

LEGACY BURDENS

Beannacht (Blessing) by John O'Donoghue

On the day when the weight deadens on your shoulders
and you stumble,
may the clay dance to balance you.

And when your eyes freeze behind the grey window
and the ghost of loss gets in to you,
may a flock of colours,
indigo, red, green, and azure blue
come to awaken in you a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays in the currach of thought
and a stain of ocean blackens beneath you,
may there come across the waters
a path of yellow moonlight to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
may the clarity of light be yours,
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow wind
work these words
of love around you
an invisible cloak
to mind your life.