

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

VOL. XL.

SPRING, 1949

NO. 3

## THE SOLDIER'S WIFE—A REVERIE (Italy, Winter, 1943)

Soft in the night you came to me,  
Stepping from star to star,  
And gliding down the slanted radiance of the moon:  
Quickening the day-chilled heart of me,  
Bringing the banished past from afar,  
And gathering the drifted melodies of a broken tune.

Gone were the dripping caves and the slime,  
The comfortless cold and the chill,  
The smothery death  
And rubble,  
Stinking in the rain.  
And I cried out:  
"O worlds be still,  
And all ye golden centuries of time  
Now hold your breath,  
For I have found my love again."

Through that precious night you staid,  
Silencing the thunder in the glade . . .

But when the hills stood up,  
And the burned-out stars turned to dark diurnal rest,  
And the matin chimes  
Sang out reveille to the day,  
Then sadly I watched you  
Wing it up on the first sun-ray,  
And vanish with the last star West.

—A. P. C.