

# Easter 2006

by Eoin Wilson

## I

Ninety years since, at Easter time,  
Gun fire and shells did echo in these streets.  
Today, alas, I am here to bear witness to a more personal passing.

Old faces and remembered names, some first meetings.  
His friends and colleagues, some dressed in black,  
Mingle in the kitchen, hallways and fire lit rooms.

But I still feel the emotions of the previous days,  
Of stinging tears, bittersweet memories, and painful silences.  
And so I see my grandmother with sorrowful eyes,

As she greets mourners with solemn smiles.  
Friends, whispering comforting lines,  
Perhaps helpful, for a woman so tired.

But I can merely stand and watch, or offer drinks,  
Or an introduction to strangers,  
Until I see a face I know, and am told how I've grown.

## II

A strange time for me,  
As I have never before attended a wake,  
So traditional, yet withering, in the shadow of the "Celtic Tiger"

And like the visions he painted in his final days,  
Of beautiful, sleeping clowns (a favourite theme of his),  
My mother's father, in his bedroom, lies in state.

So solemn and tranquil, with suit and bow tie,  
The gentle flicker of candles,  
Lighting his cold, pale clasped hands.

We wish, with a sense of desperate hope,  
To send away the men downstairs, and  
To put off this parting.

**Eoin Wilson**

John's grandson, aged 17