

HUSH

Ships don't sink on milkyways
They merely vanish
like ancient stories
and third-world babies

De nevelen vervagen
De kinderen sterven nog en scherper
dalen de kogels in de lichamen neer
Hoge gebouwen vertalen
De richting van de wind

milkyways don't bare ships
ancient babies don't come back
they're just telling old stories

Hush mama, huil toch niet
it's only the winds of change
turning like a merry-go-round

Veerle de Smaele