

## THE CENOTAPH.

By  
CHARLOTTE MEW.

Not yet will those measureless fields be green again  
Where only yesterday the wild sweet blood of wonderful youth  
was shed;

There is a grave whose earth must hold too long, too deep a stain,  
Though for ever over it we may speak as proudly as we may,  
tread,

But here, where the watchers by lonely hearths from the thrust of  
an inward sword have more slowly bled,  
We shall build the Cenotaph: Victory, winged, with Peace,  
winged too, at the column's head.

And over the stairway, at the foot—oh! here, leave desolate, pas-  
sionate hands to spread

Violets, roses, and laurel, with the small sweet twinkling country  
things

Speaking so wistfully of other Springs  
From the little gardens of little places where son or sweetheart  
was born and bred.

In splendid sleep, with a thousand brothers  
To lovers—to mothers  
Here, too, lies he:

Under the purple, the green, the red,  
It is all young life: it must break some women's hearts to see  
Such a brave, gay coverlet to such a bed!  
Only, when all is done and said,  
God is not mocked and neither are the dead.

For this will stand in our Market-place—  
Who'll sell, who'll buy  
(Will you or I  
Lie each to each with the better grace)?

While looking into every busy whore's and huckster's face  
As they drive their bargains, is the Face  
Of God: and some young, piteous, murdered face.

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