

**WE SHALL NOT BE**

His bullets and my shells  
Rarely hit each other,  
Nevertheless they keep going off  
And go on making  
Countless holes in the minds  
As well as in the souls  
That are wandering with the wounds.

These pores are such  
As can not be viewed  
At the moment

They will be spotted  
In the discharging wounds  
Of the generations to come

And we shall not be there  
to say our regrets then.

