

## THE SANDS OF NORMANDY

ROBERT K. HALLAM

White waves that fall in the rays of the sun,  
And children playing as they run  
Bare-foot over glistening sand  
Towards the concrete wonderland,  
Ivy-covered and mossy chained,  
As natural in time as peace regained.

They scramble over the single wall,  
Play with their bouncing, crimson ball,  
View acres of bricks and rubble,  
Where men had hurried at the double  
To guns and planes that came demanding  
The bitter hours of the early landing.

The sun shines bright on children's pails  
Reflecting the straining of white sails,  
Ships, submarines, lumbering tanks  
Gashing through wire on grisly banks:  
Crumbling churches and lashing seas,  
Red tongues of flames amid tangled trees.

They see no death in that quiet place,  
There is no grief to mar a face,  
They search for all the things that move:  
And Christ once prayed in an olive grove —  
"The cup that was ahead. . . ." The maimed and small,  
Recall the distant war for all.