

Out of prison for the workshop,
he cries when he learns I know George
Mitchell; the Good Friday Agreement

is his one hope of ending his long
sentence early. He cries again
the day before he has to go back.

An Omagh poem is demonstrated
to work only by mis-direction.
We discuss how pronunciation of

an "h" can raise questions of life
and death. I feel the chill when
I visit the north; as I walk into town,

three cars full of grim lads slow,
heads turn in unison; they stare.
The café goes silent when I walk in

and ask for coffee. Noise resumes.
I catch a muffled comment – it's okay,
he's American. The workshop leader

suggests I'm too far from such things
to write about them. Implying
that whatever I say, I say nothing.