

































On the Eastern edge Towards the rocky summit
Traced from the seashore to the valley
Parallel to the river, crossings
Beneath the waterfall
A soul's compass, a child amongst the grass
Soil, decomposition, former growth
The standing stone appears, sunlit
Lichen glistened, a longing
The hills spread out for miles, yet hidden
Fertile, every passing year, space
Constant wind, forgotten, as the halfmoon rises.





The river flows through the green valley
Small rocks, granite, on the riverbed
Flowering brambles, thistle, elder fill
the distant view. Blue sky appears,
copper water, moss covered stones,
birdsong in the breeze. The soothing
sound of the water, campion flowers
on the riverbank, beyond the great
boulders.



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Abhainn by Sinéad Curran

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