

Family Poem

What mysterious seed
Sank into fertile earth
To germinate proudly and grow
Into a tree of far-Reaching branches?

Stock of deep roots
Which has created lineage
With a sturdy trunk which climbs upwards
Through the strength of its sap.

At first seizing the earth
Afterwards with an open crown
Of young branches which wait Eagerly to bear fruit.

A shoot which does not prosper
Before seeing the light of dawn.
Short-lived cuttings Of stifled hopes.

Other, stronger, ones have formed
New branches, new trees,
Have survived all the winds
And the battering of sun and frost.

Open to new horizons
Without forgetting our Fatherland,
We spread beyond the North,
We have crossed over the blue sea.

Today, searching for the roots
And with the homesickness of the land,
We have found brothers again
Of the same lineage.

We would wish for our children
To add a much richer chapter
To the story
Than the one inherited, of uncertain glory.

May they open new furrows with their plowing,
Which will render the earth soft,
Where a fairer world will be reborn,
The fertile fruit of a new seed.