

To the North

GANGgajang

To the north are the canefields, seas of waving green
And then the fires come, and burn the water
It's a sight to be seen The men in slouch hats reap the harvest
Brown sticks they place in cages And then the trains hiss, they carry bounty
From the furnace to the mill Stick men silhouettes bend against the flame,
Shout above the crackle crunch.

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