



TO THE APATHETIC ONES

Can you not hear me, young man in the streets?

Is it nothing to you who pass by?

Who down the dim lit ways in thousands roam?

From here I watch you,

Through the driving rain and sleet, under the evening sky,

Hurrying home.

Home!- how the word sounds like a bell!

I wonder can you know,

As I know well,

That in this foxhole of death and stench,

I stand between your home and hell.

Night and the “ready”

So sleep well my friend,

The guns again are going-I must stick it to the end.

Guy M Charland