

" A Prayer "

Last night I saw upon our street
A drunken soldier being led to jail
by two policemen -
A Texas boy, a guard, a volunteer.
And had his mother seen him then!
The baby cradled once upon her breast,
His father's pride - the hope of their
declining years,
Given to his country's service,
And by his country's will
Turned to a sodden thing!
O! God, forgive us for we know
Not what we do!

Galveston, Texas,
May 1917

Emma G. Harris