

FRANCIS BLESSINGTON

POTATO BLIGHT

Its memoir fills the country, like the ruins of a cathedral,
scattered crosses, dethatched cottages whose wind-filed walls

became improvised oratories, and towers,
accusing a land and sky that watched *ejectments* into sea water.

Lichened stones flower white spores
blackened beneath with invisible sores.

Today three varieties in a steamy bowl,
are offered at table, consumed in full.