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## I'm a Wild Plant

I'm a wild plant, not a flowerpot tulip.  
Don't take me to the revelry banquets.  
My heart has got used to the rough and  
chilly stone.

Don't take me home!

The mountain is my birthplace.



One day I came out from beneath a stone,  
And one day I'll disappear beneath a  
stone,

Grief and anxiety is my stony substance.

I won't be glad away from my mates and  
tribe.

Don't expect me to show verve, joy and  
delight.

I've got nothing except deep desire and  
anger.

I'm a wild plant, expecting spring to  
blossom.

Patting, cuddle or caress makes me cry.

Don't make me cry!