

A Play

Briefly, so briefly, into the light,
To flower and fade, and say goodnight.
Fleeting laughter, then we must,
Exit to darkness and to dust.

We take our places on the stage,
To pose and preen, to weep and rage.
Strolling players, we read our part,
Shrink and wither, then depart.

Painted and powdered for a season's fame,
We strut and play life's little game.
A sigh, a tear, a curse, applause,
Man takes his bow, and so withdraws.

Rich and poor before they fall,
Each shall hear the trumpet call.
Saint and sinner, rogue and knave,
Join Judge and jury in the grave.

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Fred Canavan