

LORETO SEASONS

As the silence of summer ceases,
The trees exchange their green attire
For garments of autumnal gold.
September gates glide slowly open.
An avenue of learning beckons once more.

Radiators clank in distant rooms
Awakening after a season's rest.
Chairs are dragged over floors of wood
As girls stand up for morning prayer.

Teachers pose questions in confident tones
To muffled murmurs of shy response.
Slanted sunbeams through classroom blinds
Illuminate young faces fixed upon one.

Choral voices carry songs of joy
Through corridors filled with lingering tunes,
Faltering piano scales indicate
Practise has begun.

Timetables quickly scanned.
Required items deftly grabbed.
Locker doors slam shut
in a drone of constant chatter.

Wine sleeves pushed up in the mid-day sun,
Eager feet scurry to classrooms or gym,
Our Lady's, St. Joseph's, Concert Hall and Mall
Where decades of footfall echo still.

As the bustle of June starts to fade
The trees parade in their Sunday best.
Summer gates ease gently closed
While Loreto College Cavan
Slumbers in bluebell dreams.