



Swimmers at East End Beach

They looked to the night sky to read the moon,
know what time the tides were,

have one last swim on the last day of summer.
Through the dark that separated sky from sea,

a fulgent pulse on the surface lit a path
all the way across to the mainland.

In the afternoon, they'd wade in,
touch the cool clear waters, breathe-in

the passing summer air. Look to the mountains,
the sheltering dunes, their minds still.

Feel the rise of the waves, the push and pull,
their bodies weightless, float,

stand in the shallow waters, the swoosh and slosh,
the flux of radiant light, the constant shifting.

Edel Burke, Mayo, Ireland