

Ceann Bró

Maria McKee

And I against the sable of a sky
Bend just as far as the arch of my back will allow
I rise and the beam that gently sweeps the tide
Up and down, cannot be found to illuminate me now

And the clotted stems of the Herb Robert
Shot through the crags
They burst and splatter forth like rubies veins
And the Red Valerian in blush
And the White Thorn flushing into bloom
And just ahead of May

And if you wanted to partake
In a teasing threat of psychic violence
And the blood sport of an evening
Never touching
Only near, and not near but hovering

Outlined against the fervid flush of dawn
Is The Head rising slow and poised with great intent
And I, who so fearlessly have tread upon
That thread on the horizon where dream and logic bind
And space and time have been rent

And a lash of wind whipping, wet, stroking
And a gash begins splitting flesh open now
Across my cheek
And a gasp comes forth with a heaving
As the salt at the source of the bleeding
Brings a great relief

And if you wanted to partake
In a teasing threat of psychic violence
And the Blood Sport of an evening
Never touching
Only near, and not near
And we're levitating now
In the spray above the blue and black
Floating down onto the bluffs of grey
Without that part of you that's never coming back

You take your leave and never will you know
About the Moldavite buried in the stone
Beneath the trembling fern
And it begins as I am giving up my form
As once again will lie everything dormant
Until your return

And I against the sable of a sky
Bend as far as the arch of my back will allow
And now beside The Altar Dolmen
I startle no one
I sleep
And keeping low will hold my ground