

St David's
Matthew Page

Our old school no longer remembers us.
When I went back to visit it was all abandoned
And gloomy. The paintings of the Passion
Were still there along the dark wooden staircase.

Christ had the look of knowing something
I may have forgotten. The classrooms
Were as we left them. A window was left ajar,
So the wind turned the pages of our textbooks.

The headmaster's high-backed chair stood in an office
Of empty space. A copy of the *Guardian*
From September 2001 was left open upon his desk.
He had filled in all but one square of the Sudoku.

Imagine my surprise when I happened upon that statue
Of the Madonna in the art room cupboard,
Where you led me by the hand
And kissed my neck as I lifted your skirt.

'Don't go bragging about this to anyone', you said,
While squeezing my hand between your thighs
To make sure I understood...
We were St David's boys and girls,

Too late for prayer and penance,
Too early for the plain sense of it all.
'What was it that you came for?' The statue seemed to ask,
As the night kept its diary on the blackboard.