

Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar

No Such Signs

During these slow nine months the castle mound,
swelling with cartoon vigour from the surround-
ing shops and offices, has seemed a sign—
not of the town's past, but of your fine
bones, feather-forming in the fast-
ness of your mother's side. And now, at last,

you're out. And though I dreamed I saw
your coming in the night, I can no more
credit clairvoyance for what was simply love
than I could moralise that hill. News of
the fact of you (your real- and rightness) makes
the act of meaning something no great shakes.

So, plummeting down Castle Hill today
past the old motte, I cast away
all such signs. May the new
and broken morning be no song of you,
but may you revel in this world of things
as I today: you look and autumn springs.