

## Where No Monument Stands

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This is the field where the battle did not happen  
Where the unknown soldier did not die  
This is the field where grass joins hands  
Where no monument stands  
And the only heroic thing  
Is the sky

Birds fly here without any sound  
Spreading their wings upon the open  
No people killed or were killed on this ground

Hallowed by neglect  
And an air so tame  
People celebrate it by forgetting its name  
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