

UNIVERSIDAD DE BARCELONA



ASPECTOS Y PROBLEMAS
DE LA NUEVA ORGANIZACIÓN
DE ESPAÑA

Mayo-Julio 1939
Año de la Victoria

M.W. Fenley #71

Sr N. Owens

W.V. Bill Edwards 133

David E. Almon #121

Jim Gray #71

"Doc" Hill

Robert Lee

71 St 25.

To Michael Wagner:

With every good wish.

J.H. Proctor

Max W. Clark

General W. S. Army

(Ref.)

To Michael Wagner - Oct 7, 1981 -
With Black Army Greetings -

From -

Poppy Bayington

For Sue, Michael

17th St. General, Viceroy, Dte

Best wishes to Mike Wagner

RA Proctor

Pres #13 - Tokyo Road

John A. (Red) Campbell 121

Reader Tilley

WAR: 1939.

Masgiro Mike Lincro

W 3 E 36 ip

Japanese ace WW II

19 victories

I shot down col. grej.

"poppo Boyington"

By the Same Author:

51 POEMS

MIDSTREAM — MIDNIGHT

WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES

WAR: 1939

BY

ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH

NEW YORK

1940

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WAR: 1939

I

Already—in these early opening days—
War rages bitterly and hopelessly:
From continent to continent it flares
With our applauding acquiescence—yet
Almost as if its furious torches moved
Without our knowledge!—with insidious stealth—
That we should find our native fields aflame
Before we realized that they were threatened!

An undiscovered forest-fire at night!—
Whose passion for annihilation grows—
By death's devouring wind intensified,
That surges over raging mountaintops:—
Where lurid flames illuminate doomed trees
Like shapes of hell, like incandescent ghosts
Chained by their roots in the inferno's midst . . .
Crash down, too-tortured trees! send swirling up
Your youthful sparks into the roaring night
In spirals blown and whirled into the dark!—

Be embers!—when the furnace finally cools—
You sparks that are discharged upon these wings—
Be whirled away into the night, forgotten!

II

If war, once started, blazes down the earth
Unhindered, unopposed—its fury will,
As time proceeds, rage more destructively,
And with remorselessly-expanding scope!—
We, from our peaceful shore across the sea—
O, may it long delay in leafy peace!—
Can all but hear the anguished roar and blast—
The detonations and the fusillades—

Where cannon stab the sky with searing fire,
Concealed in mottled yellow camouflage,
In mild wind-wafted nets of yellow leaves—
Discharging death like spurts of crimson blood
From arteries gashed—fierce sacrificial bulls
Which also are the priests of violent death!—
Stamping the solid earth like thunderbolts!—

The choking of civilians in gassed cities—
Screams of the wounded, left to die in darkness—
Dim bombers streaming overhead, concealed
Behind dun smoke that drifts above the ruins—
Their sullen roar betokening fresh raids—
And then the carnage starts again: they rain
Incendiary bombs and TNT

Into the Squares of unprotected towns
That lie as open as a victim's breast—
The struggling offering to the senseless sun,
Manacled to a shrine with bent-back breast—

Those hearts that paused before the awful drop
In momentary fear, now bleeding lie—
Torn objects on the pavement—motionless;—

And from our peaceful promontory, too,
We hear the crash of the collapsing towers
Of huge cathedrals, centuries-old, their stones,
Their buttresses, their altars, and their God
Smashed-down before the surge of desolation!