

MIST AT DUSK

Pig's Hollow, Sugarloaf, Co. Wicklow

Maybe it's the breath
of the giant pig
that lay then rose
and moved off
down the lea of the hill,
rump swaying, steam rising,
as it sets off
down Snuggary Lane

or maybe
it's the breath
light leaves;
having pitched up
on the slope,
it shrugs
moves off
down the mountainside
as night's grasses
spring back again.