

A Gentler Song

By S.E. McCafferty

Down near the water's edge
Sits an old man who tells a story
See him, just there, on that rocky ledge,
Let him have his dreams of glory.

He tells of days of futures past
There were dreams of glory and fame
His memories a lifetime last,
Not one is quite the same.

We see him squinting through purple haze
As pictures run through his head
The town's children sit quietly at his feet,
Like penguin chicks being fed.

Where did you go, what did you see?
The children clapped with glee
As the old gentleman's pipe smoke, at first a great puff,
Rolled gently out to sea.

I saw pirates and sailors and ships of great size
Gallop over the foam
There were striped tigers, tan lions, and birds of great height,
Gamboling into the loam.

What he did not say, and he knew from the start
Were scenes of great turmoil and death
With young ones around him, it all just became,
A gentler song in his head.