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| **Richard Adlington**  **Bombardment**  Four days the earth was rent and torn  By bursting steel,  The houses fell about us;  Three nights we dared not sleep,  Sweating, and listening for the imminent crash  Which meant our death.  The fourth night every man,  Nerve-tortured, racked to exhaustion,  Slept, muttering and twitching,  While the shells crashed overhead.  The fifth day there came a hush;  We left our holes  And looked above the wreckage of the earth  To where the white clouds moved in silent lines  Across the untroubled blue.  Richard Adlington |