

Through windows dimly lit

by Neil McCarthy

Burren-grey, the sky through sky lights
is cigarette ash smashed across July.
The towns pass in half-eyed glimpses,
Inishannon, Bandon and Clon,
each address in its neon gown of auburn
as evening lights up and takes another drag.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but these roads
have widened but the journeys made longer.
These trips, these ritual returns, back down
where, as teenagers, the men we hated drove
Mercs and we hitching between the showers.

I remember the power cuts, the dark nights
through windows dimly lit by candles as wind
kept the boats tied up and the pockets dry.
I remember the colour of the grass after the
fish boxes were moved, watched the sky for
signs; helicopters from the trees come autumn.

