

# Distant Past

*by J N MacNeill*

When school broke up, sometimes I had to go  
and stay with relatives quite far away,  
the folk who undergirt my early days,  
who helped me learn to talk, to walk.

The row of houses backed on to some land  
where there were swings  
and I could play with other lads,  
strange boys who never kicked a ball.  
We had some good fun when we dammed “the brook”,  
as they would call the little stream,  
and I was glad I could join in.

One time, a young girl came  
and showed me what there was to see.  
That same day, to the teasing lads,  
I loudly said — that *she* had followed *me*.  
She heard my claim.  
She walked away.

I still recall her name.