

The sea, the lakes, rivers
a solitary swimming pool,
any amount of water, finite or infinite,
with a liquid and transparent surface,
and I dream off a diver, head down,
ready to cross the fluid border,
magic instant, pleasure and tension,
I hold my breath waiting for that split second,
Something is there and then... is no more.

Chant of the majestic,
anthem to the everyday missing,
hymn of twisted streets
with neon signs of stop here and
eat my words.

Greasy hands
given to you and to me
to the land I left behind
and brought with me
here.

My mother's hands
kneel this dough
with much less pride
and more wisdom,
and with the same hands
fed all our mouths
before I came here
and put this sign of neon.

I am now ethnic food
I am now colour
Before you fear me,
you loved me or
you kill me.

I cross from here to;
and carry on on the journey to;
I wait at the crossroads
with the ourfather on my lips,
walking in the paths to;
a sad rain of bullets, crying women,
and smashed skulls can be heard
behind the scenes.

Announced on the speakers: circus's laughter
and good intentions of presidents at war
in a peace conference that took place
in a burning turkish restaurant,
While I wonder,
in this deaf-mute monologue,
if with these crutches
I would be able to walk on this sea on flames,
The auditorium explodes in clapping and
stamping.

I am almost sure
I was the man
who put his shoes on
and walked, walked and walked.
I probably would never have stopped
were it not be for the blisters on my feet
and for a strange bird
who flew in circles around me
pretending to come from a dream
just to tell me a story.
A story he never told!
But I got lost and confused
and I forgot who I was
and where I came from.
So I took my shoes off
and with the help of the traces left on my soles
and my footprints
I back tracked to reach my beginning.