

# 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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