

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.

