|  |
| --- |
| Alan Seeger. 1888–1916 |
|  |
| **"I Have a Rendezvous with Death"** |
|  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| I HAVE a rendezvous with Death |  |
| At some disputed barricade, |  |
| When Spring comes back with rustling shade |  |
| And apple-blossoms fill the air— |  |
| I have a rendezvous with Death | *5* |
| When Spring brings back blue days and fair. |  |
|  |  |
| It may be he shall take my hand |  |
| And lead me into his dark land |  |
| And close my eyes and quench my breath— |  |
| It may be I shall pass him still. | *10* |
| I have a rendezvous with Death |  |
| On some scarred slope of battered hill, |  |
| When Spring comes round again this year |  |
| And the first meadow-flowers appear. |  |
|  |  |
| God knows 'twere better to be deep | *15* |
| Pillowed in silk and scented down, |  |
| Where love throbs out in blissful sleep, |  |
| Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath, |  |
| Where hushed awakenings are dear... |  |
| But I've a rendezvous with Death | *20* |
| At midnight in some flaming town, |  |
| When Spring trips north again this year, |  |
| And I to my pledged word am true, |  |
| I shall not fail that rendezvous. |  |