

ST. JOSEPH IN NEW ZEALAND

*We could not have loved you better had you lived here
And had a quarter acre in the North,
Doing piecework with saw and hammer
Till Caesar bade you forth.*

*You might have come from Tokomaru for the counting
Along the hot dust deep December road
Sighing for Mary in the saddle near you
Shortbreathing with her load.*

*A tall grave country workman in the city
Answering questions with an empty nod
And puzzled by some power, some dignity about him —
Protector of a God.*

*You might have made your way out to Karori
And stumbled on some open cattle shed
Half thankful, half ashamed to lead her to it
To rest her weary head.*

*We could not love you better had we seen you
In our own province planing on a board
And droning tender lullabies at twilight
Unto a sleepy Lord.*

EILEEN DUGGAN.

