

PARFUMS AU PRINCIPE DES FLEURS
Extrait Concentré
POUR LE MOUCHOIR
J^S GIRAUD FILS
GRASSE-PARIS

Handwritten text in cursive script, likely a letter or note, partially obscured by other elements.



She kept her word.



Paris Spring 1920

In June 1918 he felt her soft caring eyes
As he looked up from his a hospital gurney
Near the French village of Chateau- Thierry
German shrapnel deep in his thighs
She wiped his brow gently her English just barely
Her soft eyes spoke we've met before

In following weeks he came to understand
Healing and whole found in compassion
In fragrant walks in rose gardens and lounges in sun
Care bloomed with force never known beforehand
Sour bitterness became unfastened undone
By soft caring eyes saying we've met before

November Armistice required a need of returning
To the Indiana farm his generational home
Lonesome were hours he worked the farm's loam
Parting her gentle tendering anguishing
Absence painful from her beauty honed
For soft caring eyes saying we've met before

The winter following was warmed with her promise
Till seas run dry and rocks melt I'll wait -- I'll miss
He smiled at Burns work he'd sealed with a kiss
On a rose scented pathway near Chateau-Thierry
He longed a journey to his sweet reminisce
To soft caring eyes saying we've met before

Two year passed before his farm earned a passage
To view trenches healed and Flanders flowers blooming
Paris Spring found her joy tending resuming
Hearts grow fonder in absence more than an adage
Promises were made midst Paris pleasant perfuming
With soft caring eyes saying we've met before

Don Adams, on Bethel Pond, March 2022