
THE WHITE COMRADE

I have not seen, but then my eyes are dim,
My vision turns back home so constantly.
If I were dying I should think of her,
She is my Christ, my angel and my hope.
Before each battle I make prayers to her,
And so the earthly love is still my goal.
There are two Comrades, Love and Loneliness,
Perhaps Christ enters when we touch the last.
Loneliness waiteth long, until we give
The last glad hold we have on life, and I—
I have not given yet my hold on life."

And now in this green England that we saw
Radiant and smiling in our early dreams,
We two are marking time, looking at hills
And these small village streets, and playing cards
And telling yarns, and idling in the sun.
And as we limp about and wait, sing songs,
Exchange the tales of trench and hot assault
And hear again the whistling shrapnel call,
Muse in the firelight, laugh at old alarms,
And wait impatient to be off again,
Sometimes we two, amid the comrades here,
Sometimes we two go silent. Then look up
To see if we can find in others' eyes
A knowledge that has grown with us from out
The fields of France, when in those awful nights
Some of us heard a rumor, saw a Form.

And so, my friends, this word I bring to you