

Boochani, Behrouz. "Manus Island Poem." *Freedom, Only Freedom: The Prison Writings of Behrouz Boochani*. By Behrouz Boochani. London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2023. 153. *Bloomsbury Collections*. Web. 3 May 2023. <<http://dx.doi.org/10.5040/9780755642687.0045>>.

Downloaded from Bloomsbury Collections, [www.bloomsburycollections.com](http://www.bloomsburycollections.com), 3 May 2023, 17:20 UTC.

Access provided by: University of British Columbia

Copyright © Behrouz Boochani, Omid Tofighian, Moones Mansoubi 2023. All rights reserved. Further reproduction or distribution is prohibited without prior permission in writing from the publishers.

# Manus Island Poem<sup>1</sup>

Behrouz Boochani

Forgive me, my bird, as I am not able to embrace you.  
But here,  
in this corner,  
I know some immigrant birds. I smile at them at the crack of dawn  
and I embrace them with open arms,  
as open as the immensity of the sky.  
My beautiful love!  
Forgive me, as I am not able to quaff the aromatic scent of your breaths,  
but here, in this ruin,  
I know some wildflowers which grow every morning in my heart,  
and at the dead of the night, they drift into sleep with me, in my place.  
Forgive me, my angel!  
I am not able to caress your gentle skin with my fingertips.  
But I have a lifelong friendship with sea zephyrs  
and those zephyrs strum my nude skin here, in this green hell!  
Forgive me, as I am not able to climb the green mountains of your body,  
but here, at a depth of the darkness, in the middle of every night, I enjoy deep  
and utter seclusion with the tallest and more vain coconut trees.  
My beautiful! I sing you in the profundities of the oldest and the oddest songs,  
further away from the world of a man who loves you amongst the deepest  
oceans and the darkest forests.  
Inside a cage,  
the man loves you,  
inside the cage located between the vastest ocean and the greenest forests.  
Forgive me, my love.  
Forgive me, my love, as I am only able to love you from a remote island,  
inside the cage,  
from the corner of this small room.  
Forgive me, please, as the only portion of the world that belongs to me is these  
pieces.