

The Spire **by Christy Barrett**

Each glance I take at that metal
pole,
cause my eyes to drift unbidden
up until
I have lost control
and they freely guide
up its assured metal side,
drawn inexorably yard by polished yard.
I try to jolt my glance aside,
not an inch each way can I
move my eye.
My head leans back, I greet a
blinding sky.
A dizzy moment and the top
outlined,
so still, so distant, yet so strangely
mine.
The very tip seems to describe
an arc,
far above my head and glance.
It leaves no mark upon the
cloud or sky,
it writes invisibly,
no lingering sign, no history
of its passing.
It reaches straight to heaven
or so it seems,
stretching up to touch our
secret dreams,
fastening our eyes on what we can
be real.
It forms an axis on which Dublin spins,
connecting us to each
and everything,
connecting fragile, passing and
eternal things.

*Poet: Christy Barrett is from County Kerry and submitted this poem to
Dublin Tourism for use as desired.*