

THE NEW WATER

It is like a city morgue,
this road by the sea,
a grey adour of death everywhere and
a sadness rising
like a weak and wounded steam.

Like the rivers in this land it is,
slow brown waters peopled with corpses,
waters that speak a new language
of blood and bone, torture.

Like other things as painful and dismal,
like a choir of blind beggars,
like the wail of maimed children,
like the troubled tone in the throats
of sick house sparrows,
this road that talks to me,
offering answers to questions I have like
why the sky is a beehive of skulls,
the butterflies, always dazed,
why the jasmines weep.

Questions that grow with frightening speed
as I discover the need to be informed,
to know, for example, the danger these days
of asking a government man for pure water,
for here it comes with the salt
from the blood and the tears and the sea.

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