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This Irish Summer

Jennifer Sullivan

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Sullivan: This Irish Summer

THIS IRISH SUMMER
Jennifer Sullivan

The smell of peat lounges
among the hills, settles

in your messy hair, sticks
to my fingers. There are

nights when the moon
and sun sit together

above the Atlantic.
Your tongue spread

with mint and hash.
Cottage window open

to Fisher Street. Garden
of books on the bed

where you undress me.
We push until the swamp

of morning comes. Hips,
two beggars of bone.