Home is Towards the Purple Sky

In memory of Shahraz Kayani.

"Children of future Age
reading this indignant page,
know that in a former time
Love! Sweet Love! Was thought a crime”.
William Blake

Note

1 In memory of Shahraz Kayani, a 48 years old Pakistani, who burnt himself to death at the entrance to the Australian Parliament in 2001. The Australian Liberal government of John Howard did not allow him a family reunion. There were exceptions to the reunion. Phillip Ruddock, the Minister for Immigration considered it too expensive to allow his disabled daughter to migrate to Australia. In 2003 John Howard in secrecy committed Australian troops to an illegal war with Iraq and hundreds of millions of dollars have gone into it. Leaders should be held responsible when they give priority to a culture of death and racism instead of a truly planetarian commitment to a culture of life and acceptance of others.

I long searched for my home
the protection of a dancing tongue
the embrace of another body
the encounter with another’s gaze
the refuge of a different Spring

and I found myself behind wires
surrounded by a military mind
speaking in a military tongue
and playing the game of military strategies
this syntaxes is not of my own
these phonetics are not of my family
this grammar silences me
they undress me little by little
they rip my tongue off

my body is an empty grave
ground for hate to grow
ground for death to take shape
ground for the battle of the day
business as usual they say

a desolation of strange words surrounds me now
and threatens to swallow me

I feel it pulling me into its horizon
all the stories of my mind

all the stories of my body
fragmented by the pull
I travel into it
no escape velocity is possible
or so it seems

I see faces grimacing everywhere
I see tongues destroying this cavity between my lips
I see eyes that cross my body like sharpened knives
they speak to me of my non-existence

everybody turn their faces away from me
In an intense sea of fear and of indifference
I feel that I cannot breathe
every day I suffocate
I no longer feel fresh air

this ocean of documents
in which they try to engulf my story
paralyses every single part of me
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I long searched for my home the protection of a dancing tongue the embrace of another body the encounter with another’s gaze the refuge of a different Spring and I found myself behind wires surrounded by a military mind speaking in a military tongue and playing the game of military strategies this syntax is not of my own these phonetics are not of my family this grammar silences me they undress me little by little they rip my tongue off my body is an empty grave ground for hate to grow ground for death to take shape ground for the battle of the day business as usual they say a desolation of strange words surrounds me now and threatens to swallow me

I feel it pulling me into its horizon all the stories of my mind all the stories of my body fragmented by the pull I travel into it no escape velocity is possible or so it seems I see faces grimacing everywhere I see tongues destroying this cavity between my lips I see eyes that cross my body like sharpened knives they speak to me of my non-existence everybody turns their faces away from me in an intense sea of fear and of indifference I feel that I cannot breathe every day I suffocate I no longer feel fresh air this ocean of documents in which they try to engulf my story paralyses every single part of me

deserted and grotesque words push me down I disappear in the documents of this unknown history made to the measure of a tongue which is not mine words wrap me so I become and object of debate a word between other words on the radio and TV and the mouth of an ever present despotic Hydra speaking a super-human tongue fill my ears with its mucus and articles and books and an infinite number of words grow viral into intimate spaces of millions of selves good deaf artistic loveable intelligent unselfish busy VIP ones but no one can do something but nobody listen or so I am told travelling words emptying words frosting words

they take away my memory undress it page by page word by word vowel by vowel and the dactyl intonation of my dancing stories disappears

the narration of my obscure destiny is unfolding before me like a movie theatre the story unfolds as if away from me

inhuman forces lie inside these buildings of beautiful design inhuman in its clean face and its mirrors and in its coldness don’t look don’t listen don’t notice don’t perceive but take notice of everything unusual policing eyes know their ways around life in a dangerous thing Love! Sweet Love! is a crime monstrous times of dangerous life hate grows uniformed its shapes aqua are many its names and bodies to follow don’t look don’t listen don’t turn your face don’t acknowledge others there is no touch pure enough to reach these super-humans I am an alien

I see blue eyes searching in this cavity between my lips diligently looking for something like an autopsy they cut me open and name each one of my secrets so they think so they say so they preach so they follow the blindness of their tongues and the calculated coldness of their hands and name each one of my dreams the colour of my body theatical smell of my lips the reversed images in my brain the immense and beautiful reign of my paralysed tongue I have become a dictionary of wrong doings and un-heavenly thoughts doer of evil things non-belonging to this world of sanctifying logic

I dream this nightmare I think I dream it I do not know I do not remember when all of these began to happen what is it that they are looking for in my body what is it that they are looking for in my mind what is it that they are looking for in my tongue what mysterious desire makes them to undo my face what mysterious desire makes them to undo my tongue what mysterious desire makes them to undo my memory what mysterious desire makes them to undo my hope what mysterious story they want to tell what mysterious story they extirpate from me in whose name does they made me become an empty battle ground for the tongue of separation take possession of these prairies for the tongue of separation builds their deserted plains for the tongue of separation builds a world of enemies for the tongue of separation builds a culture of war of impunity of hatred of white and black and them against us and the same old story of the yellow king prisoner in the mirror
No life in here
No movement at all
terra nullius this emptied body
terra nullius this desire
terra nullius colonized by hands and tongues and
languages of mysterious and infinite inhuman planes
second time and third and fourth and again and again
privileged movement ad infinitum
of those who declare themselves to rule over bodies and
tongues
terra nullius to be taken possession of
barbaric bodies to be searched and made open for all to
look
I am told I am the body of the enemy
a body of lies to be separated from its history
if I am to be reborn again I must not remember who I am
this is how they sculpt the body of the newborn
this is how they sculpt the mind of those who seek asylum
demonic angels cross my face
from where came from

now I am less than an object
a piece of burnt raw meat
a throw away thing by the look of their discourse
my body is being dried out of life
empty avenues populate me
empty buildings with no life in them
empty of a universe that is leaving me

I have no tongue no refuge no place no voice
no garden no house no consonants no grammar
no family no respect no blood no stories
no rights no humanity no life

I exist in the shadows of books
my life is a number
a statistic
that host my story as if it were not mine
I do not exist in the darkest pit of silent questionaries
and the cold mindset of the bureaucrats

I am alive I scream to them
I feel passion and love and want a warm hand to touch and
embrace me
and I want to open a window to feel the fresh air and listen
to the wonderful world
of these strange plains and mountains and trees and birds
and the sea

but I am told that I do not exist
I have no claim to make
no demand no word no alphabet
no sintaxis to articulate no vowel to pronounce
what shadows inhabit me now
what silences make me speak
I say the only story I know
my loss is repeated ad infinitum
the absence of my house
the impossible beautiful face of my daughter
the emptiness of my hands
the lack of embrace
no surrender here

I cannot breathe
I cannot breathe in this fire

I hear the absence of my voice forever
inhabiting these bright and airy corridors
full of people without eyes and ears
parliament house Canberra
my ashes here shadowing your beautifully horrific mask
I know the entrails of your making-belief

my absent voice
forever searching for my lost mother
those hands
and words
and acceptance
and love
the warmness of another story

but I feel that I cannot breathe here
it is the end of the day and I must go home
I still feel the river of my life running deep inside
and I love the silence of the sky on fire
on a wonderful Canberra afternoon

no one in the beauty of this empty building
gives us asylum
I tell my far away daughter

I found myself alone in this body undone by my fire
here at the doors of heaven
no entrance they say
stay away
go back to your country
we will decide who is to be part of our own

I am cut out from my heart

I'll dance
I say to myself patiently in my old tongue
and in peace I enter this dance
and I render myself
and I follow my dance home
into the purpled heart of the last sky in fire

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