

## Child at Arms

Xiu Xiu

foul deeds  
indeed  
do bring prosperity  
we did not know our age, we just fought  
the rifle is heavy beyond compassion

so new in destruction  
your teeth will be forgotten  
war for cricket children  
place her foot on the log and chop it off

brown brown makes light  
your idea of dying is gone  
your idea of killing is printed on the body  
evil is with you all of the time  
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