

An File
ar Buile

*An File
ar Buile*

Poems From America

Séamas Ó Neachtain

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Do Rita Bowden, múinteoir na Gaeilge

Réamhrá

Cén fáth eagrán dátheangach? Scríobh mé na dánta seo as Gaeilge. Bhí drogall orm Béarla a chur orthu le fada. Ach rinne mé é ar dhá chúis.

Is foghlaimeoir mé, agus tuigim cás na bhfoghlaimeoirí. Iarradh orm é a dhéanamh mar áis dóibh. Agus ós rud é go bhfoilsítear an leabhar seo mar chuid den cheiliúradh ar chúig bliain déag ó saolaíodh Scoil Gaeilge Ghearóid Tóibín, sa Bhablóin, Nua-Eabhrac, cheap mé go raibh sé oiriúnach, ceart agus cóir.

Is fáth praiticiúil é an fáth eile. Beidh i bhfad níos mó léitheoirí agam sa dóigh seo. Agus ní miste liom cúpla léitheoir eile!

Fuair mé buntáiste eile agus mé ag aistriú go Béarla iad. Ba nós maith eile é chun a bheith cinnte go bhfuil eagar ceart orthu. Mura bhfuil an leabhar foirfe fós, bhuel, tá sé cosúil leis an údar! Rinne mé mo dhícheall, ar aon nós.

Dúirt na deisceabail le hÍosa, nuair a dúirt Íosa go mba chóir dóibh A fheoil a ithe, gurb é ráiteas cruai é sin (Eoin 6:60). D'imigh mórán acu Uaidh. Mura bhfuil tú i do Chaitliceach, go háirithe, tá ráitis chruai sa leabhar seo. Ba thubaiste é an Reifeirméisean, dar leis an meon Caitliceach. Tá dánta sa leabhar seo a insíonn taobh an scéil seo nach gcloistear go minic. Is cóir dúinn go léir bheith tuisceanach ar a chéile—agus ath-mhachnamh a dhéanamh arís is arís eile ar na rudaí seo is tábhachtaí, dar liom. Ach mar a deirim ar an gclúdach ar chúl an leabhair, tá gach saghas ruda anseo. Ná bíodh imní ort!

Gabhaim buíochas le mo bhean chéile fhoighneach thuisceanach, Irene, agus le mo chairde uile a thug cabhair riamh dom leis an nGaeilge ar an idirlíon nó ar scoil, go háirithe mo chéad mhúinteoir, Ríta Bowden. Gabhaim buíochas freisin le gach duine a thug misneach dom, Joe Halligan, Jack Corr, Harry O'Grady agus Clare Curtin, go

Introduction

Why Irish? My ancestors from Ireland came to America four generations ago, before the American Civil War. No Irish was passed down. But this link to our past beyond America fascinated me. When I began to learn about history, and especially the ancient Celts, I discovered the language. I hadn't even known it existed. I had at first been told that it was not really spoken anymore. That was wrong, of course. It was only many years later, in the age of the internet, that I began to learn it, and to love it.

And what a language! I dove in whole-heartedly. It is with the help of many people on the internet, on the radio, in books, and especially in person at the Gerry Tobin Irish Language School in Babylon, New York, that I've gotten to this point. I will never stop learning, God willing. It's tremendous fun.

I have written in Irish for *Lá*, the daily newspaper from Belfast, and for the *National Hibernian Digest* here in America. I've appeared on Raidió na Gaeltachta, the Irish language radio station, more than once. The monthly newspaper *Saol* published one of my poems (*Mo Chairde Teibí*). I read *Cothrom an Lae* on Brian De Vale's album *Raise Your Glass*. I have been on *Míle Fáilte* with Séamus Blake. I'm well known for my defence of America, and Israel, against constant, and often vicious, attacks on the internet, and in the Irish media. I've created a number of Irish language websites, including *Comhad na Fírinne*, a Catholic apologetics site, and the site for our school, www.scoilgaeilge.org. I use the language every day.

