

# On Reading Yeats' "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory"

*by* Con Chapman

Two logs to make a fire burn,  
one real, one fake,  
for we have learned  
that's all an evening fire takes.



I sit and contemplate my fate,  
prepare to get a laugh from Yeats  
but he has robbed my pen of words  
and made the world seem more absurd.



With sharp intake of startled breath  
that presses down upon my lungs  
I read of an untimely death,  
a tale of one who died too young.



Let this be said, let this be done--  
that I should die before my sons.  
Let me to my grave first be called  
Let them grow older, grey or bald.

