

“Young Farmers”

*Somber music beckoned atop the mount;
They say photographs are but light and time,
I used to eye those morning rays with doubt
And fear a retreat from my steady climb
Away from youth. Oh, God! We gave our lives
To that damned ascent; we were too busy
Covering our tracks and freeing captives
To look up. Imagine our misery
When one day we caught glimpse of horizon;
We looked over our shoulders, bemused;
Then he shot us, and we stood there, frozen
In that moment, our surroundings diffused:
It was just a plain, a muddy expanse;
And we? We were on our way to the dance.*



“Young Farmers” by August Sander