

# *The Grey Headstone*

He sits beside the grey headstone  
A figure hunched, a soul alone  
The crowds have gone the poppy's lye  
There's no one left his tears to spy.

His wasted frame, hands skin and bone  
He sits beside the grey headstone  
And peace eludes his feeble heart  
His mind's eye sees the donkey cart

That pulled his mates from muddy fields  
To trenches hot, not well concealed  
He sits beside the grey headstone  
Amid motley grass and old pine cones

And looks upon the white crossed field  
Good men who died they would not yield  
Bodies buried so far from home  
He sits beside the grey headstone

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