

Little Georgie

I am lying alone in the darkness in a room at the end of the block

All is still and quiet now except for the ticking clock

I can see by a shaft of moonlight the way that the room has been set

With pieces of ill matched furniture, a typical holiday let

The day had been such a good one, together by the sea

With sunshine and laughter and glasses of wine

In weather for Cornwall unusually fine

As I reached the edge of sleep that night the sound came back once more

Something I heard in its nature had me reaching for the door

There was nothing to see or explain what I'd heard

Nothing living, no man nor beast nor bird

For I'd heard running footsteps, small and quick and light

Children do not play outside, not at dead of night

But finding no solution, in time I fell asleep

My puzzling and uneasiness would simply have to keep

It wasn't 'til the day I left we sat outside to chat
Making the best of the time that was left we talked of this and
that
I mentioned the midnight footsteps and wondered what they
could mean
My friends looked sad and sorry as they spoke of what had
been

It seems that back in the twenties a family came to stay
The children loved the outdoor life and liked to run and play
A chasing game their favourite, on a path along the cliff
Arguing who was the bravest one, a dare became a tiff

The youngest child decided he had to have a go
But lost his footing and his life as he fell to the rocks below
Their mother never recovered and filled with guilt and pain
Came back to the house each summer to look for her child in
vain

So was that little Georgie still playing the chasing game
Round the house, along the cliff as his brothers called his
name?
Or was I just mistaken in a sleepy undertow
I know I won't forget it, but I'll never really know.

