

God's Three Tears

I

Three men remove the windows from this house
smash the front door into a thousand pieces
and smiling push
five crying women through the doorway
colourful birds fly out the windows
talking – my friend – talking like men
and then quietly die
next the frame becomes these birds
which one by one spread their wings
the sullen shapes
of a lost world

II

This mountain so close to me
I reach out my hand and uproot
the tree and shrubs
the power lines
these painful teeth
a hopeless monastic life

Above it smart sheep are running wild
(are sheep ever smart?)
but over here they suffer so much
and bleat inhumanly

Nearby some men gut one with a stone
they crack the stone and split the entrails
are confused and don't know how to cry

Today
take a good look at this mountain
take a good look at this tear of God
because tomorrow it will be dry

Tomorrow you won't see anything ever again

III

Ahead of me on this high mountain
a white man slices up viscera
he drops stones into God's sack
now and then he turns and sees how sad I am
tosses me a flower and continues his journey

In my breast a field of pearls is growing
I am this man