

## SONG ABOUT THE EARTH

Is the earth, as they say, burnt and dried?  
Will a seed, as they say, never sprout?  
Has the earth, as they say, really died?  
No! It's taken a lengthy time-out!

Mother Earth will forever give birth,  
Its maternity isn't a fiction!  
Don't believe that they burnt down the earth,  
No! It's blackened from grief and affliction.

Trenches, running like scars back and forth ...  
Bleeding guts black shell-craters expose ...  
They are open nerves of the earth,  
Which unearthly unhappiness knows.

It will stand wars and grief — any thing!  
It's not crippled, though booted and looted ...  
Don't believe that the earth doesn't sing,  
That it's quieted down, diluted!

No, it's singing as loud as it can  
From a trench, from a wound, from a hole!  
Since the earth is the soul of Man,  
Boots cannot trample down the soul!

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