

War

If you could hear at every jolt,
the blood
Come gurgling 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.

Wilfred Owen, "Dulce Et Decorun Est"