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## And Belfast Rejoices

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## And Belfast Rejoices

### **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The clouds have finally broken and the light is shining through, warming an earth that has gone cold and frozen. It was grey and bleak this morning, and the children were subdued with the climate reflecting their inner thoughts. They were waiting for the sun to bring the warmth, to free them from their pain, to free them from their reality, to deceive them once again."

### **Cover Page Footnote**

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# And Belfast Rejoices *By Liam Emmet O'Sullivan*

The clouds have finally broken and the light is shining through, warming an earth that has gone cold and frozen. It was grey and bleak this morning, and the children were subdued with the climate reflecting their inner thoughts. They were waiting for the sun to bring the warmth, to free them from their pain, to free them from their reality, to deceive them once again.

There's an old man in the alleyway between the two bars, and he lies with his legs opened and his arms crossed as he cradles an empty bottle, and there's a stray black dog sniffing his pants looking for a meal, and the old man lifts his head and looks at me staring at him, and through his eyes he spoke to me.

How many more will die while the sun shines?, I imagined his voice shaking, as a child plays in the broken glass of a burned-out car; and Belfast rejoices.

How many more will die while the sun shines?, I imagined he screamed, as a priest hides a murderer who blew up a bomb in a school; and Belfast rejoices.

How many more will die while the sun shines?, I imagined he moaned, as a minister pats a soldier on the back as an old woman lies bleeding to death in the street; and Belfast rejoices.

An no one really laughs  
and no one really cries  
and they're left wondering  
why they have to die;  
and Belfast rejoices.

And the light reflected his tears as they trickled down his cheeks, how many more will die while the sun shines?, I heard him ask himself, and does it matter since they'll die in the rain. The mist never leaves, he whispered, it blinds and deceives us all, chilling our hearts with hatred; and Belfast rejoices.

And I looked away and then I looked again,  
and the old man had fallen asleep  
and the dog had run away,  
and I heard a baby cry.

And it began to rain, chilling me to the bone.