

BARRY O'DONOHUE

ELEGY FOR JOSEPHINE GILES

Josephine, remember the eternal wind trembling,
the way life did, and with each original wish
each filament of star hanging low: the way the
dreams did when those oldest fears returned, dislodged
those monuments that held the world aloft with
entangled perceptions, revealing themselves as
any who moved with little intellect. Lie still,
the deep clefts between roots and shale, whose solace
entwines your suffering, will cleanse most torment,
surround you there within the earthen valleys of silt. I
won't run with you tonight, you're in a universe of cloud,
shimmering yourself through veiled stanzas where
eternal colours throw their nets from the start,
looping through the channels of your mind, breaking
up solitude. See the moon-man, the smiling world
revealing the warmest of lights that tide can draw in.
Sing while you rest, sing of this shallow gulf between
us. Death is not a shrieking of pain you alone must endure.
I fight each old instinct to run. When heavens rise
to face us there are no less eloquent pastures to roam.