Games
The winter Clara and I secretly discovered
what socialism meant
we had nothing left in the house
that was worth burning.
The frost surrounded the bedroom,
we talked to keep warm
and I suggested to write on the walls.
We used the kitchen knife to
sharpen the coloured pencils
and kept at it for a couple of hours.
'All western countries, enemies of the people!'
'Kill the foreigners!'
'Kill RONALD REAGAN!'
I thought Reagan was a bad name
for a writer which never published
books for children
and therefore he deserved to die.
My spelling was not very good at that age,
so the room filled with rainbows instead.
Clara and I laughed.
We were hungry at that point
and I remembered mother kept
the bible covered with cloth
on top of the fridge.
But wouldn't god be upset if we eat the holy word?
Clara asked. For a brief moment,
my spine shivered.
Fasting was a great virtue indeed but
I believed god was good with children
and forgave all their intended crimes,
so
I lifted the shiny red cover,
sliced it in very small pieces
and added water and salt.
The least kept on for a bit.
Clara and I chewed with determination
several chapters. We got to the page number
three hundred and two when I read:
'Then there shall be a time of trouble and
at that time thy people shall be delivered,
every one that shall be found written in the book.'
And then, in the middle of our small apartment,
my hair curled, my mouth stopped.
I went back to the wall
and changed the words around: "RO-LAND".
Kill
RO-LAND.