

"And Brother, too, has gone away,

I hope I'll see him soon."

Was that a cloud across the way

Or just the cry of a loon?

"Now who will tell old Santa Claus

Just where to place my toys?

You see he will not know because

Of bombs." All war destroys

The peace of those who loved their homes

But now are refugees

Like this small Betti each one roams

Through brambles, fretted leas.

I mourned with her where Rachel wept

Then saw a little part

Where war his deadly tryst has kept

Within a tiny heart.

Now who shall go along the years

With her as playmate, elf,

And who shall shield her from life's fears

And show her beauty's self?