

The Poetry of Sam Bissette

1938

A Vision

A Vision came to me one night,
A Vision bathed in Holy Light--
 Upon a hill in Canaan stood,
 A rugged cross of weathered wood,
It truly was a Holy sight.

Upon this cross our Savior hung,
Upon the nails his body clung,
 The light then grew from bright to dim,
 And God then took his Son with Him.
While over the hills the darkness swung.

Through the ages since that day,
He has cleansed our sins away--
 Though we will kill and though we lie,
 Though we sin until we die,
Christ, Our Saviour, guards our way.

Sgt. Samuel D. Bissette--

France
November 19, 1944

That Lovely, Christmas Dream

I dreamed a lovely dream last night.
I dreamed 'twas Christmas Eve.
We had a lovely Christmas Tree,
Which glittered and shone so merrily;
And I could see a cozy fire,
Skipping and dancing so cheerily.
Bells were ringing and voices were singing,
The Christmas songs, both old and new,
Of sleighbells and holly, and fellowship jolly,
And my heart was singing them, too.
That lovely dream was the perfect Gift,
And now it has faded away.
But it filled my lonely Christmas Eve
With thoughts, both happy and gay.
I dreamed a lovely dream last night,
O'er thousands of miles I made my flight,
And for a fleeting moment did conceive,
Your love and beauty on Christmas Eve.

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My Tomorrow

Another dreary, dreary day,
There's no sunshine, love, nor play-
Don't you agree with me?
I'm existing, really,
But hoping to be free,
When my bright, bright, Tomorrow becomes today.

I have my hopes and plans and dreams,
But they's far away, it seems.
If they were only true,
And I could be with you,
And if I only knew,
That it would really be true,
That my bright, bright Tomorrow will be today.

If my tomorrow were only today,
And I could only have my way,
To plan my work and play,
See you every, every day,
"Twould be a wonderful, beautiful, lovely, happy Day.

---Sgt. Samuel D. Bissette, 14173339
Hq. Sq. 27th Air Transport Group
APO 744, c/o Postmaster, New York

Christmas Message

Sunset fades, and Evening flings
Her mantle 'Cross the sky,
The stars peep out, and kindly blink
Their greetings, bye and bye-
The moonbeams dance and hop and skip,
From the shimmering sky,
And bring back sweetest memories, dear,
Of the days gone by.

The days of War are dark and dreary,
And never seem to end,
But toward the time of Peace on Earth,
Our faltering steps shall wend.
The faith and trust of we who know,
That peace of the Free,
Can clear the darkness from the world,
And make the rest to see.

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And may the Grace and Love of God,
 With us forever be,
That in the end, our goal will win,
 Of peace and Liberty.
And toward the bright Tomorrow,
 With firmer step we trod,
Believing in the Light of Peace,
 And in the Word of God.

Sgt. Samuel D. Bissette, 14173339
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A Dissertation Upon English Mud (With apologies to the English Dictionary)

This English mud is soft and gooey,
If you're not careful - you'll go - kaffloey!
A moment ago - you were on your feet,
Now you are sotting on your seat!

I don't like mud and that is certain,
Tricky as a girl who's always flirtin',
I slip to chow, I slide to work,
This English mud drives me berserk.

Muddy trucks and muddy planes,
Muddy roads and muddy lanes.
Mud on you and mud on me,
A sea of mud is all I see.

Muddy shoes and muddy socks,
Sudden slips and sudden shocks,
Add to this the mist and rain
Then you see why I complain!

This mud has tricks,
And they are myriad,
Oops! Once more---
Oh, well! PERIOD.

---Sgt. Samuel D. Bissette, 14173339
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What Makes War?

1944

What makes War, or is it known?
Seems that the seeds continually are sown.
Some say politicians, powers, and races,
Others say bad people in high up places.

“Mummy, what makes War?” asks the little boy
Who has been separated from the blessedness of childhood joy
By the farewell of his Daddy to his Mummy, and him also,
And overhearing grown-up talk of the reason that his
Daddy off to war has to go.

“I don’t really know”,
Came the answer from his Mummy, her eyes misty from
Held-back tears, caused by the thoughts of her
loved one who had to go;
There was an answer that Ne’er could be denied,
There was an answer, for which many millions died.

