

THE SEQUEL:

HE KEPT HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

*After reading "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" by Alan Seeger,
who was killed in battle at Belloy-en-Santerre in July, 1916:*

He kept his rendezvous with Death
At fateful Belloy-en-Santerre,
Though Spring had passed all unaware
And Summer scents were in the air.
He kept his rendezvous with Death,
He whose young life had been a prayer.

We strain our eyes the way he went,
Our soldier-singer, Heaven-sent,
We strain our eyes and catch our breath
But he has slipped from out our sight
He kept his rendezvous with Death
And then emerged into the light
Of that fair day that yet may be
For those who conquer as did he.

God knows 'twas hard for him to go
From all he loved—to make that choice,
And leave for them such bitter woe!
But his high courage was his breath,
And with his greatest work undone
He kept his rendezvous with Death.
Brave Hero-Poet, we rejoice
That Life and Art with you were one,
That you to your own songs were true:
You did not fail that rendezvous!

Grace D. Vanamee