

# Chosen

## 4Lyn

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 people  
In 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 avail  
Though 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 force  
The 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 cannon  
All 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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