

## *Boats with refugees*



*A deep sigh from the sea rises:  
no wind or waves...  
It is the breath of many migrants,  
one on the other crowded,  
by their destiny rejected.*

*Under the firmament a child cries  
What is the cause of human misery?  
The odor of steam exhales  
the air all around.  
Against the death in vain  
a woman fights, tired of suffering.  
The sea is waiting for her  
in the final embrace,  
unnamed sepulcher.  
The anonymous creature  
nothing else yearns for,  
not even the burial ground.  
A dive and away  
between the indifference of those  
are stuck to life, like a leaf  
to its weak branch.*

*The boat in the darkness sails  
towards a faraway light,  
looking for a safe harbor.  
Oscillating, it arrives on the shore,  
waiting for a friendly hand,  
a cloak, a shelter  
and not a wall.*