

SWALLOWS

Swallows, who withdrew from Our Lord His thorns!

Sitting in the doorway of my house I see you fly by;
I watch you darting up and down the road.
From the fields you bring haunting memories;
a hypnotic calm from a past not far off.
How lovely it is to rest one's mind watching people pass by!

Swallows, who withdrew from Our Lord His thorns!

Alberic, Summer 2011