

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS

I am more fallen each time,  
more distant from surfaces punished by the feet of soldiers,  
farther away from those with soft voices that lean over my  
    shoulders and want to keep me a quaking piece of earth.  
I see my blood beside my body  
that fell like a freezing whirlwind.  
And this tongue,  
this throat now ready to drown that bit of water one hears in  
    every goodbye,  
this tongue and this throat that have made the world so boring  
    to me,  
I wish they would go away and not tell me about it.

There below,  
lost in the light that treats me just like another corpse among  
    the tombs,  
next to the hazard of names that are turning to dust,  
there with the distant sadness of those who cannot speak of their  
    travels,  
to the right and left of those too much alone I wait for you.