DÚN CHÍOMHÁIN: 07-09.11.25

Valentine Jones

We took the road around the peninsula's stomach,
saw distant grey islands stretch themselves off the rim,
saw birds like grains of rice tossed to the sky
flurry to small heights, glide on invisible breezes, fly
between the shafts of light splitting the intolerable grey
blanket of clouds. All that is allowed
to be is beautiful, the thick walls of the heart
clenching and loosening in turn, forcing blood
to pump through veins that feel less like soulmagic
and more like pipes in a car. Mechanical movement.
The islands drop away.