

## WOUNDED

Now for the third, and there your job is done.

*So on you charge.* You never stop to think.

Your cursèd puttee's trailing as you run ;

You feel you'd sell your soul to have a drink.

The acrid air is full of cracking whips.

You wonder how it is you're going still.

You foam with rage. Oh God! to be at grips

With someone you can rush and crush and kill.

Your sleeve is dripping blood ; you're seeing red ;

You're battle-mad ; your turn is coming now.

See! there's the jagged barbed wire straight  
ahead,

And there's the trench,—you'll get there any-  
how.

Your puttee catches on a strand of wire,

And down you go ; perhaps it saves your life,

For over sandbag rims you see 'em fire,

Crop-headed chaps, their eyes ablaze with  
strife.

You crawl, you cower, then once again you  
plunge

With all your comrades roaring at your heels.

*Have at 'em, lads!* You stab, you jab, you lunge ;

A blaze of glory, then the red world reels.

A crash of triumph, then . . . you're faint  
a bit . . .

That cursèd puttee! Now to fasten it . . .