

### Anthem for an Elder

That ancient heart that beat for three score and ten,  
The firm hands that wiped my salty tears,  
That gentle        that washed away        fears,  
Th        sensi ive ears that never ceased        hear  
The gleaming eyes who        the worldly ways,  
And counted        his very numbered days,  
Through thick and thin did he remained unfazed  
Never did he doubt his fragile fate

Friends        were, through Chelsea Football Team  
Me        keen        BBC but could not locate the remote control  
Holding hands in the later years  
Even        felt the trembling and shaking  
Once        strong        of        loved Uncle  
Now no more and        mourn  
Farewell Uncle David

By

Mationesa Wade