



This is a repository copy of *2 PhD thesis-related poems published in 'Route 57' magazine..*

White Rose Research Online URL for this paper:
<http://eprints.whiterose.ac.uk/104162/>

Version: Submitted Version

Article:

Malone, M. (2015) 2 PhD thesis-related poems published in 'Route 57' magazine. *Route 57* (11). pp. 49-50.

Reuse

Items deposited in White Rose Research Online are protected by copyright, with all rights reserved unless indicated otherwise. They may be downloaded and/or printed for private study, or other acts as permitted by national copyright laws. The publisher or other rights holders may allow further reproduction and re-use of the full text version. This is indicated by the licence information on the White Rose Research Online record for the item.

Takedown

If you consider content in White Rose Research Online to be in breach of UK law, please notify us by emailing eprints@whiterose.ac.uk including the URL of the record and the reason for the withdrawal request.



eprints@whiterose.ac.uk
<https://eprints.whiterose.ac.uk/>

TANK

After Pierre Jean Jouve

my martian machine
– double-jawed tower –
with your fiery skull
where lives man's calculus

from your sides, middle and back crackle shrapnel,
shells, life-devouring bullets,

you march over earth,
upon the living, dying and dead,
compress the trench beneath your jounce
as you'd close two sides of a wound,

blind beast
rampant in the battle's blast,
beyond even the vanguard;

– inside,
the heroes,
padded up to the nines,
hurling at the walls, smashing their courses;
firing and killing on all sides,
burnt by the torrid heat of engines,
deafened by the din of exploding iron:
living their last day

here is the child of their divine-brain
here the clarity of their bright world

7. Emilienne

Can't sing a note, not even the *Marseillaise* – oh, I'll give it a go when occasion demands – but I did have the X-Factor they were looking for. Once the press got hold of it I was an overnight sensation: the 'Heroine of Loos', a new Joan of Arc. Golden *salons*, cocked hats, bemedalled generals and the public square, as their ballyhoo broke over me. At seventeen I was that month's face-of-the-war, mounting the 'Staircase of Heroes' to the *Panthéon*, blazing my comet of a season. Sold an exclusive to *Le Petit Parisien* and got locked in some chateau to homespin thoughts for the nation. My reason for telling you? I'm not even writing this.