

Plovers at Gurteen

These shrill little pipers
in their constant skirmish
with the pitiless big
wind off the eastern
corner of Letter Hill
remind him of the need
to keep his singing head
clear in spite of storm or
any strife that might
otherwise knock him off
his feet, fracturing whatever
equilibrium he had
managed to fashion so
he could balance his own
anxious agitated self in a
world relentless to get at
the few remnants of self-
possession he struggles
to salvage so he might
make some heart-noise
the way these plovers do
who can be heard even
over the loud mouth of a
wind that tosses the sand
about here beside the
pier of Gurteen and sets
his own rattled wits,
what remains of them,
astray—walking there.