

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Amongst old junk and magazines upon the wet,
sprung floor,

A streak of soot passed o'er from left to right;
It traced a sort of cycloid right out the kitchen
door,

Left by some helpless stovepipe in its flight.

There were ashes in the kitchen where the old
triangle rung;

The interior was done in browns and greys;
Tar paper like stalactites from the rusty ceiling
hung,

'Round the table of the nights of silver days.

And there inside the mud-chinked door a painted
board hung down,

Some self-made expert's shingle or a sign?
I turned it up and left it for the tourist out from
town;

You can see it, and it reads "The Baron Mine."