

## 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