

"With Arms Wide Open" Original Performer: Creed , Parody Song Title: "Earthquake" Parody Written by: Matthias: <http://www.amiright.com/parody/90s/creed15.shtml>

<p>Well, I just felt The whole room shake I grabbed my wife "It's an Earthquake!" It's due to Earth's Tectonic Plates Things get destroyed From Seismic waves</p> <p>The ground's split open Within the Earth's crust Makes volcanoes wake And causes tsunamis The land is broken</p> <p>Looks like a canyon</p> <p>It's like a boat Floor's not steady Could bust a dam Or tip buildings It causes death I hope it's sure not mine Drop to the floor Under tables hide</p> <p>The ground's split open Within the fault lines Patchwork of Earth's plates Lithosphere it is named And when there's motion That's when the world shakes</p>	<p>The folks above They feel the whole Earth swing Skiers are hopin' ... Snow won't start growin' ... Avalanches they bring Oh yeah! When Earth is open, Wide open</p> <p>(Guitar Solo)</p> <p>But now it is finished So we can both now stand Till I fall on knees The aftershock expands Earthquakes are daily life In places like Japan And we must face the world With it torn open...</p> <p>Due to Poseidon The Greeks would all cite Or in the Norse case Loki has caused this thing It's a bad omen</p> <p>Richter Scale tells it's strength Low or Above The worst it's been is eight Never eleven...</p> <p>My house is slopin' ... Wreckage each one can bring Oh damn... Backyard is broken... Cracked open</p>
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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
stretching 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