

A BARE POSSIBILITY

Tonight a plane dipped low above my roof,
And left the tree atremble in its train;
While I dashed out and stared with quivering heart,
Until the lights were lost through silver rain.

“It could be you, my son,” I softly sighed,
“Just striving in your way to let me know
You’re close at home – not in some far-off spot
As I have had reason to believe, and so –

“I simply clasp my hands and say a prayer,
Not jut for you – but gay youth every-where,
Whose courage guides them safely o’er the sea,
With but one thought in mind – man’s liberty,

Remembering, when my little prayer was done –
The pilot was at least some mother’s son.”

By Alice Whitson Norton

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