

Haris Alexiou

"Small Homeland (Mikri Patrída)"

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I didn't make long journeys,
my years had roots, were trees
which my heart dressed in leaves
and let them blossom in stone.

I didn't make long journeys.
The people I loved were forests,
my friends were moons and islands,
that my heart thirsted for.

You are my longest journey

You are the night, the day-dream,
my small homeland, my body, my beginning,
you are my land, my breath and air

I didn't make long journeys,
my heart travelled to dreams, to wet sensations
to breathe the mystic world,
and this is enough for me.

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