

Peace time . . .
 peace time
 with trees and bulbs and picture shows ;
 squeezing hands in darkened parks :
 kiss me quickly—
 let me go—
 love me truly ?
 let me go !
 Oh, darling—
 Dear God,
 Pater Noster,
 Ou sont les neiges d'antan ?

Land of Kauri
 Land of Coprosma,
 Land of Manaia,
 Land of Maui
 Land of Grey
 and Whaka-Nene,
 Sunshine, rain
 and sparkling, adult snow.
 Land of the fighting men
 of Anzac and Gate-Pa
 Maleme,
 Thermopyla ;

Land of the peaceful men
 who work from eight to five
 and live and work and die for you.
 I greet you.
 With mine eyes
 cast

 down
 to watch my step
 through the slough
 of boggy earth,
 I sing alone
 to bolster up
 my spirits
 lest they
 fall
 to eternal damnation
 in the agonizing abyss
 of despair

 and thirst
 March while your feet are cold,
 march while your eyes can see :
 March while your feet grow boiling hot,
 march though your eyes cast down
 are blind,
 but march !
 Cover off from front to rear,
 watch your dressing in threes !

They expect me to
 regiment
 my mind

to conform
 with the strophy
 of the gutter ?
 They expect me to
 qualify
 as a fighting man
 when my soul cries nay ?
 Who said " Blame is on Hitler " ?
 Whoever said it is wrong !

 wrong !
 He's just a Man—
 Ecce Homo,
 in trouble
 in high places :
 an agent-provocateur
 for a fallen Lucifer.
 Watch the jackals close.
 March

 march
 march
 though your boots are squeezing in.
 (I wish I'd brought
 a second pair
 of sox.)

We have our rests
 ten minutes to the hour,
 but they are not enough
 to reinforce our weakened power ,
 mere offerings to the Army's
 God of Conscience
 and to let the M.T. through.

Well may I sneer
 stuck back in the rear,
 with a Sergeant years
 my junior
 snarling like a whelp
 at my heels !

Once I dreamt of Lands beyond the Seas
 where folk
 like you and me lived without fear and
 blood and war :
 can it be that no such state exists, that the
 Kingdom of Heaven, too, is but a fable
 together
 with the allegorical Clausian Xmas ?

Ake, Ake-Kia Kaha !
 Remnant Maori
 forts
 stand aloof
 in their immensity
 and utter

 destruction.
 Where are those souls