
T H E W H I T E C O M R A D E

Kept up the deadly dance of death. And we
Dashed at them, through that dance, till hand to hand
We cleared our orchard, or they say we did.
It was the Gunners' Day. I know that much.
Some of the fun I missed, for at the height,
Just when is lost completely every thought
Of one's own entity, or reason why
It is not, after all, good sport to die
In such a whirlwind of emotion,—then,
Out of a little puff of air it came,
The one shot meant for me.

I fell inert
And sank into unconsciousness, till one
Dragging me off made torture of my wound,
Then left me under some small spreading shrubs.
Surely one needed shelter from the sun
And hottest air that ever poured on pain.
I longed for water, looked for human aid,
But no one came. Only the roar of guns
And a far distant sound that meant the play
Of men in action, that and drilling pain
Met in a hideous duet of war.
I called to Nigel with my aching mind
And knew it was in vain. Again I called
To youth, and to some Force in other worlds
That might put me to death or ease my pain.
A thousand swords were running through my brain,
The blood thumped like an engine in my head.
If I should faint the Comrade White might come!