

DOOM AND THUNDER

The Great War, 10 million dead and more than double that crippled,
in the big record books, the numbers show the sickness.
An archduke assassinated, there in Sarajevo
and the world becomes entangled in the infernal mess.
The appetites, the arrogance, the benefits, the interests
and the boomerang of alliances which is going to make everything blow up.

Here, in Verdun, the Chemin des Dames, 700 km of trenches,
the terrible, the wretched, the infamous, hell as if you were there.
However, leaving without a care in the world, for Alsace and Lorraine,
the Boches, soon, sworn in, destined, will strike up their requiem,
then the deluge of fire and arms, the stubbornness of the Major State,
the assault on open ground....in one day, 25,000 dead!
Joffre, La Marne, and their taxis, <the banning of retreat!>
The recapture of enemy positions, now the War of the Trenches.

It is the journey to the end of the night, the programmed apocalypse,
four long years of ignominies, carnage, atrocities!

The face to face in the shelters, no man's land, the barbed wire,
the shelling of artillery, the craters, the shredded bodies,
the gas, the mines, the guns, the flamethrowers, the incendiary bombs,
the suicides, the mutilations, 'of the broken faces' in shoulder,
and the daily hell, the mud, the cold, the frozen feet,
the rats, the lice, the grime, the scabies, and the bodies rigid with tetanus.
The canteen which comes at the back, the cold soup, the booze, the plonk
the eager beavers and the bread of war, a straw mattress like a sack,
and all those who do not take the shocks, <the French soldiers, injured without injury>
who become mad, who talk to themselves, who tremble, who drink, who cry.

The party of failure is in full swing...savagery, absurdity,
<The Somme> ...400,000 dead for nothing.. just a few kilometres of roadway!

At the rear, the women with the controls, share in the war effort,
peasants , <munition carriers>, nurses and mothers of war,
and speeches, <chloroform>, the incessant loading of brains,
the Church, which processes, the Pope who blesses both camps.
At the front, the mutinies of 17, an uncompromising <Justice>,
<The Craonne> which they chant at the top of their voice and the wretched for the example,
the arrival of the troops from overseas who are disembarking from full boats,
the indigenous volunteers, who come to get themselves shot.
the Americans in the war, the < Lafayette, we are here!>
Jazz as military music... 50,000 will never return.
The post in the service of humanity, the tender little scraps of happiness
which are written on paper, which flourish from the bottom of the heart.

The Great War, 10 million dead and more than double that crippled,
The <War to end all wars>, all agreed.....and you know the result.