

WE LAID HIM

We laid him in this earth to rest
A soldier lad, no more,
No medals bright adorned his chest -
And stripes he never wore
His mausoleum it will be,
This earth, till time is done,
And round him, blazing galaxies
Will spin forever on.

Upon its peaks sleep mist and cloud,
and blizzards blow apace,
There thunder roar both long and loud,
The winds begin their race
War's guns have long, long ceased their din
We laid him in this earth, as in a
mauseleum grand...



-Agostinho Neto