

Spring 1915

Let us remember Spring will come again
To the scorched blackened woods where all the wounded trees
Wait, with the old wise patience for the heavenly rain,
Sure of the Sky, sure of the Sea to send its healing breeze,
Sure of the Sun. And even as to these
Surely the Spring, when God shall please
Will come again like a divine surprise
To those who sit today with their great Dead, hands in their hands,
Eyes in their eyes,
At one with Love, at one with Grief; blind to the scattered things &
Changing skies.

May 23 1915

C. N. H.

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