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Anam Cara

John O'Donohue

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Anam Cara

A Book of Celtic Wisdom

 HarperCollins e-books

BEANNACHT

For Josie

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 gray window
and the ghost of loss
gets in to you,
may a flock of colors,
indigo, red, green
and azure blue
come to awaken in you
a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
in the curach 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.

*In memory of my father, Paddy O'Donohue,
who worked stone so poetically,
and my uncle Pete O'Donohue,
who loved the mountains*

And my aunt Brigid

*In memory of John, Willie, Mary,
and Ellie O'Donohue,
who emigrated and now rest in American soil*

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