Poseidon

Old Pa sits
in his bentwood chair.
Smoke from his pipe curls slowly up
in the room's still air.
He looks at the world
from his eye's grey rim:
and the world without
and the world within
have little to do with the likes of him.
And the way we live
and the way we die
mean nothing at all to his jaundiced eye.
But as he breathes out
but as he breathes in
whole horizons seem to swim
in his watery eye.

Michael Gilkes