

The Old Man and His Sword

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A chilling evening, beside this monstrous glow
Stands a man, with a sword, rusty and old.
As referred to the small-dotted lines that show
Striking a helm of memories be told.

With parallel broken running along the man's temple,
A scene of an everlasting yesterday, a share of his grief
For in those running points seal his soul,
A pantheon of arms and death in an eternal sleep.

He takes his sword, swung it back and fro-,
Waves his fingers along the winds' call,
And takes his deep sigh, into the meadow
Forges his stance against an unfamiliar foe.

He sparks his iron with sharp gazes,
From its slumber, rose a corpse.
Into the might of the knight that he now faces,
Took his choice, drained his source.

Now, be forever in the dungeons of farewell,
The mighty old man falls, bloodied in the ground.
Wounded covers, blackened shell.
A crown, now rests in forever sound.