



Tom's Indiscretion

by John Purcell

In all the town of Coventry we kneeled,
Behind the dark of sash and shuttered eyes,
And in this darkness we our eyes concealed
And hid us from all sins the mind conceives.
We whispered of our lady's gentle form
Alone and bare upon a horse of white
While praying her bold deed would somehow warm
The stubbornness of our good liege's spite.
But Thomas, son of ignorance and ire,
Not willing to contain his evil lust
Peeked through a crack to slake his sick desire.
His gazings made a mockery of us.
Yet had our faith delivered us a prize:
We laughed as Thomas begged to keep his eyes.