

## **We have put a Winter in between our griefs**

Yours came out of a late night fog -  
a flash of yellow light – a sudden smash  
your daughter crumpled on the ground.

We flew Dublin London into Brixton,  
held vigils round her on a ventilator,  
until the doctors turned it off.

For weeks she lay brain dead but breathing,  
our lives unreal, until infection took her.

Friends were asked to wear black clothes.  
Five hundred came, walked down the hill  
and up the road like Mormons out to church.

Her funeral became a youth convention  
*ag caoineadh*\* with a London accent - brash,  
family comforted in the noise

We could not know this to be a prelude to another,  
same place, same clothes, same young loss.

*\*mourning*

## **A Sleet Soaked January Saturday**

It is marmalade making season,  
pungent Seville oranges in place;  
preserving pan, thermometer, spoon  
unearthed, cleared of spiders, dead flies.  
Last year's empty jars washed, oven-dried,  
sugar packs in place; cups, bowls, breadcrumbs,  
morning debris, removed from counter;  
aprons donned, sharp knives ready, deep breath.  
A generations old rite begins.

## **Don't Love your Life too much**

*(Mary Oliver)*

monks preached it  
even practiced it -

reach towards a place

of disinterest - an aloof

detach - avoid the quagmire  
of this transitory place -

reserve space for other  
- hold attention on beyond

sounds like good counsel  
good use of energy

wrong - distortion results -  
a misuse of the now

life erupts at every step  
of the early morning

fireworks of emotion  
sparkle the darkened sky