

I accuse Man.
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I accuse Man.
I accuse Man of ending lives
he did not begin

I accuse Man
of cutting the breath
from the mouths of children,
from the lungs of forests,
from the oceans that once sang.

I accuse Man
of calling conquest “progress”,
and silence “peace”.

I accuse Man
of knowing the good
and choosing the convenient.

Of hearing the cry
and naming it noise.
Of standing before fire
and calling it light.

Emotion was born first.
From fear.
From longing.
From grief.

And from emotion
music was born.
Music was not invented.
It was remembered.

A trembling of the chest,
a wound learning to breathe.
And for a moment—
music gave birth to peace.

But peace was brief.
Man learned the song,
then sold the silence.
Learned the harmony,
then sharpened it into blades.

I accuse Man
of following the voice
that promised power
instead of truth.

Follow me,
said the voice beneath the earth.
Follow me,
and I will make you greater
than what you are.

And Man followed.
This is the charge.
This is the sound
before the fall.

The court is open.
History listens.
And the first note
has already been struck.