

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL  
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO  
I THINK I WAS?

1918

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## **Fear**

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*I am afraid  
I sit in my signalling station  
like a bee in its hive.  
I can taste the cordite  
in the air.*

*I can feel the stinking, filthy mud  
choking my boots  
like flies around honey.*

*I can hear the shells  
screaming  
through the darkness  
like new born babies.*

*I can smell the rotten corpses  
of my battalion  
and the gas of  
my enemies.*

*I can see a world  
torn apart  
like a piece of paper  
ripped in half*

*I am afraid  
for the world.*