

LEFT AND RIGHT

In this clean room with tinted walls
I lie supine. For two months thus
In colder France, with pain that calls
From wounded hand and knee, infected muss
Time dragged along. Then came a day
With blowing snows and whistling wind
When southward, wending weary way
Both faith and hope rose high in mind.

To leave the base, to journey far
To'ard this fair, warm and sunny clime
Gave promise of a quick relief, nor bar
To health's return and happy time
Spent here near Monte Carlo's lure.
Yet Fate decreed a different way
To spend my time--Again secure
In bed's confine now must I stay.

From whence I lie, two views obtain.
Upon my left the room's closed door
A symbol of an illness' reign
Which limits action. So but the more
I turn to right--Ah, there's the view.
For out my window wide ajar
The sea and sky both dazzling blue
Meet in a sunny line afar.

And thus I hold my gaze to right
To watch the sun across the sea,
It's distant rise in glowing might
Midst purple clouds, conveys to me
An inspiration far from war,
Of happier times with health--and free
Neath Heaven's blue when nought can mar
My spirits flight along with thee.

January, 1918.

Kellogg Speed, Major U. S. A.
Michelham Convalescent Home
Menton, France.

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January 2, 1918

Kellogg Speed, Major U.S.A.
Wounded in France
Convalescent Home
Menton France

Miss Westland:

Try this or your Cross Red Magazine
and see if they will print my stuff

Can you read it?

I saw Corcoran on the horizon this morning
R.S.