

Under the Dublin Sun

The hippo chuckles quietly from his turf dugout
As the two parks peer distantly at each other
Each celebrated in their own style.
We'll lose no revelers in Devany's labyrinth
Nor dampen spirits in water's play,
Its history told, we'll be on our way
To the dignified cypresses
Perched high on the hill of Piazza Sorrento,
To the rising summer scents of lavender, rosemary and rose,
Where the tortoise and hare chase time around the sundial.

Will visitors be oblivious to the winds
Or to the whispered excitement
Of Italian and Gaelic ghosts conversing
In the morning mists and evening sunsets?
The fog drifting over from San Francisco Bay
Recalls long ago whipped-mist days
All the way from quayside Bray.

The Irish and Italians sat next to each other
And to the Danes and Germans
In these old school rooms.
Romeo and Juliet liaisons,
Dissipating ignorance about our oneness
Joined by faith and fresh starts
In this great place.
Distinct, exceptional elements thrown together
In the stew we call America.
Lotsa laughter, plenty o'passion,
Their spirits still simmering
Joyfully with us today.

The hippo chuckles at the mini-Mt. Vesuvius
And the children calling goodbye to the hippo.
While the leprechauns hide high in the cypresses
After learning and losing bocce,
Consoled by their first taste of gelato.
The boisterous brothers of Bray and
The scintillating sisters of Sorrento,
Are all celebrating, all singing with us today
About the lilting days of Dublin Squares.