

The Last Song (Wayne Gathright)

They gathered in a circle – the children sat amazed
Broken by the giant hearth which flickered in their gaze...
Within their midst a figure – with pain he slowly spoke
As firelight changed his features, half covered by his cloak...

He spoke of times forgotten...of worlds and things unknown–
His words drew great adventures of distant lands he roamed...
And through the night they listened – so many things they learned
Until the Old Man faltered, and to them all he turned...

“My dear and lovely children...in life be always strong
Remember Truths I’ve told you...and keep the Right from Wrong.”
“But now my time has ended”, he whispered with a sigh,
“My wish is that you’ll join with me to sing - a last goodbye....”

Their fragile hearts were broken – they’d loved him so for years
But sing they did the last goodbye while fighting little tears.
The song was something special he’d taught them long ago,
And as they sang the embers dimmed, and wind began to blow...

While in the second stanza, the Old Man settled down;
And as the ember turned to ash, they stopped without a sound...
He’d gone before the ending – and they began to cry...
They loved the Old Man dearly and hoped to say goodbye...

The room was cold and silent; and time had frozen still –
The children’s hearts were empty where once his love had filled.
Without a kiss and warm farewell as they had known before,
The children slowly gathered, and pulled upon the door –

But as it slowly opened, and light rays splashed around
They heard a thunderous chorus of a well familiar sound!
It seemed the woods were singing the stanza left unsung...
The song that they had ended, had only just begun...

They remembered times forgotten...of worlds and things unknown–
They saw the great adventures of distant lands he roamed...
Now standing in the doorway, they felt his warm goodbye.
And knew he’d live forever - as the flicker in their eyes...