

Dulce et Decorum est.

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(To Jessie Pope etc.)

Bent
~~Hunched~~, like old rag + bone men under sacks;
Knock-kneed; coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge.
Till on the glimmering
~~As shells, our faces~~ flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Halting each mile,
~~Men in our ranks~~, for ^{some} ~~many~~ had lost their boots,
And limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of ^{disappointed} ~~irrevocable~~ shells that dropped behind.
Then somewhere near in front: Whew, fup, fop, fup-
Gas-shells or duds? We loosened masks in case -
And listened... Nothing... Far guns grumbled krupp -
Then smartly Poison hit us in the face.
Gas! GAS! An ecstasy of fumbling,
~~Under gas masks~~ ~~was our only business~~, just in time.
~~High top helmets working~~
Fitting the clumsy helmets

P.T.O.

Dulce et Decorum est.

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~~To Jessie Pope etc.~~ To a certain Poetess
Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the ~~clanking~~ ^{haunting} flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge,
Dead slow we moved. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of disappointed shells that dropped behind.
Of ~~fixed-voices~~ ^{five-nines} that dropped behind.

~~then, outcries~~
Then somewhere near in front: Whew... fup... fop... fup...
Gas-shells or duds? We loosened masks, in case -
And listened... Nothing... Far rumouring of Krupp...
Then ~~smashed~~ ^{stinging} poison hit us in the face.
Gas! GAS! - ~~An ecstasy of~~ An ecstasy of fumbling,
Quick, boys!

Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time.
But someone still was yelling out, and stumbling,
And floundering like a man in fire or lime. -
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a dark sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, ~~gargling~~, choking, drowning.
~~gargling~~
gargling
guttering

Dulce et Decorum est.

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①

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 the trudge.
Some ^{Men} marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Deaf even Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of ~~lired, outstripped~~ ^{Five things} ~~gas shells~~ that dropped behind.
gas shells dropping softly

{ Then somewhere near in front: Whew... fop, fop, fop,
Gas-shells? Or duds? We loosened masks in case, -
And listened. ~~Nothing~~ ^{Nothing} Far ~~no~~ rumouring of Krupp.
Then ~~sudden~~ ^{cross} ~~poison~~ ^{sting} but us in the face.
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.