

# A Drunkard's Epitaph

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A drunkard dies, his hand, no longer trembling,  
Which often made the bottle difficult to hold,  
Had twenty years since traded off his wedding ring,  
In tribute to the liquor and the price of gold.  
Despair was his addiction, more than simply wine,  
Which only served to keep the hounding blues at bay,  
And leave him in his blessed stupor, feeling fine,  
To watch his friends and family turn and walk away.

For they would be the keepers of his memories,  
And finally would cease to hold themselves to blame.  
He had no recollection of his felonies,  
And never would he fall upon his knees in shame.  
A drunkard dies, his soul no longer keeping time,  
Is not constrained to live within the moment past.  
Forever now that clear-eyed boy can hunt and climb,  
Released in days gone by and home again at last.