

Matt Gillick

Eileen Marú

One.

Donégal holds an island at the northern-
most point. It approaches the sea-
waves lapping over the wide, thick cavern-
cliffs. On this Eileen Marú, thatch-
hills roof the landscape,

Two.

And the salted air wisps these long-
stalks of green beige blades, leaning
almost at an arch, down to
whisper their stories, to talk.
Hear of the unwritten stories
of those little ones.

Three.

Wrapped in burlap, the mother's
tears-gleaming, and laid to lie
another buried alone.
But could there be a better
limbo, a nothing where the soul
could eternally gasp
in the sea but not drown.