

On 28 April 2010, a most curious thing happened while I was writing in the late morning: The word "quay" and then "house quay" popped into my head. These led me to research the etymology of quay, which then led me to wonder about images of houses on quays, which then led me to Clifden Quay House (Co. Galway), which led me to a paragraph about Dubin and Yeats. It was immediately upon reading Yeats's name that a very strong wave of energy came over me—emotionally and physically; I came to believe that I was not alone in the room. A patch of cold air surrounded me, bringing my arm's hair on end. I called out and asked if Yeats was here, but no answer, only an increase in this cold energy. I walked into the living room and this coldness followed me; I asked for Yeats again and felt compelled to pull out my copy of his *Complete Poetry*. The book fell open to "Under Saturn," which rhymes "memory" with "quay." Thus, I had a poem.