

Bias - Bias

4-2-46

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

For a long time I have wanted to send you this little poem, but for some reason or other have never done so.

Now that the first anniversary of your husband's death is near at hand, I feel that I should send it; you see, I wrote it the day after he passed on.

Shortly after writing this poem, I was about to send it to one of the papers, however, something told me not to. While I feel that the sentiments expressed are not only mine, but those of millions of people, I would rather have you decide as to whether it should become public property.

Perhaps the poem does not contain style or precise grammatical structure; but it was the way in which my feelings found expression.

Yes; he has passed into eternity, but if God so wills it, his ideals shall be the eternal possession of posterity.

Very truly yours

John Battistella

MEMORIA IN ANTERNA

A score of years ago or more,

He might have taken him.

Though he did suffer more,

than most of us his earthly kin,

He lived to do his mundane chore,

and thank we must both He and him.

A score of years ago or more,

if He chose to take him...

Those who followed would have suffered more;

for... are we not his mortal kin?

Oh yes; someone may say;

another would led the way.

T'is through... but we know what we had,

and what he done.

We know not what we might have had,

nor what might have been done.