<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Well, I just felt</th>
<th>The folks above</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The whole room shake</td>
<td>They feel the whole Earth swing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I grabbed my wife</td>
<td>Skiers are hopin’…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“It’s an Earthquake!”</td>
<td>Snow won’t start growin’…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s due to Earth’s</td>
<td>Avalanches they bring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tectonic Plates</td>
<td>Oh yeah!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Things get destroyed</td>
<td>When Earth is open, Wide open</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From Seismic waves</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The ground’s split open</th>
<th>(Guitar Solo)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Within the Earth’s crust</td>
<td>But now it is finished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Makes volcanoes wake</td>
<td>So we can both now stand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And causes tsunamis</td>
<td>Till I fall on knees</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The land is broken</td>
<td>The aftershock expands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looks like a canyon</td>
<td>Earthquakes are daily life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s like a boat</td>
<td>In places like Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Floor’s not steady</td>
<td>And we must face the world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Could bust a dam</td>
<td>With it torn open…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or tip buildings</td>
<td>Due to Poseidon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It causes death</td>
<td>The Greeks would all cite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I hope it’s sure not mine</td>
<td>Or in the Norse case</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drop to the floor</td>
<td>Loki has caused this thing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under tables hide</td>
<td>It’s a bad omen</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The ground’s split open</th>
<th>Richter Scale tells it’s strength</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Within the fault lines</td>
<td>Low or Above</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patchwork of Earth’s plates</td>
<td>The worst it’s been is eight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lithosphere it is named</td>
<td>Never eleven…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And when there’s motion</td>
<td>My house is slopin’…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s when the world shakes</td>
<td>Wreckage each one can bring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Oh damn…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Backyard is broken…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cracked open</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Earthquake poem
Mariam Mokhtari of Teheran, Iran
Oct. 12, 2005

What is the little child doing
among the ruins
searching for mum and dad?
It is so cruel and cold
the sky is crying
even the tears are frozen
the winds are blowing
and my sister is sitting
near her kids who are dead now
tell me my dear
how can I sleep, how can I eat
every night hearing
the sounds of the kids in school
who are all under ruins
streaching out their hands for help
the life has come up to my throat
and I murmur all the time
isn’t there anything we could do
to make people safe
and then I remember you and pray
may god bless you my dears
who are trying to make the world
a safer place to live.
Earthquake
by Sandra Martyres
August 5, 2007

The earth rumbled
Buildings by the dozen tumbled
Leaving inmates buried under the debris
Wailing like the proverbial banshee
The pathetic and tragic scenes that did emerge
Made the entire nation experience the scourge
There were screams for help and shrill cries
Desperation writ deep in their eyes
With so much suffering and pain
The survivors too were being driven insane.
The questions uppermost in their mind
in the ruins, how many living beings would they find
would the relief supplies arrive in time?
Would the sniffer-dogs smell or hear the living whine?
How many would be extricated
from the rubble before they get asphyxiated?
And finally when would the tremors cease
Leaving people time to grieve and helping tension ease?

Earthquake
Anonymous
July 22, 2009

I lie in bed awake
the world begins to shake
my house comes tumbling down
now I lie on the ground
I get up and look around
everything is lost
everything is found
that day my house fell to the ground
so now I never lie in bed awake
in case of an earthquake
My darling baby, if you’re alive, then mum is too

by Zhang Suning, inspired by the events during earthquake rescue operation. Zhang Suning recited the poem during the Edinburgh charity auction for the earthquake children.

Translated from Chinese to English, by Yuhua Hu

When the rescuers found her, she had died, killed by the house that collapsed. She died in a very unusual posture. She was kneeling on the floor, the whole upper body stretched forward with her arms supporting her whole body. The posture looked like the kneeling Koutou etiquette in ancient China, but her body was completely distorted by the pressure. When people cleared away the rubble around her, they found a baby was lying underneath her body, wrapped up in a small red blanket with golden patterns. The baby was about 3, 4 months old. Because of the protection from his mother’s body, he was still peacefully asleep when found. The rescuing doctor found a mobile phone inside the blanket, and on the screen of the phone, there was a message ‘My darling baby, if you survive, please remember I love you’.

My darling baby, if you’re alive, then Mum is too

My darling baby, you are still alive
It was Mum who had given you life

It was the second time Mum had given you life
The other time Mum was in great pain
This time Mum is in heaven above
–but now Mum can kiss you no more

My darling baby, you are still alive
It was Mum who had given you life

It was the second time Mum had given you life
Mum gave up her future for your future
Mum sacrificed her life for your life
–and now Mum will only appear in your dreams

Mum must have fed you for the last time
Mum must have changed your nappy for the last time
Mum must have kissed you again and again, till her last breath
Mum must have kept talking to you, till the last moment

My darling baby, you are alive, this was Mum’s hope
My darling baby, as long as you're alive, Mum's hope goes on
–a hope that was sheltered by a delicate body
–a hope that was raised up by an immortal life

My darling baby, if you are alive, then Mum is too
Mum's blood is running in your vessels
Mum's genes are thriving in every one of your cells
My darling baby, if you are alive, then Mum is too
You are Mum's dreams in heaven
You are the resurrection of Mum's life
My darling baby, if you are alive, then Mum is too
You are the extension of Mum's life
You are the eternity of a mother's love
My darling baby, if you are alive, then Mum is too
Forever alive, in your life
"Is any survivor here this child's family member?"

by Zhang Suning (Translated from Chinese to English, by Yuhua Hu)

I don't know your name  
but I know you are your parents' baby  
I don't know your age  
But I know you and my child are the same age  
I don't know whether your parents are still among us  
But I know you are safe in the arms of this unfamiliar Aunt  
I don't know if you're fast asleep, or in a coma  
but I know you've just suffered a hellish trauma

Perhaps in your dreams you are remembering your mum’s kisses so dear  
Perhaps in your coma you are stroking your daddy's beard  
Perhaps you have not woken from the shock yet  
Perhaps you have remained among the memory before the Quake still  
Perhaps you're still waiting for your Mum and Dad to come back  
Perhaps you are waiting for when you need no more 'perhaps'

'Is any survivor here this child’s family member?'  
This is an anxious call of searching  
This is an eruption of suppressed sorrow  
This is a desperate cry of a grief-stricken heart  
This is a faint hope among the immense suffering  
'Is any survivor here this child’s family member?'
This call is an earthquake shaking my soul  
Ripping apart every parent’s heart

Child, I beg you to wake up soon  
You still have many people who care for you  
We are waiting for you to come back safe  
We will see to that a bright future will come apace  
Child, I beg you to wake up soon  
You are Sichuan’s child  
You are China’s child  
You are our child, everyone of us