

Middleton, R. (2016) 'Convent' in *Raceme* issue 3.

Convent

I remember the beetroot leaves
and oranges in the back of a van
on the way home from school,
driving up the hill to the Poor Clares.

We carried boxes of vegetables
between narrow walls
to the interior where brown habits
bustled down the corridor.

Up the steps again, into the breeze.
'Why do they do it?' said Joe,
unaware of a sister behind us.
She spoke calmly and with grace –
I do not remember what she said,
only the wind in her white hair,
the sun on her face.