Soldier’s Mail

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Abstract

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His letters all begin with “Hello, Darling,”
And end with “Goodnight, Sweet,” or “All my love.”

And in the middle he says, “We spent Monday
“Pitching tents, digging foxholes, digging drainage ditches.
“Boy, this infantry is dirty—we take baths in our steel helmets.
“Tomorrow I peel spuds while the other little guys
“Go out and walk their legs off on a ten-mile hike.”

Now, what can you do when you love a guy
Who starts out “Hello, Darling” and ends “My love,”
And tells you in between how long it takes
To clean his rifle every night? What can you do?

Well, you can keep on writing every day,
And you can tell him all the crazy things,
The silly things that happen no place else
But college. And be sure to tell him when
You get a ninety-five in a chem blue-book.
(He's a whiz at chem, and he'll be proud.)
And you can send a snapshot of the gang
On that last picnic—you wish he'd been along.

And you can pray and let him know you're praying
For the time when letters won't be necessary.

And in the meantime, hurry home from class,
Crossing your fingers all the way, and praying,
Praying for a letter, one that says “Darling” at the beginning
And ends “With all my love.”