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Bealach Scair, 1847

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JOHN KINSELLA

Bealach Scair, 1847

The rhythm of the hammer reneges
As red stone splits along grain,
Rough road zigzags up through bogs
Draining to coast or drinking all in,
Calorific-work-survival equation,
Occupation honorarium, oak logs
Deep in carpet no longer appraising time.

To grow stronger and more horrified, Build muscle and lose fat to the land, That flatstone where coffins passed From Cork to Kerry, the lone bird Off its flightroute ranting on and on, Gales ripping vista and panorama; Beauty's failure to make art of starvation.