



The World Has Lost Some Colour

A morning river contained by leafy shores,
sunlit, the stage is set
for a shimmering of mayfly,
an electric flash of kingfisher blue

But no kingfisher sparks the far bank
no sparkle of mayfly

Each twig, branch, each spindly bole,
is down side up in the water
Something's missing, someone's gone
Absence hovers

Bernie Crawford, Galway, Ireland

