

Troubles

The shovel slices through copper moss
and purple heather. Wellingtons squelch
on spongy earth. Bog cotton quivers,
scatters white seed tufts skyward in the breeze.

Footing turf, Da tells me about gold-cloaked
mythical warriors - the Tuatha de Danann,
who roamed our bogs. A crow watches
from the branch of a skeletal tree.

*The morrigan, Da blesses himself.
You wouldn't want to get on the wrong
side of that one, he whispers.
She used tell of war and death long ago.*

We arrange rough sods in lines like soldiers,
turn them to dry, upright in wigwam groups.
He drinks tea, already milked and sugared
from a Chef sauce bottle.

Now orange monsters screech across rain-blurred bog,
hazard lights glow,
their tentacles reach deep into peat
layered through a thousand years.

A crow brushes off the yellow tape we stand behind.
“They got a tip off,” Biddy Brady’s voice
rasps cigarette smoke and sorrow. She blesses herself,
“some of them that were disappeared are buried here.”

Note:

The goddess Morrigan represents the circle of life and death and her symbol is the crow

(Helen Fallon)