

# Dead London

## Various Artists

There were a dozen dead bodies in the Euston Road  
Their outlines softened by the black dust  
All was still, houses locked and empty, shops closed  
But looters had helped themselves to wine and food  
And outside a jewelers some gold chains  
And a watch were scattered on the pavement  
I stopped, staring towards the sound  
It seemed as if that mighty desert of houses  
Had found a voice for its fear and solitude  
The desolating cry worked upon my mind  
The wailing took possession of me  
I was intensely weary, footsore, hungry and thirsty  
Why was I wandering alone in this city of the dead? Why was I alive  
When London was lying in state in its black shroud?  
I felt intolerably lonely, drifting from street to empty street  
Drawn inexorably towards that cry  
I saw, over the trees on Primrose Hill  
The fighting machine from which the howling came  
I crossed Regent's Canal, there stood a second machine  
Upright but as still as the first  
Abruptly, the sound ceased, suddenly the desolation  
The solitude, became unendurable  
While that voice sounded London it still seemed alive  
Now suddenly there was a change, the passing of something  
And all that remained was this gaunt quiet  
I looked up and saw a third machine  
It was erect and motionless like the others  
An insane resolve possessed me  
I would give my life to the Martians, here and now  
I marched recklessly towards the Titan  
And saw that a multitude of black birds  
Were circling and clustering about the hood  
I began running along the road  
I felt no fear only a wild, trembling exultation  
As I ran up the hill towards the motionless monster  
Out of the hood hung red shreds  
At which the hungry birds now pecked and tore  
I scrambled up to the crest of Primrose Hill  
The Martians camp was below me  
A mighty space it was and scattered about it  
In their overturned machines, were the Martians  
Dead, slain after all man's devices had failed  
By the humblest things up on the Earth, bacteria  
Minute, invisible, bacteria  
Directly the invaders arrived and drank and fed  
Our microscopic allies attacked them  
From that moment they were doomed

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