**Two Poems by Stephen Crane**

**“A man said to the universe”**

A man said to the universe:

“Sir I exist!”

“However,” replied the universe,

“The fact has not created in me

A sense of obligation.”

**“Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind”**

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.

Because the lover threw wild hands toward the sky

And the affrighted steed ran on alone,

Do not weep.

War is kind.

*Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,*

*Little souls who thirst for fight,*

*These men were born to drill and die.*

*The unexplained glory flies above them,*

*Great is the Battle-God, great, and his Kingdom -*

*A field where a thousand corpses lie.*

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.

Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,

Raged at his breast, gulped and died,

Do not weep.

War is kind.

*Swift blazing flag of the regiment,*

*Eagle with crest of red and gold,*

*These men were born to drill and die.*

*Point for them the virtue of slaughter,*

*Make plain to them the excellence of killing*

*And a field where a thousand corpses lie.*

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button

On the bright splendid shroud of your son,

Do not weep.

War is kind.

**Both poems are from *War is Kind & Other Lines (1899)***