I would rather my country be at war than peace, anything to keep me here.

Let the president’s house burn, let them find no trace of his children’s toes,

let the goods the market women have carried for a week rot: the soldiers must order a curfew!

Let the church shut its doors to a boy like me who watches an army of dark-haired demons burn this city.

In my alarm, running away, may I lose a finger or two, a shock to the bones, forget the sound of rain on my back:

Proof to the immigration officer, I belong here.