



MARK STRAND

**MARSYAS**

Something was wrong  
In the morning dark  
Screams could be heard  
It was cold

In the morning dark  
A storm was coming  
It was cold  
And the screams were piercing

A storm was coming  
Someone was struggling  
And the screams were piercing  
It was hard to imagine

Someone was struggling  
So close, so close  
It was hard to imagine  
A man was tearing open his body

So close, so close  
The screams were unbearable  
A man was tearing open his body  
And we did nothing

The screams were unbearable  
His flesh was in ribbons  
And we did nothing  
And the rain came down



His flesh was in ribbons  
And no one spoke  
And the rain came down  
There were flashes of lightning

And no one spoke  
The wind shook the trees  
There were flashes of lightning  
Then came thunder