

Galway Review 2023/03/05

Unbaptised

By Helen Fallon

Ice pearls drip from eaves;
snowdrops, pure white, push up from sodden leaves.

Wan light slips through gaps
in hawthorn hedges, warms our claylike bodies.
We lift worn spades, slice
wedged ground with angry stabs. Grubs slither out.

Crows screech, dip and dive;
sharp beaks slit the soil, snatch worms, wing skyward.

We push further down:
uncover old empty potato sacks,
a faded blue sock,
and then - a box, tiny bones, shrunk and calcified.

