

The Cemetery

(1987)

A different place, a different time.

The etched stones conjure up visions of times
long past.

A time of little noise, little civilisation;
good yet bad.

Only the sun can remember these times, pouring
out its warmth upon a changing world.

Sorrowful these sights, these monuments to a
past, forgotten age.

Decaying, crumbling; slowly defeating futile
attempts to prolong their ebbing life.

Death is all around us.

The death of people, long gone.

The death of buildings, convulsing; fighting
for the life that is no longer theirs.

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