The trap baited for them snaps.
like forest pests they fall for it,
like humans writhe, like both submit.
Three brothers die: their three saps
spill until their split kith
heals into an Irish myth

Naoise, named for one of these,
you stand in our kitchen, sip
milk from a plastic cup
from our cupboard. Our unease
vanishes with one smile
as each suburban, modern detail
distances us from old lives.
Yet every night on our screens
new ones are lost. Wounds open.
Nothing heals. And what perspective
on this sudden Irish fury
can solve it to a folk memory?