

## The Visitor

He awoke to the still morning.  
He,s lungs were full of the “blood rust.”  
He coughed all the time.

The bright metal flashed on the sky.  
“Hello, hello!”  
The young man looked at him up and down when he arrived.  
In the distance men were moving, walking toward them.

We’ve killed him

Sleep, he thought.  
We’ll all go to sleep now  
Go to sleep and try to dream of New York and all the rest

He cried all night in his sleep.