

What death?

One hundred is only a number.
It does not measure what the mind makes
or the voice renders.

Dear man,
cared with genius.

St John's stretches beyond the horizon
and the darkening woods.
Cows graze on the high hill.

Hérons search the sand before the writing hut.

Here his hand moved to the cadence of the sea
manipulating the magnificence of sound.

His heart's truth stayed in the year's turning,
and does again
and again
and again.

Place
Stamp
Here

doozle

Postcard by John Idris Jones