

## APPENDICES

### WILFRED OWEN'S POEMS

#### Another Version

Earth's wheels run oiled with blood. Forget we that.  
Let us lie down and dig ourselves in thought.  
Beauty is yours and you have mastery,  
Wisdom is mine, and I have mystery.  
We two will stay behind and keep our troth.  
Let us forego men's minds that are brute's natures,  
Let us not sup the blood which some say nurtures,  
Be we not swift with swiftness of the tigress.  
Let us break ranks from those who trek from progress.  
Miss we the march of this retreating world  
Into old citadels that are not walled.  
Let us lie out and hold the open truth.  
Then when their blood hath clogged the chariot wheels  
We will go up and wash them from deep wells.  
What though we sink from men as pitchers failing  
Many shall raise us up to be their filling  
Even from wells we sunk too deep for war

And filled by brows that bled where no wounds were.

### **Disabled**

He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark,  
And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey,  
Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park  
Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn,  
Voices of play and pleasure after day,  
Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him.

About this time Town used to swing so gay  
When glow-lamps budded in the light blue trees,  
And girls glanced lovelier as the air grew dim,  
In the old times, before he threw away his knees.  
Now he will never feel again how slim  
Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands.  
All of them touch him like some queer disease.

There was an artist silly for his face,  
For it was younger than his youth, last year.  
Now, he is old; his back will never brace;

He's lost his colour very far from here,  
Poured it down shell-holes till the veins ran dry,  
And half his lifetime lapsed in the hot race  
And leap of purple spurted from his thigh.  
One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,  
After the matches, carried shoulder-high.  
It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,  
He thought he'd better join. -He wonders why.  
Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts,  
That' s why; and maybe, too, to please his Meg,  
Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts  
He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;  
Smiling they wrote his lie: aged nineteen years.  
Germans he scarcely thought of, all their guilt,  
And Austria's, did not move him. And no fears  
Of Fear came yet. He thought of jewelled hilts  
For daggers in plaid socks; of smart salutes;  
And care of arms; and leave, and pay arrears;  
Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits.  
And soon, he was drafted out with drums and cheers.

Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.

Only a solemn man who brought him fruits

Thanked him; and then inquired about his soul.

Now, he will spend a few sick years in institutes,

And do what things the rules consider wise,

And take whatever pity they may dole.

Tonight he noticed how the women's eyes

Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.

How cold and late it is! Why don't they come

And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

## **Insensibility**

Happy are men who yet before they are killed

Can let their veins run cold.

Whom no compassion fleers

Or makes their feet

Sore on the alleys cobbled with their brothers.

The front line withers,

But they are troops who fade, not flowers,

For poets' tearful fooling:

Men, gaps for filling:

Losses, who might have fought

Longer; but no one bothers.

And some cease feeling

Even themselves or for themselves.

Dullness best solves

The tease and doubt of shelling,

And Chance's strange arithmetic

Comes simpler than the reckoning of their shilling.

They keep no check on armies' decimation.

Happy are these who lose imagination:  
They have enough to carry with ammunition.  
Their spirit drags no pack.  
Their old wounds, save with cold, can not more ache.  
Having seen all things red,  
Their eyes are rid  
Of the hurt of the colour of blood for ever.  
And terrors first constriction over,  
Their hearts remain small-drawn.  
Their senses in some scorching cautery of battle  
Now long since ironed,  
Can laugh among the dying, unconcerned.

Happy the soldier home, with not a notion  
How somewhere, every dawn, some men attack,  
And many sighs are drained.  
Happy the lad whose mind was never trained:  
His days are worth forgetting more than not.  
He sings along the march  
Which we march taciturn, because of dusk,  
The long, forlorn, relentless trend

From larger day to huger night.

We wise, who with a thought besmirch  
Blood over all our soul,  
How should we see our task  
But through his blunt and lashless eyes?  
Alive, he is not vital overmuch;  
Drying, not mortal overmuch;  
Nor sad, nor proud,  
Nor curious at all.  
He cannot tell  
Old men's placidity from his.

But cursed are dullards whom no cannon stuns,  
That they should be as stones.  
Wretched are they, and mean  
With paucity that never was simplicity.  
By choice they made themselves immune  
To pity and whatever moans in man  
Before the last sea and the hapless stars;  
Whatever mourns when many leave these shores;

Whatever shares

The eternal reciprocity of tears.



### **Anthem for Doomed Youth**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells,-

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles' may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

## **BIOGRAPHY OF WILFRED OWEN**

**(1893-1918)**

Wilfred Owen was born on 18th March 1893 in Oswestry, The United Kingdom. He was the eldest of four children and brought up in the Anglican religion of the evangelical school. Evangelicans believe that man is saved not by his good deeds but by his faith in Christ. In spite of his rejection to much of his belief in 1913, the influence of his education can still be seen in his poems and in their themes, such as his description of Hell, his use of biblical language and the theme of sacrifice. He moved to Bordeaux, France in 1913, and worked as an English teacher in Berlitz School of Languages. A year later, he worked as a private teacher in a prosperous family in Pyrenees.

He enlisted in the Artists' Rifles on 21st October 1915. A year later, he was trained in England. He was sent to France to fight during the worst winter war in 1917. His war experience was only four months, but some of his war poems, which are based on this short experience, are recognized as the best war poems ever written.

Owen was transferred to Craiglockhart War Hospital near Edinburgh. In August 1918, he met Siegfried Sasson, a war poet, who influenced his writing. Owen returned to France, where he was killed in one of the worst battles of the war in 1918.

