

Jays Woke Me

Jays woke me out of Erin ages ago
Lamefoot the singer, popinjay of tales;
popinjay too of village boys' sticks,
the old spinning woman's needles and hook

Auks flew me over the sea
Blindeye mad seer of visions;
bearer of sad tidings and cracked bowl,
tired of sounding my own voice

Skins of geese raised me out of Ohio
Strawface rhe boy on the tree;
fed me to flames in the haymown night
a delicate gash in my side

A fish ate my heart under the coast
Smoke the husband of dreams;
gave it to him who caught her
spilled on his plate with her roe