

### *The Cup of Civilization*

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Look! look! beyond, beyond;  
The heaped up bodies of the dead  
Being burnt  
To kill the pestilence  
Of stinking flesh.  
Look! look! beyond, beyond;  
The trench into which is thrown  
A huddled mass  
With staring eyes,  
Swollen lips,  
Shattered arms—  
Arms that once enfolded us,  
Lips that yesterday we kissed;  
Husband, child, lover;  
Each vein of our beloved one  
We treasured;  
And strove ever to guard  
With jealous care  
That body from all harm.  
War makes of men  
Clods of earth  
And uses them  
To stuff the gaping wounds  
Which cannons tear in nature.