



Lough Carra in Spring

by Seán Lysaght

*Warm sunshine in mid-March
and everything stays at the lake's pleasure.*

*Birch-trees flare from their knotted hearts.
Rushes wave little black fists*

*and water jostles to get a glimpse
of a new season's stars.*

*An early brimstone appears,
even as hollies keep the pentecostal flame.*

*The sunken reeds are army banners
on a fated march along the deep—*

*and the wren calls the trooping of colour!
This is no time for the bulrush to be sleeping.*

*Seagulls in bright
uniforms are on their way,*

*floating steadily past an island.
The trick is, follow an orchid*

*from base to flowering tip,
stay abreast of the martin,*

*and get ready for the plunge off the rocks
into July. If the caddis-fly*

*can survive in a milk of lime,
what can flesh do,*

*what can eyes devise?
Buckthorn is the first*

*to shoot into empty space
on the promise of itself*

*and the old leaves on the beech
already applaud what they know.*