

Slieve Aughty Summer

Breid Sibley

You climb past wayside altars
Mother Mary surrounded
By clover, violets, angelica
Wild grasses, reeds and sedges.

Sage duvets cover fields
Under an azure white canopy
Duet of bullfinch and warbler
Brown road winds upward.

Onward you go
Bog cotton dances an arabesque
Scent of coconut from
Golden gorse decorating the hillside.

Overhead a cuckoo calls
Her chick fed by a meadow pippit
You glimpse fallow deer
Leaping through the sitkas.

Spicy air
Invigorates and nourishes
You weave tawny green rushes
A Mexican Eye of God pattern emerges.

Rustling bronze water
Puts a song in your heart
The ridge looms ahead
The summit beckoning.

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