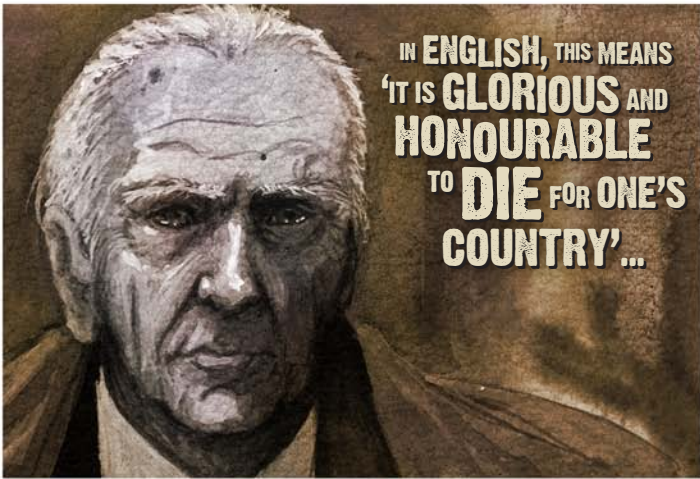




THE ROMAN LYRICAL POET HORACE ONCE WROTE,
'DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI'.



IN ENGLISH, THIS MEANS
**'IT IS GLORIOUS AND
HONOURABLE
TO DIE FOR ONE'S
COUNTRY'...**



'DULCE ET DECORUM EST'

BY 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.

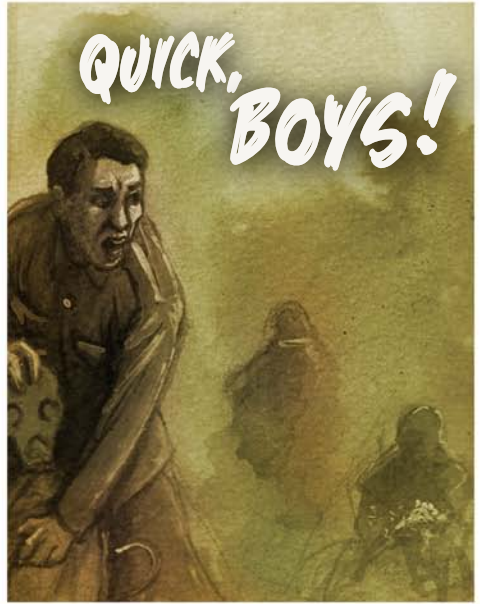
MEN MARCHED ASLEEP.
MANY HAD LOST
THEIR BOOTS
BUT LIMPED ON,
BLOOD-SHOD.

ALL WENT LAME;
ALL BLIND;
DRUNK WITH FATIGUE;
DEAF EVEN TO THE HOOTS

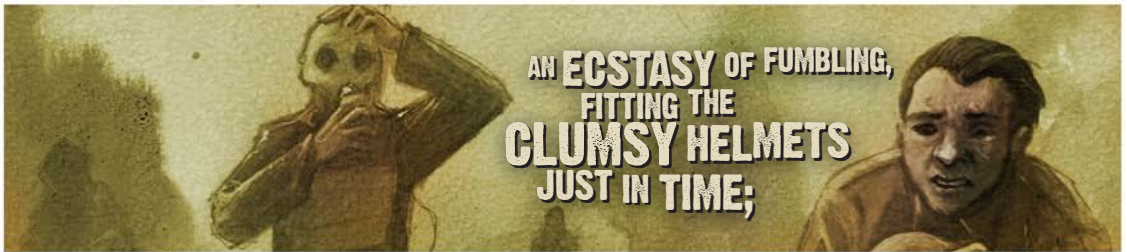
OF TIRED, OUTSTRIPPED
FIVE-NINES
THAT DROPPED
BEHIND.



**GAS!
GAS!**



**QUICK,
BOYS!**



**AN ECSTASY OF FUMBLING,
FITTING THE
CLUMSY HELMETS
JUST IN TIME;**



**BUT SOMEONE STILL
WAS YELLING OUT
AND STUMBLING,
AND FLOUND'RING
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,

