

Embedded

by Afric McGlinchy, originally from Galway now living in Cork.

I recall the rough hand
of an Irish fisherman who landed
the first mussel on my tongue.

Cleopatra became intimate
with Antony over honey
and ground almonds.

Chopin and Sand started
their affair with boned larks
and partridge fillets.

The Wrights, at Kitty Hawk,
ate wild goose and home-made
biscuits before taking flight.

But for me, it's always
shellfish, streaming salty sea
that, like Proust's madeleine,

will take me back
some twenty years,
to my fisherman,

and, no doubt,
land me, once again,
in rumpled sheets.