**Dulce et Decorum Est, by Wilfred Owen**

English solider and poet; Poetry often reflected the horrors of war. Contrasted the public’s conception of war and at times was seen “unpatriotic”. Died in battle.

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 I 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.*

**Marching Men, by Marjorie Pickthall**

Born in England, but lived a majority of her life in Canada. She was a poet poet, claimed to be the best of her time.

Under the level winter sky  
I saw a thousand Christs go by.  
They sang an idle song and free  
As they went up to calvary.

Careless of eye and coarse of lip,  
They marched in holiest fellowship.  
That heaven might heal the world, they gave  
Their earth-born dreams to deck the grave.

With souls unpurged and steadfast breath  
They supped the sacrament of death.  
And for each one, far off, apart,  
Seven swords have rent a woman's heart.