

Ghosts



Ancestors

of myth yet unmade,
Dreamers, & the children of dreamers

On this solid shore of dream
We stand, certain of nothing,
Of even our doubt unassured,
Dreaming our way through the frightening mist,
The fog of knowing
That's penetrated only by the mystic's
High hilltop refrain

Ghosts,
Speaking of ghostly things
Phantoms, illusions are we
Travelling through a world of illusion
To free ourselves from illusion

As real as real can be
Past frightening mist
& thunder clap
We persist,
Guided only by that mystic refrain
On this modern sand we walk,
That solid, ghostly guiding star

Assume not you cannot know

Brendan O' Tuathalain is a Co. Donegal poet resident in Omagh after 11 years

in Canada. He has previously published in Leitir and The Chancer (Donegal & Derry respectively), and in California Quarterly. He is working on his first collection and currently completing a novel set in Newfoundland, eastern Canada.