

I write and am published in different magazines. My latest contribution was to the Deadly Writers Patrol. I am including a past item published 2 years ago. Mike

## PICKET FENCES

They are there if you look  
Two feet high in perfect rows  
Picket fences of insanity.

Sentinels in ranks  
With chiseled dates  
And the saddest words;  
Honor, glory, known  
Only to god.

They have out soared  
The shadows of night  
Residing in the uplands  
Of the ages past.

Only mortal imagination  
Can bring back the dead  
Transcending memory  
That swiftly passes away.

They found their destiny  
In purpose, steadfastness,  
Tenacity and endurance  
Without wavering hearts.

Death is precise  
As a minuet dancer.

By Mike Bakkie