Anthony Lynch

BLUE JOHANNA

Then to the coast —
a flat-roofed bungalow
seagulls wayward kites
their cries like lost children
sand peppering our legs
the sea reserved and grey;
and your tears
chest heaving through dunes of bedclothes
rose in steady waves through the night.

YELLOW BRICK ROAD

Her card parties,
parish fundraisers
and that blue cellophane
on the black-and-white TV
were something special.

We got the lay-down
misère of old age,
rattle of beads
and then of incense
on a chain.

She once called me Dorothy,
muddling me with a Kansas farm girl
taken with the wind.

So slowly she travels now
down Ormond Road
with headlights on at noon —
confused perhaps by the journey
or the destination.

LINQ

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