

The Hand of God

The fingers of the handprint of God
Stretch into every flinty inlet and rocky slipway
Around Loughros Beg Bay. They fit like a glove.
The scalloped sand-banks are rippled and ridged,
Holding the whorls and wreaths of His holy palms,
His fingertips; withered creases riddle well-worn hands
And become life-lines, destinies, eternities as yet unreadable.
What gypsy fortune-teller, palms crossed with silver,
Could take those hands, and babble of death and lost love?
Madame Petulengro? No. There can be only one clairvoyant.
And it is His hand that holds ours.

David Kelly

Loughros Beg Bay

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