

We have discerned the enemy, because he had possessions with him. He who has nothing is nothing and is therefore not noticed. Only he who possesses can be an enemy. But what the enemy loves to possess most is enemy-love.

Enemy-love, from the field we greet you many thousand-fold. The troops are exhausted and hunger is spreading. Occasionally bread flares up, only to immediately flee, to flee with a blowing mane, and not stopping until reaching the sea. But by the sea all is quiet. One is filled with satiety and all longings are forever satisfied.





