

WOUNDED

Hit on the arms, legs, liver, lungs and gall;
 Damn glad there's nothing more of me to hit;
But calm, and feeling never pain at all,
 And full of wonder at the turn of it.
For of the dead around me three are mine,
 Three foemen vanquished in the whirl of fight;
So if I die I have no right to whine,
 I feel I've done my little bit all right;
I don't know how,—but there the beggars are,
As dead as herrings pickled in a jar.

And here am I, worse wounded than I thought;
 For in the fight a bullet bee-like stings;
You never heed; the air is metal-hot,
 And all alive with little flicking wings.
But on you charge. You see the fellows fall;
 Your pal was by your side, fair fighting-mad;
You turn to him, and lo! no pal at all;
 You wonder vaguely if he's copped it bad.
But on you charge. The heavens vomit death;
 And vicious death is besoming the ground.
You're blind with sweat; you're dazed, and out of
 breath,
 And though you yell, you cannot hear a sound.
But on you charge. Oh! War's a rousing game!
 Around you smoky clouds like ogres tower;
The earth is rowelled deep with spurs of flame,
 And on your helmet stones and ashes shower.