

GOLDEN LANE

by Moya Cannon (Irish poet)

After a Christmas of rain and gales
there are four bright days
one after the other
at the start of January.

Across the lit milk of the bay
the sun hammers a path from Black Head to the Prom,
a golden lane for any God
of winter,
of light,
or life
and strong enough for three teenagers in red jackets,
their arms held wide,
to play at walking out over the tide,
into the sun's heart.

Today it feels
as though this is where early stonemasons,
who built a tomb
with a shaft for midwinter light,
discovered that light at its lowest is at its most intense.

This early winter's evening it feels likely
That the sun's habits were first charted, not on land,
but on a bright arm of the sea
which illumined the path
of a low sun returning.