

Homeland of Boats

by Sami Mahroum



"Fazenda das Areias" by Guilherme Bergamini

Oh Sirin! Do you remember the day we left,
extinguished the lanterns,
closed the door of the house?
We packed very little,
left our tears in napkins.

I did not tell you and you did not ask,
which destination, what duration,
distances we crossed not made for feet,
only for fear.

How could a land we cultivated
with silence scream such obscenities?
How could a sky whose sun printed our skin
burn us with shrapnel?

We took to the sea seeking shelter,
but only death opened its home.

Our house, Oh Sirin, has a roof of air,
its walls are wind,
its lanterns are stars in the sky.

Our country, Oh Sirin,
is an archipelago of boats
floating out to sea.