

Away from Mayo

A creaking ship - they stored themselves
from fees of desperation
and left a piece of despair behind
to start anew across the sea.

They came from a land of myth,
clinging in ruin to a culture
left torn and beaten by hate
by those who chose control
over understanding.

Their future lay huddled with starving
masses gathered in dark bellies of dying ships.
Coffins set sail with hope
to someday return.

Now, some ninety years later
sitting on the shores of their
once future landing I stare
up at the night sky and wonder...

Still more continue to arrive.
Do they hope of someday returning?
Or has it died away like embers
after the stoker has fallen asleep?
Tomorrow he will move on
leaving only traces of the hearth.

I have only pictures and words in books.
Irish in name only,
I question what right I have to dream
about returning to a land that has continued
without me, struggling...surviving...succeeding.
Do I have the right to play prodigal son?

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