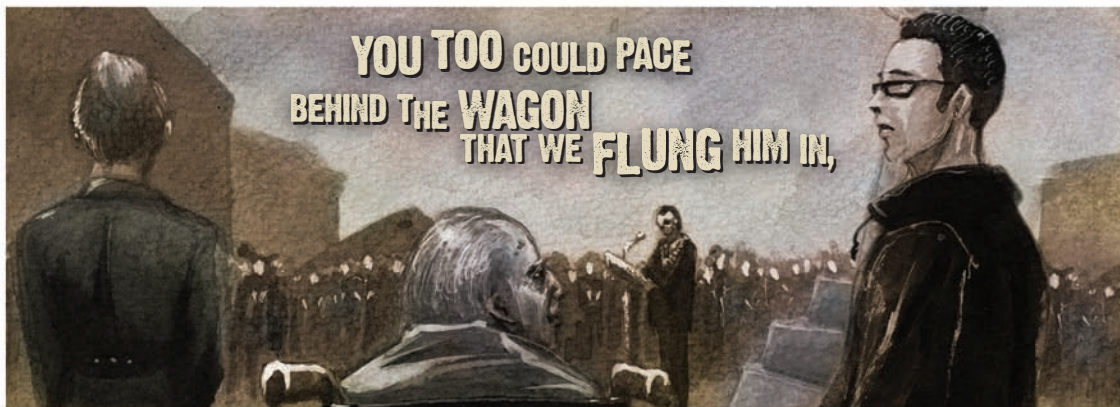
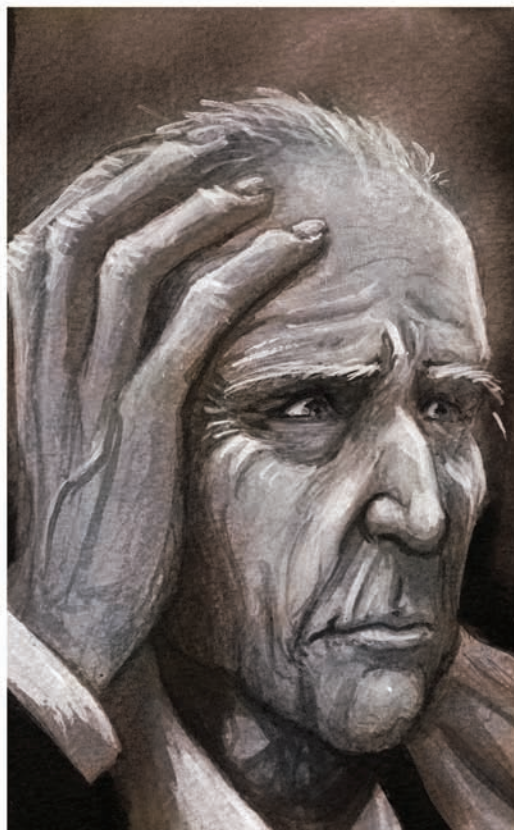
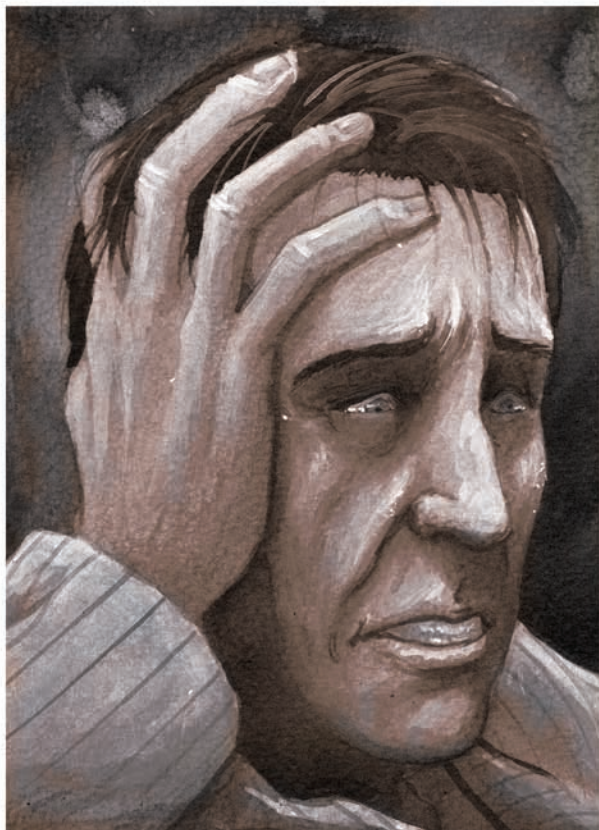


