

Crying on a remote island.

I know a man who did not talk with his small daughter, son and wife for 29 months. His family live on a dry land on the border of Pakistan and Afghanistan. I talked with him in Manus Prison when they took us during the hunger strike and put us in that dirty jail. He was crying and when I put my hands on his shoulder and asked him why he was crying. He looked at me and said: 'I am not crying for myself. My heart is heavy for my small daughter and son'.

Red Cross were here and they wanted to help him. Two months after prison I saw that man. He came to me, so happy and kissed my shoulder. I wondered why. I did not know him and asked myself why this man kissed my shoulder. He said: 'My brother, today I am happy because I talked with my small daughter and so and I kiss your shoulder because of that dark night when you put your kind hands on my broken shoulder'.

Red Cross had sent a man from Kabul to their village and he could talk with his family. Several times I have seen him after that at medical and several times he has come to me and kissed my shoulder. I wonder and ask a question of my hands. 'What was in you? Which kind power was in you that this man kissed your shoulder?' Any time I ask that question from myself and my hands my heart answers with a feeling of huge pain. My heart answers me: 'You are a stupid man. How can you not know that the source of all those kisses is from me and how is that you don't know that heart and humanity, that love has the biggest power in the world?'

I know another man who cries in the toilets and behind the coconut tall trees on a dark night. He is from Sri Lanka. I know he hides his tears from me and other people. He is always crying for his small beautiful daughter who is working hard to protect her sick mother - a small girl who each morning wakes up with the smell of flowers. She kisses her mother and goes to the moist street, into the cars and trucks and sells the flowers to drivers. She is a beautiful poor girl who sells fresh flowers to people and lovers who make each other happy with her flowers. I learn from this small daughter how I can distribute love to city people who are in the poorest position. I learn from that small angel how a small girl can be a powerful father and mother to her father and mother. I am sure that girl has a beautiful warm dream in her heart and keeps it to share with her father who is crying in a prison on a remote island.

I know a lot of men in Manus prison who are crying to their angels like that Sri Lankan man. I know a lot of men in Manus prison who keep their dreams in their hearts. I know a lot of men in Manus prison who are crying and their shoulders and hearts are broken. Only a father knows how hard it is to see your family in the poorest position without being able to help them or even kiss them or clean their tears. I know a lot of men are crying in the darkest nights on a remote island hiding their tears. They know a man must be strong in a hard place.

Behrouz Boochani
edit: Janet Galbraith