

Linda Ravenswood

The dna to preserve proved contrary to capital gains

No more tears. The place is sold, she told herself.
What had been a ferocious dream from a hundred years away,
outside a Cork tavern a million moonbeams ago, and
night after night walking home, with lads, few bob,
her grandfather sailing away and bringing it with him,
beside his mothers' folded lace, trailing
reels and jigs and candle light,
had been made in America.
With 40 dollars and his good wife withal,
he came with those dreams and filigree,
ambition lathering the way.
He was young then, younger than the man himself,
who walked the plank in this, his fathers' bar,
long decades after the ground was split to build the place.
Halloran, McDaid, Daffey, Coons, all had wanted a pub in the new world.
But only Hanlon had done it.
And now it was gone. Useless to even remember the past.
She spent the afternoon insisting that she move on and forget about it.
Just like a new Irish would do. Losing the gene to remember
hurts for while, like a nail being wrenched out
of the body; but in this new century,
it is for the best. In the short time.

Hopscotch from Space

Big news for the ants. They're in the lock,
a sale is down; there'll be a dash
on the grid
for sure, a fights going
and someone's lost
their baby. Great news, she
was just toddling
in the eighth aisle;
it wasn't a manic with a screwdriver
so put away the media and pack up the
briefs, every body's gonna have to wait.
There'll be seasonal favourites until
they're all gone and red punch
on the corner. Tell your special someone.
Big news.

On public art and the longevity of an idea

If the explanation it requires
is short
or not necessary at all,
an idea can last.

If the explanation it requires
is long, needing students
and postulators to translate
and decipher
an idea can last -

it can endure.

It is the middler that is the concern,
the one without champion

the one with the gaping
hole, and folding hands,
the scrap of music from a reel to reel,
a stone chipped fragment
from a forgotten language,
someone's cherished thing,
once of the midnight drive
once of the smiling girl by the junction,
once of the moment,
real and crumbling,
he who may not find a friend
in the loping crowd
who inherits ideas from the dead -

who will spark to the great middler
the great *I did*
who pronounced so beautifully
his causes
into the mirror