

## **One voice frozen is already too many voices.**

By Cristian Zaelzer

My pen is frozen.  
Frosted in sadness,  
in a ferric action that only an eternal winter spreading in humanity's heart can try to explain.  
Just there,  
where my amygdala is screaming,  
suffocating every single reason.  
Or was it reason itself, the one that committed suicide after no longer making any sense?  
Maybe the eternal snow froze the logic and, like an ice sculpture, now stands in a land that does not belong to me.  
The blood has dried the voices keep crying for justice.  
The stones keep accumulating where once stood houses full of life and songs.  
Someone told me that the numbers do not add,  
and it is so hard for me to grasp why a ten is any different from thirty-five thousand.  
One voice frozen in fire is already enough,  
and thousands are too many.  
I don't blame you for being hurt.  
I have hugged you since the first day when the music turned to splashes,  
screams,  
and death.  
My heart hurts so bad,  
just like this eternal frostbite.  
I hug you and keep screaming for you to come back.  
One voice froze in fire are already too many voices.  
Where is the devil?  
Where is the God?  
This river has been for too long full of tears that have killed all the fish.  
Do you see the black dog standing in the West? Do you see him looking at all those eyes while a scale waits on the floor to weigh those uncountable hearts against a feather?  
When will this horrible storm find its end?  
One thousand and one hundred sixty-three voices are too many to no longer sing.  
The wind has come from the East,  
sweeping,  
weeping,  
and screaming.

Angry and blind,  
running with bleeding blue sharp fangs.  
So enraged,  
who could not fear his claws dug into the snow.  
Ice rain is crossing my chest.  
I wonder where I did wrong for you to destroy my fence and devour my kids.  
I hug you because I understand your pain.  
But my children are bleeding to death in my arms,  
covered with snow,  
or is it dust?  
My tears do not let me see further from the carmine puddles that keep running away  
from your laughing little heart.  
Why are you in my garden?  
Aren't we brothers?  
Howling in the eternal red crescent moon,  
God told me it is the way it is.  
"Pray to me while I keep looking at these beautiful blue eyes, radiant in the sun while the  
snow keeps falling."  
What did I do to keep seeing you in my garden?  
The watermelons taste like iron;  
my mouth is full of this metallic flavour.  
One voice frozen in the desert is too many voices even to discuss the reasons for the  
silence.  
And in the tunnels, I keep saying your name while the darkness walks in the streets, and  
you and I get frozen in the blood of our bodies.  
My eyes are open;  
you just can't see them.  
They are covered by the eternal umbra;  
they are covered by the eternal dust.  
You and I used to dance together;  
now we will never embrace again and call each other sisters, dear Vivian. My hijab and  
your beautiful hair will never again see this storm, where the river no longer carries  
water, where the sea no longer sees us jumping in laughs and happiness.  
This watermelon tastes so bad and sticks in my teeth full of clots where once stood the  
seeds.  
I can't plant them;  
they keep bringing your claws into my garden.  
I cry you so deep,  
my sweet baby,  
you who one day filled my heart with your tiny,  
sweet voice.

Someone told me that my numbers do not add.  
How could you forget I did have a name?  
My little arms hang covered in the snow,  
covered in the dust.  
My garden has a bomb instead of a fountain.  
I hug you in your pain but it was not me who flew over the sky and made rain death in  
your beautiful song.  
My feet touch your face;  
we are both under what once was my room.  
It is so cold here,  
like freezing rain.  
I wish you and I could sing together,  
but one voice frozen is way too many.  
The flowers are dead,  
just like you and I.  
Please do not dismiss my little face;  
it was not me who made rain dead in your party.  
And my hijab and your kippa are made of the same cotton,  
but now there are no longer colours,  
only snow,  
dust,  
and fire.  
When did those seeds find fertile ground in this land full of dead bodies?  
I can't eat these fruits;  
they taste like iron.  
I can't drink this water;  
it's full of blood.  
Take away those bullets and stop telling me those monsters are hiding under my hospital  
bed.  
Have compassion;  
it was not me who staved your heart with deadly icicles.  
My mother lies quietly on the floor of our kitchen;  
her perfume is fading away while the storm keeps howling outside.  
I touch her beautiful face,  
but she no longer has anything to say.  
I see Dad in three places.  
How do you do to be like this?  
My tears freeze in my dusty cheeks,  
but no one can hear them dropping in the kitchen.  
The rain and howling have drowned my traumatic silence.  
My eyes can not see anything else than your quiet face until the end of my days.

Hagar and Sarah are crying in the streets;  
they are collecting the pieces of Isaac and Ishmael.  
Abraham is screaming,  
biting himself;  
he brought a sheep,  
but God told him to kill his children.  
When is this storm going to stop?  
God is deaf or maybe dead;  
he just does not care for the air full of prayers.  
And you keep telling yourself that a storm is a storm and what can you do about it.  
God is dead,  
or maybe deaf;  
and I thought he was almighty,  
but you tell me he has mysterious ways.  
He looked at me, smiling while I wrote these words.  
Not even the "savages" have gods so full of dread and horror.  
He terrifies me.  
Because one voice frozen is just too many.  
And Abraham keeps biting himself while that monster of sharp blue fangs keeps  
chewing his children in your garden.  
And at home, your picture hangs while I wonder in what tunnel you have lost your  
breathing.  
And at home, there are no longer doors,  
just snow covering it all.  
The roof is gone,  
and a bomb stands now where once there was a garden.  
One voice silenced is too many voices.  
I understand your pain,  
I can only just your forehead with my lips full of blood.  
Maybe you and I should run away and let this dreadful God deal with his children.  
Once voice frozen is way too many.  
I did not kill your children;  
please stop killing mine.  
And Hagar and Sarah can't find solace in my pieces spread in the promised land.

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