

**RETRIEVED IN TRANSLATION** by Dinos Siotis

Pale afternoons confirm  
the theory of lost languages,  
flowers blossom in foreign woods

on hills of the lost and found,  
translate me before I get used to living in another world (I  
can't change my world so I change worlds)

words wait for me to seal them into dictionaries,  
to insert them into a website for the blind,  
I wake up untranslated into a foreign language,

I pay subscriptions in dollars exchanged  
from drachmas, I speak with a foreign accent,  
I eat Chinese that tastes Thai,

I hear Thelonious Monk playing Greek melodies,  
I go to the Italian opera with French supertitles,  
I am particularly satisfied with native tongues,

I watch foreign news condensed  
into a dubbed exchange and all this  
for a sole purpose: so we get it

Boston, August 7, 2000