
ARMISTICE

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Your coat was old and your lips were haggard then.
You had climbed a mountain from a riven valley's edge.
And there was no saying how or why or when
You had taken your departure, or what was in the pledge.

You came like a dark angel disguised in a man's face,
An emissary perhaps from the fallen to those about to fall.
But you gave no sign of the secret of the departed place,
Except that out of your eyes a warning spoke, and that was all.

Whether you were the spirit of a past, or of a future, or of a
timeless plane,
We knew not, as you passed upon your way to we knew not
where,
Until you turned and spoke the one word we knew was the hope
of the slain,
Then we turned too, with the hope we had, and without care.