



IRISH ROOTS

I don't know the ancestors' names
but I feel them in my bones.
I bleed green blood,
recall an ancient image
of daffodils dancing
on a hillside
to the sound of fiddles
and clog dancers
on a wooden floor.
I follow a cord from
Appalachian hollows
to a Dublin pub.
My luck runs deep.

—Marianne Mersereau

