

The Call Beyond the Sea

There is another land beyond this sea, Mother.

There is, I know.

I can hear its sirens screaming
into my ears.

I can feel the touch of steel and gold,
marble, and silver.

I can see its rising mountains
of condominiums and skyscrapers.

I can hear its call, I can hear its call.

This sea would not be a barricade,

This sea will bar me not
to venture into that land beyond.

That rich land is the reality
of my dreams, Mother,
the concreteness of my visions.

I could be who I am.

I will listen to the call.

I will listen to the call.

So, let me ride on the vessel
whose sails will take me there,
to that land beyond this sea, Mother.

I can be who I am

In that land beyond this sea.

Maria from Philippines