For Absent Friends

[unknown]

Sunday at six when they close both the gates
A widowed pair, still sitting there
Wonder if they're late for church and it's cold so they fasten their coats
And cross the grass, they're always last
Passing by the padlocked swings
The roundabout still turning
Ahead they see a small girl
On her way home with a pram
Inside the archway the priest greets them
With a courteous nod, he's close to God
Looking back at days of four instead of two, years seem so few
Heads bent in prayer for friends not there
Leaving two pence on the plate
They hurry down the path and through the gate
And wait to board the bus
That ambles down the street

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