

The Ghost of John Gavin

WF Kingston

Tw'as late one night, a black heart moon
An Easter chill impending
As I passed by the prison doors
A lonely boy descending

Of olden clothes, misshapen head
He trailed a pall of gloom
Towards a cart his footsteps lead
For him to meet his doom

I blinked away this ghostly sight
A shiver in the air
Then turned to see him by my side
With his beseeching stare

"George Pollard was my friend", he said
"I never meant him harm
But even so I killed him dead
Up there on yonder farm"

"Now I'll never make it home, Miss
I'll never see my Mum
I'll never feel the old land's mist
nor the touch of English sun"

"In this southern land I lie
This place that's not my home
Under a southern sun I died
I can no longer roam"

In the shadow of the Round House
He slowly fades away
And whispered in the darkness
"John Gavin was my name"

On Arthur Head the seagulls cry
Waves rush the shifting sand
The western wind it heaves and sighs
upon this southern land

a boy lies here among the dunes
a sad and sorry one
forever it will be his tomb
beneath the southern sun

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