

Day of joy, the first of May
Virgil tells
of dancing youth in blooming
fields, so far away.

A medieval London square,
apprentices demand their pay.
A riot with some hundreds jailed,
some hanged, some drawn and quartered too.

May Day, May Day weather fare
O Evil May Day
do beware.
When Robin died
and villagers round the Maypole sang,
to help allay the Maiden's grief,
the Crown would rage with disbelief.
Beware.

So, as a child
we weaved the pliant color strands,
criss-cross patterns to dress the pole,
delightful cries
and joyful feel
of making something by ourselves.

And then the elders pause....
and see dissent abounding in the act.
Dame Mae retreats
and soon forgotten,
finds the ashbin
of unforgiven dreams.

MAY DAY MAY DAY