

Passing

In memory of Mark Provis

One that sun-drenched day.
the whole of this village
- packed in church and in pub –
was bonded in loss,
in grief for his passing,
and joy for his life,

remembering too
that for each one of us,
last things come to pass
too quickly, too soon.
Rites and songs give some comfort
yet the love that all showed for him

was a real truth; proof
of a life well-lived,
all his roles fully played,
till that other blind butcher *
cut him down in his prime.

Let his memory live on.

- *from 'Didn't he ramble' – New Orleans jazz funeral lyric*

Graham Tayar
Port Isaac, July 2000