

The Daedelen

She and I wash the dishes together
No one made us, but the party upstairs is boring

She says her name is Crrristina with the r rolled
Her original name is an execution knife and so she changed it
I think out loud that a weapon would make a strong name
She teaches me the truth

She lived in a time of war
People she loved were taken from her
But first they threw her behind them to take the bullets in her place
Bullets that hit her anyway

Toe chipped off
Hole in brow
Jaw caved in
She shows me

She speaks of the *Chankula*,
those who died, and bother us no longer,
and then she speaks of the *Daedelen*:
The wind in the mind
The bird that pecks at your brain
and sings in their lost voices
The grief that drives you mad
and makes you join them

We are still washing dishes
The party is still upstairs