

“Not Yet”

Not yet
I can't go back yet
I am still forbidden
to plunge into your roads
to yield to your rivers
to contemplate your volcanos
to rest in the shade
of my tree.
From abroad I see you
my heart watches you
from abroad
constricted, watches you
in memories
between wavering bars
of memory
that widen
and close,
ebb and flow in my tears.
It is difficult to sing to you
from exile
difficult to celebrate
your nebulous
jagged map.
I can't do it yet
a dry sob
sticks in my throat.
It is difficult to sing you
when a heavy boot
with foreign hobnails
tears your bleeding flesh.