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Earth Song

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MESSAGE TO HITLER
(A Prophecy)

Snarl dog-tooth, snarl the red star's rage;
Bite at the world, Time's wrinkled sphere.
War cannot hide the strife you wage
On family, love and Christian cheer.

Gnaw rat-head, gnaw your cellar mind,
With thoughts of fierce and acid scar.
Who shrieked for bombs and blasted blind
The infant's with the soldier's star?

Shrink black-heart, cower, hug your hate;
The sword is out that victors won;
Swift-cowled the future eagles wait
To claw your death-mask from the sun.

EARTH SONG

The desert struggles with the palm;
The damp with riot of the rose;
And thought still pricks the wise from calm,
Who tend the garland where it grows.

Though change may storm us insecure,
Or lonely whistling leave us dead;
All men of truth are sober-sure,
That art is strong which yields us bread.

LINCOLN FITZELL