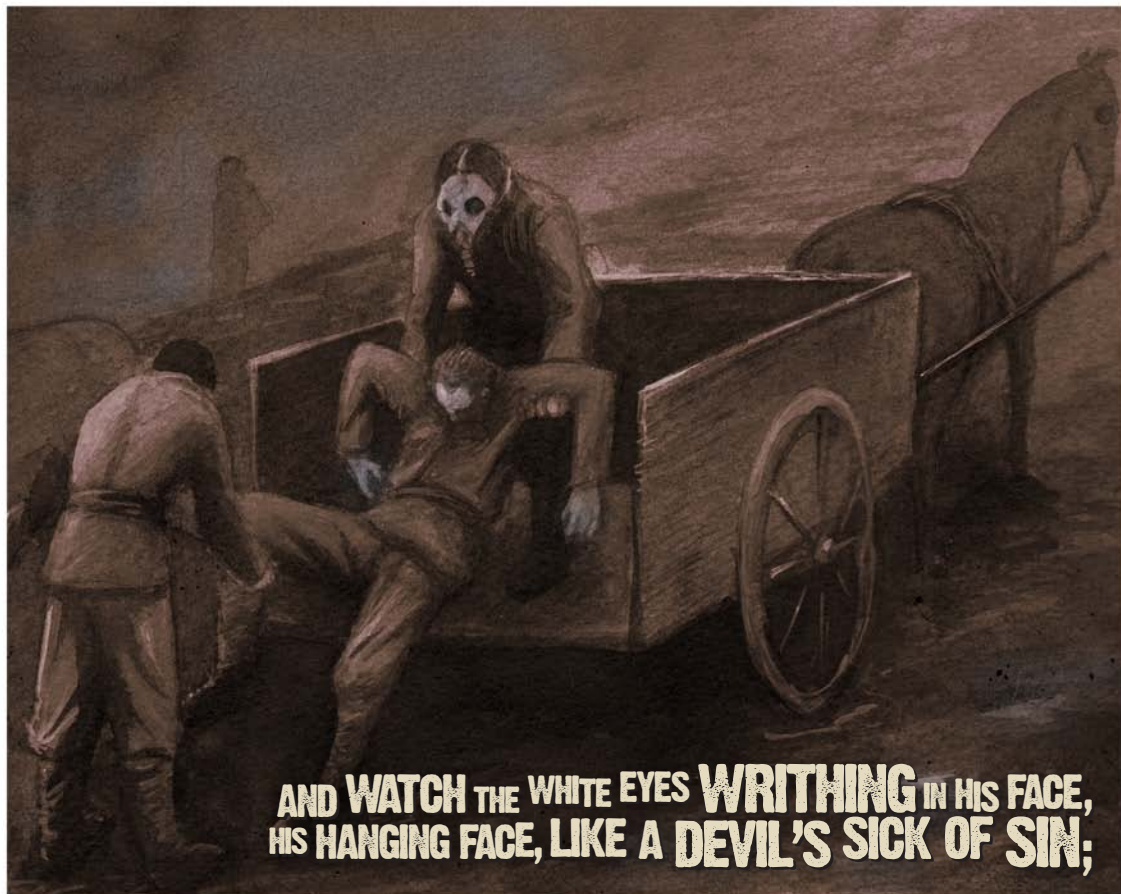
CHOKING,



DROWNING.







AND WATCH THE WHITE EYES WRITHING IN HIS FACE,
HIS HANGING FACE, LIKE A DEVIL'S SICK OF SIN;



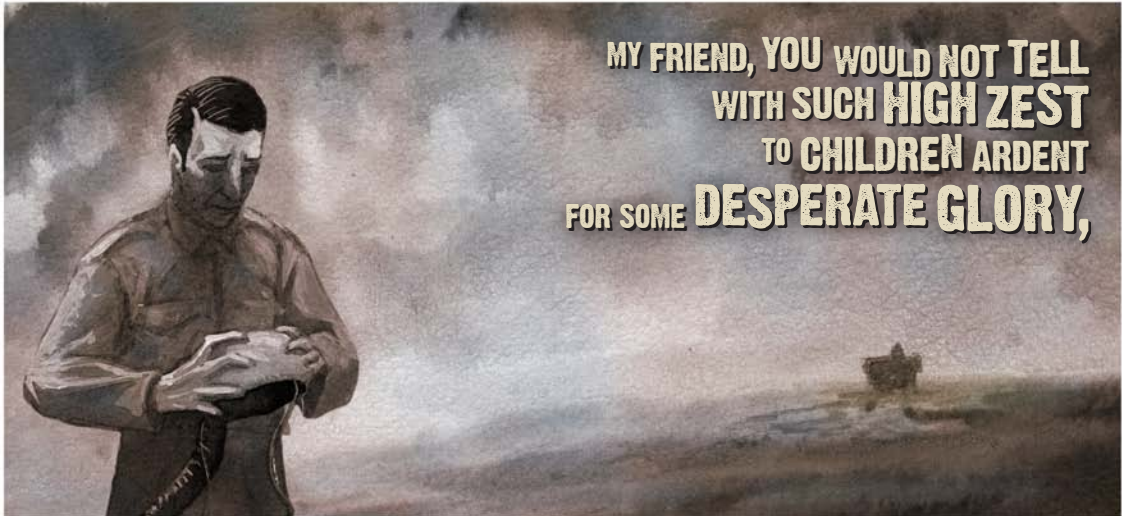
IF YOU COULD HEAR,
AT EVERY JOLT, THE BLOOD

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.

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