

## WOUNDED

*But on you charge.* It's odd! You have no fear.  
Machine-gun bullets whip and lash your path;  
Red, yellow, black and smoky giants rear;  
The shrapnel rips, the heavens roar in wrath.  
*But on you charge.* Barbed wire all trampled  
down,  
The ground all gored and rent as by a blast;  
Grim heaps of grey where once were heaps of  
brown;  
A ragged ditch, the Hun first line at last.  
All smashed to hell. Their second right ahead.  
*So on you charge.* There's nothing else to do.  
More reeking holes, blood, barbed wire, gruesome  
dead;  
(Your puttee strap's undone,—that worries  
you.)  
You glare around. You think you're all alone.  
But no; your chums come surging left and  
right.  
The nearest chap flops down without a groan,  
His face still snarling with the rage of fight.  
Ha! here's the second trench,—just like the first,  
Only a little more so, more "laid out";  
More pounded, flame-corroded, death-accurst;  
A pretty piece of work, beyond a doubt.