

Sur le Pon d 'Avingnon

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My third grade class
from parochial school
performed a little French song
for the Poor Clare nuns.
They were cloistered in
a walled corner lot
with trees and a garden
near the Old Mission.

We took our places before them
in a sunny room of soft yellow air
on a floor of black and white squares.
Twelve smiling faces
like pretty pale roses
shone in a field of black robes
seated on two rows of chairs
in an alcove behind a barred grill.

Sixty years later,
behind the same garden walls,
twelve cloistered nuns
pray especially for me,
give me back
a little third grader
singing in French
in a sunny room with soft yellow air.