**The War Works Hard**

How magnificent the war is!

How eager

and efficient!

Early in the morning,

it wakes up the sirens

and sends ambulances

to various places,

swings corpses through the air,

rolls stretchers to the wounded,

summons rain

from the eyes of mothers,

digs into the earth

dislodging many things

from under the ruins.

Some are lifeless and glistening,

others are pale and still throbbing.

It grows so many questions

in the minds of children,

entertains the gods

by shooting fireworks and missiles

into the sky,

sows mines in the fields

and harvests punctures and blisters,

urges families to emigrate,

serves with clergymen

as they curse the devil

(poor devil, his hand hurts in the fire).

The war works hard, day and night.

It inspires tyrants

to deliver long speeches,

awards medals to generals

and themes to poets.

It contributes to the industry

of artificial limbs,

provides food for flies,

adds pages to the history books,

makes the killer and the killed equally dead,

teaches lovers to write letters,

accustoms young women to waiting,

fills the newspapers

with articles and pictures,

builds new houses

for the orphans,

enlivens the coffin makers,

gives grave diggers

a pat on the back

and paints a smile on the leader’s face.

The war works with unparalleled diligence!

Yet no one gives it

a word of praise.