

December 26, 1939

SIBERIA

Siberia steeped in somber snow
Spreads savagely before our eyes
As silent shadows steal across
The somber silver of her skies.

She sleeps, a country garbed in gloom,
In white austerity that gleams
Across the grim and gruesome steppes
To us, the people of her dreams.

She slumbers sweet in solemn peace
But yet her skies of lurid lead
And creamy ivory of her snows
Betray to us she is not dead.

When will she wake? Why does she sleep
When we, her people, sob and moan?
When bleeding we will slip and fall,
She shall stand up for us, alone.