

Salem Hill, Peculiar People

it's evident we don't belong
all we like sheep among
the wolves prey for all our predators their savory stinging salt

we are peculiar people in unfamiliar lands
waiting on homes celestial counting on pre-laid plans
learning to trust a wisdom we don't yet understand

we never were too good at it to emulate the walking dead
yet hope to all the terminal
remission of disease

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