

## *Snow in the Comeraghs*

for Michael Coady

*Do léighfeadh sé 'sna réiltínibh.*

— Dineen

You are leaving us, Michael. A grandchild is on the way  
and is blessed already by your wanting to be there.  
Here, water grows scarce. There's been no power for days.  
We count on the stove and enter by the back door.

In the post on our front mat your *Snow in the Comeraghs*  
our postman brought through snow is cold to the touch,  
and news to us who have been out with shovels, meeting  
each other, confirming what we hope is the worst is over.

Shortly, heading for the other hemisphere, you'll be  
a light above us while we hold our own and start to count  
the cost and know, in our hearts, they are our lucky  
stars we count, and include in that tally your good heart,

at home on the banks of the Suir, in Kuala Lumpur,  
wherever on earth, good soul, you go, by water, air.

— Tom French  
*The Sea Field* (2020)