

He's Brown Bread

He's brown bread
Is Fred!
He's cashed his chips.
Quips?
Are through.
No life and soul. He's dug his hole.
Deep? He's six feet under
And reaped?
Yes! He's reaped. Grim,
But Fair –
Fair enough, that is.
He's snuffed it!
Popped his clogs!
Dogs? Will Howl.
Foul?
No crime, he's done his time.
Three score and ten. Then.
Shuffled off. Mortal coil.
Toil?
No more for him.
Turned up his toes.
Woes?
Sure of it. Not him.
He's met his Maker.
Pearly Gates!
Altered states!
Croaked! Smoked?
No more than most.
He's toast!
Run his race!
Another place!
Passed over.
Breathed his last.

Past? Vast!
He's done it all.
Trodden paths. Tales untold.
Bold! Final rest?
Some geezers breast!

Epitaph Number 2

Gramps,
Is gone.
Mentor, Stentor,
Friend, in one.
A grumpy curmudgeon.
Sparse
In direction.
Perfection
In trust.
Just!
An example?
Ample -
Time for kids!

Idyllic days!
Fishing.
Hey, Coach!
Remember my first roach?
A tiddler,
Fiddler.
Hook -
Stuck!
Patiently extracted.

Walks in the woods,
My brother, we three,
Naming,

Explaining,
All we could see.
Trees and flowers
Mushrooms and birds.
And if we were lucky,
A young foxes turds.

The big match?
Natch!
Opposite sides.
Couldn't care less.
Rivalry came
To gramps as a game.
Joshing, Teasing,
Pulling your leg.

Filled the hole,
When dad was at work
Filled another
The stupid berk.

Epitaph Number 3

Re: the deceased...
We are pleased
To inform you,
That after preliminary investigation,
And due deliberation,
In accordance with
Standard and Mandatory
Regulations,
Following select,
And Correct,

Procedures,
And with due consideration
For your
Extenuating circumstances,
We can confirm the proof,
And the term,
Of your father's Existence.

Our sincere condolences
Notwithstanding,
We require, as of right,
The sight
Of documentary evidence,
Pursuant to
Disbursement of the estate.

Therefore,
We ask you
To remit,
In due course,
Legally attested,
Vested,
Testimonials and submissions