

Mass Rock



They gathered in this scarce light at the outcrops of rocks in Mooney's field
A whining wind and slanted rain drove in from the broad Loughs.
They had come to celebrate Mass, if celebration was the appropriate word.
Not liturgically correct but the candles were two hawthorn lamps
to read the book by.
The Latin words were blown away by the mornings gathering storm.
Mass over they spirited the Priest away.
While the women wrapped up in shawls shared births and deaths.
With grey gathering light they slipped away with not a trace
of His Sacrifice or theirs.

John Mc Cullagh (1987)