

## **De Massey** by Iben Bulow

Walking along your ancient ruins  
And old walls listening to  
Your stream babbling beside me.

Ahead of me the children's laughter  
And screams of delight  
In and out of the water and  
Skipping from stone to stone.

Picnic spot at the old gate  
Blackberry picking and  
Promises of delicious tarts later.

Your trees stand high and  
Mighty covering the sky but  
Still letting in small tunnels of light.

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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