

# To the North

## GANgajang

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 seenThe men in slouch hats reap the harvest  
Brown sticks they place in cagesAnd then the trains hiss, they carry bounty  
From the furnace to the millStick men silhouettes bend against the flame,  
Shout above the crackle crunch.

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