

An ecticacy of

fumbling'

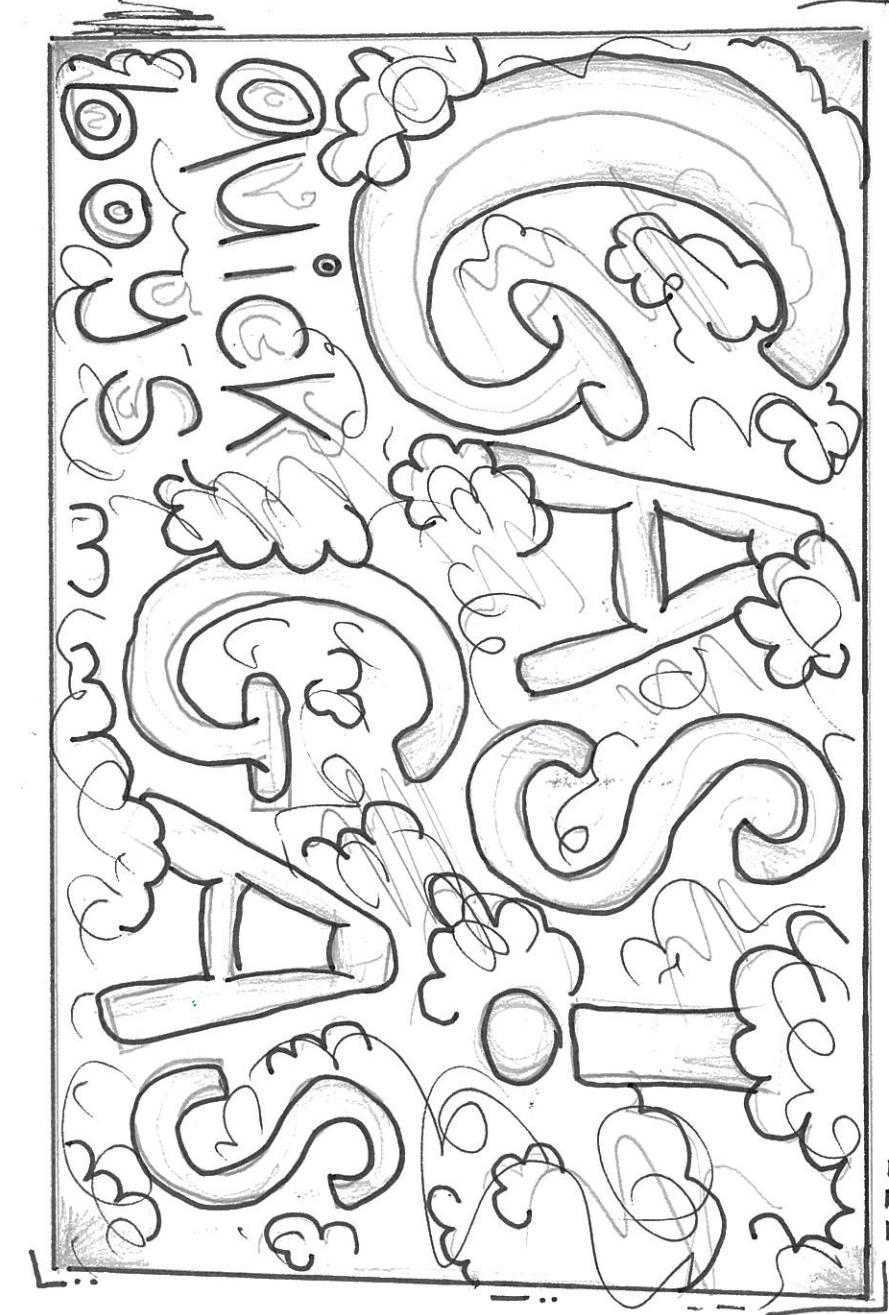
fitting the

clumsy
helmits

just

in

time



But Somone still yelling out and like a man
Stumbling And floud'ring in fire or limejuice we can



Dim, through the misty Panes and thick green
light, As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.



If in some smothering dreams you
too could pace behind the wagon
that we plung him in, And watch
the white eyes writhing in his face,
His haning face, like a devils sick of
sin; If you could hear, at every jolt,
the blood Come gargling from the front-
corrupted lungs,



Many had lost their boots
but limped on blood - shod.



All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf
even to the hoot Of tired,
outstripped Five - Nines
that dropped behind
why
can't?
hear!?
God bless
our souls.
Why
can't;
See!?