

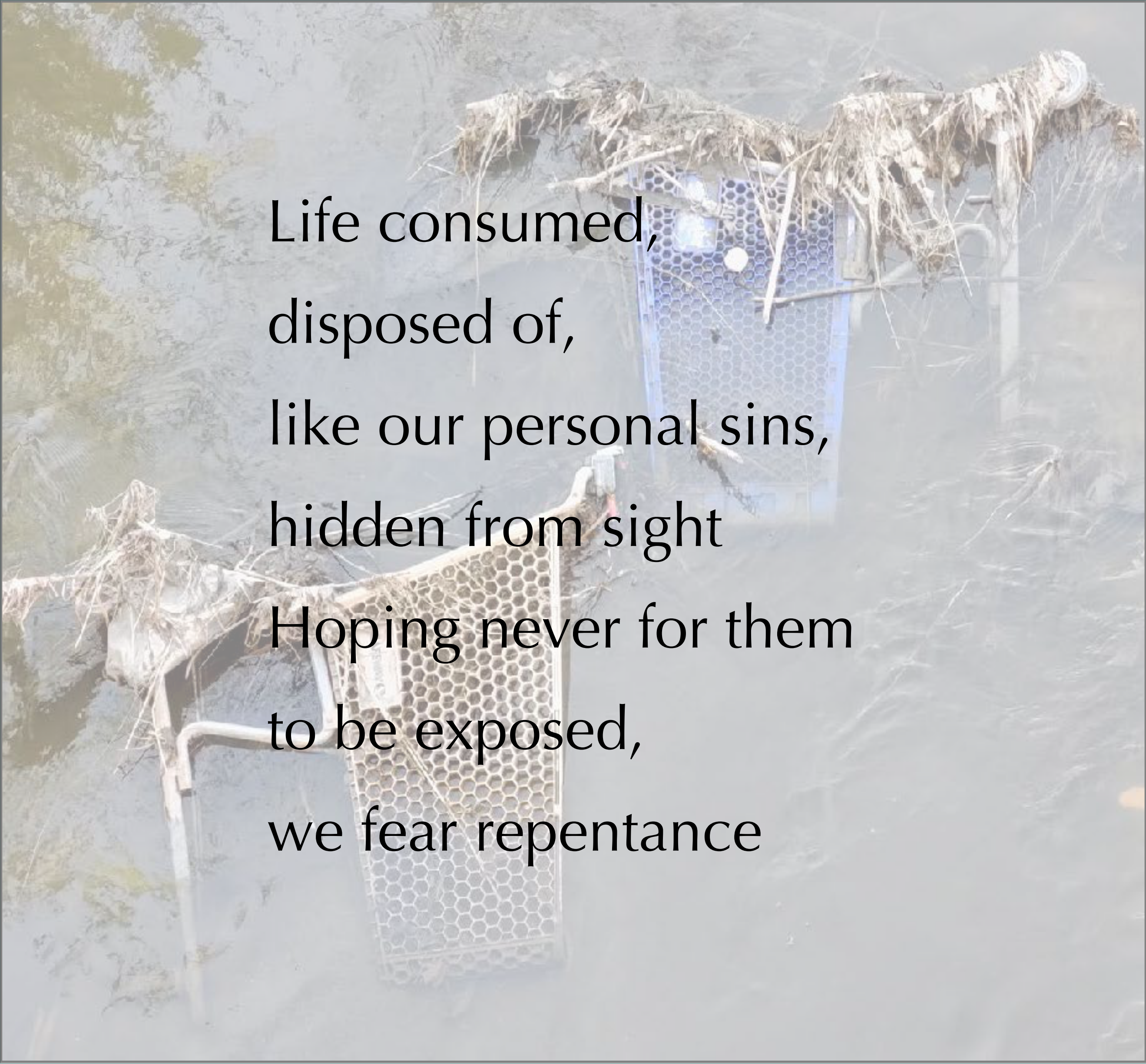
Between Two Bridges

Between two bridges voices are drowned
Pleading to be heard, seen, not forgotten
by the current of onlookers.



Through efforts of the loved ones
by those who still remember.
A silent witness to the sins of a nation.





