Oct-1983

Poetry: Living In DeLyte

MaryAnne C. Leonard

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://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

Photo by Robert Ward