

ANAGRAMMATICAL POEM

JASON LOFTS

Cheseaux-Noréaz/VD, Switzerland

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 good-byes.
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.

Wilfred Owen

Hymn: The Fight for Martyrdom

What pealing tolls for those condemned as bulls?
Is most hellishly angry gunshot.
Resonating trench gunfire's deathly prattle
Detonates non-melodious laments.
Why no hopes go forth, no lilting orisons?
Pay no vocal remorse bar these, the choristers,
Their mad trilled echoes of howlin' salvoes;
Trumpets blow in distress on far-off hillocks.

What tapers can be held to hasten all the slain?
Held not by brash youths, but in these orbits
How flicker shimmering god images of adieus.
Her pale forehead'll be terror's able friend;
Why, floral softness seen as patience,
Night, where mild days, wound down, end.

Jason Lofts, 2013