
Hero



Two hundred and thirty four bullets
were fired on the gray-green BMW,
two hundred and thirty six members
of the resistance were executed the next day,
just two months before the end of the war.

Told children in school when asked
if he was a hero, he wasn't because
otherwise would not have been there.
Told me he had been lucky many times,
hiding behind a tree or just stepping aside
in time, warned by a mate, for a land mine.
We called him ridder Clap van Rammelsteyn
not knowing there was still something on his mind.
Just three days before he died, three days
before he turned hundred and two years old,
he released his mind.
Told me he was on the look-out for the truck
to arrive, instead the BMW appeared in the dark,
leaving him with a lasting mark, carried silently.

