

Memories of the Empty Quarter

Today I am a bird and dream my journey to a place
far over the mountains, far beyond the sea
where the wind collects her stories.
In the shadow of the night, guards the moon.

The wind whispers about Sheba and Solomon,
I put the words under my skin.
And dream of good and evil until the senses crack,
compressed in prayer.
I plunge my childhood in my suitcase
filled with red balloons of hope and desire.

My feathers cover the memories
whose sounds I didn't know yet.
So it happens that I fly away over the roofs of the sleeping houses,
to the land far over the mountains, far beyond the sea.

An echo rebounded
from the source of wisdom signs in the mountain landscape
children with dreams, children on the way.
in each backpack
a different story,
in each backpack a different song
forged together in a personal verse.

I covered my skin,
it was not the sun that burned,
it was not the echo that troubled
it was the eyes that followed me in a language so old, so deep
that numbed my heart beyond shame.

'Who oh who are you?
Are you my other I?'

Craters of roadside bombs sigh under the open sky
the memories red.
In the desolated landscape the tears fill the parched field of the crop
that still can cry in the endless grave of sorrow

Time has long gone in the country far over the mountains, far beyond the sea.

If it is true
That my origin is earth
Then the whole earth is my home
And all the world my family

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