



### UNKNOWN SOLDIER

He must be weary of marching feet  
Treading a rhythm above in the street.  
He must be weary of laurel and bay,  
And uniformed reverence, and people who pray.  
All of his swagger and all of his jest  
Are lost in his crying for silence and rest.  
But I think the lids of his eyes unfold  
When little gray mothers, timid and old,  
Come softly at dusk. "My bravest one!  
Such a grand, grand grave for my little son!"

—V. Valerie Gates.