

Photo from Ballydehob

ROBERT FUNGE

We're staying in this little village just west of Cork
in the green and yellow house on the left
that's just out of the photo.

It's Brendan and Mary's Bed and Breakfast.
Like all houses in the villages
it has a name: Dùn an Òir.

I ask Brendan how the house got its name
and he slowly settles his Guinness
on the table, and regales us

with a long tale that starts with The Battle of Kinsale
and doesn't end until Mary tells us
the name was on the house

when they bought it, and they don't have a clue,
They say it rains here all the time except
when it doesn't, which isn't often.

Leprechauns are dancing on the lawn. We can't
see them, but Brendan says that
what is essential is invisible.

Not much else is happening, which would be
too much if it was. One other thing:
My camera has no film.

I just look closely and click my tongue
until the scene changes, then store
the phantom photo in my memory.