

by Alador Morgan

across the sea a country
summons the shape of my open arms, wide
& waiting to welcome opportunity in Ireland,
i want to memorize the name of a castle's dust galaxies
saving history, clinging like skin to that stone / i want to
swallow the silence fossilized between the cracks
in the wall / and run absorbent fingers over the spines of
Yeats' oldest collections / feast my mind on the space his
neurons broke bread & crafted future with bare calloused
hands that grew rhymes like all you need is a green thumb smudged with ink /
i want to blink like a shutter so my phone may dream asleep / store beauty
in its homelandscape / memory / flawed & more beautiful with every retelling /
hold a lamb / like a child / wool to skin / head in hand / cradle its tender youth &
find myself balanced in perfect stasis on its dashed pupil—i want to press
our warm hearts together until they bleat in dulcet synchronicity / & wonder how
Wilde organized his desk / what part of day he loved to watch flood from the open
window / watch how poised the moon hangs in its ornate frame / place my palm
against a haunted tree bark / say a prayer / untangle the ghost in the branches reaching
for heaven / let soul pour like sap into rivers and rivers / wade in the stories unspeakable
/ listen well / to a tongue that teaches me new shapes / new ways to twist my throat
into sound / sound that teaches my ears what they've never listened for / the music
of Ireland like the hum of the Earth / but with Bodhráns / skins of song / and wind, a
long bellowing breath held and released over hills of stretching life / alive
with this drumming straight from the bare feet of the river / I want to cry
in the St. James Church / rise from the pews weightless & full of music / take a train
/ sink my teeth into the stone father of living death / trace the roots of the bloody fang
all the way to the wings / up to Yeat's tower / into the rainbow walk of Galway /
i want to meet myself again / tucked under the waving knolls with manes of wild
grass / drifting with the ebbing craggy coast / at once there & not / at once frothing over
grains of glass & softening the jutting rock / of the Cliffs of Moher / a new height
to build myself up from / to soar from on vernal wings
/ i want to kneel at the foot of the Torc Waterfall /
bathe in its majesty gushing like silk between green
leaving no heaven to the imagination
under that bridal veil / if I'm lucky /
i want / to take so much back with me,
my feet on American earth again
find belief in reincarnation /
practice the opposite
of an Irish
goodbye