

10-1983

Poetry: Living In DeLyte

MaryAnne C. Leonard

Follow this and additional works at: https://vc.bridgew.edu/br_rev



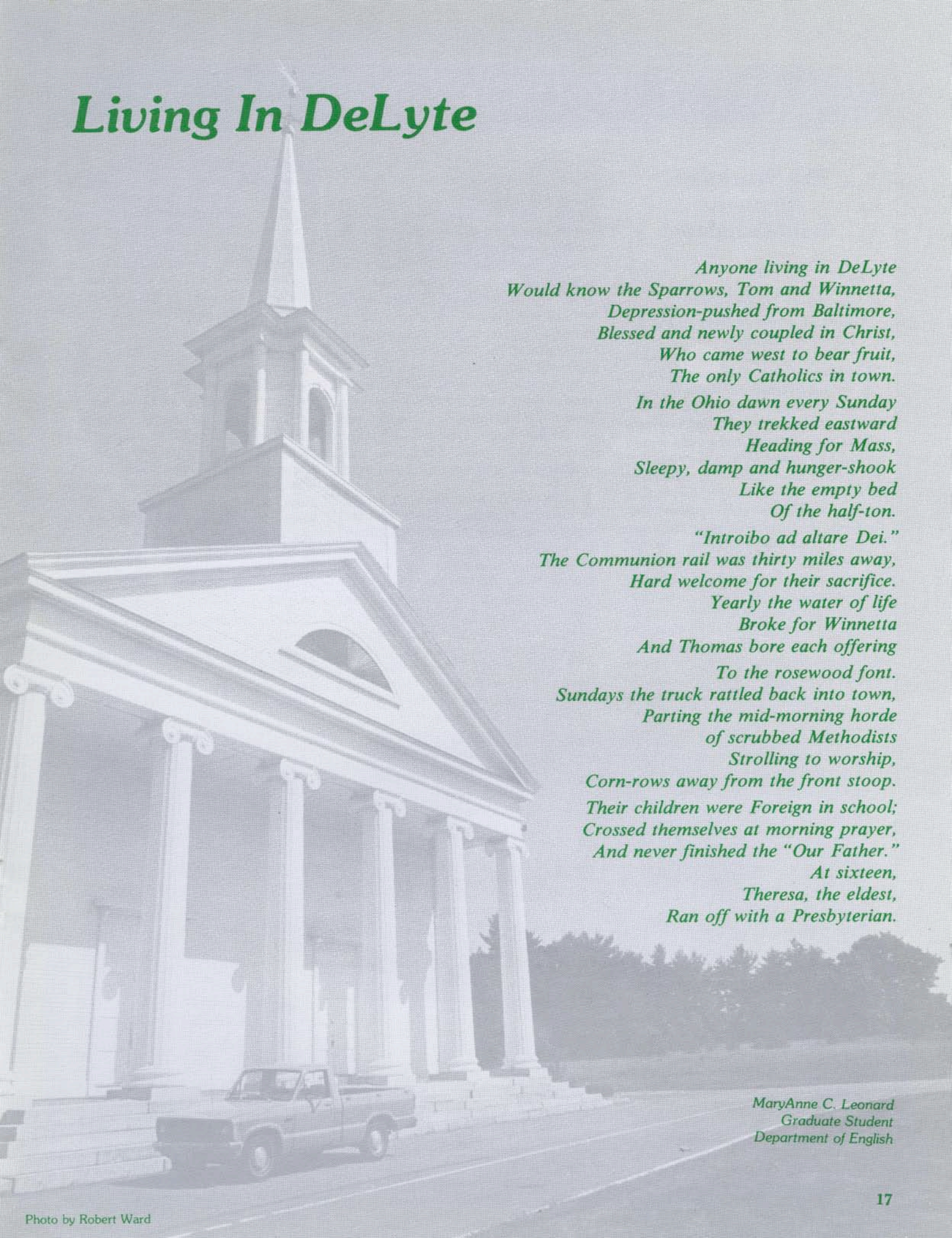
Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Leonard, MaryAnne C. (1983). Poetry: Living In DeLyte. *Bridgewater Review*, 2(1), 17.
Available at: https://vc.bridgew.edu/br_rev/vol2/iss1/7

This item is available as part of Virtual Commons, the open-access institutional repository of Bridgewater State University, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Living In DeLyte



*Anyone living in DeLyte
Would know the Sparrows, Tom and Winnetta,
Depression-pushed from Baltimore,
Blessed and newly coupled in Christ,
Who came west to bear fruit,
The only Catholics in town.*

*In the Ohio dawn every Sunday
They trekked eastward
Heading for Mass,
Sleepy, damp and hunger-shook
Like the empty bed
Of the half-ton.*

*"Introibo ad altare Dei."
The Communion rail was thirty miles away,
Hard welcome for their sacrifice.
Yearly the water of life
Broke for Winnetta
And Thomas bore each offering*

*To the rosewood font.
Sundays the truck rattled back into town,
Parting the mid-morning horde
of scrubbed Methodists
Strolling to worship,
Corn-rows away from the front stoop.*

*Their children were Foreign in school;
Crossed themselves at morning prayer,
And never finished the "Our Father."*

*At sixteen,
Theresa, the eldest,
Ran off with a Presbyterian.*

MaryAnne C. Leonard
Graduate Student
Department of English