

REMEMBRANCE

Once again
we stand
by the water of shadows,
the uprooted earth,
by trees that are naked and paralysed.

We stand at the spot
where the bomb went off,
where six dogs whimpered
and birds died like babies.

We stand to remember
that second of sound,
bitter and brutal,
that disturbed our hearts.

We stand,
we stand silently,
all of us,
each with frightened eyelids.

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