

Sinéad Garrigan-Mattar

(R)evolution: Easter Rising

This Easter Sunday was the first
Without the old sun-dancing Christ:
The bread stayed bready and the wine
Passed up its chance to be divine;
Outside our window the cedar tree
Shook its head along with me,
Blankly dismissing the old sublime;
The dogs that passed, for the very first time,
Were kindred panthers of the air;
The dead lived on in my genes and my hair
And the tea-leaves showed me nothing to fear;
But I cried a splashy Victorian tear,
Finding the day so new and so odd,
With the gain of the world and the loss of God.