A Strangely Silent Dark

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A Strangely Silent Dark

by John C. N. Smith

There was a strangely silent
Dark or muddy senseless
Sense or empty truth
(All seen as lightnings flashed,
Or heard while thunders roared)
Which called to me across a dream.
I ran on — stumbling — crawling — sought
to catch
Or (at least) to see our corpses
Glorified by people in the street.
I stumbling ran or crawled but
Couldn’t see our corpses
(Frightening children in the street).