

'Trenches: St Eloi' – by T. E Hulme

Over the flat slopes of St Eloi
A wide wall of sand bags.
Night,
In the silence **desultory** men
Pottering over small fires, cleaning their mess- tins:
To and fro, from the lines,
Men walk as on Piccadilly,
Making paths in the dark,
Through scattered dead horses,
Over a dead Belgian's belly.
The Germans have rockets. The English have no rockets.
Behind the line, cannon, hidden, lying back miles.
Beyond the line, chaos:
My mind is a corridor. The minds about me are corridors.
Nothing suggests itself. There is nothing to do but keep on.

1. What is St Eloi? _____
2. What are the first two names of the poet?

3. How and when did the poet die?

4. Find the definition of the following word, which is in bold within the poem:
desultory _____
5. Find two synonyms for this word: _____
6. Find two quotations which show the grotesque surroundings of the men: _____

7. Find the metaphor in the last few lines:

8. What does this metaphor suggest about the effects of war on the soldiers? _____

9. What could you say about the punctuation in the final two lines?

