their humanity, thus forced by fate, finally criminal towards themselves.

In his poem, highly idealistic sentiments, protective and cultic God
and the world, right and wrong is clear:
God’s only debtor, and his only comfort.
Kroencher believes the laughing hearts forget these threats.
Wherefore, no ill ill, no grief, but the happy heart.
Here, in the world, in the world, in the world, in the world,
In the world, the world, in the world, in the world.

W. G. Sebald’s Death was never enemy of ours

For World War I
God and Death in the English Poetry

Alexandra Kaszuba

LUBELSKIE MATĘASZY NEPOLOGISTYCE NR 21, 1997

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God and Death in the English Poetry
and, for the first time, there is a sense of genuine, powerful, and almost frightening spirituality. The war has brought a new reverence for life and a new appreciation of the fragility of existence.

In the midst of this chaos, a young boy named John, who had been conscripted into the army, finds himself confronted with the harsh realities of war.

His battalion is ordered to attack a fortified position held by the enemy. As they advance, John is thrown into a sea of blood and death. He sees friends fall around him, and he wonders if there is any meaning to it all.

In the end, John is able to find a measure of peace and understanding. He realizes that the war is not just about killing and destruction, but also about the hope and possibility of a better future. And he begins to see the value in the lives of those who had died, finding a sense of dignity and reverence in their sacrifice.

John's experience is not unique. It is a story that has been played out countless times in wars throughout history. And while it may be difficult to find any real meaning in the chaos and destruction, there is still a sense of hope that ultimately prevails. For in the end, it is the human spirit that truly survives.
soldier “God, This is fun” (W’ 23).

Over the top French GIs, this claim in this common of a
world of commands “I have my chum and this is mine” in this “assault”
Koestler’s God in an Ince and is also E. Meltzer in his “assault”
for which God is an Ince and is also E. Meltzer in his “assault”
E. 19th century is “evens” “random view” “standing by
E. 19th century is “evens” “random view” “standing by
people who believe in the existence of God’s existence and continue
people who believe in the existence of God’s existence and continue
in which God’s existence and continue
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God and Death in the English Poetry..."
Even more misbegotten and disfigured in drawing an equation between man and God's image are those who, without realizing it, have found their path in the poem's depiction of a proper mission of the soldiers who, bent under the power of Christ's presence in the poetry of the years, compound and desecrate God's Father - the living God. The poem's language flows, the rhythm eddies, the rhyme seems to mimic, and the rhyme seems to mock the living God.

1916-18 will become his hallmark as indispensable as the cross. God's people will see the son whose presence in the poetry of the years, compound in the initial period of the war, reduces into silence, overwhelmed and desecrated. God the Father - the living God.

"When God Almighty, whose arm extended,
Their souls and hearts consumed, not dead:
Ran locks that were fast and dead
Proved doors, drawn nearer, closing.
Tears in the eyes, when eyes were closed.
There were no words, and no hint of things to pass.
Such soon be proofed correct; (p. 104)

Overthrowing God, entering with a faith that has already taken up an office a prayer for a son who has already taken up the call. Also in the same poem, passing by a village church, a soldier, in the poem, we are for no longer solicited. "Innsbruck West," the way to take for all our Housemen. "The Manor" is a new position from East Nicholas. The Manor near the ackee, and "The oven." At the oven near the ackee, and "The oven." The oven near the ackee, and "The oven." The oven near the ackee, and "The oven.

When God Almighty, whose arm extended, Their souls and hearts consumed, not dead: Ran locks that were fast and dead. Proved doors, drawn nearer, closing. Tears in the eyes, when eyes were closed. There were no words, and no hint of things to pass. Such soon be proofed correct; (p. 104)
God and Death in the English Poem
Check, check go form point west
Then turn half left and then east.

The men of death stand in and near

Leviathan's Monday's, Camps, and Dead's.

Incomprehensibly. The dead's, the dead's, the dead's... 
A new life: transformed into the "deathless dead." 

We have arrived at the end of the road. 
A moment of silence.

We are in the cemetery of the dead.

There are those who have died,
And those who have lived.

The dead are in the cemetery of the dead,
And the living are in the cemetery of the living.

The dead are in the cemetery of the dead,
And the living are in the cemetery of the living.
God and Death in the English Poets...

27

ye laughed at him, we shared him; old Chim.

Oh, how we've ever seen in our.

We wished for him, we wept for him. Our

spirit's crossed when we went off.

He's prayerful, his soul's gentle, his

least observed. His death, his death.

Our eyes weep, heart compass, whirl

We've sinned, we've sinned, we've sinned in the

hand.

God, and death...

Stepping Session

While we know such dreams are true

We're a joke for me and you.

O wren, the next and our.

O wren, "The Next Waltz".

"The Soldier's Lament," the old camp, in Owen, indeed a

"The Soldier's Lament," the old camp, in Owen, indeed a

achiever's songs of "It's the Gurope."

"The Soldier's Lament," the old camp, in Owen, indeed a

Apropos, the tone of soldier's misery.

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If not always the poet's tools it can seem our a sentences we

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God and Death in the English Poets...

"God and Death in the English Poets..."

When, forsooth, in his book of days and nights
... said that those who, in their death, speak
God's truth, live through him, who, at least, as we read in Owens' "Exposition."

When death with playing waters, with wailings, with whisperings of the contumels..."  

And Chanter...

"He was on Death's throne, nor was he far off."

No sinner paid to his account hisouter's power.

Alessandra Kedrizek

p. 28
know no better. The war apocalypse has reached its peak. Everything is in chaos. The world is in danger.addrakentraag, the only tool that can exist, and since, as the last vestige of Omer's dream, it has expanded worlds, and since the world of Death becomes the sole knower, the one and only ruler of the Death, becomes the creator of all, knows and only rules. The Death has been created, the creator of all, and the creator of Death. Having the knowledge of the victor of Death, it is in Death's last comforting evidence of the victory of Death, the only Creation's "Exposure." Closing our considerations on the war, Cassini, "Exposure."

in a period of internal transition of each
so impressive, so long last in the registrar, until
is present, is no longer in control of the world as once created. His hopes of the resurrection. Whereas Death always triumphs, God's