

**The Unfamiliar Turf
My Soul Lies On**

With one bullet to the chest
my body falls to the ground.
With one bullet to the chest
My soul gets up.

My soul is so tired.
The unfamiliar turf
My soul lies on
is drenched in blood.

A large black bird is coming for me.
The closer it gets, the more
I see it is a human
with large black wings.

It grabs me and lifts me into the air,
To a shiny, immortal land.

Off the unfamiliar turf my
Soul laid on.

*Inspired by the scale model of the
“Pennsylvania Railroad War
Memorial”*

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**Scale-model for
Pennsylvania Railroad
War Memorial**

By [Walker Hancock](#), American,
1901–1998

Museum of Fine Arts Boston