Dun Aengus (first published in chapbook "Migrations")

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Dun Aengus

for Edward Lense

First,
sharp rocks to break a charge
of horses,
then stone walls,
steep drop,
end of land.

*

With your camera
you pace the rocks,
a gull windborne
and backing clouds
brushstroked with light.

*

The ancient god of love,
the story says, could steal your soul
if you walked here.

And yet the Fir Bolg
piled these stones in fear of war.

What did they think of love?

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I stumble on the jagged rocks,
pulled down by gravity and storm.

You drink the light.

Gray wings of clouds wheel out.

I think the gulls are spirits
of stone men. They hover.
They cry.