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## An Bothar Bui

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## AN BÓTHAR BUÍ

SANDRA WILLIAMSON

The land is scarred with a painful past and roads that lead to nowhere  
and bears the names of souls who place stones on roads that lead to no-  
where.

The yellow meal is not enough to satisfy the hunger. Fingers bleed as they  
dig the earth. Like  
Sisyphus, they push roads up hills to nowhere.

One by one the stones are stacked high, an altar to a corpse god's follies.  
Driven forward they feed the pyre, the sacrifice, for the road to nowhere.

People bear the scars of those who traveled here before them  
and carry the cross over and over again, on roads that lead to nowhere.

This road is the scar upon which we walk. As our hunger grows we  
continue on with stumbling feet, and follow roads to nowhere.