

All and Everyone

PJ Harvey

Death was everywhere,
in the air
and in the sounds
coming off the mounds
of Bolton's Ridge.
Death's anchorage.
When you rolled a smoke
or told a joke,
it was in the laughter
and drinking water
it approached the beach
as strings of cutters,
dropped into the sea and lay around us.

Death was in the ancient fortress,
shelled by a million bullets
from gunners, waiting in the copses
with hearts that threatened to pop their boxes,
as we advanced into the sun
death was all and everyone.

Death hung in the smoke and clung
to 400 acres of useless beachfront.
A bank of red earth, dripping down death
now, and now, and now
in the air
and in the sounds
coming off the mounds
of Bolton's Ridge.
Death's anchorage.
Death was in the staring sun,
fixing its eyes on everyone.
It rattled the bones of the Light Horsemen
still lying out there in the open

as we, advancing in the sun
sing "Death to all and everyone."