

TWO CHIMNEYS

*the two which hover over
Cameron Camp*

They stand aloft, these silent friends,
To guard the camp, to make amends
For lack of aircraft's watchful eye -
Two mighty sentinels of the sky.

Ahead the road they stand, the pair,
One taller, belching smoke more fair,
Assuming most paternal mien
Toward the shorter, ~~less~~ fully seen.

As we approach the camp from sea
The taller seems majestic. He
Stands there watching, eye far seeing
Excuse a plenty for his being.

One moonlight night a fog arose.
The shorter, though he stood on toes
Was lost to sight in mist and steam
The taller roared, a mighty beam.

His base was lost, so near the ground
Its end on earth could not be found.
His height enhanced seemed mountain high,
The shorter lost, but standing nigh.

A camp return from up the hill
Displayed position friendly still.
They seemed apart, each standing straight
Nor bent the one toward his mate.

I've watched them thus from every angle;
Dependent pillars whose lines entangle
From different views, yet ever free -
Source of constant thought to me.

In one way they illumine this strife,
This war of men, this life for life,
This gory struggle to attain
Democracy's freedom, government sane.

The shorter seems to be its night,
The taller gleams in higher light
With tapering lines like freedom's thought
That Peace may be - but dearly bought.

*Copy for Mrs. Matland
Kellogg Speed
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