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Westron Wind

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PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN

WESTRON WIND

Summer comes gently here; beneath our feet
 Gray rock breaks in wild color, every fissure
 Lavish with gentian blue and hart's-tongue spikes,
 Bloody crane's-bill, yellow madder, the green
 Delicate fronds of maidenhair.

Come, slip

Out of Kinvara while the dawn gleam widens,
 Climb the steep hill at Corranroe with eager
 Feet, and in that green eyrie lie hidden
 Under the Abbey's ruined wall where quiet
 Settles. Oh! if we two once more might leave
 Kinvara—sky and sea and the western spring,
 Wind over Burren hills, and you and I.

LARRY RUBIN

IN THE PARK

Yellow on black. A three-pronged leaf
 She holds in wrinkled hands, against the night
 Of her winter dress, like a faded fan
 Left over from a ball on Halloween.
 But she has not been dancing, and November winds
 Already stir the air. Perhaps a toy
 Enticing children to her lair—and yet
 A witch would not have thought to put
 That sorrow in her eyes. Besides, the leaves
 Fall everywhere, and the children rip
 Their flames. She holds it like a damaged star
 That she has plucked from all the falling sky,
 To tender as a golden ticket, later on.
 Three points must do the work of five.