

Echo of Love

(A Eulogy for ‘Pop’ Dennis)

For those of us who stay behind,
The dry wind, the velvet hills;
The after-image in the mind’s eye.

Let those of us who knew him say:
‘I knew him well’;
The long heart’s pain, the hope,
The slow swell of dusk on the verandah,
Hands cup-warm and thought
Flown to horizons.

You only go before us;
Every shadow must flee into that dim evening,
Leaving only an echo of love
And the wind, and the dry hills.

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