

Haris Alexiou, The Wild Flower To Agriolouloudo

Do not feel sorry for me,
throw me out tonight
and cut my life
as if I were a wild flower.

I started off naked, I go on alone,
grief is my home, the journey is my song.
Throw me out and don't feel sorry,
don't care about what will become of me,
the wild flower endures
both in snow and in rain.

Do not keep me
only out of pity;
I've got used to the cold,
I'll also endure the snow.

I started off naked, I go on alone,
grief is my home, the journey is my song.
Throw me out and don't feel sorry,
don't care about what will become of me,
the wild flower endures
both in snow and in rain