

FRED MARCHANT

Passage Tomb

Knowth, Co. Meath, Ireland

—for John F. Deane

So friend, you bring me to this unassuming field,
day-glo brands on the sheep, wire gates my girth

barely lets me slip through, an afterthought of
rubble at the entrance, sunlight angled to look in,

our eyes adjusting to nightfall under guardian
stone-shapes so like the lives we imagine it took

to lift granite to canopy, my fingers now wanting
to pry them apart, unlock the mute interleavings,

to peel away mica from quartz, find a fleck that
holds the light, ask it about the dark workings

of metal, the mineral veins we shape into blades,
the soft tissue we lay open, the blood we let fall.