Memories Of
An Irish Harvest Day

The humming of the horse-drawn mower
The scent of new mown hay
The songs of the cuckoo and corncrake
Echoing across lushly robed meadows
The gambolling of rabbits and hares all over
Blend with the aroma of dog daisies timothy and clover.

The hassies should be kept at arm’s length
The head above the crowd
Somewhere you’ll find that silver glint
That’s lining every cloud
The shallows flit across clear blue skies
Gently rustling in the soft summer breeze.

Music and nature in perfect harmony
Warm pillars of sunlight shine through the trees
Flowers like tender flutes soothe the soul
The yellow butterfly slowly sails through the humid atmosphere
Whilst in branches birds clatter their wings and sway
The scene captures the spirit and allows the tensions of
Everyday life to leave your body
To recall memories of an Irish harvest day.

Poem by Margaret Doody Scully from *Inside Looking out, Poetry and Prose*, by Margaret Doody Scully (Thistle Publications 2012).