

Sara Mullen

Quest

Around
some corner,
a flicker of you
on a road.

Your voice
white noise
in a rainfall
far away.

A moment
between
you are:
you were,

a mind can
unwind it
you were:
you are

not where
you should be,
but waiting
to be found.

Every page
of the world
to be turned,
horizon

by horizon,
every acre
and layer
of the sky

shaken
to discover
where it is
you might be,

where you
should be,
where you
absolutely are.

Ashes

Night drifts down,
lands on the Shannon.
Sodium lights switch on,
red as lemonade
in a fire-lit glass.

Below the castle walls
old streets settle
themselves in the dark,
smelling of turf
and starlight.

Stay a night
in Bastion Street,
dream of a room
across the road
where a child sleeps

in her grandparents'
feathery bed, her
lullabies the sound
of talk downstairs, the
hush of passing cars.

And while you sleep
I'll wake and walk
enchanted streets
twining their way
through dreamtime,

tiptoe into
the grey church
through the cracked
Immaculate Heart
in the Clarke window,

set votives quivering,
ceiling stars a-stir,
catch falling confetti
from long-ago
forgotten weddings.

Later I'll tumble
west of a summer's
evening along roads
we used to drive
with windows down,

past the stillness of
introspective hills, trees
waving their regrets
that they had to stay,
I'll journey home.

By the lake I'll take
flight with the rooks
of the orchard and ghosts
of gulls who used to
summer on the crannóg,

and from the fox's field,
watch as the fiery sun
descends Croagh Patrick,
then chase it all the way
to Bertrá Strand.