

At the Crossroads

I have been at the crossroads now
All the time without leaving
Since the evening of Shrove Tuesday.
They brought me the blessed ashes
Wrapped in tissue paper.
When I woke on Palm Sunday
The palm branches had been left
On the damp stones of the stile.
I heard them at Easter
Singing across the ploughed fields,
And the little girls came and stood
A little way off, to show me
Their embroidered dancing costumes.
Now it is a long time
To the feast of the Assumption,
When my mother will come to collect me
In her pony and trap
And we will go calling on all our cousins
And take sherry and stout in the parlours.

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