

Wine Street Carpark

I returned for the shelter
 the cupped place mountains make.
 And to pay what I can:
 attention to the waves in the sea of a day
 and the troughs of the waves
 and the days.
 What is Sligo but an interval
 an array of slopes, shale, salt
 a palette—
 which might be mined.

x

Rounding the bend
 — I know you know—
 road's grip, sea-glimpse
 then that flat-topped
 looming old anvil
 half-improbable, half-inevitable
 full body-check of scape.

A mountain rescue
 where *it* saves you
 with its cliffs.

x

A baby asserts herself
 wriggles.
 Why is she waked in the dark
 dressed, fed, strapped in
 to be dropped off
 and missed all day?
 What is a baby's opinion
 of sodium streetlights so early?

In her mother's eye
 Ben Bulben is a wedge of dark
 a cameo in her cornea
 as it flicks north
 checks traffic
 then accelerates
 joins the queue.

I guess babies are just lazy.

x

He'd set out from the house on Wine Street, that Willy
bedroll under his arm
away from the Pollexfen timetable cage.
Dozed by a fire at the lake
netted moths in the dark.

x

Wine Street Carpark
is formed by the backs of everything yet
it's also the de facto centre.
It wasn't planned but...
This is it. *(said with resignation)*

x

Question: What is that brown fingerboard depicting
a quill in an inkwell pointing to?
Question: Literature occurred there?
Question: Where? *(rising intonation)*

x

There are days I yes despair
in streets of catapulting apartments
of steel-and-glass condo hells
I do.
Up high a lady fastens sumptuous drapes
to a long pole with metal clips
in the shop they told her
measure the sheer drops the sheer drops (sung)

while far below an unsheltered mother
wields a scarf so deftly

swaddles swaddles swaddles swaddles swaddles
swaddles swaddles swaddles swaddles swaddles
swaddles swaddles swaddles swaddles swaddles *(all, shimmying)*

She keeps the original wrapping.

x

Question: What is a writerartist? Is she a package?

Answer: She is the gall wasp that inches herself to the underside
of an oak leaf and lays eggs in a weakness
in the leaf's structure.

x

—There is something post-Soviet, something feral
to Wine Street Carpark.

—You think?

Where I heard an auld one say to another, 'I tell you one of these days we'll be back on the
potatoes.'

Where disabled parking is a lumpy ampersand.

Where we stand in awe and wonder at WE BUY GOLD, the Chinese, and stand-up tanning.

Where rogue winds whip up the wimples of aged shoppers.

Where, when handing me my hake, John the Fish, says, 'That's you.'

x

How to unlock the value?

x

I used to live east of Yeats Country
west of Kavanagh Country
south of Heaney Country

In fact I lived at ground zero
of McGahern country.

I used to scream like a banshee when they threw a dead sheep in the well
poisoned it.

x

Question: What is a writerartist if he isn't delighted, humbled, excited,
thrilled, perhaps even pumped?

Answer: As the larvae mature, the oak tree secretes tannic acids and an awkward ball
appears on the leaf's underside, a gall.

x

It started with some shops— now there's a mall.
 Cars park there, in the enclosure.
 Its tarmacadam is purely
 the accumulated history of every effort to repair it.
 First it wasn't there and then it was. It just happened.
 That's Wine Street Carpark.

x

(tongue clicks in rhythm)

Knocknarea is a clock.
 In the dark she clicks
 you can hear this clearly in the Sandy Field.
 She is backing us up.
 I/We run down.

x

Question: What is paper's significance in 2018?

Answer: Mariusz said there was a time in Warsaw, say 1957, when having a mimeograph was a crime. A paper scrap the size of a gum wrapper fluttering down Wiejska Street was like a lightning strike. He said it with a raised voice in the hip, refitted milk bar and there came a hush. Eyes were averted. *Fucking nut* is what they was thinking. *Relic*. That is paper's significance in 2018.

x

Question: What is that vertical bar in my screen
 that pulses on and off?

Answer: It's an I. Then it isn't an I. Then it's an I. Then it isn't an I. Then it's an I.
 It indicates where you are.

x

We are where we are.
 We are in a well.
 We are living in an inkwell.

x

Lily and Lolly were two distinct people
 who wielded needles and a printing press.
 Their father was bad with money.

I guess he was lazy.
I guess he was a baby.
I guess he was free.
I guess he was a freak.

x

Question: What is technique?

Answer: When the larva becomes a wasp, it escapes from the gall and leaves a little puncture. That puncture is its technique.

x

Question: How do you make ink?

Answer: The galls are picked, dried, crushed then mixed with water. Iron sulphate is added and when it reacts with the tannic acid, a very dark material results. That is ink. You can also use vinegar instead of water.

x

Sometimes I wish to measure
the length of the line from Ben Bulben to the carpark
and from the carpark to Knocknarea.
The separate figures and the sum of the figures
I would like to know the totals. I would like to tot them up.

x

Question: How can I clean crumbs from under the keys on my laptop?

Answer: Try hammering it like a dulcimer.

Like a dulcimer.

x

(drum solo)