

Walk on the Wild Side

To walk alone along the length of Inis Oirr
is sheer delight on such a pleasant day.
I stand at first and stare towards far Nova Scotia,
two thousand miles along the arc of earth,
beyond the westward slope of Inis Maan.

The narrow path that was a narrow road
dissolves in foaming east Atlantic surf
as charcoal waves crash turquoise,
booming on the fractured limestone shore.

The drystone walls are knitted shoulder-high
allowing me to overlook and view sleek rabbits
briskly bob-tail through the purpled thistle,
their afternoon of quietude disturbed.

The soft breeze sings through galvanised gates
as skylarks soar to serenade clouds.
An infiltrating tractor hums from a few fields away
where perhaps some livestock gathered to be fed.

Shafts of sunlight smoothly glide across the Burren hills,
distinctive grey 'karst' landscape of mainland County Clare.
Way south on Moher's craggy cliffs, perched perilous high,
O'Brien's Tower is balanced as a sentinel silhouette.

The current funnels strait through Foula Sound
between here and the middle Aran Isle,
where local lobster boats now plunge and rear:
the pots of living gold are hauled expertly aboard
and it goes some way to earn the daily bread.

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