

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

A poem, by Alan Seeger, Pete's uncle; he was the second American killed in WWI.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH
AT SOME DISPUTED BARRICADE
WHEN THE SPRING COMES BACK WITH RUSTLING SHADE
I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH
WHEN SPRING BRINGS BACK BLUE DAYS AND FAIR

IT MAY BE HE SHALL TAKE MY HAND
AND LEAD ME INTO HIS DARK LAND
AND CLOSE MY EYES AND QUENCH MY BREATH
IT MAY BE I SHALL PASS HIM STILL

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH
ON SOME SCARRED SLOPE OF BATTERED HILL
WHEN SPRING TRIPS NORTH AGAIN NEXT YEAR
AND THE FIRST MEADOW FLOWERS APPEAR

GOD KNOWS, 'TWERE BETTER TO BE DEEP
PILLOWED IN SILK AND SCENTED DOWN
PULSE NIGH TO PULSE AND BREATH TO BREATH
WHERE LOVE THROBS OUT IN BLISSFUL SLEEP
AND HUSHED AWAKENINGS ARE DEAR

BUT I'VE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH
AT MIDNIGHT IN SOME FLAMING TOWN
WHEN SPRING COMES 'ROUND AGAIN NEXT YEAR
AND I TO MY P[LEDGED WORD AM TRUE
I SHALL NOT FAIL MY RENDEZVOUS

By Alan Seeger, 1888 - 1916
written in 1915.

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