To answer that question goes so deep into Life,
That trying to find the answer has sometimes led to
strife.
There are many, many reasons and then that many more,
That may be taken from the history books, of the wars
That have gone before.

Through all the wanderings and searchings,
There’s one fact that shines forth clear,
That Mummy’s answer is the best of all,
And to the Truth, most near.

For What Makes War will ne’er be known to the mind of Man.
And Why?
For it is a part of our God’s own Divine Plan.

-- Sgt. Samuel D. Bissette, 14173339
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My First "Doodlebug"

There was a sort of stillness in the air,
A few quiet voices, a scraping chair,
A radio in the distance tinkled music sweet,
And seemed to make the stillness complete.

I was just passing off into a sleep-filled world,
When, into my mind, like a bombshell, was hurled,
A jangling bell, sirens, and scurrying feet.
I leaped from my cot, heard the warning repeat.

Running for the door, I seemed to fly,
In a moment was outside, scanning the sky.
In the south, one could see long fingers of light
Combing the darkness of the still night.

They quickly converged, and straining my eyes,
Saw a small orange light, high in the skies.
Then, "It's coming this way!", I heard a cry,
But I stood still, staring, I know not why.

The glow was now closer, I could see it was flame,
And the roar was louder, (which gives the buzz-bomb
its name.)
'Twas now nearly O'erhead, but there we still stood,
Fascinated, watching, as if we were wood.

Then all in a moment, the roar ceased to be,
That ghastly flame we no longer could see.
And a ghostly whistling then took its place,
We ran for cover, in a life or death race.

As we fled, there was a prayer inside,
That it would not dive, but continue to glide.
I did reach the sandbags, I thanked God for that,
And dove for the earth and flattened out flat.

Seconds were hours, and I will confess,
That I was afraid, though the whistling was less.
Then, quickly, a flash, an eye-blinding light
And an earth-shaking roar, which shattered the night.

And then there's no light, and then there's no roar,
And the night turns to silence as still as before.
I return to my cot, my soul quite shaken,
From the sense of security which I had forsaken.

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And there I prayed, and gave my thanks,
That, of the living, I was still in the ranks.
And my prayers were said for those who died,
Down the lane, on the other side.

Sgt. Samuel D. Bissette
Hq. Sq. 27th Air Transport Group,
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The Demo B Blues

Here I sit.....
My big feet resting solidly upon the floor.....
I just read the "Stars and Stripes".....
And I am no wiser than before.....
Across the glaring headline streamers are promises and predictions.....
Three hundred thousand men, point score drops, all join the jumbled pile....
After this, I read L'il Abner to regain my somewhat be-numbed senses,
And wonder if it is all worth while.....
This sitting, waiting, gets a man.....
To the point that he is almost crazy.....
And far out on the distant horizon, the distant, unreachable goal.....
Of D - Discharge - Day, hovers tantalizingly hazy.....
And to the list of GI rumors, which are bad enough.....
One must add the latest from the States, in the family letters.....
"You will be home by Thanksgiving, Christmas, or 1947".....
All of which add to the misery of your chains and fetters.....
You lift your weary eyes from the printed word.....
Of which, you have lost your faith,.....And in them shines a tiny gleam.....
Of hope, as your ears pick up the news announcer's staccato voice.....
Somehow piercing your deep, black dream.....
"ETO veterans Pacificward. Officers score down to 35. Low score men rumored discharged.
Previously reported rumor regarding lower score found untrue".....
Rumors, Rumors, good and bad, and many big, black lies.....
Your benumbed brain, sightless eyes, and deadened ears....
Can take no more.....You realize that too much wisdom does not make a man wise.....
I close my eyes, I listen no more, the radio blares forth but not for me.....
With studies concentration, I do my daily work.....
Never, never, never do I listen to..."Say, have you heard the latest..."
I no longer permit the rumors around me, to lurk.....
Then one day, which one I know not.....
I am shuffling papers, reading publications tripe,.....when....
Through my studied deliberation.....I see.....a special order.....my name...
Twenty minutes later, they bring me to....and then.....
Yep, I am going home agin!