Involuntary move,
She stood among the crowd,
Quietest and alone.

Dropping, she needed not the press of yielding bodies
On her arm,
Nor mindful of the fetid breath
From things yet alive, still
She knew no animation.
Her vital parts were broken
By the shifting soil.
And there was no glamour on her dying.

Mind broke the spell
The lethal current sang
She was not hear, nor hearing
Understanding.

Mind broke the spell
The echo of a feeble say
Her memory.