

from
*Sixty Instant Messages
to Tom Moore*

XL

When Malachi wore
the collar of gold. Church Bay.
A glint of foreshore.

XLI

Plum-blossom blanches
at the thought of hard-gotten
plum-avalanches.

XLII

Not until the Moyle
gives back should we pay our "debt"
to our native soil.

XLIII

Note how the shrimp-sink
keeps the greater flamingo
in the very pink.

XLIV

*Nostalgie de la
boue la boue la boue la boue:*
an all-Ireland *fleadh*.

XLV

Here the tree frogs play
your Melodies on fiddle,
flugehorn, flageolet.

XLVI

The eel's forgotten
why around his finger's wound
a thread of cotton.

XLVII

"You mean *flageolet*.
You don't mean a kidney bean.
You mean *flageolet*".

XLVIII

Candied, by jingo,
the root of the sea holly.
Candied eryngo.

XLIX

Orange overshoes
make the puffin less nimble
on dry land, it's true.

L

Skirts round their middles,
the girls have a right confab
while taking widdles.

LI

Old burial ground.
That otherworldly scythe-swish
still the only sound.

LII

The dance floor's nankeen.
Still the out-at-heel drum-kit
standing for the Queen.