Battles on Blueprint

Robert E. Lee*
Oh, that the world could always know
The goodness of striped calico,
Of shadows from Venetian blinds,
And cornfields planted in straight lines,
Instead of crosses
Row on row . . .

Battles
on Blueprint

Robert E. Lee
Arch. E. So.

Is it so strange to study stress and strain and heat and steel?
Strange while others shoulder guns and stare into the night?
Fight flames and fears . . . ?
Is it so different—this thing we do?
Our papers are but ghosts that soon will live
And heat will change to flame.
We'll see shell curves and stress on steel.
We'll make the bombs and bore the guns.
No theory, then, but death so close
We'll have to fight it with our hands.
But now, for just a little while
We sit in rooms at night and figure heat on steel.
Ours is but paper—
Theirs is real.