Guest Poetry: "Burren" and "Connemara Landscape"

Lynn Richmond Feingold
Burren

That is their name
for this bitter rock land.

Before us is a weaving
narrow road,
to either side
the Burren.
The desolation grows inside us.
We hardly speak.
A lone
fox runs zig zag
across the white rocks.

There is nowhere to hide.

High up in the hills
unseen orchids
plunge their greedy roots deep
between the rock
and blaze bright flowers
that run for miles
in thin, crazy lines.

Lynn R. Feingold

Connemara Landscape

A man alone
in the mist
turns peat bricks
one after another
off the wet banking.
His boot on the dull spade
he moves in a dream rhythm
that we cannot be a part of.
He digs alone
in the soaked peat field
one after another
they turn off the spade
one after another
they roll to the heap.

Lynn R. Feingold

Lynn Richmond Feingold (formerly Lynn Haffner) is a 1982 graduate of Bridgewater State College. While at Bridgewater, Lynn was the editor of the Arts Magazine. Lynn is currently employed at the Howard Johnson Company in Braintree and is active on the Stoughton Arts Council.