Behind the curve of the earth
a sudden lightning flash.
If I keep travelling
will the world end?

There are bears below me
bears with sharp claws
roaming the forests.
I sip a glass of wine
I stare out into clouds.

Why does that name reverberate?
Siberia, Siberia.
It is a word of terror
the end of hope, the end
of freedom.
Men have done this.
To geese migrating
Siberia is home.

Goodbye, I said.
Stiffly I said, goodbye.
It was not what I meant to say,
but there was no other word.
We did not touch.
That word, goodbye,
rang in the street like iron.

Sverdlovsk, Chelyabinsk,
Omsk, Novosibirsk,
Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk.
The names hiss and groan
like ice-floes clashing.

Siberia is cold.
Permafrost grips the earth.
You cannot dig graves out here.
Dead souls drift in the wasteland.
This is my country.

I shall become a goose woman.
I shall fly over the forests.
My webbed feet will skim the tundra.
My beak will stab at the soil.
I shall speak with my wings
and abandon you and your language.