

ON LOOKING THROUGH OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

Like brown and brittle leaves, once green, now grown
To certain fall that follows summer's play,
Are these old photographs, whereon are shown
Dead lads and lasses in their laughing day.
So sad, these unsuspecting smiles that gleam
From out the sepia gloaming of the past;
Between two deeper sleeps, a drowsy dream
No more substantial than their shadows cast
Across the blinking camera's winking eye;
Far less, in truth; for youthful shades survive
The so-called substance which they left to die,
And dead man's laughter lives in man alive.
So sad to see these laughing dead we say;
But who laughs last and who laughs longest, pray?

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