

quiet

- to Marcus –

in the quiet of the night
I start writing almost
like a soldier marching
to his duty

no, I won't go shooting,
I'll look for landmines
and set the farmers free

their olive gardens at
the border where the wind
is singing in the leaves

remember, my friend, how
Lorca wrote about a breeze,
the last remembrance
of a name, a beloved one

almost all is quiet
on this front, all I hear
is coughing above my head

you know this peace
and anguish because you too
have fled from the warm body
and the healthy bed

Staf De Wilde