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# *Hero*

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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.

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Told children in school when asked  
if he was a hero, he wasn't because  
otherwise would not have been alive.  
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 Knight Clap van Rammelsteyn,  
not knowing there was still something on his mind.  
Just three months before he died, three months  
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 with the Head of the SS appeared in the dark,  
leaving him with a lasting mark, carried silently.

