

DELMEGE'S WOOD, CAPPANTYMORE

by Seamus O Cinneide

The floods slip, and slip, from
the low fields
Leaving only pools like broken
mirror bits
And herons stand beside them, or peer out
of sedge,
Warily as hunted kern, and
an ash finger
Stirs with a kind wind in from the
river,
Green spears of young corn, and the halved
cocks
Of the old year's hay beside
the yellow farm.
Hens go scratching the soft ridges of spring
ploughing

Bent over hilly fields, up to green
headlands,
Under hedge-eaves speckled with blackthorn
snow.
The sun silvers rain-wet roads
that go
Up to farmhouses, between green, insurgent
hedges.
The wood, thinly walled,
and roofed with leaves,
Cups the birds' song, and the song the
stream
Sings, slipping like a silver eel, to yellow
stars
Of new-born primroses, and green fern
plumes.

