They Had No Music

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They Had No Music

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay’s first paragraph.

"They rode on short shaggy mounts. Two—with a wounded one in the middle. It was dusk and they were silhouetted. black against the descending sun. Their trail wound through the hills from the place of battle, where the enemy retreated down a valley to the sea."

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Fingers crossed
breath held
pitching pennies
in a gray mop
pail wishing well,
for something wanted
undeserved.

DESPAIR

Fear’s cold arms around me clasp.
And in my ear I hear the rasp
Of withered leaves, my withered hopes.
Then closing, cutting, coiling ropes
In snakes embrace my neck entwine.
With whispered, wincing whine,
Slowly to my death I go.
Go to join the neat stacked row
Of those that went before.

JOSEPH DeROLLER

THEY HAD NO MUSIC

They rode on short shaggy mounts. Two—with a wounded one in the middle. It was dusk and they were silhouetted, black, against the descending sun. Their trail wound through the hills from the place of battle, where the enemy retreated down a valley to the sea.

"Why here, what does America want with these stinking hills." "Why is my friend dying?" "Our countries are huge yet they fight for this barren, rocky soil." "Only five years ago we were allied against the Japanese, now we are bitter enemies." They thought these things as the animals picked their way.
The man in the center retched and his head sank deeper onto his chest. A thin line of blood ebbed to his chin. He knew that he would die and welcomed the release from pain. He recalled with a wry smile, imperceptible to his friends, the look of fear in the tall enemy's eyes, when the enemy's shot did not stop him. He had killed the tall one. Now it was his turn to be afraid as his mouth filled with the salt taste of blood.

The sun disappeared. The cold intensified. They pulled their quilted jackets closer, and slowly left the place of battle. The wounded man was leaning, far forward, in his saddle, he would have fallen, but his comrade on the left caught him. More blood stained the snow. Then—stillness. He had been a soldier and was dead.

They let him fall, they had his weapon. Unspeaking they rode to the north.

BRIAN FALLON

MAQUIS

Rebel, Rebel, don't let them crush you.
Yes, they are stronger, but they can't read your thoughts.
Rebel, Rebel, but only in your mind.
Say "Yes" and "No," make no incriminating gestures.
Rebel, Rebel, from the privacy of your intellect curse them.
Hate from the depths of your soul this sterile existence.
Rebel, Rebel, you may remain the lowest of the low,
Isn't it enough to make them wonder, and a bit apprehensive?