

DAVID MCLOGHLIN

Pilot Fish

The other priests
were pilot fish
some didn't know
they were
others did know
through a feeling
through seaweed
and sea wrack
I see through the ruin
they didn't really see
the shark among them
ignored how often
I met you. One was
the receptionist
almost every time
the conduit
put the call through
Father Allen
small simperer,
very discreet indeed:
"yes, Father Terence?
...em, David McLoghlin
here to see you? Very good."
Then your feet, unerring,
coming down
the stairs
aspect of the boot boy
never quite masked
by lightness of tread

of the fat, and the campy.
Each time I met you,
went into the reception room
with the slit windows
three times a week to meet you;
when I came out
he would still
be there behind the desk
noting to himself how long
I had been in there
but still
saying nothing.