LETTER TO A PRISONER OF WAR (dated December 17, 1946)

Where are you,
my Christmas gift of all,
didn't you say months ago
we should have the house ready
for celebration?

Well, ready we are, all of us, the children are waiting with their gifts for you.

How shall I tell them that this war is not yet over?

A man we knew
came back from Russia
just in time for dying,
and my brother Arthur,
the skinny one,
wrote from a prison camp
in Egypt this year.
Hermann's Christmas letter
came from England again,
not a word about being freed soon.

You, my love, and I shall light candles in different lands to celebrate our loneliness again.

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