

# **RAGLAN ROAD**

*[Patrick Kavanagh]*

ON RAGLAN ROAD ON AN AUTUMN DAY  
I MET HER FIRST AND KNEW  
THAT HER DARK HAIR WOULD WEAVE A SNARE  
THAT I MIGHT ONE DAY RUE;  
I SAW THE DANGER, YET I WALKED  
ALONG THE ENCHANTED WAY,  
AND I SAID, LET GRIEF BE A FALLEN LEAF  
AT THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

ON GRAFTON STREET IN NOVEMBER  
WE TRIPPED LIGHTLY ALONG THE LEDGE  
OF THE DEEP RAVINE WHERE CAN BE SEEN  
THE WORTH OF PASSION'S PLEDGE,  
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS STILL MAKING TARTS  
AND I NOT MAKING HAY -  
O I LOVED TOO MUCH AND BY SUCH AND SUCH  
IS HAPPINESS THROWN AWAY.

I GAVE HER GIFTS OF THE MIND -  
I GAVE HER THE SECRET SIGN  
THAT'S KNOWN TO THE ARTISTS WHO HAVE KNOWN  
THE TRUE GODS OF SOUND AND STONE  
AND WORD AND TINT. I DID NOT STINT  
FOR I GAVE HER POEMS TO SAY.  
WITH HER OWN NAME THERE AND HER OWN DARK HAIR  
LIKE CLOUDS OVER FIELDS OF MAY

ON A QUIET STREET WHERE OLD GHOSTS MEET  
I SEE HER WALKING NOW  
AWAY FROM ME SO HURRIEDLY  
MY REASON MUST ALLOW  
THAT I HAD WOODED NOT AS I SHOULD  
A CREATURE MADE OF CLAY -  
WHEN THE ANGEL WOOS THE CLAY HE'D LOSE  
HIS WINGS AT THE DAWN OF DAY.