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Wake Up

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Wake Up

in memory of Seamus Heaney

Adrian Rice

A Carolina cardinal charging the study window
Woke me up to the Dundas winter
When a cat cried all night outside the big bay window

In the snow, black heart on cold white slab,
Coffin-lid thick. And I woke next morning
To the loss of the Russian Bard,

Disappearing just before the century closed.
And then today, in Hickory, seventeen years on,
Birds banged against the bedroom window

All morning long, while I lay with my boy
In the bed, resting our late night heads.
And I woke to the loss of the Irish Bard,

And knew well what the birds had been beating out:

Wake up!
Wake up!
Wake up!

The Poet's dead!

from *The Clock Flower* (Press 53, 2013)