

Amnestic Disorder

Die Form

The inside of fruits becomes empty of blood
when the noise tears the night.
The blast of bombs animates the sacrificed bodies
with little fragments of pain.

Who will give you back her smile?
Who will give you back her light?
Who will give you back the lost time?
Who will give you back the salt of the earth?

You have forgotten the way of the shadow and the rose of winds
is withered.
You have forgotten the held out hand and the wire of the pendulum.

You have lost your dreams and forgotten the brightness of the sun,
You have lost your story and forgotten the colour of the earth.