

THE SEQUEL:  
HE KEPT HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

*After reading "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" by Alan Seeger,  
who was killed in battle at Belloy-en-Santerre in July, 1916:*

He kept his rendezvous with Death  
At fateful Belloy-en-Santerre,  
Though Spring had passed all unaware  
And Summer scents were in the air.  
He kept his rendezvous with Death,  
He whose young life had been a prayer.

We strain our eyes the way he went,  
Our soldier-singer, Heaven-sent,  
We strain our eyes and catch our breath  
But he has slipped from out our sight  
He kept his rendezvous with Death  
And then emerged into the light  
Of that fair day that yet may be  
For those who conquer as did he.

God knows 'twas hard for him to go  
From all he loved—to make that choice,  
And leave for them such bitter woe!  
But his high courage was his breath,  
And with his greatest work undone  
He kept his rendezvous with Death.  
Brave Hero-Poet, we rejoice  
That Life and Art with you were one,  
That you to your own songs were true:  
You did not fail that rendezvous!

Grace D. Vanamee