



To the Future.

When today's vanguard shall be stood against the wall
Like suits of obsolete armour
Their barbed words considered
Under glass and mahogany cases
And those things which cut into their souls
Deeply, like butchers' thin knives
Be the subject of armchair autopsy
 spare a thought
For the bruised flesh of the fallen fruit
For them whose blood fell on stone
Whose echoes were hurriedly stifled
Who came into the world unarmed
Or left without warning.

Dai Vaughan.