

## *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.