

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.

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