

First Communion

Austin Smith CP

**She ran at me,
Arms outstretched,
Paper primroses for a garland.
'Today,' she squealed, 'is my
First Communion day.'
Black garmented in white,
With happy face,
Brimming lungs,
Running to me,
The priest of yesterday,
And yesterday's symbols,
On the way
For Sunday's papers,
Which told a tale
Of no more communion,
Never mind a first,
In this wasteland of a spirit,
Struggling to respond
To Market forces
And past imperial hopes,
Of one talent buried
For some new coming,
In which all communion
Is dead
Except the communion,
First or last,
Of self-determination.
I lifted her and kissed her,
And with end-of-century resignation said,
'Have a nice day!'
Then kicked the coke bottle away
And walked around the burnt out car.**