

ELOQUENCE

To Kathleen Burke.

Erect, you faced the assembly, all in white,
Yourself a clear and vibrant silver flame
Of eager human feeling, set alight
By human suffering and by human shame,

And by the courage and the enduring will
Of those brave women, who in distant lands,
Tend broken soldiers with God-gifted skill,
And carry comfort in their healing hands.

You told your moving story with strange power,
Swaying all hearts with winged words and
warm,
While flashing countless glimpses in an hour,
On the sad wreckage of the war's wild storm.

You came and went, intent on highest ends;
Strangers you met; and left behind you—
friends.