

1945

## For a Comrade: Dead

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## TWO POEMS

### "AT NIGHT IN FOXHOLES..."

At night in foxholes with the dead,  
how painful to recall your face and limbs,  
beautiful always as the moon is,  
as clear, as intimate and lost.

Then I imagine you in autumn rain,  
the wet leaves and crushed fruit at your feet,  
a drabble-skirt wind odorous with earth,  
and heavy with my grave desire for you.

### FOR A COMRADE: DEAD

Where death is  
no man dies,  
though he be less  
than mouth that lies.

Where death is,  
stone leaf turns  
rootward, to eyes  
where no fire burns.

Where death is—  
comrade of grain,  
equal of trees:  
man is whole again.

JOSEPH LEONARD GRUCCI