

## Poetry about Last Times

### **Fire And Ice**

*By Robert Frost*

Some say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice

### **The End of the World**

*By Archibald MacLeish*

Quite unexpectedly, as Vasserot  
The armless ambidextrian was lighting  
A match between his great and second toe,  
And Ralph the lion was engaged in biting  
The neck of Madame Sossman while the drum  
Pointed, and Teeny was about to cough  
In waltz-time swinging Jocko by the thumb---  
Quite unexpectedly the top blew off:

And there, there overhead, there, there hung over  
Those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,  
There in the starless dark the poise, the hover,  
There with vast wings across the cancelled skies,  
There in the sudden blackness the black pall  
Of nothing, nothing, nothing --- nothing at all.

### **The End**

*Wilfred Owen*

After the blast of lightning from the east,  
The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot throne,  
After the drums of time have rolled and ceased  
And from the bronze west long retreat is blown,

Shall Life renew these bodies? Of a truth  
All death will he annul, all tears assuage?  
Or fill these void veins full again with youth  
And wash with an immortal water age?

When I do ask white Age, he saith not so, --  
"My head hangs weighed with snow."  
And when I hearken to the Earth she saith  
My fiery heart sinks aching. It is death.  
Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified  
Nor my titanic tears the seas be dried."

