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*The Cup of Civilization*

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THE CUP OF CIVILIZATION

War! War! War!  
Now shall we taste hot blood  
Poured into the Self-deluded Cup of Civilization.

War! War! War!  
For men of able bodies  
And clear minds  
Play at a game  
Where life is made the stakes.

War, which breaks the Ten Commandments;  
War, which leaves the nation a legacy  
Of maimed men, beggars, widows, orphans;  
War, the Arch-Disorganizer of the home;  
War, which sweeps through the land  
Like a Destroying Angel  
Slaying all the First-born;  
War, which hurls us back  
To the savagery of barbarism  
And proves conclusively  
That Reason is still an Infant  
Upon whose guidance  
We place no dependence.