

Naida Muratović

MADE

Our souls are never-ending particles  
of you, me and those who  
thousands of years ago dreamt  
of desert plains that stretched  
themselves as a parched  
desire to belong.

Our souls are winds that mended  
the wounds of vagabonds  
who strutted the red earth with bruised feet,  
till earth and blood became  
a sore soil.

Our souls are clouds that roamed  
above the red earth,  
freely as flakes of skin.  
Untamed, they were  
unafraid to belong.

Our souls owned the soil  
just as the wind owns undetected motions in our hair,  
tangled but free  
to belong.

In an attempt to be freed and owned,  
the desert gripped us  
with the profound redness of bloodshot eyes  
that have aged  
waiting to belong.

With hands parched and bruised  
beyond recognition,  
we cherish the desert of a vast mind  
that envisioned our solitudes yet left  
a man and a woman  
standing with clenched feet  
in the midst of the soil that created us.

The soil  
that owns our souls.