

Virus by Áine Hayden

A poem pinged in from Enda today
but nothing's pinging in my head.
Fried
from the endless bad news.

Ms.Malarchys girl
has run for cover,
the rising body count
in Italy
too much.

No spark
no matter how I scrape
the stones together.
Come out, come out,
the radios off I promise.

This poem was written in response to a writing prompt from Enda Wyley as part of a series of writing classes at Richmond Barracks. These classes are part of *Culture Connects*, a Dublin City Council Culture Company programme.

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