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The Man of Winter

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The Man of Winter

He died in Asia, fighting.
A hero they say.
I didn't know him for I was
Too young, only a boy.
He we because he was called.
He didn't resist the call,
That voice which promised him
Glory beyond measure, breaker
Of men, and he broke them, wildly,
In his anger, in his revenge
For the death of his friend.
He would have broken all men
Everywhere, turned spring
Into winter to satisfy his grief.
Die on, die on, all, he said,
Monstrous in his longing.
Death came when he didn't
Expect it. Shot by an unseen
Enemy on rank of men melting
Before him, he took his turn
At the orange byre.
So he went, so I go,
One more son after his father,
Adding my pitiless glory to his.

Peter Huggins