

St Kierans

Aidan Knight

It is not so bad to be thought of as a tyrant
None so sad as a lover in the spring
Though the writer in you keeps a recent journal
You say nothing to me

Tell it in a wash of pink noise in small room
Turn the other cheek when lying on the lawn
Sweetness fading into nothing after nothing
I went running in the fog

Became so small now in a cold sea treading water

When the head dips low unfocussed underneath
Though the writing always keeps my mind from closing
Ready for this new release
As he walks alone southward down St Kieran's
Opening the locks and turning on the lights
Sweetness fading into mourning after evening
Willie's gone but here with us all tonight