

In Ireland · *Colette Inez*

along the shore
those are the strivers
after high romance, a blade
of seagrass in her blouse,
saltmarks on his boots.

They have sent out
a tangle of half-meant words
to the wind which cries
like a conch blown from
the hill.

Arms entwined, they shamble by.
Neither sees the priest
ready to pounce with scripture
and verse. He would beat
their longings with a cross.

Neither looks up at the clouds
nor out to the sea
which strums the bones of couples
and priests in a delicate air
the fish hear through waves.