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.