

so a prayer comes out
buried at the bottom of the root

i repeat:
i don't speak your language. i can't speak your language

outside the sun
lying under the sun
the horror

the prayer comes out: i can't speak your language
please, let me keep silent

outside, lying
under the weak sun
the scorpion

i yank the roots from the earth
with the same eagerness with which i drink
from the only water source in the city

at the bottom there is an enormous key
with an inscription i can't read.

i cry: i cannot speak it
i can't speak your tongue

i repeat
quieter and quieter

outside, in the sun
under the sun

the insects dance
around the horror