

An Opus

Nithy Kasa

O'Connell street is dug and barred.
The chugs, the honks,
the clang tick of the twelve o'clock.
They're adding other rails,
though the opus's troupes still need coats.

And there, crammed a pack,
for the one traffic light left for use. The alpha
looks on. Across,
a creature, cringed in a shell.
You can't see its eyes,
it's too cold to come out.

Then rain slips a purse,
the crowd moved, a flock,
a migration rehearsal.

A gent with otherness wrecks.
In him, he's a coast.

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Ireland, clinging to its tradition, has long been a land of fantasies. Those of us who have rambled the Irish soil, know this. Be it the crooning of the steel strings of the fiddles filling the streets that intersect the heart of a modern city, or simply watching people get by the Irish ways, there's plenty of inspiration for an Irish writer. The literary scene is small and open. Writers know each other. They travel from east to the west, west to the south, only to hear poetry. The experience of being a writer in Ireland is kind. From the overwhelming support you often find from strangers with whom you shared minutes-long encounters on a conference in Cork, to a quiet sit-down with the Dublin Writers' Forum on a cool Thursday evening. Whenever you drift away, there's always something to sweep you back on the harbour.

Biographical note

*Nithy Kasa was born in the Democratic Republic of the Congo and has been residing in Ireland since 2005. She was first published in the anthology *Embers Of Words* and has participated in numerous public speaking across the country. She is a member of the Dublin Writers' Forum.*

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