

Uncle Pat

Ash

I sent off this morning
Down the road along the river
Which I take but once a yearMy walk will take me by the shore
Then inland for a mile or more
From the cold sea sprayA small wood stands upon the hill
An old house near it lies in ruins
Forgotten long agoAnd here in a clearing
Overgrown with moss and ivy
Is your lonely graveAt dusk I will make my way
Along the lanes and through the fields
To where my cottage isBut before I step inside for bed
I'll look up at the stars as we had
All those years agoSo, here's for Uncle Pat

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