

The Sentinel

("Fritz has the contract for lighting the Western Front"—Soldier Saying.)

FROM sullen dusk to pallid dawn,
With eyes that may not close,
I watch the crimson sky grow wan
And flush again to rose;
The blood-red of the sunset gate
Fades into ghastlier light—
The throbbing, pulsing fires of hate
That sear the robe of night.

O'er shattered wall and sunken road
Their quivering flames are hurled—
The glory of the gods, bestowed
Upon our wildered world,
The secrets of the void profound,
The mysteries of life,
Melted and fused, and showered around
In pools of anguished strife—

Ah, lights that reel 'twixt earth and sky
In stabbing, searching pain!
Their scarlet spears shall leap and die
And flicker high again
Until the last dim fire has glowed—
For they can only be
The lights that mark the winding road
Whose end is victory.