

The Light

Rudyard Fearon

The Light

Corn golden, cotton white,
Sleep lull me to bed.
body tired, mind weak.
rest rest rest.
stop. i cannot go on.
Darkness snuff this Light.
rest rest rest.
heavy sand, gnarled feet.
rest. we must rest.
the bugle calls. you must not flee.
lie with me.
we alone; buried in the sand.

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