

Resurrection

And they too shall rise.

For even the hardened ground of heathened graves
can not contain them.
And the rancid tubers' mangled roots
shall not keep them.

They shall rise up---
Up from hedgerow hollows
Up past sapling withes
Up through leafy eaves
of trees
like wizened whispers
through old men's beards.

Then we shall hear them
in a full, long, funereal pall---
The keening of mothers and children
and the men who became shadows of themselves.

And they shall fly away---
over the mountains and the moors
to the bright side of the moon.

And the *bean sí* will wail no more.