
David McLoghlin

IN THE UNDERGROUND CAR PARK
– for Katie Armstrong

In the underground car park
of the mortuary chapel
the brothers in their black suits are gathering round.
Narcotic fumes hang in the air.
Car doors slam.
The coffin slips in.

“I suppose they’ll go slowly,”
someone says.

They’ll go slowly through Dublin
until they reach the road to the west
then they’ll go like the clappers
to Sligo
through the streaming rain
following their mother home.