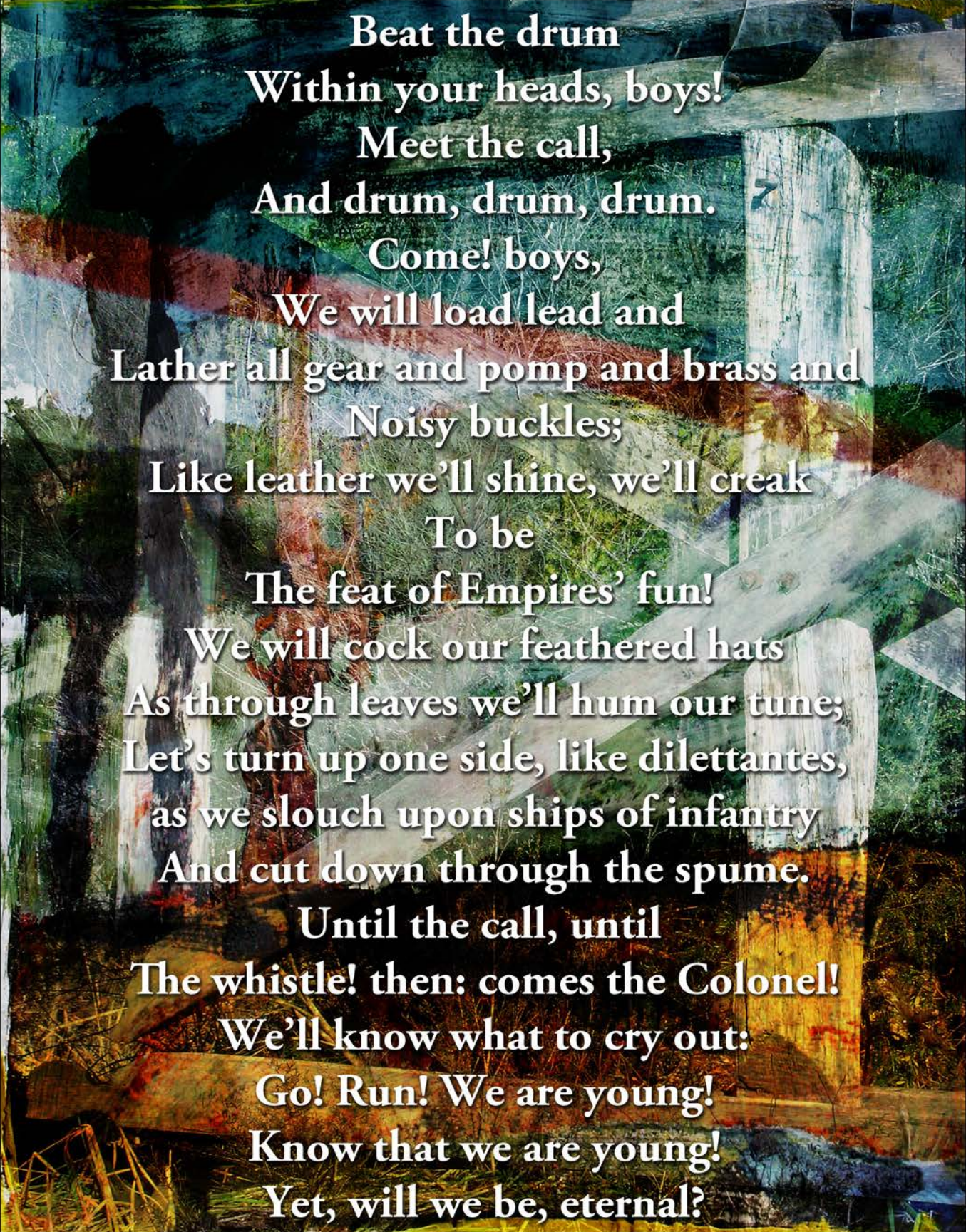


# EMPIRES' DRUM



Beat the drum  
Within your heads, boys!  
Meet the call,  
And drum, drum, drum.  
Come! boys,  
We will load lead and  
Lather all gear and pomp and brass and  
Noisy buckles;  
Like leather we'll shine, we'll creak  
To be  
The feat of Empires' fun!  
We will cock our feathered hats  
As through leaves we'll hum our tune;  
Let's turn up one side, like dilettantes,  
as we slouch upon ships of infantry  
And cut down through the spume.  
Until the call, until  
The whistle! then: comes the Colonel!  
We'll know what to cry out:  
Go! Run! We are young!  
Know that we are young!  
Yet, will we be, eternal?

# MEMORY

Forlorn, did we see humanity,  
frail upon the morning shoreline,  
amid glints of metal and sea-spray;  
with hints of saving grace?

Laughing,  
did we hear within our comrades  
whispers that still keep pace?

