

The Immigrant

Saba Pakdel

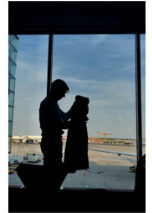
I passed the border
or was it the border that passed through me
when I lost or it was home that lost me!
Can't anybody bring the map to the forgotten?
Hug me, then I'm in a country
Where every inch of your body knows me
Tears may fall as it is the destiny of the place-less to land in
the language of cry, which is not translatable even though universal
Or at least fall

Closer closer closer.
I'm kilometers -or if you may prefer miles- away.

Can anybody bring the map to my home?

I passed through the border
2 PCs Only 23 Kg Each One Stop 7-Hour Transit

Local Time: Past is my Home.
I left that piece of me behind
who knew how to cry in my language,
*Can somebody please bring me
my Home
to a map?*



Entre Terras III (Prague x Frankfurt) by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes