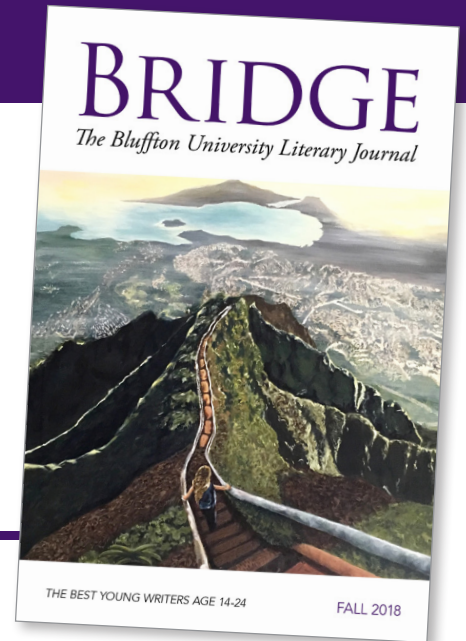


BRIDGE

The Bluffton University Literary Journal



NOTES ON AN IRISH FUNERAL

Christine Byrne

My father notes I've stopped cutting
my hair

(I had sun poisoning and an agenda)

Notes the weather. And my figure.

I was disturbed by the distance
of the rearranged and less in love, of Irish
funerals
where we drink too much
& mom, away with her guinness.

It was an inconvenience to my other life—
The white hair,
white hands, white

Flashes of childhood, gripped and
flinching
An over-blonde mother's craze,
Vices. God. Pork tenderloin,
inchings and inklings

I never planned on coming back home
where every building
Is greased with where I stood with my fists
at my chin,
screaming hit me then throwing myself

Barres of Irish funeral, where my father,
fatherless, scoops my face —
God they've done a number on you

& the salmon sheet walls
& the pastes of vintage photographs

the little Irish prayerbook, to be buried

& both my parents
disassemble his life
In the room of whispering guests.



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