

# The Dog, the Accordion and the Stars

*i.m. Dermot Healy*

The dog whines.  
She doesn't understand  
what has come over me  
now that I've been outside

and back in.  
She cannot see the stars  
I have brought with me  
into the small room.

She beats her tail  
on the linoleum.  
Jackie Daly's accordion  
keeps time.

When I close my eyes  
I can follow the old road  
to Ballygawley  
by the stars in my head.

They are my guide  
to wherever I choose to go.  
The dog's tail goes still.  
The accordion tilts the stars

on their faraway heads.