**Night**

 And The Count prowls

in the mirror of the lover’s moon.

Blood sours in the Arctic urn,

spills to the strokes of snow

dropping on midnight leaves.

This is the cavern club

of the Uilleann piper,

here a dirge does salve

to the singing dead.

Yet, in late September,

when the sun is buried

behind the humps of the Slieve Blooms,

and the risen frost twinkles,

he plays the Moonlight Sonata,

gazes to Venus and Orion’s Belt