

Telling how many widows you have made,
Why then, perforce, you say our bards are dead
And inspiration sleeps to wake no more.
And we, the women, we whose lives you are—
What can we do but sit in silent homes
And wait and suffer? Not for us the blare
Of trumpets and the bugle's call to arms—
For us no waving banners, no supreme,
Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow
Dread torture of uncertainty, each day
The bootless battle with the same despair.
And when at best your victories reach our ears,
There reaches with them to our pitying hearts
The thought of countless homes made desolate
And other women weeping for their dead.

O men, wise men, superior beings, say,
Is there no substitute for war in this
Great age and era? If you answer 'No,'
Then let us rear our children to be wolves
And teach them from the cradle how to kill.
Why should we women waste our time and work
In talking peace, when men declare for war?