

Play

It's morning, the shades have gone
and with them for a while the woes.
Smell the earth, this bouncing place,
listen out for newness, the touch of hope.
Run out into weather and sweet air.
Small balls are taking rhythm to the walls,
drumming out their satisfaction
with the solid ground. This is the time
of your life. Skip the rope and let
your dancing skirt bring a tickle to your thighs.
Ignore the scabs and bruising on your knees,
the world is young and wants to play.

Nina Quigley lives in Inishowen, Co Donegal, and writes poetry and short fiction. She is also a visual artist. Her work has appeared in *The Moth*, *A New Ulster* and *Poetry Ireland Review*. Her poetry pamphlet, *Legacy* was published by Lapwing Publications in 2001. Her second collection, *Melancholia*, has just been published by Three Dancing Oaks Publications.