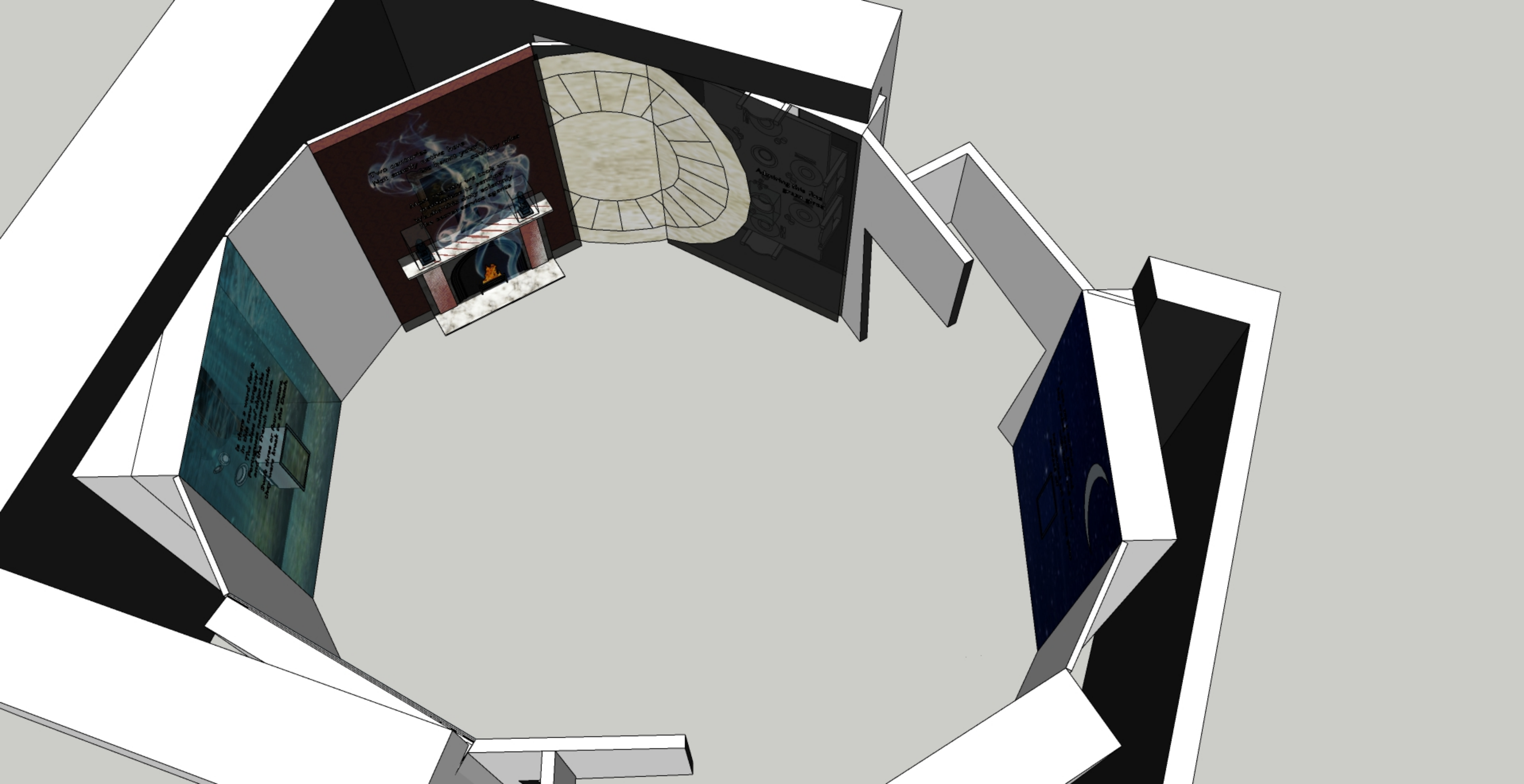


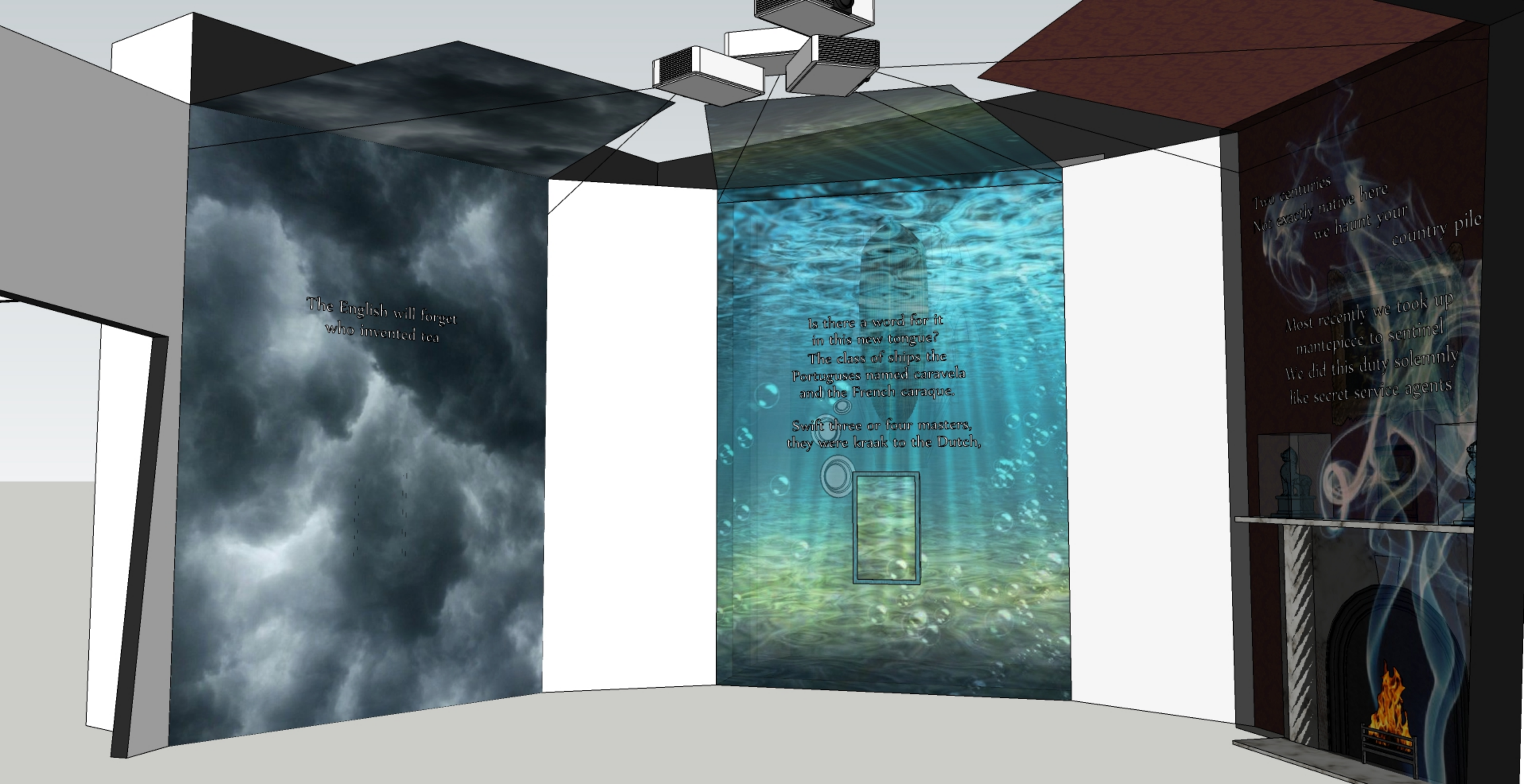


Two centuries
have passed since
the first settlers
arrived in this
land. Today we look up
at the stars and wonder
if they are still there.
The answer is yes.

Adopting this new
way of life.

In the heart of the
city, there is a small
square. It is the heart
of the city, the heart
of the people. It is the
heart of the city.





The English will forget
who invented tea

Is there a word for it
in this new tongue?
The class of ships the
Portuguses named caravela
and the French caraque.

