

Closing Time

*written on hearing that my friend, Robin Penna,
was going into a care home*

Not quite time yet for a last look at things,
but each new day's painful; it casually brings
one's friends all going down as 'Last Orders' they sing.
It's closing time.

Each one of us gets there, it's chilling not bracking.
We're not really pleased with the endings we're facing.
No time to finish all the projects we're chasing.
Yes, closing time.

Gather together the small comforts you'll need.
Get rid of the others; the essence is speed.
Be ready for the off – it's an old racing creed.
That's closing time.

What else can one do except offer affection
to those who are called in an unknown direction
to face – by themselves – that insoluble question,
their closing time.

by Graham Tayar, 31/03/09