

OLD WARRIOR

Sentinel on the mountain, mist enshrouded,
Twelve points glisten in the dewy balm
His head held high, nostrils twitching,
The stag surveys his hillside realm.

As the sun arises and the cloud burns off
The grand old beast stands proud and tall
Pondering his youth in years of agility
Chasing his hinds with wanton recall.

But now he is aged, bearing scars of his ventures
The mind is still virile but the body is spent
As the warmth of the day heats tired and sore muscles
The old boy remembers and snorts with content.

Shelagh Lawson