

## Bitter Branches

PJ Harvey

Bitter branches  
spreading out.  
There's none more bitter  
than the wood.

Into the wide world,  
it grows,

twisting under  
soldier's feet,  
standing in line  
and the damp earth underneath.

Holding up their rifles  
high,  
holding their young wives  
who wave goodbye.

Hold up the clear glass  
to look and see  
soldiers standing  
and the roots twist underneath.

Their young wives with white hands  
wave goodbye.  
Their arms as bitter branches  
spreading into the world.

Wave goodbye,  
Wave goodbye..