

## TO THE CHILDREN WHO LIVED IN SONG MY

There were little feet  
Running about Song My.  
Playful little feet  
Moving lightly  
In the whitening sand.

There were little voices  
Laughing at play in song My,  
Little voices of children  
Moving in safety  
Round their mother.

But fear lay heavy  
Over the eyes of the adults  
And the eyes of the children  
Looked into the eyes of the adults  
And saw the deadly image of fear.

And the soldiers came  
In their helmets of steel  
And with hands  
Full of bullets and death.

And the child looks appealing  
Up to its mother:  
“Take my hand, mother, please!”

But her mother is cold  
And her hand is cold  
And the child falls with wondering eyes  
On the blood-stained earth.

And the soldiers trample  
On little feet in Song My  
Little feet that moved so lightly  
In the whitening sand.

Soldiers were running, delete:  
About Song My  
Soldiers with a wife and children  
Killing wives and children.

Little voices were laughing  
Once, at play, in Song My.

Who is laughing now in Song MY?

**Hans-Evert Renérius (1968).**  
(Publicerad i diktsamlingen POEMS, 1971).