On Carrownisky

I  (A stranding)

Wet sand strafed
by cloud-wracked
sun-light amplifies
and recombines until
the bomb-bright
million-sun light
bares your atoms
silhouettes your heart
imprints the structure
of your self
upon the strandline,
palimpsest of flotsam
taken by the
wind and lifted
joining every other
thing in utter
praising here and
absolute eternal now.
II (Return)

Soft rain falls faintly upwards from the mirrored sand-swash.

Dancing there above a realised shadow-you, wind-glowing, hair blown back a hundred or a thousand years,

the shining strand stretched thinly brings about a transubstantiation here, beneath a sudden crown of lightening sky, the vaulting blue reflected, punctured now and then by foam; an absolution, priest-less, welcoming a child home.
III (The midden)

They light a fire on the strand each year – more often if they can – and mark the passing time in nameless ceremony.

Rituals evolve: construction of the fire pit from sand; who makes the Thermos tea; who keeps the twist of butter for the pan.

The celebrants change gradually as well. The year-marks one can see, the lifelines lengthen on the hands. Eyes deepen. Children’s names change.

And all around the dunes shift silently remembering
the warmth of bodies gathered round a flame, the

heat and light sustaining down the generations, much the same.