



Poetry

1. Prelude

My father is dying
has been for months
Sea side cures of no avail
his letters from Onetangi
are signed off
with our Alsatian's inky paw.

2. The Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols

Propped up in the sunroom
my father acknowledges
he'll not make that morning's service
he requests a couple of carols
a capella

3. **Gone**

My mother informs me of his death
constrained by codes of conduct
I know not what I should do
except hide my grief.

Piers Davis