

The Waiting Man

On moorland, field or roadside curb
They stand, vestiges of days gone
Carved by local, crude, weathered hands
Forgotten use, now come to pass
Message faded, old and haggard
Half-buried under ferns and moss
Mistaken as an old field gate
Plastered in lichen, chipped by flail...
coloured by birds black and white paint
Reset, re-positioned long ago
Disfigured by frantic gun fire...
as armed forces' target practice.
Lonely and desolate in rime
Fragments of whitewash still cling on
Sitting quiet to rest there in peace
Forever watchful ancient face
A guiding hand in unknown land
Still standing noticed not by most
This, the life of a wayside post.



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