

I see you | | hold the secrets of myself  
*To my ancestor-grandmother Brigid*

I see you | walk the Wicklow Mountains | wind at the hem  
of your shawl | its tassels blown alive | its wool hazed  
with wetting rain | your feet bare | heels granite hard  
on those soft shades of green | your hair stripped

from rusty pins | wild slicks clinging | your freckled brow  
your chest strong | arms brawn | your smell of earth and sweat  
your gaze slanted | up to where | a peregrine claims the air  
I believe that you loved birds | living so near to

the Great Sugar Loaf | reminds you of hunger | of bread  
I see you | measure the pebble shore | each sinking step  
an answer to your weight | salt on your tongue | and the sand  
and the wide sky | I see you take the path to mass | call to your kin

collar scoured lye bright | careful in your good boots  
your early morning breath | like the shape of an angel  
did you hear much Hell | on your day of rest  
I see you press your palm | to the vacant ambry

of Old Conna's ruined church | like the relic of a saint  
perhaps you come here to think | of your sister's ghost | or as one  
of a house of twelve for peace | I see you | perched on a stool  
outside to catch the best light | sprigging bloom to linen

apron a map of the day's stains | dirt between your toes | I see you  
watch the grate and clop of a passing cart | greet the driver with  
a pale smile | the moon looks above your home | reads you with  
an ethnographic eye | I see the meagre comfort of the hearth

fire | smoke | scent | the dream of water away in the corries  
of Lough Bray | their blue circles kept like gems | the Dargle  
speaks you | a river's silver hymn | the taste of plain potatoes  
in your mouth | and in your mind the man you loved

who took your name | gifted to you at a Kingstown font  
as his bride-price | and you made the child | who made the child  
who crossed the sea to Liverpool | who made the child  
who made the mother | who in the end | made me