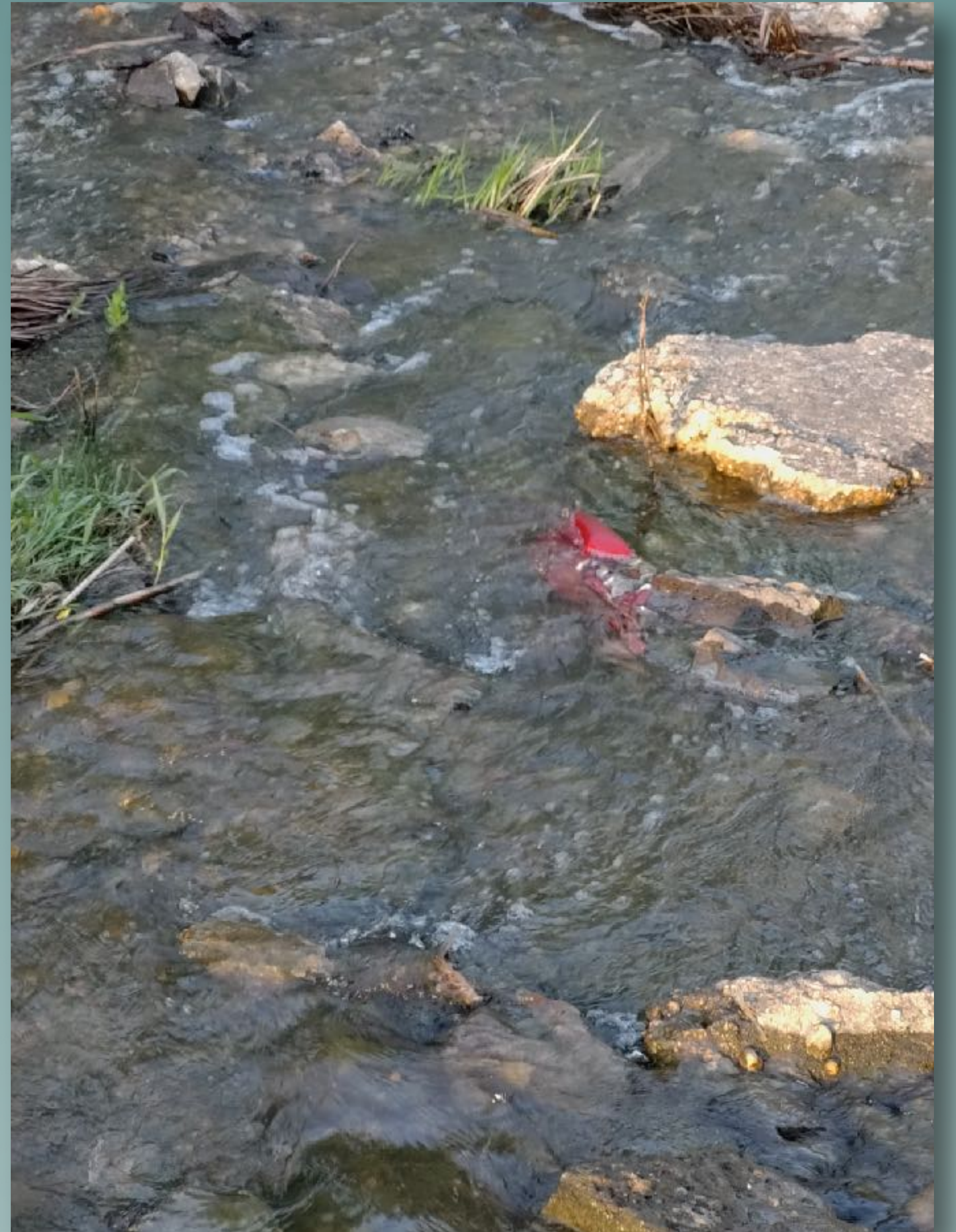
Life consumed,
disposed of,
like our personal sins,
hidden from sight
Hoping never for them
to be exposed,
we fear repentance



Mothers cry, sisters march
and the ceaseless drumming haunts
Where are the bodies?
What shallow grave is their home?
Come back to us
so we can bring you peace
is on their voice.



Between two bridges silence is heard
Water runs over the red cloth,
to remember, to be heard.



The flow of purifying waters
washes over, singing a deeper song
I know where you are,
where you have always been.



You are not alone,
you are not forgotten winged angels

Flowing spirits,
ever blooming cascades,
and scurrying witnesses.



This is where whispers of peace
and love surround you.
My creation cradles, she cares for
all the missing, the forgotten,
the disposable.
Forgotten, I smile
for you are engraved on the palm
of my pierced hands forever.

