

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.

