

ABOUT THE COUNTRY WE COME FROM

Let's talk
about the country we come from.
I come from summer,
a fragile land
that every falling leaf
could extinguish,
where the sky is so heavy with stars
it sometimes hangs to the ground,
and if you come near you'll hear
laughter as the grass tickles the stars.
There are so many flowers there
that your eyes burn,
seared as if by the sun,
and so many round suns hang
from every tree.

In the land I come from
nothing is missing but death.
There is so much happiness
you almost fall asleep.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

An entire people
still unborn,
but condemned to be born,
lined up before being born,
foetus by foetus,
an entire people
that cannot see, or hear, or understand,
but marches on
through the aching bodies of women,
through the blood of the mothers
who are never asked.