The Steamship

a ship blew its whistle, entered the sea, turning its back
to the homeland, prime abode

a ship blew its whistle, entered the deep, taking the course
towards a land of exile, which dries up the chrysalis(?)
turning its back to the face of the friend and the heart of the comrade

the faces of the families are darkened and pale, full of care and worry

a ship signalled loudly, departing the homeland,
carrying youth dear to the people,
towards whom the hands tremble and point, the tears of the families
burn and the burning of the eyelids wounds the blurred vision
towards whom the hands tremble and point, the tears of the families

a ship sounded its whistle, entering the sea, towards a foreign land
to a clear sky it turns its back

carrying youth from a green land, where life is bitter,
as the river carries the tree trunks after a rain

a ship sounded its whistle, deserted the homeland, like a knife
cutting the waves like cheese

on a blue sea it left behind a shroud and made the boats
by the shore tremble fearing danger, as the sea became agitated

a ship sounded its whistle, gone from sight under the fog
filled, loaded with the best of youth
they loaded them for the foreigner in bulk
the only difference between them and cattle is the passport