

## Inniskeen Road: July Evening

### Patrick Kavanagh

The bicycles go by in twos and threes -  
There's a dance in Billy Brennan's barn tonight,  
And there's the half-talk code of mysteries  
And the wink-and-elbow language of delight.  
Half-past eight and there is not a spot  
Upon a mile of road, no shadow thrown  
That might turn out a man or woman, not  
A footfall tapping secrecies of stone.

I have what every poet hates in spite  
Of all the solemn talk of contemplation.  
Oh, Alexander Selkirk knew the plight  
Of being king and government and nation.  
A road, a mile of kingdom. I am king  
Of banks and stones and every blooming thing.