

*Kirby Wright*

**Hiking Grafton Street**

The mob advances, faces reflecting shop light. Feet flatten Styrofoam peanuts. Dublin snow. Buskers every ten yards comfort beg with music, reassuring tourists they're the chosen. A man kneeling on folded cardboard outside Dior. Emerald purses sparkle behind glass. I fish pocket for coins—euros clink in his paper cup. Did I give too much? "Bless you," followed by a toothless smile. I could be him had my dice rolled snake eyes.

Did Joyce shop this street for hookers? His Davy Byrnes pub is right around the corner. Ash leaves swirl. A rebel shaft of light ignites guitar twins strumming over an open case. "I would walk 500 miles." Silver and copper glisten. Kegs lean like drunks outside Sheehan's restaurant. Smell the apron blood of a butcher vaping, his spine snug against a wall. Urine steams back-alley cobbles.

The storm clouds open, revealing blue and silver linings. Some of the clouds flash the faces of wolves.