

*Díthreabhach, Drom Caor*

Ní bhfaightear do thuirisc  
I gcruas na cloiche,  
Ná sa bhfoirfeacht gan ainm  
Atá in ealaín do chroise.

Ach chítear do bheannacht  
A bhí faoi cheilt insa gcaonach,  
Ina bhoige is ina ghlaise  
Faoi dhealán obann gréine.

Agus fógraítear morthimpeall  
Nach bhfuil id aonar  
I gceiliúradh na mbeach,  
Is an éanlaith ag glaoch ort.

# *Estragon's Boots*

*for Barry McGovern*

Untied. Disembodied. Angled  
One against the fallen other,  
They could have danced  
Or even tottered downstage  
To the edge of the darkness  
Where orchestras used to play.

Gaping, their tongues swell  
In parched silence towards the note  
They think they remember, the baton  
That held their attention, they think,  
Long ago, when maybe they were  
Poised to step airily into the void.