

LA GUERRE

SHE sits and screams above the folk of peace,
Deafening their quiet ears with hideous clamour.
Abhorred and careless she bids order cease.
Her hate resolves the shriek into a stammer
Of inarticulate rage. The wounded man
Twisted in agony beneath her squirms
To hear her raucous blasphemies outspan
The grip of God at this his last of terms.
Yea! he must die with horror in his ears,
Hate in his heart. The mischief must endure.
He hath expiated naught by death. His tears,
His thoughts, these strike nor stay her not, be sure!
She is Madness, and a fury; though were gone
All life to war, she would scream on—scream on.