

# THE COACH

*F.J. Smoak*

That phantom coach  
Is on the fly,  
And sleek black horses  
Are drawing nigh.

They sound like thunder  
From far away;  
Those equine hooves  
Are breaking clay.

The deathwatch beetle  
Did click three times;  
Portentous omens  
All occurred like rhymes:

The plaintive howling  
Of a neighbor's dog;  
A coffin-shaped cinder  
On a burning log;

The raven that lurked  
About the house all day;  
The sky was overcast  
And gray;

The mournful Banshee  
was heard to cry:  
All things under Heaven  
Have a time to die.

That phantom coach  
Is on the fly,  
And sleek black horses  
Are drawing nigh.

"The Coach" © 2006 by F.J. Smoak

*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006