

I always found the name false which they gave us: Emigrants.  
That means those who leave their country. But we  
Did not leave, of our own free will  
Choosing another land. Nor did we enter  
Into a land, to stay there, if possible for ever.  
Merely, we fled. We are driven out, banned.  
Not a home, but an exile, shall the land be that took us in.  
Restlessly we wait thus, as near as we can to the frontier  
Awaiting the day of return, every smallest alteration  
Observing beyond the boundary, zealously asking  
Every arrival, forgetting nothing and giving up nothing  
And also not forgiving anything which happened, forgiving nothing  
Ah, the silence of the Sound does not deceive us! We hear the shrieks  
From their camp even here. Yes, we ourselves  
Are almost like rumours of crimes, which escaped  
Over the frontier. Every one of us  
Who with torn shoes walks through the crowd  
Bears witness to the shame which now defiles our land.  
But none of us  
Will stay here. The final word  
Is yet unspoken.

Bertolt Brecht  
1898-1956