

Iceland

For Simon

Not that the landscape was hourly altered by small quakes,
or that rainbows were suspended about the scalding air,
or that the dropped coin turned
and glittered too long in the fissure;

but that I lost my footing on the path to the frozen water-
fall, and you were not yet there. Even my breath was taken
on that deafening morning,
in an absence of trees.

Caitríona O'Reilly

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Designed by Sophie Leveque