

JUNE 2020

AFTER THE STORM IS BEFORE THE STORM



The storm has passed and now the damage gets repaired. Clean up and then forget about it. Certain horrors one can not forget, they sit too deep.

In the brown river floods a dead cow is driven past, the little boy on the banks beckons to her, his mother screams frantically, the boy still beckons, the banks under his feet give way, he is still beckoning and sinks into the swirling water, the mother screams, still and again in feverish dreams...

The floods tore away the bridge, two houses disappeared in it. One will rebuild everything again and then forget about it, but the mother still screams.

The fire roller of the forest fire, the burning houses, the panicked fear and the race for your own life will stay as a faint memory, but the screams...

The avalanche which in the middle of the night tore away half of the village and buried it. The groaning and moaning of the beams, the sharp bang when they crack...

... and all of a sudden you are awake and you start screaming...

The black plague races across the country, invisibly and silently. Silent dying in dark rooms. The many coffins scare us, the death knell makes us shiver, we do not want to hear the groaning in the neighbour's house. The dying continues, we count the dead, we count the living, we draw up charts, we create graphics, we calculate our chances of survival, we barricade ourselves in our houses, we listen to the saviors and the disaster preachers, we lament economic damage...

...we are looking for scapegoats and collect wood for the pyres...

... we will forget those screams as well...