I stayed a week in Dublin, wandering the paths Joyce describes.

Each day I distracted myself from the hole in my life, went to the Abbey, met an American actor, a minor figure on the Broadway stage who took me to an after-hours place frequented by the Dublin theatre crowd — I could’ve sworn when we knocked and the actor whispered the password, the man who peeked out and opened the door was Milo O’Shea — the actor and I drank Jameson’s neat, sipped it slowly.

In Boyle, County Roscommon, town of my great grandmother, I wandered the cemetery, searching for the Sheekey graves. The headstones from the days of the Great Hunger hid in the high grass.

In Louisburgh, County Mayo, Thinking About Dublin

The smell of burning peat in this steady morning rain suggests a memory out of reach, something from years ago when I got the notion to drain my small savings account, head for Ireland, once final exams were read, grades in, textbooks collected, counted, accounted for, our bosses satisfied that the City of Stamford had gotten its due.

I was twenty-six, marriage in shreds, divorce papers drawn up — I was seeking a different self, a poetic self.

Lynne S. Viti

In Louisburgh, County Mayo, Thinking About Dublin

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