

J U L E I G H   H O W A R D - H O B S O N

---

## After the Whizbang 1917

“...a flight of whizz-bangs skimmed the top of the trench. The man next to me went down with a scream and half his face gone.”

— Harold Saunders, British soldier: WWI

Have you ever seen what crawls  
On the flesh and shattered bone  
That pile up against the walls  
Where the bits of men were blown,  
How they scamper, one and all,  
On the lifeless and the prone?

---

**JULEIGH HOWARD-HOBSON'S** war poetry has won an ANZAC Award, and was shortlisted for the Consequence Prize. Her work can be found in *History is Dead* (Permuted Press), *Black Box* (Brimstone Books), *Poem, Revised* (Marian Street Press), *Burnt Bridges*, *War Journal*, *Whistling Shade, 14 by 14*, *Fine Linen Journal* and other places.