

Remember Jericho

'The people blow the shofar and the city walls fell down',
I read this amazing verse while

the leaves were falling down around my save and secret place,
far from the crying crowd following a father
who wears the shroud of his child
in the destroyed land, from the river Jordan to the sea.

They are running for life. I'm living peacefully.

Remember Jericho — the sound of the trumpets
became louder and louder, and after seven days the walls
collapsed — too many merciless imitations have followed:
the mass killings, be told as if they are normal human stories.

It seems to me a long time ago — the old yellowed prints
of the toy soldiers — but today children are playing war games
(who can blame them?) in the living room. Included the daily try
of my unknown neighbours to escape violence, despair behind their eyes.

I can play with my grandchildren. Others bury them.

In my childhood, I threw a stone and another threw him back:
quite like politicians now do with missiles.
But they all are quick-witted in finding excuses.
It happened... isn't a valid one, and the dead are really dead.

Isn't it remarkable that you never see the hall of fame in the line of fire?
The more you see them afterwards at the memorials. In the meantime
the funeral corteges are progressing slowly in the streets. The people complain
and blow the shofar, still hoping to find peace after one of the destroyed walls.

JEAN BAPTISTE BIESEMANS