

Gerontion

A Silent Film

Skin, Cloth and bone
They will be taken down to the ferryman
An old crooked lie
The fibres were underneath her fingernails

Old and grey, into the grave

The taste and the name
Have all but been swallowed now from the tip of his tongue
The sound of her voice
The screaming stopped ringing as he drifted away

Never repaid the lives he took away