

I lived in my father's house that winter
The years betrayed him
 only leaving shadows
While he forgot what intact men remember

His face became
 as haunted as a gallows

I watched as his walls tumbled
heard the echoes

of a dead past that beckoned him to wander the fields
 laid waste
 the stone and pavement meadows
 to walk the forest lanes of steel and cinder

A winter soon is over
With the spring my father died
 a pitted absent man

He came to see the world as it had been

(The words take on a sad reflective ring
as I hark back on
 all my winters gone

and hear his children sing their gallows song)