

## Louveral Cemetery



Louveral Cemetery,  
Not very big - as War Cemeteries go.  
Down the steps to the left of the Cambrai Memorial  
Are just 124 corpses laid to rest.  
But up the steps 7,000 names,  
Carved in stone,  
Gone, wasted, not found,  
But commemorated splendidly  
In white engraved stone.  
THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH.  
Did they? Really? Die in Faith?  
Faith in What?

Faith in the superiority of weapons  
As they were incarcerated in their own tanks.  
Faith in bombardment,  
Their own staff officers, their so-called betterers.  
There'll be nobody left, lads,  
Advance slowly forward.  
Hang across the old barbed wire,  
Wait in agony to die  
In No Man's Land.  
No man's, no woman's, no child's land,  
Nobody's land, only death and pain's land.  
But  
THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH.  
They must have, surely.  
After all, it's written there on tablets of stone,  
And what can't speak can't lie, can it?  
Faith in God then, was it?  
I wonder how many of the nameless  
Actually died  
Screaming abuse in the face  
Of any god that could let this happen.  
Denying any diety  
That could look so impassively  
On the four year carnage below.  
Four years,  
Only a blink in God's eye, and for what?  
So Serbia wouldn't secede?  
So the Kaiser, grandson of an English Queen,  
Would be kept out of France?  
Whose bloody quarrel, mate?  
The Oldham Pals, the Grimsby Chums?  
The Dublin Fusiliers, the Canadian Corps?  
Whose bloody quarrel, eh? Not theirs.



Ian Crickett