They did not know me in the dark which sucked up my color in the passport
With them my wound was displayed
to a tourist who likes to collect pictures
They did not know me, ah . . . do not leave
my fist without a sun
because the tree knows me
All the songs of the rain know me
Do not leave me to fade like the moon!

All of the sparrows which followed
my hand at the gate of the distant airport
all the fields of wheat
all the prisons
all the white tombs
all the borders
all the handkerchiefs which waved
all the eyes
were with me, but they
dropped them from the passport

Naked of name, of origin?
in ground which I raised with two hands?
Job cried out today, filling the heavens:
"Do not make me an example a second time!"

My dear sirs, the prophets
do not ask the trees about their name
do not ask the rivers about their mother
from my forehead bursts a sword of light
and from my hands springs the river water
all of the hearts of the people . . . are my nationality
So let the passport fall from me