

Dressed to Go Out

He offered his hand  
I took it  
shook it

he pretended to grimace  
I smiled

he asked me  
if I had seen Sammy  
I told him  
that I had not

when he was nineteen  
he drove around the coast  
circumnavigating Ireland  
on a motorbike  
it took a week  
it rained  
every day

Helen was in the bathroom  
dressed to go out  
she called to him  
in the bedroom  
to hurry up  
a minute later  
he found her on the floor  
as if she had always  
been dead

this is what he told me  
the man  
in the bed  
in the ward  
with my father