Article Title: Blind

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Article Summary: A World War II poem

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and rebuild some of the damage which may have been caused by the excessive cropping during the war period. Certainly, to accomplish this purpose, the continued use of conservation practices will be of material advantage. Not only must farm operators be given every encouragement to conserve the soil, but land owners must also be made to realize that soil will wear out—that the only way to continue an income from the agricultural land of this State is to practice the proper rotation system and carry out such conservation practices as are adapted to each particular farm.

Blind

How sad you say that I should lose my sight
The very day the armistice was signed,
After three years along the western front in endless night
Must walk the earth. Yes, I am blind.
But keep your sympathy for those who need it more
For men who through those long and cruel years
Toiled on in shop or factory or store
Heedless of Europe's tragedy of blood and tears.

I see the dreary stretch of No-Man's land
Flanked by the trenches—galleries of hell,
From which stream charging men on every hand
While flaming batteries shower shot and shell.

I see our gallant bird-men high in air,
I see the Hun fall back as we advance,
And lean, brown men—my countrymen are there
Fighting beside the blue clad sons of France.
I see their faces shining like the sun
Fired by a light not seen on land or sea
Because they know the cause at last is won;
God! How I pity those who cannot see!

—Edward Everett Dale.