

Tiferet

POETRY

Connemara Illuminated

Christine Valters Paintner

A poem is being scribed this morning
across the thick brown bog and
over the gashed granite folds of mountain,
written in spires of gold descending
from the wide bowl of sky
across the breathing heather.

You have to pause to read it,
long enough to hear beneath the relentless
moan of wind
where centuries of voices have whispered
their seeking, feasting, fasting, loving.

You know your singular aloneness
and your place in a communion of stone and sea.

Even as the kestrel's wings vibrate into the night
sending quills into the damp air,
even as the skylarks and stonechats
attend each day's awakening
like eager midwives,
this empire of longing writes its script
in fox tracks and memory.

If your life could be just a fraction of this poem
you would never need to utter another word.