

S E A N

L Y S A G H T

## *Erris*

When the first seal spoke in that language she mastered,  
the whole barony swam in the lens of her eye.  
They heard the seal's cries as the cries of their own kind,

so they tried naming the heathers, and the strange fish  
they found turning speechlessly in the net's cradle.  
But there was still that sky that wouldn't stay the same

and too many hills scarcely deserving their names,  
and besides, what use to you will that ever be?  
The seals deserted with the running shoal of tide,

like weather that refused to pose for the painter,  
and the tongue writhed out of the mouth in its struggle  
with visa applications and subsidy forms.

The eel was finally free of folklore to cross  
the shorn meadow on its way to the sea. The stoat  
hid from the haymakers. The one-eyed deity

abandoned the mountains and came down their aerials  
more reliably than when, in the high places,  
the hilltop fires lit their stoops and flickering faces.