

Díthreabhach, Drom Caor

Ní bhfaightear do thuairisc
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 bhfuilir 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.