

T H E . M K O A T H

I shall go:
Where all men are deaf
Whether dead or alive
Where all sounds are all one
An echo upon an echo
Where bones brittle
In a kiss with copper
Where blood like crude
Oozes from sabotaged lines
Because I have taken oath
In the People's Court
To march forward into the Battle Storm

I must go:
As big guns roar
And tanks rumble
Whilst bombs thunder
Like vicious volcanoes
And pistols spit
Like poisonous snakes
And ricochets screams
Like wicked witches
Where rifles hiss
Like cornered cobras
And grunts and groans are common cries
The signals of the silent world
For I have taken oath
In the People's Court
To march forward into the Battle Storm

I'll be gone
To where sappers swing
In solemn solos:
"A mine a man"
That's their sweetest song
The only chorus with a safe note.
Since I have taken oath
In the People's Court
To march forward into the Battle Storm.

- WELLINGTON SEJAKE -