

Poetry Series

**George Droney**  
**- poems -**

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# George Droney(8/4/51)

# Ago

Savage ruby rising sun, portent of a day begun;  
pouring forth a crimsoned world,  
the jeweled chorus now unfurled.  
On leaf and blade there sparks the song,  
Oh, hear it now, t'will soon be gone.  
Thou phantom youth, I held your lie,  
How soon is come my parting sigh.

George Droney

# Passings

Proud stood he, the snowman strong; a monument, a winter song  
attesting to the labor of four children and their play, their love.  
The trampled snow around his base, that crooked smile upon his face;  
my phantom youth caressed me briefly with memories I held so sweetly.  
I tossed him them a friendly wink, he sent one back at least I think.  
Then came a warming rain one day and drop by drop took him away.  
I watched as head and body shrank and to the ground his smile shrank.  
Soon but a heap of muddied snow, so sad to see my new friend go.  
Yet sorrow eased in a subtle way for we both felt the same that day.

George Droney