**Estoy camininando en tus pasos**

**I am walking in your footsteps**

feeling your pain within my feet.

Storks build their nests,

cuckoo’s cry.

Sharing life’s stories

with those along the way.

I chose to walk this road.

I am treading on your fields,

where families torn apart

by war, still live unreconciled.

Slanting sleet greets me.

I pass through your hometown,

head to Santiago.

Moving on.