*It is hard*

*to remove one’s roots and*

*rip them up from the ground*

*where our dead lie.*

*Ah, scrawny tree.*

*You are not*

*like the wildflower in a meadow*

*or the cherry tree that at ripening*

*blushes with red pearls:*

*always there,*

*to die and be reborn.*

*It goes*

*from land to land*

*from sea to sea*

*and, at each rip*

*it leaves a piece of its roots…*

*and carries away*

*the naked weight of what remains*

*until it dies, shriveled up,*

*never to be reborn.*

*In all places abandoned:*

*It is the destiny of the exiled*

*on the sand of the shore.*