



SHAKER AAMER
P.J. HARVEY

*“No water for three days.
I cannot sleep, or stay awake.*

*“Cence aghe par trê dîs
No pues durmî, no pues stâ sù.*

*Four months hunger strike.
Am I dead, or am I alive?*

*Cuatri mês siopar de fan
Soio vîf o soio muart?*

*With metal tubes we are force fed.
I honestly wish I was dead.*

Tubui di fier nus oblein a mangjâ
Te conti sclete: o ai voie di murî.

Strapped in the restraining chair.
Shaker Aamer, your friend.”

Peât cun cenglis ta la cjadree
Shaker Aamer, il to amî.”

In Camp 5, eleven years.
Never charged. Six years cleared.

Tal cjangp 5, par undis agns.
Mai acusât, mai liberât.

“They took away my one note pad,
and then refused to give it back.

“Il cuader che o vevi mal àn gjavât
Refudantsi di tornâmal.

I can't think straight, I write, then stop.
Your friend Shaker Aamer. Lost.

No rivi a pensâ, o scrîf, o moli
Il to amî Shaker Aamer. Lât.

The guards just do what they're told,
the doctors just do what they're told.

Lis vuardiis a fasin il lôr dovê
I miedis a fasin il lôr dovê.

Like an old car I'm rusting away.

Your friend, Shaker. Guantanamo Bay.”

Un auto rot, che al rusinìs.
Il to amì Shaker. Guantanamo Bay.”

Don't forget.

Visiti.

Par informâsi su la storie di Shaker Aamer