

PRISONERS OF WAR

With heavy hearts yet courage high, along
The unprogressive path of loathed toil
Or dull, enforced idleness, from coil
Of swift recurring thoughts war prisoners long,
But find no scope in action, find no tongue
For fears concerning loved ones, the turmoil
Of battle sweeter far than bonds that foil
The ardor of brave men their foes among.
Yet prisoners disarmed and harshly pent
With will unconquered quit them still like men.
Drawing an inward strength from source unseen,
A secret fount of fortitude, unspent,
Unspoiled by selfish glory; to their ken
The clue is given what freedom's self doth mean.

VICTIMS

O God, who hast Thy heeding ear inclined
To piteous cries and wordless prayers that throng
And pierce the murky air surcharged with wrong
Such as can never restitution find:
Though evil wills and deeds frail bodies bind
Grant that pure souls, untarnished, still can long
For Thee, and find Thy peace, and friends among,
Banish all thoughts of horror from the mind.
Christ, who the spotless flower extolled yet brake
No bruised reed; scorned not the sullied gold
Of love misspent, yet scattered at a word
Its base accusers; in His mercy take
All guiltless victims to His care and hold
Them stainless, not one poignant plea unheard.