

Come and find me

where wailing walls
of moss-rolled stone
slowly yielding to a
centuried crusade
cling with smoke of long-gone
bog-fires now forever
married with the drifting
sea-mist lifting over
impossibly green fields
clutching ancient secrets
drop sharply off
to pitching shale
where swarming gulls rise
with the lagging tide
running the gusts
plunging with the lulls
to swoop and pull
a glistening haul
under the flagging watch
of a water-locked tower
marking the ethereal line
between sky and sea
and spectral hills loom
long past muted islands
still harbouring
a ship-wrecked shore.

Come and find me
in the dying light
where a cormorant calls unanswered
shallow over his own ghost.

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