

Great War Poetry

(The generation of the Great War was a generation of poets, with poetry collections found in the travel kit of huge numbers of soldiers. These soldiers went on to speak of their terrible experiences in poetry, as well. This one by Wilfred Owen reflects a Latin phrase, meaning, It is a sweet and honorable thing to die for one's country. Owen wrote it in a mental institution for shell-shocked officers. He was killed in action during the last week of the War; his family learned of his death by telegram as the church bells of jubilation were ringing out on Armistice Day.)

Dulce Et Decorum Est

Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of disappointed shells that dropped behind.

GAS! Gas! Quick, boys!— An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

Great War poetry is collected by the Poetry Foundation.

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