

**The Hounds of War**  
By William A. Cook

The Hounds of War are gathered round  
To forge the battle plan;  
They pat each other on the back,  
And grasp their fellow's hand.

To battle stations they disperse  
To carry on the fray,  
These warriors of the word sublime  
That make us weep or pray.

They swing behind the keyboard now  
That spits out their deceit;  
Their goal, the end they desire,  
That makes their life complete.

These victors suffer no regrets  
As they pen brilliant epithets;  
And so they ply their lonely craft,  
And carve another's epitaph.