A Pilgrim in County Clare
for Gaal

The suck and sigh of generations
lie beneath my feet:
there is no god here, only faith
as secretive as standing stones.

I remember a holy well
spangled with wet cobwebs,
jeweled with moss, remote and small —
still pure after a thousand years.

In the mists that rise each dusk
the undulating larks descend,
chitter in the gloaming —
unmindful of the darkening bog.

In the evening: cuckoos call
across the rocks that bloom
with fuchsia, fern, and maidenhair,
the sweet wet gleam of blackberries.
Before returning home, I dreamed
I fell from the cliffs at Doolin.
Someone grabbed my ankle:
a man who pulled me up

Anonymous. Even thanking him,
I could not see his face.
And so I hugged him.
*What made me whole again?*

The rains that lace the Burren,
the smoke of peat fires,
and the smell of bacon
exploding in its fat.

The gorse-covered bogs of late August,
the perfume of new hay,
the sky beyond Slieve Elva,
milk pails in twos on stone fences.

— *Gabriele Glang*