

THIS LAND IS NOT YOUR LAND

This land is not your land.
You grew up in this country
even before you were born
or came here from somewhere far away only yesterday,
but this land is not your land.

This land is not your land,
and you won't make it in this country alone:
you can't even make a spoon
without the help of others.

You are a giant
one of the very greatest
for you live in the whole world
and you consume goods, food, services, ideas and energy,
which are scraped from all corners of the globe
just for you, very affordably,
and on top of that you also get all the spoons you want.
You have the permission to kiss
the big flag and an even bigger boot.
It makes you cry, with pride.
It makes you forget
that this land is not your land.

If the description above doesn't fit you
it means you are one of those
somewhat smaller giants,
bigger than a rat, smaller than a cow.
You belong to a race capable of space flight,
a race fabricating the wanderings of Ulysses.
You are just as emotional and intelligent as the big giants.
You just don't have their capital, privileges and weapons.
That's why you fight with bloody hands and leaky boats,
you fight for this land, air and sky,
for a human-shaped place in them.

Your children
don't come from you,
but from other creatures, living ones
and of the dead, strangers or forgotten.
They meet each other
in the body of you and your descendants.
You have joy and understanding.
They come from beings and ideas,
that you hug and idolize
or hate and fear.

You have values,
maybe even a God.
He always walks with you
imprisoned in metal, hanging on your neck.
You die for holy things
willingly, if you have to.
Or you give the honor of dying to Someone Else.
Or you let the Other make the sacrifices your values demand
in other economic ways.

This land is not your land,
and you are not you.
You are a bunch of you,
some originating from your mother, some from father,
many from the telly, internet and shops.
Your language is not yours.
Your language was bred from other dialects
and now it's already rushing elsewhere, babbling like this.
You hang claw and tooth in its sleeve,
until the sleeve comes off.
Your nationality is a fairy tale.
Your independence is an illusion,
but your loneliness is real.

You are a leather bag,
filled with a handful of genes
and a cup of memes.
Your skin and cortex are leaking:
junk flowing in and out all the time
and your task is to pick from those streams
an origin and destination that suits you.

No one advises you on that matter,
except your selfishness and loneliness.
They are proof of love,
of wanting to be something more than yourself
or at least in connection with some Other.

This land is not your land.
The land
owns you
and you wish the land would love just you,
would give you a very special role,
but you know that all are a chosen people,
to whom doomsday was promised.
You are afraid
that already tomorrow the load will roar
and break your toys,
won't let you play the owner of the land anymore.
This land is not your land.
The land owns you, feeds you,
cultivates many from you and will eat you all,
so that something would come after you
even more amazing.

You are afraid
that you are so fragile,
your soul so open to deception and temptation
that when you are exposed
to the saints and smells of the Other,
you'll wither away
or you'll be hooked right away
and start blooming in the wrong direction.
You are afraid, because you know that anyone can be killed
at any time. You too might be murdered,
even if you've never hit anyone.
A terrorist may come and execute you,
even though according to European Union statistics
it's 400 times more likely
that you die in a traffic accident.
A terrorist might slit your throat,
even if you are a white, European woman,
but it's 50 times more likely
that your husband or boyfriend kills you.

This land is not your land.
You are a guest here.
According to the land you have no home
and there you will also return,
nowhere,
when time passes
and you roll into trees and animals.

You still have time
to learn to enjoy the cycle of everything
with others.
The lesson is in progress.
There is no teacher.
I'm with you
I'm a noisy piece of meat
in the school desk next to you.

How does it feel now,
what would you like to say
to an Other person,
who comes equally far or near
as the goods, food, services, ideas and energies,
you consume, and whose price you moan about?
What would you like to say
to an Other life,
whose God is different,
whose language is different,
whose color is different,
whose clothes are different,
whose house was burned,
but whose flesh and mind
are
land's own
like you too?

