

## HISTORY LESSON

“This is the world’s first one-way street!”

A Beefeater says with a smile.

“Don’t lose your heads here now!” another gibes –

And all the while -

The children watch with souvenir balloons

And snappy - happy tourists cast a glance

Along the path.

And what I’d like to know

Is was it slow?

And was it gory?

And was there hope of future glory –

And do those very souls surround us now -

In this post-modern crowd?

### **Note:**

This poem was written on the theme of “a new path” or “a different path” as an assignment in the poetry group to which I belong.

When I was a child I was taken to the Tower of London with my family. My father was struck by a joke made by our Beefeater guide. I think my father’s reaction and my poem relate to the idea that the passage of time can seem to separate us from the suffering associated with particular places, perhaps especially if the tragedy was not in our lifetime.

But does it and should it really separate us, or does something linger...or even revisit us at the scene?