

Dulce et Decorum Est

By Wilfred Owen

Similie [Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,] similie
 Knock-kneed, [coughing like hags,] we cursed through sludge,
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge. onomatopoeia
Metaphor - [Men marched asleep.] Many had lost their boots,
Metaphor But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Metaphor - [Drunk with fatigue;] deaf even to the hoots Alliteration
Alliteration Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.
Personification

Personification Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Alliteration Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling extended Poetice
 And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. similie
Alliteration Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
similie As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

[In all my dreams before my helpless sight,] onomatopoeia
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning. repetition

Alliteration onomatopoeia
 If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace

Alliteration [Behind the wagon that we flung him in,] imagery
Alliteration [And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,] imagery
Alliteration [His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,] similie repetition
Alliteration If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood Alliteration

onomatopoeia Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs, enjambment

similie [Obscene as cancer,] [bitter as the cud] similie
Alliteration Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, extended pause

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
 To children ardent for some desperate glory,

The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*

Pro patria mori.

Tone

- Bitter
- accusatory
- regretful

Themes:

- Lies + truth of war
- memories (haunting)

Irony = show how
 disgusting, repulsive
 + dishonourable war
 is

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onomatopoeia simile → [Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud]- simile Alliteration

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