

A Somber Walk

This morning I shall walk the road
Leading to my father's house,
I will walk past fields of planted rows
Where he labored most his life.
I take this walk, in solitude
In reflections of the past
Of days of youthful joyfulness,
And shadows that I cast.
As I draw near the smell of smoke
In the crisp of autumn's air
Lingers from my boyhood home
A sign, that I soon will be there.
The lull of nature's symphony
It soothes my inner soul
Bringing me the peace of mind
To weigh this heavy toll.
For who am I... to question God,
As to ease my selfish fear...
In telling my dear father,
My end of life is near.

Antony King is a writer/poet from Eastern Kentucky. Antony spent his formal years in Cleveland Ohio where he underwent private instruction in The Arts, Music, and Literature. His love of the classics guided him to poetry and fueled his passion for writing. After art school, Antony spent 23 years in the world of advertising, and design. He began honing his skills both as a writer, and an artist. Antony has been very fortunate to have his work published in several literature journals.

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