

# Burning

All I know is the gripping of this world,  
the briefest of hours and dreams.

We are the sublime and nude victims  
of it, eroded as rock and filthy as the reef

we poured our oil and detritus into.  
Spare my stirrings and solitude,

the rhythm of fear and the panting  
of lizards. I don't always seek

the hollow, bare thing or the chaotic  
insomnia of the water here.

I could be unmoved resistance  
and with all the humiliation of a drunk,

I might ordain nausea and the deluge  
of your denial. The honeyed

glass of animal eyes is agony  
but they are not past healing,

they wait for us and our pursuit  
of greed to be undoing, death

and burning.

Róisín Ní Neachtain

OPPOSITE: Beatriu Delaveda