

Eustratios Kossis

Across the western front the wounded lay,
The deathly shadows turn to flesh and gore.
Along the bay I watch the children play,
I wait for death to pull me through its door.

Throughout the crater darkness creeps and smiles,
The scenes of flame and star shells light the night.
The endless cries and moans are heard for miles,
I ask for God to bring me to the light.

While standing on the front line I recall,
That I have also lost my faith and dreams.
The eyes of comrades once with life and sprawl,
Are now the endless pit of cries and schemes.

If only some could live the lives we made,
One could see our deaths that had to fade.