

## All and Everyone

PJ Harvey

Death was everywhere,  
in the air  
and in the sounds  
coming off the mounds  
of Bolton's Ridge.  
Death's anchorage.  
When you rolled a smoke  
or told a joke,  
it was in the laughter  
and drinking water  
it approached the beach  
as strings of cutters,  
dropped into the sea and lay around us.

Death was in the ancient fortress,  
shelled by a million bullets  
from gunners, waiting in the copses  
with hearts that threatened to pop their boxes,  
as we advanced into the sun  
death was all and everyone.

Death hung in the smoke and clung  
to 400 acres of useless beachfront.  
A bank of red earth, dripping down death  
now, and now, and now  
in the air  
and in the sounds  
coming off the mounds  
of Bolton's Ridge.  
Death's anchorage.  
Death was in the staring sun,  
fixing its eyes on everyone.  
It rattled the bones of the Light Horsemen  
still lying out there in the open

as we, advancing in the sun  
sing "Death to all and everyone."