

## My People

The people of my village are very stupid.

They believe that—

When the sun breaks daily  
Like an egg on the saucepan of the sea  
And the great eagle dies in the sky  
Searching for the truth,  
Dashing the shellfish against the angry rocks

They believe that—

The world is then illuminated  
With the barbarous rays of salvation,  
Each spirit released from the prison  
Of despair.

The people of my village believe these things because  
they are ignorant,  
superstitious  
and without education.

I believe it too.