Everything waits: black coat and clergyman’s black biretta, coiled ivory rosary on the mantel. Back soon, they seem to say, like the sun promising to return to Dublin, the sky mouse-grey with rain.

He didn’t die here on the white iron bed, was taken, ailing, to a lower floor. Better care there, more light.

Soon stars, cold as doubt. *To see,*
*but not to see by,* he warned of their spark, swimming through the dark to the sanctuary.
Dying, he said it twice: *I am so happy,* the poet of carrion comfort come to terms with lines unseen, Glasnevin’s unmarked grave, the arctic silence of his speckled Lord.

by Elisabeth Murawski