

That rots like rubbish out in wind and rain;
With cynic fury, like a shattered hoard,
Broken and wasted—the young future furled
In heart and head gone like a vanished world;
Treasure of bodies piteously adored
In ribald violation tossed and torn.
That desecrates the holy name of Death—
Were they for this so mystically born,
And from your hearts so strangely filled with breath!
Ah! battles worthy of the soul to fight
There shall not lack; for still the Ancient Night
Girds us about, and slowly climbs the morn.
For these, O women, mighty is our need
Of men, to do a more courageous deed
Than rushing blindly on an open grave.
O teach us nobler ways of being brave,
And other harder ways of being strong;
Rear up us sons, and rear us daughters, too,
O women, for we have no help but you—
To dare new conflicts with new ways of wrong—
But give no more your children to the flame,
To glut this infamy that once was fame.

