

W. H. Knowlton, ARC

July 9, 1945.

Hdq. 10 Army - APO 357

Darling:

Julian Garretts gal, who writes for Collier's - also writes poetry - I thought this was lovely and copied it into my notebook - Like it?

Copies of Free Press mailed May 1 arrived last night - and thank you darling - they were most welcome!

Love you,

Henry

~~Henry~~

## The Shawl

Once on a time  
Says a story book  
Was a goose girl tranced  
By a kingly look  
And she spurned the lads  
In the village mart  
Because she had taken  
A king to heart.

Unwitting she that a king may pass  
And his smile be passed to any lass  
And the coin she caught was less to her  
Than the golden weight of a cockleburr.

But the good wives clucked,  
"A dowrey paid  
Was never so lucky  
Nor easy made  
And who is she  
That she will not bed  
With the cobbler's son  
Or the baker of bread? "

They called her deviled, they swore her mad,  
To value gold above a lad  
They hissed her miser and witch possessed  
Of a hardened coin for a woman's breast.

And the years like cats  
Slipped off in gray  
And the goose girl fragile  
And fair and fey  
Brewed of a dream  
A glittering shawl.  
That no one knew of  
At all at all

She wore it proud in the market place  
A cobweb thing of mist and lace  
And the good wives knew she was touched with sin  
And they stoned her hovel and entered in.

And what did they find?  
A rush-strewn floor  
A tidy kitchen,  
A latticed door  
They found no cauldron  
No amulet  
There wasn't a trace of a man  
And yet.....

They found her warm  
And the peat fire dead.  
"I haven't been cold in years"  
She said.

Betty Byrd (copyright) 1945    13 Gay St. NY City