

taking leave

taking leave
of my language. leave
of the wrap that is common
the contents are mine anyway

through the open door
something comes in saying
scream! do something! we need you!
your job is not done yet
still nothing accomplished

yeah, right. and I talk
and I see whom I talk to and see
in the narrowness of the houses
a happiness warm damp and cozy. and it
makes me want to scream. to beg. though I
don't know for what neither
for whom

'cos I do feel my old country, my heartbeat, here
where my rootlessness stems from
where my childhood was orphaned
where missing identity is considered a virtue: what
should I say here? In which language? to whom?

there, where I'll be happy, I won't find the words to describe
and why should I? what is this twaddle good for
about things that just are?
we sure know, what is

somebody else sings my songs now, lives
in my house, shits in my pants,
somebody else, not me, stays here
we
move ahead.