

Nuala Carr

# Ritual

We used to plant cabbage  
on long sunny evenings.  
His steel spade sliced  
the cool clay, readied  
for the new shoots.  
I placed them quick and deep  
—a foot apart  
rows of green rosaries.  
Winter would see us  
at the marketplace.

There was a rhythm in him  
season-schooled: devotion  
to the land, handed down  
from famine times.