

## Gallows Song

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 on 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)

