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I cannot bear to look upon your food."

"Here take this bite. You need it more than me.  
I'll hold out 'til we get our mess tonight.  
See there, I've tossed the sandwich to you."

"Eat it yourself, young man. You must be starved!"

"That's true, I am, but I've no appetite.  
I realize you've fought for four long days  
And nights without a respite or a meal,  
Forced to ward off continual attacks.  
We had relief and time to rest and snack."

"I thank you deeply for this kindness lad.  
That it persists, though weak, within the hearts.  
Of common men in this rough company  
And this satanic hole, is still the one  
Hope of mankind. But now my treatment here  
Makes little difference; our time is short --

I didn't dare to watch as you snacked.  
With such a wolfish hunger in my guts.  
I couldn't trust myself to keep my head  
When facing such temptation. I was resolved  
To do you no harm. I had to turn away."

"The word's afoot. Our game's to start again.  
The blasting trumpets rouse us to attack!"

"The booming drums prepare us to resist!"

"Father, be wary of my weapon now!"

"Welcome my son and join the grave with me!"

*Stephan G. Stephansson (October 3, 1853 - August 10, 1927) was an Icelandic-Canadian farmer and poet who lived in Alberta for much of his life. The poem above was translated by Paul Sigurdson.*

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