

## **Seja Benvinda**

The plane aterriza  
in soft grass. O verde se mistura  
com a mirage of the asphalt.

Granito, granite.

Ela tenta controlar the destiny  
in this foreign place.

The red purse weights  
and the couro is soft.

It's what she's left  
crossing borders, her papers,  
precisão de nomes.

But not her future.

Welcome.