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The Lights of Bray David Keefe

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David Keefe

THE LIGHTS OF BRAY

for Robert Bly

My friends and I have driven out from Dublin this August night. We have eaten a good meal and now walk through a fine mist of rain, three men shoulder to shoulder. We climb up a steep slope from the promenade, following the line of coloured fairy lights strung beside the ocean. At the final light, without it needing to be discussed, we turn back. Now we gaze down at the shimmering patterns the lights create on the water. In their reflection the commonplace decorations have been changed into something strangely beautiful. Perhaps they are a reminder that the main things we know about the world are only partial; to become whole it is first sometimes necessary to be torn apart.