

Duncan Campbell

Aesthetics

*The Edward R. and Frances Schreiber Collins
Literary Prize for Poetry*

On Galway Bay, where
the boiling Corrib grabs
the sea, and I've forgotten
my camera
again.

The moon's unseen
hands have pulled the bay off the
Claddagh. The packed houses,
all washed-out watercolor or stone,
are dull in the dusk. A mob of thirsty
youths have swarmed the coast.
Sipping on the deflated sun they
fill in the street.

Below the city ground, on the
momentary tide-shore
an Irishman,
head splashed in drink,
squeezes his bladder onto the sea.
He turns, his hands in an eleven-
fingered bouquet below his waist.
Take a picture for your mum, he shouts.
Watching from the cobbled-walk, a knot of
American girls shriek
and flee.