

Two Poems of Fermanagh



Forecast, Drumhoney, July 2010

The rain isn't taking the time to come down
I agree, as puddles start where before
there was well trodden earth and stones.
A herd of cows pilgrimage through
the field, knowing intuitively when to move
from one patch of grass to another.

Friends lent us this cabin, you unable to fly
this was our summer holiday, a catching of breath
watching reruns of Friends with poor reception.

This morning we ran between showers
to retrieve ice cream to eat in the car,
we can't go outside without getting wet.

I tune my guitar while you cross stitch
a child's face with brown thread through
a blank canvas – a future embraced.

Manor House Marina, April 2013

The children gather up treasures
as they appear on the trail,
easter eggs planted there by providence's hand,
glinting in the sun, precious and frail.
Stones are kicked away,
A dead wren is stepped around,
branches lifted and broken in play.
I hear my daughter's squeals of glee
as brightly wrapped treats are found.
No one else notices a flock of geese
take off from the lake,
in sync and swift to the eye,
they cut up their own wake,
their wingspan fills the sky.

Glen Wilson was highly commended in the 2015 Gregory O'Donoghue International Poetry Competition. He has won the Poetry Space competition and was shortlisted for the Wasafiri New Writing Prize 2014 and the Seamus Heaney

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