

A Lover's Lenten Dream

By Patrick Kavanaugh

This time when the birds are singing
Maybe I'll be sad no more
One I've waited aeons for
May be waiting at my door.
When the Lenten roots are swinging
Lamps of light above the grass
What I've dreamt may come to pass
At a holy Easter Mass.
O the growing corn and hedges
That made me want to cry
For something lost when I
Was wandering in the sky.
My birds are all in cages
Maybe now the doors will rise
And the grief that looked so wise
Dissolve in laughing skies.