

## Reflections, 1918

### I

along the justexisting road to Roupy  
little in moonlight  
go silently by men  
(who will be damned if they know why)

où va-tu, Than-Time-Older with  
wish-bones legs & the five bidons?  
women in your eyes,  
death on your shoulder

c'est madame de la guerre  
with love-slovenly  
mouth,  
who has turned his mouth from  
the crisp bright mouths of girls

the arms of wives are crying  
& crying: you have taken the arms  
which held us roughly and gently  
madame de la Mort, we do not know you  
and we hate you!

whither goest thou  
Might Be Older  
(death on your shoulder  
women in your eyes?)