

25 DE MAIO DE 2022



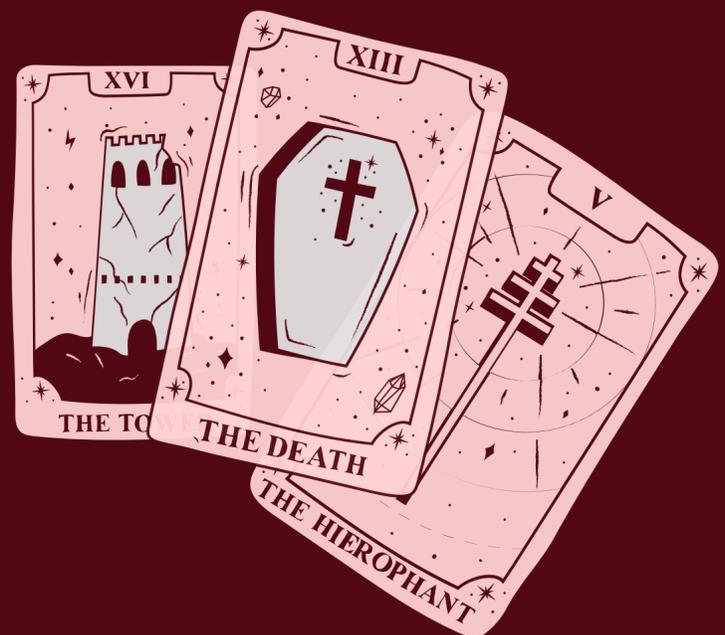
POESIA AO MEIO DIA



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939)

REMORSE FOR INTEMPERATE SPEECH

II KNOW THAT I SHALL MEET MY FATE
SOMEWHERE AMONG THE CLOUDS ABOVE;
THOSE THAT I FIGHT I DO NOT HATE,
THOSE THAT I GUARD I DO NOT LOVE;
MY COUNTRY IS KILTARTAN CROSS,
MY COUNTRYMEN KILTARTAN'S POOR,
NO LIKELY END COULD BRING THEM LOSS
OR LEAVE THEM HAPPIER THAN BEFORE.
NOR LAW, NOR DUTY BADE ME FIGHT,
NOR PUBLIC MEN, NOR CHEERING CROWDS,
A LONELY IMPULSE OF DELIGHT
DROVE TO THIS TUMULT IN THE CLOUDS;
I BALANCED ALL, BROUGHT ALL TO MIND,
THE YEARS TO COME SEEMED WASTE OF BREATH,
A WASTE OF BREATH THE YEARS BEHIND
IN BALANCE WITH THIS LIFE, THIS DEATH.





FALSE FRIENDS

by Doireann Ní Ghríofa

The Irish for history is star.
The Irish for teach is moon.
The Irish for light is loss.
The Irish for secret is ruin.

Perhaps this is why
night skies catch our eye,
luring us to learn
by what light still shines.

Poetry
Day
Ireland

WRITTEN IN THE STARS
THURSDAY 28 APRIL 2022

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A TALENT

by Stephen Sexton

Of two minds where to go for dinner
we darkened the door of the fortune teller.
The table draped with satin was set for three.
I thought of the unfinished game of draughts
we waltzed through heroically that afternoon
and longed not to know how it would end.
Candles burned on shelves, dust conspired
among the curios: a horse's foot, a rabbit's shoe.
She took our hands and read them simultaneously
and from them somehow divined what I was thinking:
who tells the fortune of the fortune teller?

A sadness entered the room and introduced itself.
I propped a little mirror in front of her.
She made not head nor tail of her reflection
so we asked the fortune teller out to dinner.
A man will come and he will hold a mirror
was all she cared to say.

I thought of a green summer and the garden
I grew up in, and as someone said, how
nostalgia might best be remedied by pain
and terror.



MY AUNT READS THE TAROT

by Jessica Traynor

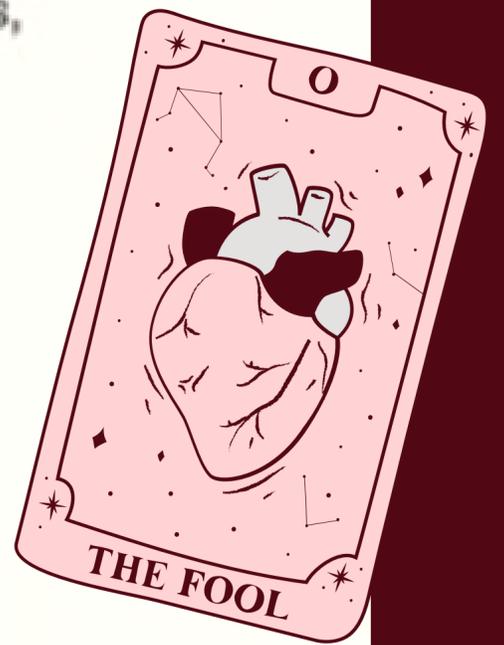
She frowns at my mother,
fans the cards across our vinyl table cloth.
They make a sound like sighing,
as if they have secrets
too terrible to disclose.

My aunt's face pauses
in its reel of expressions
and we know her son
is off his meds again,
looking for gear in old haunts.

In our steamed-up kitchen,
my cards are always
weeping women, snowbound churches,
meetings on dark evenings
with whispered messages.

One birthday she gives me the cards
wrapped in black silk
torn from a blouse
and they fall behind my bed
among CDs, unread books.

Years pass and they vanish —
our futures stay wrapped in silk.
But the Fool still stands on my dresser;
a young man waltzing
towards a cliff-edge.



WELL

by Paula Meehan

I know this path by magic not by sight.
Behind me on the hillside the cottage light
is like a star that's gone astray. The moon
is waning fast, each blade of grass a rune
inscribed by hoarfrost. This path's well worn.
I lug a bucket by bramble and blossoming blackthorn.
I know this path by magic not by sight.
Next morning when I come home quite unkempt
I cannot tell what happened at the well.
You spurn my explanation of a sex spell
cast by the spirit that guards the source
that boils deep in the belly of the earth,
even when I show you what lies strewn
in my bucket — a golden waning moon,
seven silver stars, our own porch light,
your face at the window staring into the dark.



SIGHT UNSEEN

by Ian Duhig

Tea bags were the death of tasseographers.
I consulted one of the last here at the fair;
she offered me an Earl Grey or Darjeeling,
saying their big leaves are best for old eyes.

While it was brewing, she shared biscuits
and memories of the Second World War,
reassuring wives, mothers and daughters
behind the blackouts of news and curtains.

It was about comfort even when the news
turned out to be bad. Nobody came back
to moan "I only wish I'd suffered longer!"
Even when she knew, she said, she'd lie.

She told me not to dunk my shortbread,
then to swirl my cup thrice widdershins,
left-handedly; turn it over and then back.
She looked in, paused, and smiled kindly.

 Poetry
Ireland
Éigse
Éireann

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