

Sentinel

*The rain has been and will be for ever over the earth.
The heavy black rain falling straight through the air
that once was a sea of life.*

God's blood is shed.
He mourns from His lone place
His children dead.

Wan, fragile faces of joy,
To you I stretch my hands.
You yearn to me, lure and sadden
My heart with futile bounds.

*I am alone in the dark still night,
and my ear listens to the rain ...roaring
softly in the trees of the world.*

*The summer is gone, and never can it return.
Memory, the last chord of the lute, is broken.*

The desolate land of France.
There they lie huddled,
Man born of man, and born of woman.
Earth has waited for them,
All the time of their growth
Fretting for their decay.
None saw their spirits' shadow shake the grass.

*Now there is neither life nor death.
The rain has been and will be for ever over the earth.*

Text collated from

[i] Edward Thomas: *Rain* [prose picture from *The Icknield Way*, written in 1911 and published in 1913; shown in italic print]

and

[ii] Isaac Rosenberg:

*On Receiving News of the War [extract],
Home Thoughts from France [extracts],
Dead Man's Dump [extracts].*