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Cobh Village

by William Snyder, Jr.

From the cafe, a slice of Cork harbor
beyond the square—tugs, gulls, a ship plowing out.
I sip coffee, write postcards home. It has rained

all day—simple mist, then big, scattered drops,
then torrents soaking everything. During letups,
people duck in for tea and scones. I imagine

the Titanic hove-to off shore—tenders
churning wakes, black smoke ribboning
into rain, people waving, sending it away.

Apple tart, more coffee, then I walk
around the bay, squelching urges
to photo everything—yellow gorse

along a cemetery, a pilot boat bucking sea.
And there is something too, about the fog,
the rain swirling past the cathedral steeple,

muting Cobh's upper reaches—the what-can't-
be-seen, the what-is-possible—there is always
more to the heart. In a park, pansies ripple

in the now-mist, teens slouch on steps.
Two boys swing from a broken lanyard,
the tide edging out beneath their squeals.

**Pronounced "Cove." A village on the south coast of Ireland near Cork.
The Titanic stopped there before its transatlantic crossing.*