Swift three or four masters,
they were kraak to the Dutch,

Two centuries
Not exactly native here
we haunt your
country pile

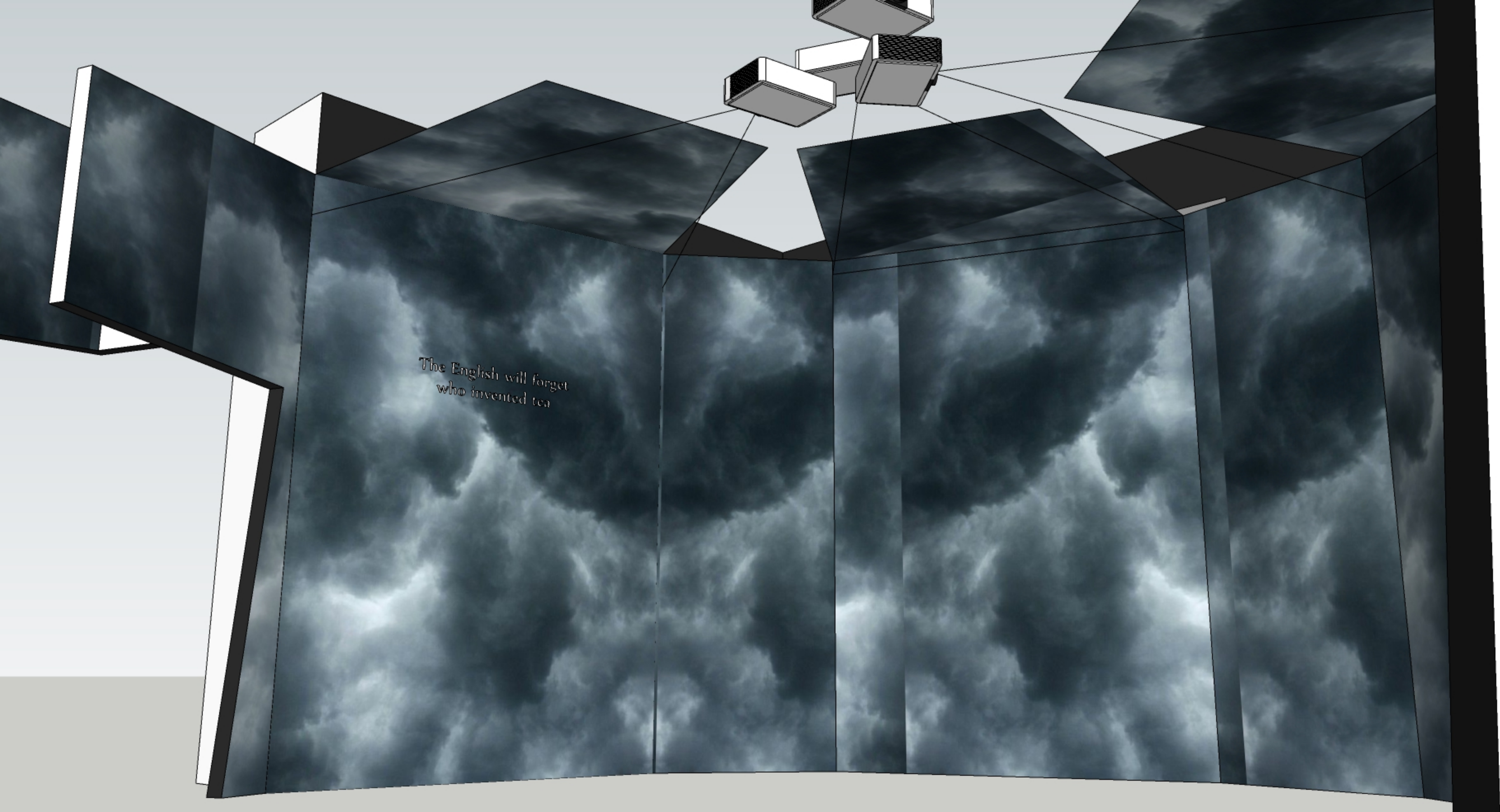
Most recently we took up
mantepiece to sentinel
We did this duty solemnly
like secret service agents



