

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.