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 but in his crying for silence and rest.
But I think the lid of his eyes unfold
When little gray mothers, tired and old,
Come softly at dusk. "My bravest one!
Such a grand, grand grave for my little son!"

—S. Valerie Gates.