

Three Poems
By
Pádraig Daly

DOWN'S SYNDROME GOD

(For Cinnie)

The little boy circles beneath the trees
That circle the field.

Now and again he dashes onto the grass,
Takes sudden fright, runs off to hide again.

The children are busy with football,
Games of run and chase.

He fears their shouting,
He cannot tell whether they will welcome him.

His heart is full of love;
If they but knew their need.

ELY AND ANNIE

I've long forgotten the film
Though they brought me six miles to it,
Strapped to a seat behind a bicycle.

What I remember is the journey home:
Trees along a demesne wall,
White in moonlight,

Screeches of wildfowl from the bog,
Smells of mown fields,
Light winds of a warm Summer,

Their laughter,
Their youth,
Their unhurriedness,

A skyfull of stars,
All the love sustaining
Sustaining still.

A PRESBYTERIAN AND CHRIST

(After the Scots Gaelic of Anna Mic Ealair)

You drew close to me
Beneath the juniper,
Became my companion
In the apple orchard.

Your closeness is sweeter
Than the finest wine:
When you gave me your love,
My body melted.

You gave me your love,
My body melted;
And I was forced to say,
"Hold back your hand".