

The Kiss of my father shock is opening the road home
Ag dul isteach , ag dul isteach, ag dul isteach,
Layer by layer, slate by shale,
Mining the difference towards the core.
Opening the door,
Finding his body cold on the floor,
Amach, amach, amach,
No more, no more, no more,
Lava hardens quickly ,
Brittle, so fast gone,
Was it he or I grew cold more quickly?
You don't have to die for rigor mortis to set in.
I couldn't bear to touch, afraid our cold would seal us together forever
And it did...
Entombed –a little boy in slate and shale.
Careful now , as we open, letting air to relic is holy work,
Ag dul isteach, ag dul isteach ,ag dul isteach,
My mother tongue to warm me along the road home.
Ger Murphy