  
 I saw you  
 When I look at mold it, only when do I feel that it has been in the mouth of countless  
 others? When is slipping down mouth to mouth as fast as bees to sugar? I see  
 I saw things I imagined  
 I cooked a wonder  
 It tastes like like like like water  
 I saw things I imagined  
 you touched me  
 It fills the space with the echoes that ride up the coast all of words. These echoes:  
 the din of it rises gradually in my mind like the racket of insects after the rain, first  
 one, and then countless contributions.  
 Things I imagined  
 and I forgot  
 You have to teach yourself how to listen to it  
 Things I imagined  
 feels so good  
 By using English, I have let out many violent words that I trusted would  
 English fling themselves against the wall; more often than not I failed not to speak it.  
 Things I imagined  
 I dive in



101  
 201

Like a redirected ray the immigrant mind turns inward as if an enormous mirror  
 comes down the moment you arrive.  
 Saw things I imagined  
 to you  
 It drops like a giant rodent trap— and forever divides me. In this way, you cannot  
 lose what you had.  
 You live forever within it and through its walls you see everything beyond—  
 I saw things I imagined  
 I lose myself in you I do it's true  
 As the words fell before me in a motion much like dummies falling and the picture that  
 English painted became larger and larger and larger I realized there was a mania to it,  
 that I needed to be very careful with the people, who may be suffering due to the very  
 same thing that will one day cause the language to collapse.  
 I saw things I imagined  
 can't say why I'm crying  
 Even in my thoughts, I must be vigilant about the words I'm using.  
 I saw things I imagined  
 may it be the moon  
 People are visibly lying to themselves and each other. So I see that no one really tells  
 the story of English:  
 I saw things I imagined  
 calls from my siren  
 When it is released from the belly of the squid and it blinds you in the  
 water you have to give it to English: and its unctuous dark wealth.  
 Things I imagined  
 draw me to the blue  
 You step onto it, and it is like a rope bridge, with the fog so thick that there is no top  
 or bottom, beginning or end, and you coax yourself on, thinking at some point you  
 may reach the other side—  
 Things I imagined  
 can't feel my body  
 that is this language— whose shape is still morphing, becoming at once more  
 beautiful in its own eyes  
 and more and more horrifying.  
 Things I imagined  
 I dive in  
 At some point it will collapse, but right now English is the host of  
 something people are just learning to fear.

## Questioned

Taking on, taking on the lie  
 to you  
 I can see that violence has rolled down these hills like the morning dew.  
 Taking on, taking on the lie  
 to you  
 I can see that there is a reversal coming.  
 Taking on the lie  
 to you  
 I have come because it is my job to announce it.

