

Poem

Ghosts of Company

The young barmaid held her gaze,
When he raised his mask,
To salute with mercurial gusto,
Heroes of the past.

Now he is laid down to rest,
Resolute and steadfast.
Amidst “the fearless”,
His dearest left cursing his craft.

At dusk, fading from actuality,
Not the first,
Not the last,
All just ghosts of company,
Hiding themselves behind a glass.

Before an altar,
We must not falter,
For ‘tis He himself who laughs last.

Time. Gentlemen. Please!
My, oh my...
How it has passed.

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