

Synge at Dun Aengus

by [Steve Wilson](#) in the [April 19, 2005](#) issue

At the white line of the shore,
where sight loses sense—
to the sure edge of things—I've carried me west.

No hope now in Paris . . .
its finery and absinthe,
nights marbled with comfort. And truth? But a tenth

of the whole: lichen
hard upon stones.
Gray within some grayer gray. The only motion—a lone

gannet glides above
the steel-dark surge. Galway
lumbers, crumbling, under an old Imperial sway—

its harbor lights spark
from ages out.
Rock, turf and shore. Here, at least, no doubt.

There is the sky.
There is the sea.
There is the narrow road down to the quay.