

Kevin Graham

DAYLIGHT MYSTERY



Gallery Books

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Contents

Remembering the Dream	page 11
Dive	12
Scare	
1 OBSERVATION	13
2 VISIT	13
3 IN WHICH I SCAN FOR SOMETHING BEGINNINING WITH C	14
4 ASPIRATION	15
5 RESULT	16
‘Let’s do cartwheels . . . ’	17
Song of Ascent	18
In Passing	20
Practice	21
Aillwee	22
Stalking the Long Grass Looking for a <i>Sliotar</i>	23
Little Bird	24
Abated Breath	25
A Bright Cold Day	26
Flies	28
A Good Heart	29
Dismantling the Dream	30
Sitting in the Grass Barefoot	31
On Being Borne Aloft by a Hard-walled Fruit	32
Love	33
Dear John	34
Balancing the Globe	38
Stream	39
Self-portrait as an MRI Scan	40
Sharing Shadows	43
Homespun	44
On Not Meeting a Hero	45
To a Child in the Dark	46
After Music	47
Sorry	48
Tell Me About Your Dream	49

Flightpath	50
From a Certain Lady	51
Quantum	52
Tour	53
‘Did you see the sadness?’	54
<i>Infelix Sum</i>	55
Kingfisher Days	56
A Look of Invasion	58
Leaving Connemara	60
Tilt	62
Drift	63
I Love You, Rachel Carson	64
Girl Sitting in a Tree	66
Dream	68
‘When I woke everyone was gone . . . ’	69
No	70
The Lounge	71
‘I always get beautiful wrong,’	72
May Day	74
<i>Acknowledgements and Notes</i>	76

for my kin

In Passing

The lengthening light touched her shoulder
and with it meadows, hedgerows and bog wildflowers
returned in one fell swoop. Bees and hoverflies
hung like stars over thrilled tracts of grass, near bluebells

where the eponymous mayfly flew. Pasture margins
led to common spotted orchids, a pipistrelle wheeling
in bright darkness which in turn brought back colonies
of birds along the coast she'd often heard: guillemots,

razorbills and puffins feeding their young on ledges
that overlooked the bay where basking sharks
travelled up the water columns to take in phytoplankton
and baleen whales rose in breathless clouds . . .

And with that, like a motherboard failing, her eyes
gave in — the light narrowing, the days warm.

Practice

There's a ladybird on my Converse
inspecting the ice-cream tip

while the band down the road practise
their muffled songs to the *chink*

of a blackbird and lawnmowers
clear their throats over so many

rows of back gardens, the sun's wings
opening for summer like an aviary

or the plot of an historical novel, sprawling
with detail so the atmosphere lifts,

the sheen on the grass in late afternoon
praiseworthy like so much that will fall

by the wayside, the air rehearsed,
heart steady as a kick drum.

Quantum

Galaxies are drifting apart, we're told,
like friends married with children
not seeing enough of each other.
With Einstein it's all relative, a theory

woven into fabric barely grasped.
With Georges Lemaître there was a day
without a yesterday, that ominous
blank space a burst of fireworks,

embers floating in a growing sphere
that contains the word *fear*. Imagine
thinking origin could be repugnant
or that two roads might lead to Truth.

Imagine snapping a piece of sky
that yields to light years, all those
atoms fastened on the barrel
as if to throttle meaning itself.

Tour

Standing in bright fescue
we're all his doting pupils.
A wave of a hand are apple trees

bearing the new moons of Pink Lady,
Braeburn, Honeycrisp. Or baby pears
curled at the ends of a leafy

branch, cute as sonograms.
Or two types of hazelnut tree, their hard
green shells blunt as bullets.

Or bedraggled peas whose pods
crack under the slightest pressure,
their inner jewels hanging

by a thread. A poke at the dirt
reveals a carrot, onion, garlic, whole
worlds hidden inches deep

like the hare's nest he points to, finally,
whose occupant spooked
when a nearby tree was felled

and it bound to the spot where we root
considering its flash,
beguiling in the moment.