

ARTHUR BULL

After Lu Yu

Old Tom took a room and never came out.
Jimmy the Waste faded, said to have moved in with a taxidermist.
One evening Granddad Wu went where he couldn't hear us calling any more.
Even the rabbit hound Edward, who could only cough
Instead of barking, was gathered to his ancestors.
For myself, I must be made of iron to still be here,
Leaning on the back fence, looking out over the green hills as they enter
evening.