

Sonnet Scroll

A Long Way from County Kerry By Sheila Murphy

Children should be seen and never heard—
that imprinted lesson echoing, until
questions unwanted, never even aired,
raise memories refusing to lie still.

Irish mothers buried harsh truths, fled
from doctors, offered prayer for tragedies.
My mother sang and smiled and blurred
the dark that lurked behind soft melodies:

America, I've raised my boy to be a soldier—
despite the scars of Pop's war-wounded soul.
*Ireland must be heaven—*though her own mother
had fled, so young, from Kenmare's Paupers' Row.

A daughter who refused to face those words
frees a mother's songs, still overheard.