

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a green tunic and a green cloak, stands against a dark background. She wears a crown with a central flame-like element and leaf-like extensions. In her right hand, she holds a flaming torch, and in her left, she holds a tall, ornate staff. A large, glowing circular halo surrounds her head. The text of the poem is overlaid on the image in white, bold font.

The Giving

by Frances Moore, a member of Brat Bhríde Kilkenny

I was given
the gift of land
the size of my cloak.

Snakes writhed and scorpions
glistened in the dark caves
of me. But I spread
my cloak on their reptilian
heads. I spread a shimmering
green upon them and the touch
of the cloth calmed them
and they became lost
in the plush of my green.

When I opened my eyes
my cloak was on the ground
spreading and catching
sunlight. Spreading,
and the Chieftain's horse
reared in fright.

It spread from my feet.
It spread from my feet.