

## **Rick Springfield** **"His Last Words"**

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My father was too weak to parry the blade  
As death's scythe swept through the house one night  
When we were busy doing other things  
Dust filled his mouth and stopped his breath  
And darkness took his soul in this familiar place

His body, wasted by the sickness  
His spirit weary from the battle  
He spoke to me, forever his son  
Of all things save death:  
I longed to face it with him  
But seeing his fear  
I feared to speak of it

And though we both saw death's dark irresistible form  
In the far corner  
We talked instead of evening shadows  
On bedroom walls  
And so it went  
There were no proud and profound last words  
No bright ringing final moment of clarity  
He just died  
We kissed his still warm face  
And promised forever

The cold wind blew through the trees in my father's  
yard  
And I looked for meaning

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