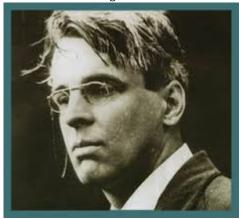
## On Reading Yeats' "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory"

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 donethat I should die before my sons. Let me to my grave first be called Let them grow older, grey or bald.