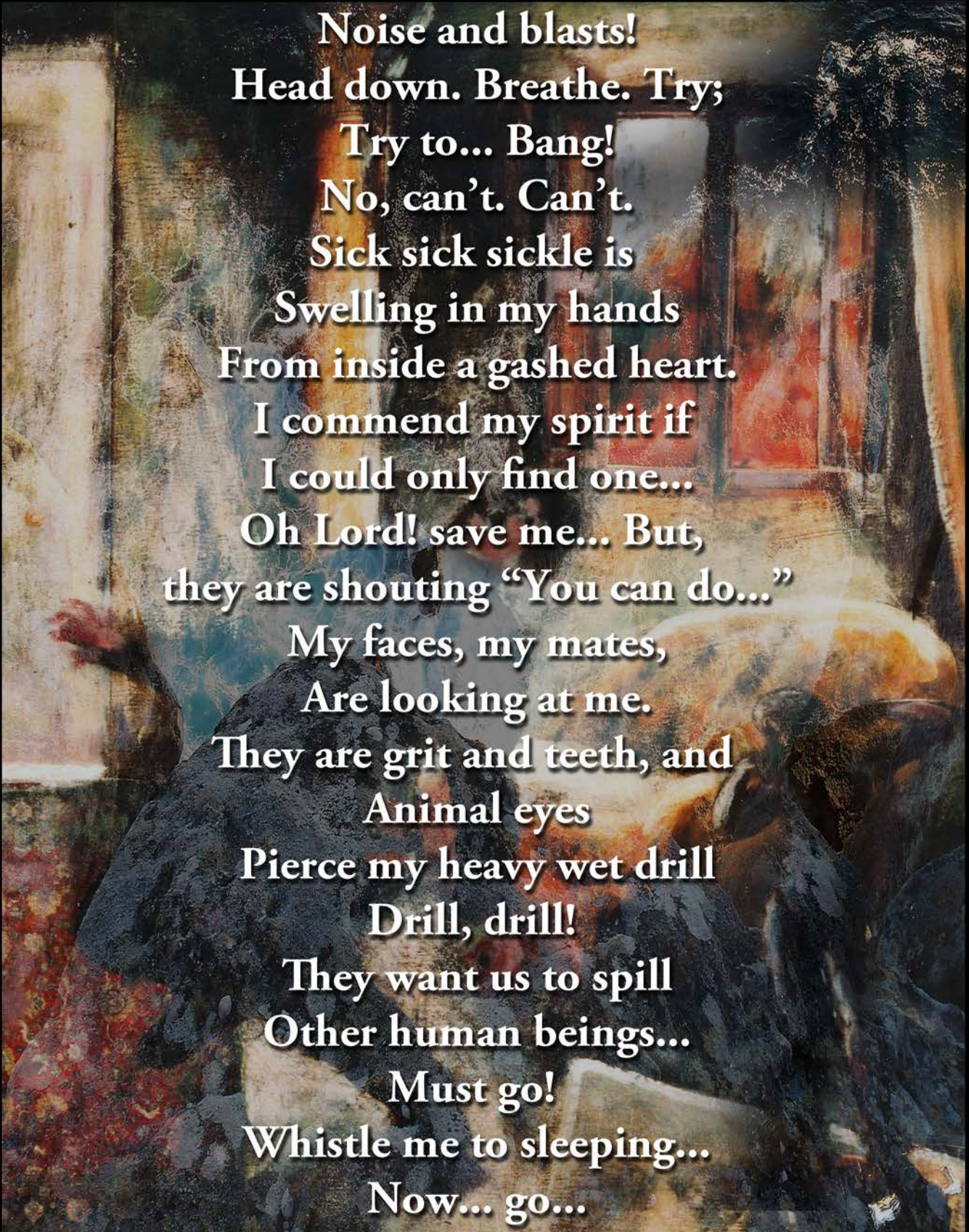
Dawning as unfurled, will we climb  
to pray upon dew-lit moss?

Can any slip of memory  
mitigate our loss?

I do hear the bugle calling  
in under-tones soft at best,  
about how the sea, forstalling,  
allowed our mates to rest.

Let me ride with God at sunset,  
to the edge of the wine-dark sea,  
there I'll plant a rock rose,  
and breathe a sprig  
of Rosem'ry.

# WAR

A dark, textured painting of a war-torn interior. The scene is dimly lit, with a skull in the foreground and a figure in the background. The colors are muted and somber, with a lot of black, grey, and brown tones. The overall mood is one of despair and tragedy.

Noise and blasts!  
Head down. Breathe. Try;  
Try to... Bang!  
No, can't. Can't.  
Sick sick sickle is  
Swelling in my hands  
From inside a gashed heart.  
I commend my spirit if  
I could only find one...  
Oh Lord! save me... But,  
they are shouting "You can do..."  
My faces, my mates,  
Are looking at me.  
They are grit and teeth, and  
Animal eyes  
Pierce my heavy wet drill  
Drill, drill!  
They want us to spill  
Other human beings...  
Must go!  
Whistle me to sleeping...  
Now... go...

# NO-MAN'S-LAND

Deep lies

Deep lies me

Deep lies me my  
God

Deep lies my God.  
Dear me, I'm done.

Deep lies. My God!  
Dear God,  
Is There  
Anybody  
Out There?

Dear God, be!  
Dear God, be  
with  
me.  
If only I could...

