

# King David

(Poem read at a funeral)

I leave you, grown a little old  
And long of tooth enough to fold  
My hand of cards, as poker-faced  
I am, at last, out-aced.

So, I shall speak of Kings and Queens,  
The highs of life - which I lived well;  
And you, within this quiet swell  
Are actors in these scenes.

You'll see me in an empty seat;  
A smokeless bar, upon a street:  
Nostalgically, you'll sit and eat  
And talk of times gone by...

And I'll be there, with glass in hand  
To toast the horse that passed the stand  
And won me almost half a grand  
At Goodwood: Glory be!

So much of life did I devote  
To lipsticked numbers on a note:  
Where buses stopped, my lover wrote  
Our script of destiny.

Part by chance - part grand design,  
I called her up, then called her mine  
And, in uncalculated time  
We were not two, but five...

Recall that sultry summer day -  
The Lido, where we were at play:  
His teeth fell out; he lost his wig:  
My glasses took a dive!

Now you're all Big, it's plain to see  
The power of a memory  
That makes you laugh  
Until you cry:  
While this lives on, I'll never die.

As Martin and Sinatra sing,  
I dance with her, and everything  
Is perfect.  
In a single kiss, a simple joy is utter bliss.

And so, King David's crown is wrought  
From trophies earned in battles fought  
And lessons learned, then lived and taught -  
And nothing more than this.

My horse has run its final race  
And as I reach my resting place  
You'll hear my voice and see my face  
And so, I leave my trace.

