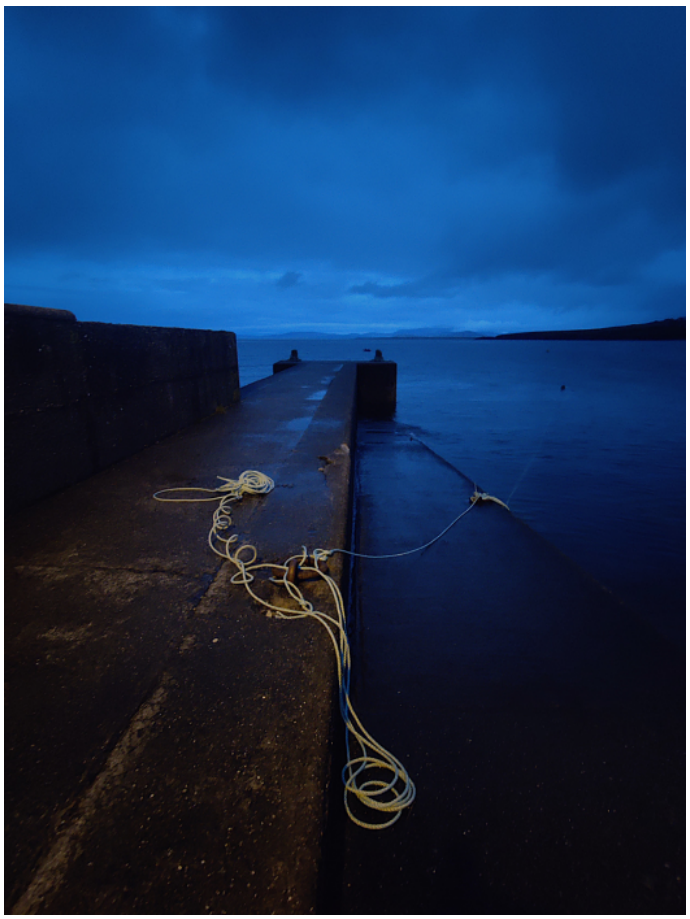
POETRY

To Be Found on Achill (November only)

by Anke Laufer



"Rope" by Anke Laufer

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the sea-bleached skull of a sheep, perfectly preserved
a wealth of tiny striped snail shells from the dunes of Léana,
an enamel jug, rusted, in which tea was once prepared
(on good days the sun can be seen shining through its holes)
the fallen beak of a gannet
hydrangea flowers changing colour like the atlantic tide
from blue to faded green to coffee stained brown,
a wooden plank, rotten, in the grain of which
you can clearly recognise an image of Dugort bay (if you are willing),
an epitaph for a seven-month-old that will make you cry
and after dark:
an aquarium-green halo from the deserted Strand Hotel
a coiled rope, shining pale on the black pier
and fairy music tinkling down from Bruigheán

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