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In Freedom and Love

Daniel de Cullá

There's nothing more to know
Than what I am
When I found the other side of what I want to be:
Europe is a Prison of refugees and migrants;
Through its windows, we are seeing mountains
Reservations, rain and clouds over
The Valley of Freedom and Love
Faced on a daily basis of slight
A highway overgrown with seed
And hands that yearn for eyes
A camp where we have been stop
Hearing sounds ears to Earth
Inside the ground
Flashing the light through the wood
Over the stream expecting to see the end
On the same line of our dreams
Living with dignity
Free from fear, persecution and oppression
Where we are like a wheel
Cracking air on air, spinal membranes
Already feeling our bodies down bags
Ready to start for a new place
Suddenly realizing our freedom
Coupled with the conscious plane
Of being Homo sapiens

Not Christian and fundamentalist
Cannibals.