

ARRAS, SPRING 1918

Our feet re-echo hollow in the ways,
Heaped with the wreckage of a ravished town;
The countless happy homes of other days
Stand tenantless, shell-battered, tottering down;
The noon rays of the lazy April glow
Send streaming light through torn cathedral spire,
And set ablaze a multi-colored fire
From stained glass fragments on the ground below.

Within the shadows of a ruined hall
There blooms an old French garden, lonely, fair;
The peach trees clamber o'er the shattered wall,
And cherry blossoms drop their petals there.
From out the verdure rank which skirts the lawn
Great clust'ring daffodils raise brazen heads,
And perfumes faint arise from hidden beds
Where flowers modest and unknown are born.