

Travelling with a gypsy

I took my first breath in the country of colors
During a fight for land and God
My mother's smell I'll always carry
For my long journey that was the start
My tiny feet walked many countries
Of warmth and spices, conflict and wars
My sisters lead me to learn their dances
My brothers taught me to ride a horse
Crossing the sea in adolescence
Salty wind messing with my long hair
I sold my music, my skill as blacksmith
My healing potions with you I share.
I danced in Petra, I dined in Cairo,
I sang in Turkey, in Greece I slept,
Told you your fortune, gave you a blessing,
You heard my violin, and you just wept.
In lands of light shall be no darkness
But my own skin is rather brown
You dressed me in chains, and ropes, and leashes
When slaves were common by law and crown.

And as your captive, forever hunted
I just kept dancing waving my skirt
'cause there's a fire within free people
Who feast with breadcrumbs and sleep on dirt.
Do you remember, when you last saw me?
Tell me what you did? And when? And how?
Let me remind you. You killed me in Auschwitz,
in Sachsenhausen, and in Dachau.
Some call me Roma, some call me Sinti,
Some call me Gypsy but I'm just me
The girl of colors, the girl with long hair
The girl who managed to cross the sea.
I live right next door, have a profession
You may have seen me during Zoom class
I'm raising children forever stateless,
They don't ride horses, they take the bus.
You'll recognize them only by instinct
You see our fire comes from within
And if you try to stand beside us
Forget your color, forget your nation,
Just stand in silence, you might get lucky,
And might just hear our violin.