

In the Dark Places

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We got up early,
washed our faces,
walked the fields
and put up crosses.
Passed through
the damned mountains,
went hellwards,
and some of us returned,
and some of us did not.

In the fields and in the forests,
under the moon and under the sun
another summer has passed before us,
and not one man has,
not one woman has revealed
the secrets of this world.

So our young men hid
with guns, in the dirt
and in the dark places.