

# Evening in Smithfield, Dublin

Moisture bedaubing  
unto skin like  
DT sweat,  
each droplet a stipple,  
between states –  
the only dry thing is  
my throat. This season  
is rotten and this is just  
another Celtic Tiger plaza,  
the 120-year-old cobblestones  
hand-removed and  
-restored. Lamps, as tall  
as choir balconies  
have shades like sails,  
harking back to the Ostmen  
for this was Viking ground.  
A sleeping bag  
is the unmovable. Sodden,  
shaped in such a form  
it seems to hold –  
though empty – half  
a person, portraying  
matter in a *Chopped 2.0*  
deli archway. Further,

a stood man, apparent,  
his face lit up by his phone's  
cold-cold blue, speaks word  
about how *my ancestors,*  
*my father; my father's father;*  
*my father's father's father;*  
*were good people*  
to an audience of just me.  
A gust takes his cigarette  
and its grooving sparks,  
and drives it until it  
is fastened and gone,  
gone-gone, that same gust  
taking our sighs  
before they are condensed.

Stephen de Búrca