

The Sentinels

Tombstones give in to their task
of standing in a row
succumbing to uncharted span
Too weary to sound a golden trumpet
for the names they bore
have slowly washed away
Some are huddled as if bent
from winter's freezing cold
some are broken shattered
from a task too great
Stone triumphing over ages
is too frail now
to await a resurrection
Lowly grass determined
to shelter fallen bones of man
is now extending
its healing balm to them
The distant house if it could speak
would tell of those
who thought they'd stay
Its vaulted roof now admitting
every season's rain
Shutters hanging loosely
show no further interest
in guarding against the forceful winds
The driveway's strong back
supported car and carriage
now entertains mottled weeds all day
A rusted post and knotted chain
its barking sentry dog without a trace
Yet faithful servants at this time
stand firmly
facing the morning sun
as if they personally had taken
an eternal oath
to passing months and years
for perceived event
Daffodils graceful in
their bright and yellows
without question await
a master's return.