Chosen

Crocell

Order is shattered in a strange guttural tone
That resounded along the walls of the houses
Which seemed dead and deserted, while
Behind the closed shutters, eyes watched the conquerors
Who, by right of war, were now masters of the city
And of the lives and fortunes of its peopleIn their darkened ruins the inhabitants
Have given way to the same feeling of panic
Which is aroused by natural cataclysms
Those devastating upheavals of the Earth
Against which wisdom and strength alike are of no availThough the same feeling is experienced
Wherever the established order of things is upset
When security ceases to exist, when all that was previously protected
By the laws of man and nature is suddenly placed
At the mercy of brutal, unreasoning forceThe earthquake, burying a whole people
Beneath the ruins of their houses
The river in spate, sweeping away the bodies of drowned peasants
Together with the carcasses of cattle and rafters torn from roofs
And the victorious army slaughtering all who resist
Making prisoners of the rest, looting by right of the sword
And thanking their god to the sound of cannonAll these are terrifying scourges which undermine
All our belief in eternal justice and all the trust
We have been taught to place in divine protection and human reason

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