

Neaped in Donegal
by Michelle McMillan

The Gueabarra River
runs black with peat,
spawns silver flashes,
breathes molten pewter,
flows lustrous to the moon.

She withdraws with the dark
as dawn's languid light
casts pale gold
into her shadow;
reveals a wanton disposition.

Embedded with archaic gems,
she is adorned in
milk of magnesia blue,
poison green and
whiskey opalescence.

An anchor hangs from a chain.
Rills mount iron pots,
horseshoes and steel cables
into the stiff prongs
of sheep ribs and thigh bones.

The river remembers
womenfolk in plaid wool skirts,
shepherds, blacksmiths,
drunken poets and sailors –
stonesetters all, there as the tide serves.

I am a blow-in from
a parallel universe,
neaped in Donegal,
enamoured by the rising and falling
treasure chest of the sea.