

MY FRIENDS

*And my breath would fail, and every beat of
my heart was like a blow.*

*And oftentimes I would die the death, yet
wake up to life anew;*

*The sun would be all ablaze on the waste, and
the sky a blighting blue,*

*And the tears would rise in my snow-blind
eyes and furrow my cheeks with dew.*

*And the camps we made when their strength
outplayed and the day was pinched and
wan;*

*And oh, the joy of that blessed halt, and how
I did dread the dawn;*

*And how I hated the weary men who rose and
dragged me on.*

*And oh, how I begged to rest, to rest—the
snow was so sweet a shroud;*

*And oh, how I cried when they urged me on,
cried and cursed them aloud;*

*Yet on they strained, all racked and pained,
and sorely their backs were bowed.*