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War's Year

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W A R ' S Y E A R

That was the time the white-throated sparrow
Moving north in seasonal migration
Stopped in the lilacs calling softly,
Of birds, what is their nation?

Now they have gone with the thrush and warbler.
Summer has gone, and the fall.
That one spring day, not soon forgotten,
We heard the nations call.

We had opened the door for the bird's low singing,
To mark its flight down the lane,
When behind us the words of the message thundered,
Innocent lovers are slain.

The lilacs are gone with the rose and the daisy.
The seasonal flowers have faded
With the passing of peace, with the falling of nations
And the cry of peoples invaded.

Now we have gone again to the doorway
With the birds and the flowers still there,
That moment of peace now past returning
And a chill of fear on the air.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY