

## The Forge by Seamus Heaney



## The Forge

All I know is a door into the dark.

Outside, old axles and iron hoops rusting;

**Inside, the hammered anvil's short-pitched ring,  
The unpredictable fantail of sparks  
Or hiss when a new shoe toughens in water.  
The anvil must be somewhere in the centre,  
Horned as a unicorn, at one end square,  
Set there immoveable: an altar  
Where he expends himself in shape and music.  
Sometimes, leather-aproned, hairs in his nose,  
He leans out on the jamb, recalls a clatter  
Of hoofs where traffic is flashing in rows;  
Then grunts and goes in, with a slam and a flick  
To beat real iron out, to work the bellows.**

Angel McGhin - Reporter