

Poetry in Prosa.

Memorandum for Americans.

lest we forget, lest we forget  
their names, their faces  
the homes & folks they talked  
the days & nights that made a  
unit of a bunch of men  
The things for which their lives  
they gave -  
as we stare silently upon  
their freshly shoveled grave

yet we have failed them  
the soldiers of another war  
who fought & died on foreign soil  
to guard the things most dear  
to us.

We must — we dare not fail  
them now  
For in the bitter ~~times~~ days of days  
gone by but not forgotten

Some prayed, some <sup>21</sup>joked,  
some cursed

As stealthily the hand of  
death took them away from us  
And thunder, fear and agony  
was hanging heavy over beaches  
With whose names that  
that merely meant a loss or gain  
and headlines to most folks  
at home

Lest we forget, lest we forget

We by the hand of God have  
learned and will remember  
that those who ~~breeded~~<sup>plotted</sup> evil  
twice before against us  
may turn the spear of war  
once more toward our shore  
America ~~for~~<sup>to</sup> whom great nations  
look for guidance and for light  
In war or peace do not  
forget the cause for which your  
soldiers died. —