*Tulips from Douglas Street*

*L.E. Jadot*

*Inspired by love letters exchanged between a soldier and his wife during WW1*

Tulips from Douglas Street,

Dear, I send you over sea.

It is peculiar they should be red

(Red, when the sky looked fatefully blue,

For they grew around his shoes,)

It is odd they should be red.

Tulips from Douglas Street,

Think of what they mean to me:

Love, Life, Hope, Happiness, and You.

But, you did not see them grow

From where his maimed body lay

Cloaking terror from the day

O, my Dear-- it was better so.

Tulips from Douglas Street

To your sweet, far, fleeting land

For these I’ll send in remembrance

Knowing you will understand.