

a small house



我的狗 (My dog)
 看，它多可爱呀！
 它叫咪咪，在院子里跑来跑去。
 它是只很乖的狗，但有时候也会很调皮。
 它喜欢吃骨头，也喜欢玩球。
 它总是很快乐，我很喜欢它。
 咪咪是我的好朋友，它总是陪着我。
 它是我生活中的一部分，它让我感到快乐。
 咪咪是一只很聪明的狗，它能听懂我的话。
 它总是很听话，我很喜欢它。
 咪咪是一只很可爱的狗，我很喜欢它。
 咪咪是我的好朋友，它总是陪着我。
 它是我生活中的一部分，它让我感到快乐。
 咪咪是一只很聪明的狗，它能听懂我的话。
 它总是很听话，我很喜欢它。
 咪咪是一只很可爱的狗，我很喜欢它。

My dog



This is the language of the silk

(Cao I know N
 and Fara 1
 (Tser maiden)

Afternoon Sleep



Mother's mother

Afternoon sleep

Mother's mother

Pigeon soup

Egg is a small house,
 with no doors and windows,
 if you want to go out,
 break the wall first.

Calf (log)

The words are falling apart
 tears and autumn
 these down in the end of the way

The words are falling apart
 like the birds outside of the window

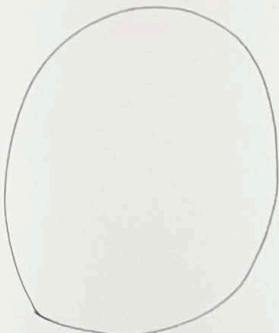
Life and Death, 2000-2002

and Other Stories

Memories of Childhood



BABA YAGA



egg

"Is it as easy for them to have children
 as if they were laying an egg?"
 My mother said.

"Egg is a small house,
 with no doors and windows,
 if you want to go out,
 break the wall first."

Stay in the egg



a bird house



The silent language

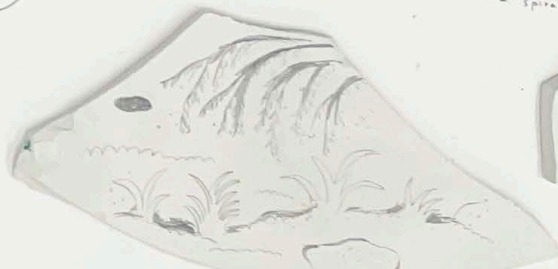


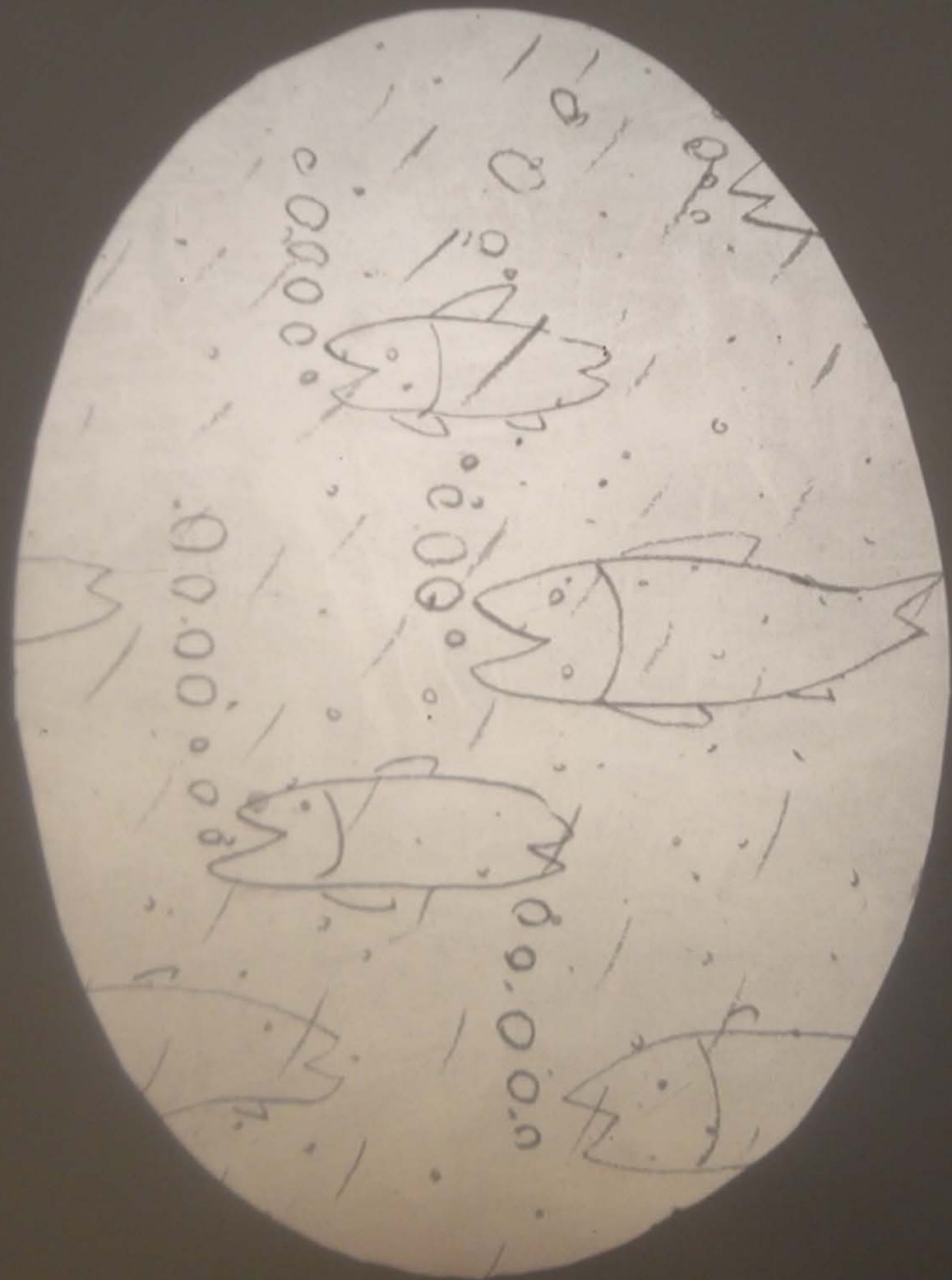
鸽子汤 (Pigeon Soup)

咕咕咕咕
 Gulu - gulu - gulu,
 she's cooking the pigeon soup.



The spiral space outside of the room







Mother is a good mother, mother is a good woman, mother
is a good knife, mother is a good language.

Egg is a small house,
with no doors and windows,
if you want to go out,
break the wall first

My stomach seems to have stayed there, not followed me
here.

I use the food I make here to fill the hunger I feel there;
food is a process of labour and translation.

That's how I found a secret common language with
my mother. We were made of the same material and
unconsciously recognized each other.

A shared fear of disappearing, an unspoken desire to leave
a trace, binds them. It wasn't a flaw or a mistake. It felt
as if an evil fairy had placed an invisibility cap on them
when they were born, when they wore it, they vanished.
This invisibility felt like stomach acid, intensifying the
hunger that whimpered in their stomachs like an abandoned
dog.

I recognize this hunger. Love is on the other side of the sea.

There grew an oak tree, a box in the oak tree, a rabbit in the box, a duck in the rabbit, an egg in the duck. The egg must be eaten to set the apparatus of love in motion.

