

Motherland

The problem is I've found the key
But I don't know which door it opens
There are secrets inside of me
That even I don't know about

I am a series of abandoned passages
And unopened rooms where shadows
Fall over light and dust devours
All of these untouched places

There are relatives here I never visit
There are things here I can't bring to light
And I guess what I'm trying to say is
There's a reason I'm afraid of the dark

Foreigner

My words were
Once a bridge between
Who I was and
Where I was going,
And now

My body aches like
A place where
A bone is missing
Or aches for
A place-

Talking in Your Sleep

You're talking in your sleep
Praying to the ceiling
You crack open like a coffin
I grasp for your phantom

Whispers like this are gold
That shimmer with every syllable
Your haunted tongue recites
In unbroken vernacular

Give up all your ghosts
Nothing is holier than that
It is a supplication
It is a sacrifice

It's been ten years and
We've let our language die-
This vital tongue could kill
We could dig it up, tonight

Mother Tongue

What if I run out
Like a pen runs out of ink?
What if I die in
The middle of a sentence?

I'm afraid I'll go
All this time misunderstood,
like a dog loses its voice
From barking at the door

Do You Think I'm Dumb

Because I have an accent? / They way you tilt your head like a dog in a pen / Waiting for me to throw a bone / My mother always told me not to talk to strangers / I learned from this that my language was a gift / It wasn't something to just give to anyone / To hear the lilt of my words is to strip myself bare / This is my tongue, this is my skin / This is the place where I was born / These are my bones, these are my limbs / Handle them with care / If you bruise me, I can wound you / In three different tongues