

PJ Harvey, Bitter Branches

Bitter branches
spreading out.
There's none more bitter
than the wood.

Into the wide world,
it grows,
twisting under
soldier's feet,
standing in line
and the damp earth underneath.

Holding up their rifles
high,
holding their young wives
who wave goodbye.

Hold up the clear glass
to look and see
soldiers standing
and the roots twist underneath.

Their young wives with white hands
wave goodbye.
Their arms as bitter branches
spreading into the world.

Wave goodbye,
Wave goodbye..