

The old man and the typewriter

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The cat lies stretched over the rug

Firelight flickers on his fur and the heat makes him doze

Small pink nose twitches as he dreams

Like the old man in the comfortable chair

Tapping at the worn ivory keys

The sound of pipes and war from a faraway time

Echoes of pain from long ago

The cat lies stretched under a tree

Dappled shade creates illusions of cool

The endless symphony of cicadas beats at the heart

Like the old man walking in the Anzac parade

His body frail and bent

Echoes of pain from long ago

The cat lies curled into the old man's side

His fingers move softly over its fur

He looks across to the desk where the typewriter idles

Memoirs are complete now

Only shards of carbon paper drifting

As they catch the breeze

Echoes of pain from long ago

The cat lies

Limp on the stainless steel

Tatters of blood smeared fur
Rasping breath through a shattered jaw
The silent needle brings sweet oblivion
Like the old man after too many drinks
His mind broken by memory
Echoes of pain from long ago

The old man straightens up slowly
Brushes the dirt from the spade
He looks down the garden
Half expecting to see the cat
Stalking the birds
But he is not there
Just an empty garden, an empty heart
Echoes of pain from long ago