

I study
 his face, lined
 by things not done, and I
 find no metal anymore. But so what!
 I didn't come today to treasure hunt!
 A stone I drop plunks softly
 I only came to play again upon his
 in the water far below and
 piles of chat, to climb as king upon
 sends up echoes of a depth far beyond
 the mountains of his worked-out
 my ken. So now I gaze down into his soul,
 stone, to contemplate the depths
 His hallowed by dripping moss and memories
 going down into the earth where
 work is done, by years of excruciating labor, and I stumble on
 once men toiled in search of wealth
 thoughts of thousands.
 and now there remains but quiet
 His will is done, the education of
 a legacy more precious than the very work he did,
 pools of dark, mysterious water.
 a nation. His life stands stacked in a corner.
 the dignity of having served and being now at rest.

I wrote this many years ago.

but now it is I who have grown old.

Am I worked out?