

Reproduced by kind permission of Evensford Productions Limited and
Pollinger Limited. Copyright c Evensford Productions Limited, 1945.

The Spectator, London, 14 September
1945, p 241

1940-1945

*You hardly knew him, girl, before he went,
Whipped into world's bedammed recriminations
From youth's examinations:
To give the firmament
And make the air his sacrament.*

*This bread you eat, this air you breathe:
Ah! no, they do not taste the same.
Is it for something else you grieve?
Is it the hunger, hunger for the dead?
Do not hunger, girl, again.
Your bread is grief's compounded kernel:
Free as the air, and sacrament eternal.*