

THE OTHER SIDE OF AUGHRIM

By Conor Mark Kavanagh

Another inward winter

trees shave their facades
with the razor wind

rain balls' bounce
emits like ocean spray

birds go

cats crave

pipes burst

rabbits show us
how it should be done

quads swagger up and down
negotiate the mounds
like a travelling worm
over five white feet of freeze.

Relief of sorts
in temporary light
that pans the hilltop tip.

Rising children throwing back the covers
read the goose-bumps on their skin
and see another day off school.

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