Friends said they were envious because it sounded exotic.
I found a girlfriend who thought Myron was nice & cute
& different & I thought: Yeah, it’s a good one, a lucky name.
My name is Myron Orest Lysenko & it’s wonderful.

KNUTE SKINNER

A GREY DAY IN JULY

Our neighbors’ friesians, feeding on the long acre,
have moved along the boreen and passed from sight,
blocked from view by our spreading crabapple tree.
The tree moves also, branches butted by wind
fresh from Liscannor Bay, bearing spits of rain.
Across the road lies Michael Healy’s large field,
the level expanse cut early on for silage
but the hill behind it ripe with wet hay.
Past the stone wall at the distant top of the hill
stands a just visible line of wind-shaped thorn trees,
a relief against the wash of lackluster grey.