

Eyes of Dust and Dublin

Gareth Alun Roberts

Feet
and the scuff of dust. Traffic clacking
about two old men leaned together with craic
and sticks; and Dublin limps out of its scaffolding
in the flat, afternoon sun.

A boy rides a horse through the traffic lights.

Buses and pigeons flap the streets, alive
with the sweet fume of diesel; and buskers; and squabbles.

But the literary museum is quiet.
The ache of turned pages
is old bones; poems and rebellion all dead
for the tourists

to go drinking in literary pubs,
beneath walls of nicotined faces: music
you can hear to the banks
of the lovely scruffy. And the sun is dust
in Dublin's eye.

