

# Friendship

No wonder we're happy just to meet,  
As the spirit moves us, on and off;  
An easy rapport of nothing to prove  
As we unwind, stretch in the light of  
Each other's sun.

Little wonder we're content to meet  
Once in a while, just as it suits.  
Such concurrence never frets or doubts;  
We've shot our long wedge-shaped roots  
To the water plane.

No wonder a fluid runs from root  
To root, a conduit of eau de vie,  
An underground, our liquid conspiracy  
The cherishings and waterings of intimacy  
For a feast or drought.

*Micheal O'Siadhail*



*This poem was suggested by Nigel Goodwin, who is a friend of the Irish poet Micheal O'Siadhail. Born in Dublin in 1947, Micheal was educated at a Jesuit boarding school, where his English teacher introduced him to contemporary poetry. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and then folklore and Icelandic at the University of Oslo. He earned his living as a lecturer and professor in Dublin, before becoming a full-time poet in 1987. His 40 year marriage ended with the death of his wife Brid in 2013. He is now married to Christina Weltz, who is a native of New York, and Assistant Professor of surgical oncology at Mount Sinai. They live in New York.*

*In 2018, Micheal was included in The Tablet magazine's 'Fifty Minds That Matter' – fifty men and women who are "adding some Catholic salt to the contemporary cultural soup". Included on this list are Pope Francis, Martin Scorsese and Bruce Springsteen.*



Portrait of Micheal O'Siadhail by Mick O'Day