Maquis

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1960

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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?