

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

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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