

## Klara Žlindra Migration

It dusks.  
Our van is bright as day.  
A strange smell lingers in the air.  
The smell that took my 'ab away.

My feet are heavy,  
though they stand grimly still.  
Not much longer, ummi whispers,  
someone's rigid hand is all I feel.

Water.  
Eerie water.  
Nothing but water, ummi and me.  
Look, ummi, something hovers in the water!  
As if they were lying in wait for me to see.

It won't be long, my ummi said.  
A couple days, she pleaded, but not me.  
I quiet, not to make them mad.

A lorry.  
Worry not, we have done this before.  
Ummi pulls me closer  
to make some space by the door.

A drop of sweat trails my skin.  
But ... how? I do not fear.  
Heavy breathing in my ear.  
I smile, but my smile cannot be seen.

A scream. A beg.  
Ummi's voice.  
It echoes.  
Louder.  
It echoes, yet I do not hear.