The Children's Crusade

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ABOUT THE COUNTRY WE COME FROM

Let's talk about the country we come from. I come from summer, a fragile land that every falling leaf could extinguish, where the sky is so heavy with stars it sometimes hangs to the ground, and if you come near you'll hear laughter as the grass tickles the stars. There are so many flowers there that your eyes burn, seared as if by the sun, and so many round suns hang from every tree.

In the land I come from nothing is missing but death. There is so much happiness you almost fall asleep.

THE CHILDREN’S CRUSADE

An entire people still unborn, but condemned to be born, lined up before being born, foetus by foetus, an entire people that cannot see, or hear, or understand, but marches on through the aching bodies of women, through the blood of the mothers who are never asked.