

The Cup of Civilization

All systems of philosophy
Give rise to an opposing thought—
Is not a question which involves
The life of a nation
One which has to do with reason's power for decision?
Shall we forget our mental growth
And look upon an opposite thought
As an enemy?
Shall we give no opportunity for defense,
But, like in Stony Ages,
Secretly attack
And hurl to death?

War is the Hound of Wee
Whose incessant howling
Turns men deaf or mad;
Whose open jaws
And blood-stained lips
Must forever be filled
With bleeding victims.
War sits like Cerberus
At the Gates of Hell
Welcoming the passing throng.
Heed not this wily deceiver
Who opens wide the portals
To the music of the fife and drum;
'Tis but to drown out the cries of ravaged women,
The wails of infants tugging at dead breasts,
The moaning of the dying left alone at night
Upon the Battlefield,
The blood-curdling shrieks of disembodied spirits
Seeking for their bodies,
Not knowing yet that they are dead.