

Over Every Eye
DS Maolalai

sunglasses, and every arm
the sleeves of a coat. toronto
in autumn and spring
was much the same as dublin,
the cold peace, but the flurry
of winter was different. I walked through kensington
each evening
from the train and toward
my flat, feeling snow sing
and cling like fingers in my knees
and behind my knees
in clumps which closed
fist-hard. the day swung on
and swung downward
and I bought a hat
and snowshoes
which didn't help.

DS Maolalai has been nominated four times for Best of the Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016) and "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019)