

# The Truths I Couldn't Tell

I have no words to tell you  
about the squalor and the smell.  
No letter I could ever write  
can describe this man-made hell.  
I have no words to tell you  
what it's like to see no grass;  
nor words to paint a picture  
of our fearful dread of gas.

I have no words to tell you  
how our nerve-ends all scream stop  
when we stare out at no man's land  
but still, we carry on 'over the top'.  
And I have no words to tell you  
how it feels to see a mate  
get stuck in the mud and injured  
and you must leave him to his fate.

But I have the words to tell you  
whether British, Hun or French  
when this cursed war is over  
I'll not set a foot in any trench.

***John Monaghan***