A bell tolls for the children of Beslan

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Julieta Gutieva spilled petals from her deer eyes
over students smiles
No one imagined
the red resonance of the whimpering from the gym
trespassing the fragile skin of sky

The newcomers held their proper postures
gave flowers to the departing
sealed with their aroma the premonition of their death
All waited for the picture
opened their eyes
devouring memories for their grandchildren
untold memories
like untouched virgins dying at the twilight of desire

The children of Beslan
sang the only possible song on September first
The melody that announced the New Year under the cross
The naïve song of knowledge under the rotten rope that links us
Open the doors of all colors
We greet pencils and pens books and notebooks
We want the key to the land of knowledge


it is the day of the bell  
the day of knowledge  
the day of the twelve hundred in Beslan  

The sun was a blurry balloon  
weary at 9:30 in the morning  
scornful its fire burnt differently that day  
like a needle through the eye of memory  
over the innocent scalps of the sacrificed  

It slashed tender bones  
flesh of children & mothers of school number one  

No one imagined  
no shadow will follow their steps into any destiny  
Damned calves drowning in a puddle of blood  
After Beslan  
i breathe a thorny air that silently corrodes everyone that really knows  
& sleeps etherized each night on its rough edges  

the children of Beslan our children stoned by suicidal essences  
innocent before perhaps  
eyes massacred by corrupted fire  

it is the day of the bell  
the day of knowledge  
the day of the twelve hundred in Beslan  

the poignant strum runs through walls and forests  
while the bells of knowledge shatter  
smashing the hearts of the children of Beslan  
they died spelling decadence  
over the blackboard of our nightmares