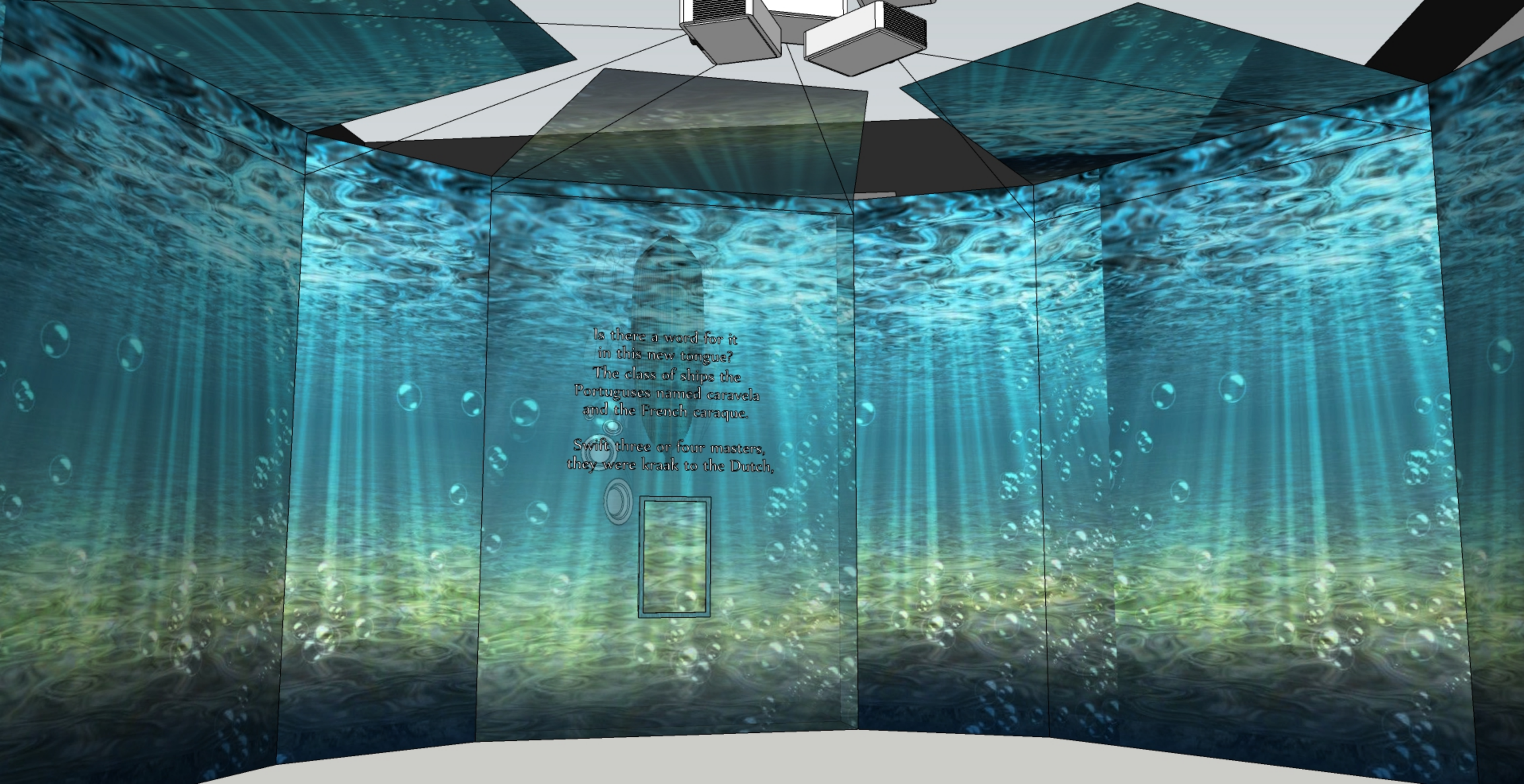
I too, am a survivor
My eroded coat dappled
with lichen and stars

My spirited tail has long gone
snapped off





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