

SOLDIER'S DREAM.

I dreamed kind Jesus fouled the big-gun gears;
And caused a permanent stoppage in all bolts;
And buckled with a smile Mausers and Colts;
And rusted every bayonet with His tears.

And there were no more bombs, of ours or Theirs,
Not even an old flint-lock, not even a pikel.
But God was vexed, and gave all power to Michael;
And when I woke he'd seen to our repairs.

WILFRED OWEN, *Soldier's Dream* (1917)

<http://www.hcu.ox.ac.uk/jtap/warpoems.htm>