



## RETROSPECT

I feel the spring far off, far off.

The faint, far scent of bud and leaf.

Oh how can Spring take heart to come

To a world in grief,

Deep grief?

The sun turns north; the days grow long,

The evening stars grow bright.

How can the daylight linger on?

For men to fight,

Still fight?

The grass is waking in the ground.

Soon it will rise and blow in waves.

How can it have the heart to sway?

Over graves,

New graves?

Under the boughs where lovers walked,

The apple blossom will shed their breath.



90<sup>th</sup> Division Association  
Personal Submissions

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But what of all the lovers now

Parted by death,

Gray death?

Guy M Charland