

Biography of an Immigrant

Neither from the North
Nor from the South
The East or the West
Or the turbulent peripheries
That fight and never rest

A mixture of all human cultures
Tribal customs and farmers traditions
Strange dreams of boys and children
A conscious hidden in heartless hearts
Faithful love roaming no man's land

An authentic product of wild plants
Growing on the top of holy mountains
Man's struggle for freedom and justice
Inspirations of unlimited imaginations

The possible of the impossible
The deep secrets of sunrise
The magical beauty of sunset
The suffering of a lonely love
Wondering in the wilderness

A soul amazed by the science of the West
Overwhelmed by the magic of the East
Refreshed by the breeze of the North
Enchanted by the lyrics of the South

The mind's culture is distinctly western
It belongs to the industrious North
The heart's culture is authentically eastern
It belongs to the ancient, simple South

A mind living in times that recognize no place
A heart living in a place that recognizes no time
A restless spirit lost in the wilderness
A soul with no homeland or identity

A shining, dreaming moon
It loves writing philosophy
Navigating far away blue skies
Enjoys singing and reciting poetry
And dancing with the stars

A homeless, restless soul
That knows no security or peace
Stranger in the North
Alienated in the South

A busy dreaming, planning mind
Hoping to avoid violence of the North
Escape the repression of the South
And maintain sanity in a mad world

A lover of beauty in nature and life
Fearing racists' harsh punishment
A decent human respecting others feelings

Never committed a crime in his life

An honest, faithful thinker

Accused of revealing crimes

Committed by corrupt rulers

Chased by the secret services of the North

Marginalized by the authorities of the South

Neither from the North nor South

The simple East or the wild West

Or some turbulent peripheries

That fight and fight, and never rest

A mixture of all cultures

Modern ways living

Traditional tribal customs

Strange dreams of children

A wondering, wounded soul

Living peacefully in the West

Dreaming hopelessly in the East

Longing for a home in the North

Missing the homeland of the South