

This poem won 3rd place
in the North Carolina
Poetry Contest 1981

LETTER TO A PRISONER OF WAR (dated June 14, 1946)

I went to our place
in the woods yesterday
to pick blueberries.

I thought
of the careless summers with you
and how later,
and alone,

even those low-flying bombers
could not keep me
from coming here.

It was last year
I stayed close to the front door
of our ruined house,

wanting to be there
when you return.

Many a night
I heard the wind rush down
the empty streets,

howling
and
laughing

that you had fooled me
again.

Gerda Nischan
115 Wilkshire Drive
Greenville, N.C. 27834