

TRAIN NUMBER 10, DISTRICT 18, DESTINATION RINKEBY

A nest without a tree,
a tree without roots,
a destination without a destiny.

A strange dance in a hundred tongues and eighty rhythms..
melodies from violins and harmonicas, schottis and hambos
cuelas in style... göbek in circles.

The menu in the festival... only mixed grill...
dolma, sulu börek, kebab and pancakes
enpanada, sopalpiva... the spanish touch,
all with potatis special
nursed in olive oil from Greece.

It's the high wall of isolation,
the invisible wall of rejection,
sparing those without, from the exoticism within
and the stress of having to know Rinkeby...
and having to accept Rinkeby...
forever at an arm's length,
the good distance turning a curse for those within,
like the soggy muck and the ugly mud left behind
by a tropical downpour.
A sombre reality hard to contest.

It's the gloom of the general assembly of
the United Nation made real.

without a Uthant or a Hammarksjoeld,
without a Waldheim or a Cuellar,
with a yesterday too far, and tomorrow yet to come...
the seed on the rock, soon to wither.
Distant pains brought home, on train number 10,
bound for Rinkeby.

But we will survive.
Even just for today, we will live.
Yesterday might be dark, and tomorrow too far,
but in our dance of a hundred tongues
and our songs of a hundred melodies,
in our feast of many flavours
and the passion of our legacies,
in the fantasy of our legends
and the laughter of our children, we will find a cause.
And Yesterday and Tomorrow will join us
in the happy chant,
of dreams and hopes of peace and love.
And we will live, even just for today,

carrying “home” on the backs of our camels
and in the corners of our hearts knowing always
that someday there will be a home
and that' somewhere, there is a home;
knowing that somewhere, there can be a home.

But knowing, too,
that “somewhere” and “everywhere” and “someday”
means NOWHERE.

Catherine Alum Odora, 20th March 1988, in Stockholm, Sweden