# BURIAL



Brethren,  
I know three things.

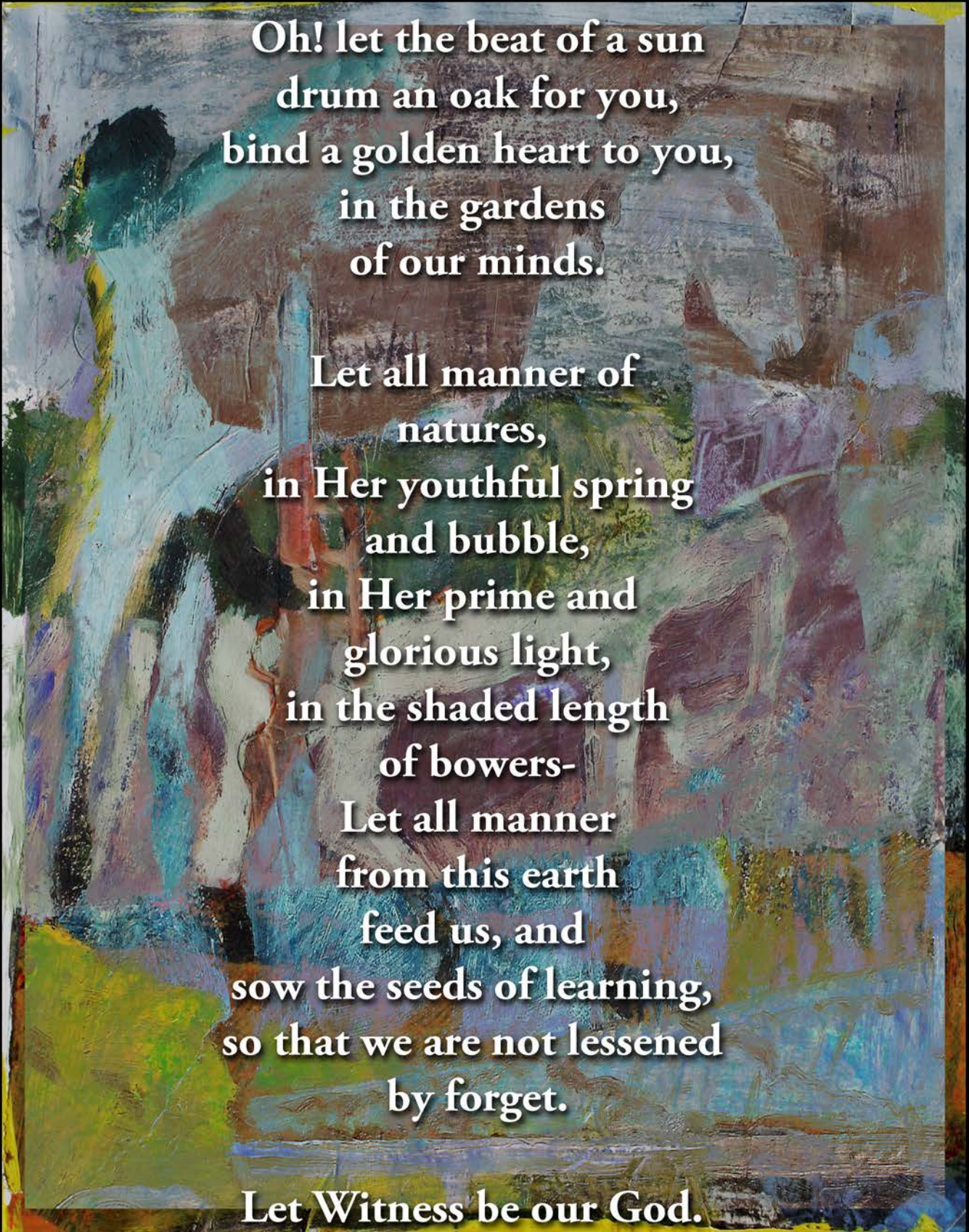
Firstly,  
Creeping over the cliff  
Is a grey blanket.  
It's fog, which is a mask  
Of moistened beauty,  
Hiding things we don't  
Want to know.

Secondly,  
Over by the carnage of that  
Collapsed sand-dune  
Run silent foot-prints.  
Some are scuffed  
into disinformation.

Thirdly, I know both  
of these have come  
to claim *them*.

Is this my  
Trinity?

# CENOTAPH (Finale)

An abstract painting with a complex, layered composition. The background is a mix of earthy tones like browns, greys, and muted blues, interspersed with vibrant patches of teal, purple, and green. The brushstrokes are visible and expressive, creating a sense of depth and texture. The overall mood is contemplative and somber, fitting the title 'Cenotaph'.

Oh! let the beat of a sun  
drum an oak for you,  
bind a golden heart to you,  
in the gardens  
of our minds.

Let all manner of  
natures,  
in Her youthful spring  
and bubble,  
in Her prime and  
glorious light,  
in the shaded length  
of bowers-

Let all manner  
from this earth  
feed us, and  
sow the seeds of learning,  
so that we are not lessened  
by forget.

Let Witness be our God.