

L'ENVOI

*My job is done: my rhymes are ranked and ready,
My word-battalions marching verse by verse;
Here stanza-companies are none too steady,
There print-platoons are weak, but might be
worse:*

*And as in marshalled order I review them,
My type-brigades, unfearful of the fray,
My eyes that seek their faults are seeing through
them
Immortal visions of an epic day.*

*It seems I'm in a giant bowling-alley:
The hidden heavies round me crash and thud;
A spire snaps like a pipe-stem in the valley,
The rising sun is like a ball of blood.
Along the road the fantassins are pouring,
And some are gay as fire, and some steel-
stern
Then back again I see the red tide pouring
Along the reeking road from Hebuterne.*