

LETTER TO A PRISONER OF WAR (dated June 30, 1946)

What were you celebrating  
with cheese and wine  
behind that barbed wire?

A strange peace perhaps  
that holds you now  
after years and years  
spent in ditches?

I read your letter  
over and over  
and as the years fell away  
I saw myself  
in a half-light somewhere  
reading gloriously happy  
AMERICAN letters  
you once wrote to me.

We were  
so full of us!

Now, all that is left  
are lonely nights like these  
when I fear  
you might never return.

Come home!

It will be good again,  
I promise you that.

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