

and my spirit wings
its way freely
 in happiness
as I march.

Change direction left, left wheel
along a Class III road,
into a farmyard
ankle deep in the dung.

I dream of the days when I did as I wished,
wrote and said my will, but still I know
deep down, I would not change my
place . . .

Cow dung on my boots
cow dung on my soul.
March while your feet are cold,
march while your eyes can see
trees and rivers,
skies and mountains ;
drink your fill
because they'll soon be gone
 these things . . .

March while the wind trembles
past the columns ;
march ! march ! March !
sing, you beggars, sing !
This is the life that makes us men,
not the drudgery we knew.
Up at seven
ham and eggs,
work by nine,
tea at ten
at the " Corner House "—
working to speed a nation
on its way
to glory.

Standing on the curbside
chatting to your mates :
popping in at five,
handle, Jim ? I'll take Speights.

Sticking pennies in slot machines
to see your true LOVE's face ;
squeezing through a friday crowd
giving way with easy grace.
Sticking pennies
in slot machines
to see your true-love's face ;
looking at the pretty girls
mincing down the street,
nosing the shop windows . . .
Oh Christ ! The memory
 of it all !

Oh Christ ! Don't make me weep !
Ou sont les neiges d'antan ?

I talk to my neighbour
about anything that comes,
and he grunts.
That's all you can do
when your spittle gets dry
as dust
and even Wrigleys
tastes like gall.

Grunt-grunt-grunt.
Halt ! ! ! What's the trouble ?
A fence to climb ?
Old boy, how bloody fine !
And another ?
It really doesn't matter
if you tear your leg
wide open
on the barbs.
Let the blood spatter
down your leg.
You're a man, now !

 Yes Sir !
You're a soldier, now.
 Yes sir !
You'll see more blood
than that
before you're through.
 Yes sir !
 Yes sir !
 Yes sir !

Roll out the barrel :
only one or two sing.
It's a thirsty song
 at any time
but now
it's hell
and they fade into the nothingness
that is Absurdity.

What should soldiers sing
on a march—right,
left, right—route march ?
Bawdy ballads—Love songs,
Ditties ?
Oh, my God ! Peace !
For pity's
sake,
don't rake
through all the past !
there's too much
of it to remember . . .