

Poem for a dead poet

He was a poet he was.
A proper poet.
He said things
that made you think
and said them nicely.
He saw things
that you or I
could never see
and saw them clearly.
He had a way with language.
Images flocked around
him like birds,
St Francis he was,
of the words. Words?
Why he could almost make 'em talk.

(Roger McGough)