

Wilfred Owen, *The Poems of Wilfred Owen*, ed. Owen Knowles (Ware: Wordsworth Editions, 2002), 72

[I saw his round mouth's crimson]

I saw his round mouth's crimson deepen as it fell,
Like a Sun, in his last deep hour;
Watched the magnificent recession of farewell,
Clouding, half gleam, half glower,
And a last splendour burn the heavens of his cheek.
And in his eyes
The cold stars lighting, very old and bleak,
In different skies.