

TWO CIVIL WAR LETTERS

J. Patrick Lewis

Letter from Home, July 1864

Spotsylvania, Virginia

Dear James,

Yr ma, God help her, swore at Bible groups
Her boy'd be home before the swallows dare.
But then, at Spotsylvania, Yankee troops
Put Horse and Boot to that cussed affair.
Nigh on two months of rumors, son. We heard
They's 30,000 (?) men lade down to die.
Yr ma's plumb worried sick her solem word
Her boy is safe and hedin' home's a lie.

And now they say our neibor Jacob Todd,
Remember him? Rode two campains with Lee.
A shell blew half his body back to God.
His brother Roy, Corporal, Artillery,
Knelt down in Jacob's blood and vissera
And shut his lifeliss eyes.

Come home,
Yr Pa

Letter Home, July 1864

Spotsylvania, Virginia

Dear Pa,

We's bent on losin' independence, yessir.
I'm Over Joyed with battels rebbies won,
But God by God takes up with our opresser
Like boysinberrys sup on noonday sun.
They shot my hors from under me. I bled
Buckits into Virginee's killing ground,
A Minie bullet lodjed upside my head.
I've no idea xackly where I'm bownd.
Tell ma the Union food ain't bad (its worse!),

Rank bacon, peas and sea crackers. The guns
Are murder, but disease rides its own hearse.
This war thins mothers' sons to skeletons.
But hold on, pa, read them survivors names.
I aim to be among 'em,

Yr son,
James

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