

Uncle Pat

Ash

I sent off this morning
Down the road along the river
Which I take but once a year
My walk will take me by the shore
Then inland for a mile or more
From the cold sea spray

A small wood stands upon the hill
An old house near it lies in ruins
Forgotten long ago
And here in a clearing, overgrown with moss and ivy
Is your lovely grave

A dusk I will make my way
Along the lanes and through the fields
To where my cottage is
But before I step inside for bed
I'll look up at the stars as we had
All those years ago

So here's for Uncle Pat