

Imagined landscapes

By Christopher Goode

An old man's tears falling
Like the benediction of summer rain
There may be no more summers
Nor time enough to mourn
The passing of the seasons
The falling leaves, the blasted oak
The planet rolling into darkness
And winter storm-clouds massing

No time to see life blossoming
In the photos on the wall
Just the closing in of evening
Ships sailing beyond the horizon
Winter's storm-birds wheeling
And the measured ticking of the clock