

Cambridge Poem

"Letter to Saint Peter"
by
Elma Dean
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*Let them in, Peter, they are very tired,
Give them the couches where the angels sleep.
Let them wake whole again and new dawns fired
With sun, not war, and may their peace be deep;
Remember where the broken bodies lie
And give them things they like, let them make noise,
God knows how young they were to have to die!
Give swing bands, not gold harps, to these our boys.
Let them love, Peter - - - They have had no time - - -
Girls sweet as meadow wind with flowering hair . . .
They should have trees and bird songs, hills to climb
The taste of summer in a ripened pear. Tell them
How they are missed. Say not to fear; it's going
to be all right with us down here.*

Submitted by Bill Poland, obtained at the Cambridge American Military Cemetery