The Womb of the Unknown Soldier

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Is unoccupied at the moment could be most anywhere maybe belongs to that woman three seats ahead of me on the bus who is waiting patiently for her stop after another busy boring day in an office with beige drapes and coffee stains on the carpeting to go home to an unemployed husband already working his second six pack of the afternoon neither of them having the slightest notion that they will conceive a child who will become dead in a war not yet named between their country and another not yet hostile and the sacrificed child as yet still unconceived will be nameless and famous forever.