The Silence of War

By : steven cooke

This poem covers the true story of Wilfrid Owens death. The poem takes a perspective that the writer was there too, so that the loss of this man can be remembered by the generations to come. Wilfrid owen was one of the great writers. His style of poetry brought reality to the massess, and as such has inspired many a poet to look at war for what it was. This poem is my humble effort towards his goals.

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Behind the Curtains of a church window

Men in Prayer, orchestrated by sweat and Lice

Find relief from snipers gaze

.

Beside the cross sits the last candle

Flickering precariously, searching for sanctuary from the wind

But the wick is near the end

And so are these men

The Harvest of War is almost in

For this is November 1918.

.

The German guns call like the song of the Siren

Irresistible, for only the dead will hear

New orders to cross the Sambre-Oise Canal

Another postcard for Historians to write

.

Machine gunners scythe the ranks

Gone the Irish regiment, clover for the beast

I take shelter behind a splintered Oak Tree

Once magnificent, A survivor of Natures glory

Now a hideous spectre to manâ s intervention.

.

I wait here with Wilf my captain

Waiting for death to find me

The mud beckoning for blood,

The Canal red like the River Sticks

A feed for tomorrows Newspaper.

A groan from wilf, his eyes start to dim

Fear brings the Lordâ s Prayer to my lips

A last haven for my soul to cling

I watch his spirit fly away,

As the words fade from my voice

Like so many others on this day of carnage

Wilf, my friend, died November 4th 1918

.

Yet another contribution to this dark harvest,

Another soul for god to tender.

A statistic, a casualty of war,

To be remembered generically

A wreath to share with a multitude of lost darlings,

Another photograph to fade on the mantel piece

A piece of History for a grieving widow to dust

.

In the ranks of the dead

Angels count our losses

What dreams did we lose?

What voices were made silent?

What books were never written?

And how many tomorrows gone,

All lost in the darkness of death?

.

Under this oak tree, fading from memory

A soldier Wilfred Owen was taken too

Unspoken truths in unspoken poems

Silent to mortalâ s ear

Another casualty of war

A feast of wisdom for angels to keep?

.

For His words were far too much

For the hogs of war to stomach.

His poetry made silent by countryâ s shame,

Unpatriotic, not cricket old bean said the generals

Only now, through peace can we learn

The voice of one soldier,

.

How I pity humanity

For silence is a killer

Democracy, and justice its victim,

And the inevitable Silence of war will kill us all.

.

Footnote

Wilfred Owen killed in action,Sambre-Oise Canal, 7 days from Sanity

One of Englandâ s Finest War Poets.

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