

# ALIEN

In a void carpeted with destroyed flowers,  
where I smell burning carnations  
and the wind from the south  
carries, among other things, the remnants  
of a volatile perfume, *araliya*,  
in such a place, undefined, spatial,  
I mingle with women.

They talk in strange tongues,  
these mothers, wives, sisters,  
they whisper, between occasional tears  
of blood, dead names  
of fathers, brothers, sons.

I hear too, of a land, my land,  
so foreign, so distant,  
where children eat sand and mud,  
while hungry crows feast  
on human lips, human eyes.

There are other details too,  
suffering new to me  
like the drought of tears  
for eyes they have parched seeds.

It goes on and on  
like an everbreathing, everlasting wind,  
the whispers of pain, women who vow  
to disturb me from my culture, civility,  
to make me hear in the shell of my ear  
voices from the soil,  
to get me on my knees, to kiss the earth,  
and realise that it has only one taste,  
blood.

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