



Figure 1

Photography courtesy of Steven B. Katz



Figure 2



Figure 3

P O E T R Y

STEVEN B. KATZ

BEYOND YEATS'S GRAVE FOR CARMEL JORDAN

Placing my head against his headstone,
Like a stone communing with a stone,
A point of contact with the dead,
A ferry to his stone homestead:

From Dublin to Dingle we quickly drove,
“When my wife: “One place you wish we’d go?”
And I? ‘Yeats’ tower—in Gort.’
“Well,” she said, “let’s turn about!

“It’s just a little up this road.”
A stone boat ferry to a stone home,
Six hours later we’re just arriving,
the squat square tower out of river rising:

Where Yeats disembarks, released,
To float around Thoor Ballylee,
A ghost-light drifting in the hall,
Unconscious, happy in a cowl—

Captured and carried home in
The area between the shutter, lens;
Then transferred from computer screen
To paper...where he’s finally free.

Editor’s Note: The photographs opposite were taken in Thoor Ballylee on July 24, 2005. The poet does not make any definitive claims about the observed phenomenon--enhanced views of which are provided in Figures 2 and 3--or the authenticity of the apparent specter. Nonetheless, he was inspired by the face that appears in the upper-right-hand corner of Figure 1. Figure 3 is derived from a second large photograph taken a few seconds after the first, in which the figure appears to be receding into the stone wall.