

Hopkins Room, University College, Dublin

Everything waits: black coat and clergyman's
black biretta, coiled ivory rosary
on the mantel. Back soon,

they seem to say, like the sun
promising to return to Dublin,
the sky mouse-grey with rain.

He didn't die here on the white iron bed,
was taken, ailing, to a lower floor.
Better care there, more light.

Soon stars, cold as doubt. *To see,*
but not to see by, he warned
of their spark, swimming

through the dark to the sanctuary.
Dying, he said it twice: *I am so happy,*
the poet of carrion comfort

come to terms with lines unseen,
Glasnevin's unmarked grave, the arctic
silence of his speckled Lord.

by Elisabeth Murawski