

WE, THE UNFAMILIAR

We were once soil, leveled smooth,
and rocks shattered
by mighty hands.
They willingly fitted us together
like bricks,
one beside the other,
and together we drew strength,
holding in our hands
the anguish and the longing for freedom.

And all of us together
were fired in the flame and the kiln
to take form
for the sake of knowledge and the children yet to come.
And we prepared to remain united forever,
as if we had sworn an oath to all this.
For so many years we had grown accustomed to it—
the moss and the sun wrestled with our form,
and we, proud, would say: "Here we shall remain forever."

And how to tell you, my love,
slowly, slowly,
as time passed,
our joints departed to Hades,
our shadow unrecognizable, strange,
our facades gray certainties.
We became transparent walls,
slowly, slowly.

And each one entered the empty buildings
with words of ash on their tongue,
with the dream, so they claimed, of uniting us again.

But we became playthings
in the hands of later children,
and the scale of our unity
became, itself, a mere point
of some negotiation—
unknown, alien.