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# A Fall Retreat on the Beara Peninsula

by Matthew Brennan

Each night, at two, I wake and hear rain rapping  
The windows and the roof, as if to clean  
My dreams and make me see again. At dawn,  
All is fog that shrouds the meadows, homes,  
And headlands far away as Coulagh Bay.

Today, by noon, the sun burned off the mist.  
At five, I take a sloping road and pass  
The houses made of local stones, their hedges  
Of fuchsia not yet bloomed—to where the path  
Opens to a view of seagulls, boats,  
And rolling ocean waves. But it's a vision  
For a postcard. I look a while, then wind  
My way downhill, eyes earthward, blind and deaf  
In the silent dusk that's coming on—until

Within, beneath, beyond the bounding hedges  
I hear an inland murmur, water running  
Underground, the undersound I had slept through.



*Photo courtesy [wiolka.de/html/beara\\_peninsula.html](http://wiolka.de/html/beara_peninsula.html)*