

Good Things Must End

Good things must end
Not in a blaze of White Heat
A James Cagney yell,
Good things fade
like sunset.
Good things wilt and
fall to the earth or
lift away in the breeze.
The place where I
think and write and love
will just die.
The grass will consume
the flowers and the
brick will green and
Crumble.
My chair
Will be without me
I without it's comfort.
Good things pass away
like old men.
Good things die.
Most are already
Dead.