

## **I Was In A Hurry**

Yesterday I lost a country.

I was in a hurry,

and I didn't notice when it fell from me

like a broken branch from a forgetful tree.

Please, if anyone passes by

and stumbles across it,

perhaps in a suitcase

open to the sky,

or engraved on a rock

like a gaping wound,

or wrapped

in the blankets of emigrants,

or canceled

like a losing lottery ticket,

or helplessly forgotten

in Purgatory,

or rushing forward without a goal  
like the questions of children,  
or rising with the smoke of war,  
or rolling in a helmet on the sand,  
or stolen in Ali Baba's jar,  
or disguised in the uniform of a policeman  
who stirred up the prisoners  
and fled,  
or squatting in the mind of a woman  
who tries to smile,  
If anyone stumbles across it,  
return it to me, please.  
It is my country...  
I was in a hurry  
when I lost it yesterday.