My Zion

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This was my Sweden:
the Sweden I’d heard stories about,
the Sweden I grew up with,
the Sweden I’d visited.

This:
mormors bullar
sockerbiter
choklad kakor
jordgubbs torta

This was my Zion.
This was my promised land.

Down-to-earth, simple, hearty, honest.
A land not haunted by violence,
A land not seething in frustration,
A people not seduced by materialism.

Detta är min Zion.
Land of broken promises.

Detta:
graftti
brott
vald
mord; Anna Lindh

Ett land med samma problem,
problem som inte kan lösas,
ett tyst, gråtande land.

This is my Zion,
not altogether different from the troubled land I left.