

From South

Naseem Rine-Reesha

I'm not sending my best people
over the border into the world
through swampland or desert, plains or mountains.
What falls upon them is not my concern.

I'm not sending my hardest soldiers
to fight in battles that won't be won.
The mute and the sickly, cripples and drunkards:
these are the servants that I can spare.

"I will not air my deepest grievance,
my highest joy will not see sun":
this is my army's eternal slogan,
this is my migrants' marching song.