



The imaginary man

By Nicanor Parra

The imaginary man
Lives in an imaginary mansion
Surrounded by imaginary trees
At the banks of an imaginary river.

From the walls that are imaginary
Hang old, imaginary paintings
Unmendable, imaginary cracks
Representing imaginary events
That happened on imaginary worlds
On imaginary places and times.

Every afternoon, imaginary afternoons
He climbs the imaginary stairs
And he looks through the imaginary balcony
To look the imaginary landscape
That's formed by an imaginary valley
Surrounded by imaginary mountains.

Imaginary shadows
Come by the imaginary road
Singing imaginary songs
By the death of the imaginary sun.

And on the nights of imaginary moon
He dreams of the imaginary woman
That gave him her imaginary love
And he feels the same pain again
The same imaginary pleasure
And it beats again