



Sweet Spot

(Lower Lough Erne viewed from Claragh Road, Blaney)

Each morning,
I grasp the curtains with tired hands
and fling my arms wide.
Rings rattle in retreat on their rail
as the Fermanagh Monet fills my frame.
I await the lift like a cradled child.

Sun tackles showers on in-between days,
sprinkles of rainbow are cast upon isles.
Boats, speckle the lough like white chocolate chips
rippling the mirrored reflection of sky.
My eyes soak it up as the day kicks in,
I float away on a natural high.

Each night, I take a closing fix.
Through the shadows,
Irvinestown twinkles a smile.
A handful of jewels,
draped on the end of one arm,
while I perch content on the other side.

Trish Bennett

This poem was previously published in *The Bee's Breakfast* anthology, by Beautiful Dragons, edited by Rebecca Bilkau, in 2017. Each poem in the book represents a region in the United Kingdom. *Sweet Spot* represents County Fermanagh. It was also used in the Label Lit project (organised by Maria McManus), in 2018 and 2019.

[Hear](#) Trish read the poem.