

# Time to Listen

Poetry Day Ireland 2020

With Cavan Library Service  
and writer Heather Brett



## Testament

This was the year of the flood.  
Even the curious Kennypottle, alive and  
running away with itself ventured out over the road,  
sandbags left slumped and dreaming  
against the doors on Railway Street.  
And I was thinking of beginnings and  
endings; how we *stay* this wondrous road,  
the countless that walk unseen beside us  
the multitude that have yet to come -  
each and every one of us seeking solace,  
the right to be,  
belong,  
become.

This place of archaic stone splinters,  
fragments the past, the here and now,  
us: In a March light fog jostles the skyline  
mutes the amber grass  
and in the thickening air long dead echoes  
rise: warm slick of salted wave,  
ancient hush from a shroud of ice.  
Cushion moss glows ochre green,  
carpets stone and boulder, native ash  
compliments the tiny purple orchid  
shelters hare, wheatear and moth;  
muffles the absent call of fallow deer  
Green Man of the keep.

This outcropped earth cradles;  
ancient field, valley and cairn combine, give  
up the clearings to our dead;  
a witness made of every bramble,  
blade of grass an offered prayer.  
Here is ceremony and peace,  
a chant in every fractured rock  
hum of want from the mirrored lough,  
fall of vibrant light,  
where portal stone, chalk hill and grave  
align within  
wait out this fragile trust  
in a perfect linear reach to a solstice sun.

Heather Brett