

Invicta

by G.E. Simons

He would cry as he sang Christmas carols
Booming musical tears from pale, wet eyes
A conductor in Harris Tweed
Above a folded Burberry mackintosh
Cushioning the pews

Combed a thumb over slide rule moustache
As military tears soaked into hymnbook pages
Before midnight broadcasts
Live from Canterbury cathedral
Made those pale eyes dewy again

