

## Windy Hollow

We live in a hollow  
our home sitting below the canal  
the canal that looks fuller now on rainy days

and I wonder if we will make it through  
before the melting poles trickle down  
to find us

yet here I sit  
in the shallows of March  
outside  
with sleeves rolled up  
in sandals and shorts  
interrupting the flow of warm breezes  
intercepting birdsong

this year a childhood friend died suddenly  
attacked by his own heart  
cancer visited two others

this might be the last thing I ever write

I do not watch the news now  
or read the papers

all that I do  
is hold out my hands and wait  
for sun  
for rain  
for another hand

this might be the last thing you ever read

Steve Denehan

## The Universal Joke

We think we are the answer  
the fruition of evolution  
even though  
the projected life cycle of the sun  
has not yet reached halfway

we think we are the answer  
to some great cosmic question  
when really  
we are a punchline  
to a universal joke

when the sun begins its slow burn out  
there will be no trace of us  
perhaps not even in the history books  
our species will be silt  
a coin down the back of a sofa  
the echo of an unheard scream

the sun will begin to die  
in five billion years  
give or take  
becoming a red giant in the process  
it will swell  
eventually growing large enough  
to swallow the earth  
an enormous Pac-Man

long before that, in five-hundred million years  
the future us, evolved beyond our comprehension  
more sentient, more enlightened, hopefully  
will stand, helpless  
at the edge of the oceans  
to watch them boil

the oven timer dings  
I look at the clock on the wall  
4.26pm and already getting dark

Steve Denehan

## The Waves

The waves were huge this evening  
enormous, grey, white-veined  
we stood to face them  
planted our feet ankle deep in the sand  
leaned forward  
waited, as the water shallowed  
taken by each rising wave  
to use against us

they came  
sometimes breaking on us  
so tall we could not see beyond them  
we, lost inside them  
in the still, dark solitude  
directionless  
before being born again  
in a spray of foam and salt

we stand to face them  
plant our feet ankle-deep in the sand  
lean forward  
wait, for the water to shallow  
to be taken by the rising wave  
to use against us  
we are together  
will be left standing  
against the weight of all the oceans  
if not this time  
then the next

Steve Denehan

