

Empty houses, blank faces

Empty houses, blank faces, empty roads. Only an expectation of chooses to drop home, settlement, ourselves.

Fear alienation of our own history, others have taken over. Fear oblivion, eternal oblivion.

Fear wasted lives, wasted dreams. Fear of others wise grin while they eat our delicious food which we ourselves cannot afford to buy.

Fear the crowds of angels to the rescue, arriving in overcrowded flights from the north and the south, wishing to save us from the death, they themselves have given us.

Fear the closed fish factories. The smell of closed rooms, where the last fish has disappeared. Rooms now filled with machine junk which nobody any longer wants to own.

Fear abandoned cemeteries full of dead people who no longer receive visits from relatives.

Fear meeting with the new neighbours who are guests in the cottage, which was originally the residence of my dear neighbours.

Everyone tells us that we need not fear the future. It is for our own sake, they create this necessary development.



Outside the settlement Qassimiut, October 2009

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