

Galway Review 2023/03/05

by Helen Fallon

### **Knickerbocker Glory**

Mass over, we tour the Catholic houses.  
I wear my First Communion dress, and black  
patent shoes. I grasp copper coins the women slip  
into my small hand, put them in my plastic purse.

In *Pinks Ice Cream Parlour*, we perch on plastic stools,  
take turns to scoop, with long thin spoons, from slender glass.  
Scarlet syrup streams down swirls of snow white sherbet.  
The waiter, in black suit and bow tie, watches on,  
while you and I savour slinky squares of tinned pears,  
layered with honey, dusted with dark chocolate.  
Metal tinkles as we scrape torn shards of mint leaves  
from sides crusted with swirling rainbow shades.  
Now, you pick on crustless pink salmon sandwiches,  
sip sparkling wine, shake off the voice you once spoke in.  
You say you don't recall anything: none of it.  
But I still celebrate the newness of those tastes.