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The Poetry of Retirement

Police Retirement: The Uniform

The uniform is put away,
In the closet, there to stay,
Never more to take a seat,
Never more to walk a beat.

It has worked, day and night,
In full sight, through calm and fight,
Through the sun and through the snow,
Through each shift, busy or slow.

It has faced danger, served and protected,
Taken the best and the worst, as expected.

No longer a witness to a report,
No longer needed to stand up in court,
Now it has taken its last dispatched call,
It has served honorably once and for all.

Jack A. Digliani, 2022

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Perhaps renown American poet Robert Frost (1874-1963) best expressed one way to view life after retirement. In his celebrated poem published in 1923, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*, he closed with these words:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Like the person in Frost's poem, retired police officers have promises to keep and miles to go before they sleep.

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