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*Have you heard the dry earth shrug herself  
For a storm that tore the trees?*

*Have you watched loot-hungry Faithful  
Praising Allah on their knees?*

*Have you felt the short hairs rising  
When the moon slipped out of sight,*

*And the chink of steel on rock explained  
That footfall in the night?*

*Have you seen a gray boar sniff up-wind  
In the mauve of waking day?*

*Have you heard a mad crowd pause and think?  
Have you seen all Hell to pay?*