

whispers in the night

(a listener's account)

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- | umbral echoes | -

late night wails tumble along the long shore,
nothing new— she's done this before.
falling, trampling in tandem with the pouring rain,
is she here to say 'hello',
or does she shriek in pain?

trickling deeper, deeper, ever farther, deeper, deeper,
through the grains of sand she pulls to her, nearer, nearer;
does she collect them one by one or is she a believer,
that if she makes them disappear we'll all come out and
see her?

high and low she rises, falls— back and forth she goes,
ever swaying, always changing, and when she wants she
glows;
her lover in the sky, S, drapes her in his clothes,
to shield her from the strong advances of the one he
loathes...

M. likes to rear her head, bringing the clothes an end,
so when she comes to her beloved she is then unveiled;
her beauty laid out pure and plain for the world to see,
I call her Muirín, a pool of light, but you can call her the
Irish Sea.

- | his clothes on her | -

Muirín caresses the shore gently this afternoon,
her tender blue dress blows up and down;
he put it on her today, in order to ward off M.

S. goes away now... diving into her depths,
taking his gifts down under— the cold pangs;
she rushes to the wall, raising herself to keep warm.

dark, M. treks in S's steps;
snarling, her cold breath and beams pierce Muirín's body,
her pull so alluring, contrasting with that of S.

twisting and turning, day and night,
tides rising and swelling,
currents rushing and swirling.

and in her unrelenting currents travel many things— alive
and inanimate.

just the other day, she coughed up narcotics,

she said she didn't ask for them,
she was forced to carry them,
she knows not of what other secrets her sisters keep
afloat... or below.

- | an end too soon | -

S. has given the most beautiful of gift to Muirín tonight;
a cascade of brilliant luminescence adorned with the most
delicate of clouds,
and S. can't help but peek through them, making himself
known, always watching.

he loves to put a show on, changing his colours closer to
night.

as he reaches closer to her surface, he turns a shade of
warm orange, either blushing or furious of what's to
come.

he salutes her, and for his final trick of the day he
vanishes.

now *she* takes the stage again...

pale face, dotted and sickly, grinning as she removes the
now auburn robe, tearing the sky into the deepest, darkest
blue.

exposed to the elements Muirín now roars closer, and
louder.

her breathing echoing in and out,
knocking on my window asking to come in for warmth.

- | rebellion & evasion | -

A friend told me of their experience with Muirín, though she did not have a name for their story. They didn't *see* her.

How it must feel to not be *seen*. I know. To make life one large masquerade. To know all your guests but them never knowing you. A horrible fate to some, but some wish to remain *unseen*.

Trapped for millions of years, she sits wrapped around what we call home. Was she ever home? She has been here forever. Does she want to expand her empire or are we helping her do so?

We feed her plastics, and toxins, and pollutants, and now she increases in size. Her white hair falls out, she grows larger in certain places, and sooner or later she will be closer to us than we could ever possibly imagine.

I often find myself listening to her at night, trying to understand her, but she remains exquisitely cryptic. I search to find the soothing aspect of her voice, but her roar is simply too distracting. She is always speaking, always moving, always reaching out, always being rejected, always retracting, always trying to get our attention.

Well, here I am. I'm trying to listen. I'm trying to read between the waves. I cannot do much. I cannot change her state, the changes she has endured, all I can do is listen.

Maybe this is why she wages war against the land. Her forces storming the beaches, towns, and cities with power to extinguish the lives of hundreds. I wish I could say more but I must bring this to a close.

I'm sorry Muirín, you have called all this time and I have answered, though I don't know what the right answer is. I am unable to understand. I heard your stories, I saw the signs, I interpreted them in my language. I can say no more.

Goodnight.