

**ÉIREANN LORSUNG**

***The lightest word they used was animal***

*—with quotations from an interview with Natalya Kolyada,  
Belarus Free Theatre*

One after another the scarlet informants: birds out of season,  
a certain and stuttering progress. Was it a bird I said it was the voice  
in the door.

The eye of your fellow citizen, who lives with you in the same country.  
The end of the century says, *What will happen to you will make 1938  
seem like a dream*

*Leave your children with their grandparents  
Leave your houses unlocked*

The century makes a high wind blow straight through everything.  
Bright red birds are moving up and down the stems outside.

*Do not come within two meters of a window  
Do not look for your child*

In this country a century is a place no one can inhabit.  
Dead zone around the secret core.

*You are falling asleep in panic  
You are waking up in panic*

The marvelous thing is how their tiny feet can grip, even while swaying.  
Someone is whispering about you nearby.

The century walks by, holding something in its hands.  
You have to see. You cannot go out and touch.