

## **The Pups in the Boghole**

I poured the milk into the cup  
of hot black tea until the surface  
clouded over and lightened,  
with coils of steam,  
like the genie of memory  
rising out from the uncorked  
bottle of the forgotten.

The turf-brown tea settled  
at the brim of the cup, silent  
as the guilty bog-water  
that brimmed the wide boghole  
I had walked away from,  
many years ago, when I was a child.

It was a deep boghole, a blind eye,  
beside a bare oak tree whose branches,  
like exposed nerve endings, signposted  
its fatal spot in the middle  
of the vast gouged-out turf-fields.

As I returned, that day,  
to Uncle Frank's pub on the sea-road,  
through the coconut scent  
of the yellow whin bushes,  
the palms of my hands were still  
stinging, reddened, branded  
by the weight and the coarse  
fabric of the turf-sack

and all around was the echoing  
liquid call of the curlew  
marking out the hollow tent  
of the sky – the amphitheatre  
that had been listening all along  
to the puppy-yelps muffled  
in the turf-sack, and my footsteps  
dragging them to the boghole.

The mute colosseum  
of the firmament gasped  
as the tossed sack whirred  
through the air, hit  
the bull's eye of the boghole,  
bobbed, seemed to float,  
then slowly sank.

*(Cont...)*

As I turned and fled  
my footsteps were lighter  
but the naivety of my bravery  
weighed down my outsized  
wellington boots with a heavier  
tread – in my pocket was the fifty

pence piece, the Judas-coin  
Uncle Frank had given me  
to do the man's job he didn't  
have time to do, and overhead,  
the crowded audience of the sky  
darkened in disbelief.

\*

As I sit here, years later, and lift  
the teacup to my lips, I realise  
I have been bringing sacks  
to that boghole ever since –

the pups of what I cannot  
reveal to anyone, pushing  
the visage of their cave-art paws  
out through the sacking,

and in my head I can still hear  
Uncle Frank's *well-greased till*  
shoot open like a bullet  
and hit home with a ring.

And I still see,  
beside the boghole,  
on the wizened trunk  
of that burnt oak tree,

the eye of a twisted knot  
staring out like the drowned.