

Des De Moor

"My Father Said"

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My father said
It's the North wind
That broke the dijks
At Scheveningen,
At Scheveningen, my boy,
A wind so strong
We've long lost sight
Of those at sea
Beyond the dijks
And it's the North wind
That tears through the eyes
Of our Northern youth
And our old and wise
And calls the blue
Carillon cries
Home from a North
That's deep in their eyes.

My father said:
It's the North wind
That stirs the sand
Around the town of Bruges,
Around Bruges, my boy.
It's the North wind
That planed the land
Around the towers,
The towers of Bruges,
That gives our girls
That old calm face
Like ancient towns
Locked into space,
Gives their brown hair
The fragile grace
Of Flemish lace,
Of Flemish lace.

My father said:
It's the North wind,
The wind that broke
The earth at Zeebrugge,
At Zeebrugge, my boy,
And by that wind

The earth was rent
Between Zeebrugge
And the cliffs of Kent
And London's left
Cut loose and free
With the Bruges headland
Taunting the sea
And London's left
To forever be
A suburb of Bruges
Lost in the sea.

My father said:
It's the North wind
That'll bear to earth
My soulless body,
My passionless body, my boy.
It's the North wind
That'll bear to earth
My soulless body
Across the grey North Sea,
That'll make me captain
Of a ship that sails
On a breeze of tears
Or a school of whales.
I'll captain the breeze
That blows high above,
That breeze of tears
For those I love.

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