

# Poem of return



*When I return from the land of exile and silence,  
do not bring me flowers.  
Bring me rather all the dews,  
tears of dawns which witnessed dramas.  
Bring me the immense hunger for love  
and the plaint of tumid sexes in star-studded night  
Bring me the long night of sleeplessness  
with mothers mourning,  
their arms bereft of sons.*

*When I return from the land of exile and silence,  
no, do not bring me flowers...  
Bring me only, just this  
the last wish of heroes fallen at day-break  
with a wingless stone in hand  
and a thread of anger snaking from their eyes.*

— JOFRE ROCHA