

Decameron

"Parade"

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all the ones i ever knew
wandered by my window today
even some i never knew
marching by in the finest of parades
move all along

november grave, armistace day
poppies in the name of the Earl
.... the proud and the blind
bow in silence now the flags unfurl
lest we forget

west window sun would flock beneath
the grandfather and the boy
through all the changing scenes of life
sung in pain and sung in joy
may we forget now

the boy has sinned, he must repent
he will learn, he will believe
grandfather shakes so many hands
with his heart upon his sleeve
wears it away

shut the curtain, lay me down
beside parades that feed a war
loveless men and unloved children
a daughter leaves and slams the door
lost forever.

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