Our school is celebrating its 15th anniversary this year. This book is being published as a part of that celebration. All opinions expressed in it are mine, and I do not attempt to speak for the school.

háirithe. Gabhaim buíochas le mo chairde a chuir a ladhar sa leabhar seo féin, Tomás Ó Nualláin, Máiréad Perron, Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh, Pádraig Ó Clúmháin, Brian De Vale, Lugh De Paor agus Réamonn Ó Cléirigh.

Cé go bhfuil clú orm mar gheall ar mo chuid tuairimí polaitiúla, ní bhaineann an chuid is mó de na dánta seo leis sin.

Tá súil agam go mbainfidh tú sásamh as an leabhar seo. Slite a fuair mé chun dul i ngleic leis an saol iad, na dánta seo. Agus tusa á léamh, giorraímis na bóithre seo le chéile.

The disciples said to Jesus, when Jesus said that they ought to eat His flesh, that that was a hard saying (John 6:60). Many of them left Him. If you are not Catholic, in particular, there are hard sayings in this book. The Reformation was a disaster, from the Catholic point of view. There are poems in this book that tell the side of this story that often isn't heard. We ought to understand each other—and to re-examine these, the most important things, again and again, it seems to me. But as I say on the back cover, there's just about every kind of thing in this book. Don't worry!

I thank my patient, understanding wife Irene, and all my friends who've helped me with the Irish language on the internet and at school, especially my first teacher, Rita Bowden. I thank everyone who encouraged me, Joe Halligan, Jack Corr, Harry O'Grady and Clare Curtin, especially. And I thank all my friends who contributed to this book itself, Tomás Ó Nualláin, Máiréad Perron, Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh, Pádraig Ó Clúmháin, Brian De Vale, Lugh De Paor and Réamonn Ó Cléirigh.

If you are learning Irish, or are thinking about it, I hope this book will inspire you. I also hope that you like the poems!

Tá an Ghaeilge Beo Bacach i Meiriceá

Déanaimid ár ndícheall
Gan botún a dhéanamh—
Agus nach mbeadh a fhios againn
Dá ndéanfaimis!

Pé iarracht a dhéanaimid,
Ní bhíonn saoi gan locht,
Agus ní saoithe sinne,
Ar an taobh seo den loch.

Ach cé go mbeadh sí ciotach,
Tá rud amháin cinnte—
Tá sí beo, agus
Labhraítear Gaeilge éigin anseo.

Cá bhfuil sruth na teanga,
Cá bhfuil a thriall, cad é a threo?
Tá a fhairsinge ag méadú
Mar shruth ón teampall fadó.

Dia linn! Táimid ag tiomáint amach
Na ndeamhan, gan aithne orainn.
Mar tá sí beo, agus
Labhraítear beagán Gaeilge anseo.

Irish is Alive and Imperfect in America

We do our best
Not to make a mistake—
And wouldn't we hear about it
Should we make one!

Whatever attempt we make,
Even Homer nods,
And we're no Homers
On this side of the lake.

But although it may be awkward,
There's one thing for sure—
It lives, and
Some kind of Irish is spoken here.

Where is the stream of the language,
Where does it go, what way?
It's widening and deepening
Like the stream from the temple long ago.

God bless us! We're driving out
The demons, we who are unknown.
For it lives, and
A little Irish is spoken here.

Don Athbhliain

Deirtear gur thosaigh an saol
Na mílte milliún bliain ó shin.
Deirtear go ndearnadh an Domhan,
Na síolta talún, is Dia á gcinneadh.
Deirtear gur rugadh an Briathar,
Na réaltaí ciúine ag feitheamh sa chruinne.
Deirtear gur thug sé a mhaoin dúinn,
Dhá mhíle bliain, fós ag dul chun cinn.
Dúradh “go dtaga do ríocht” ansin,
Agus sin mar a deirimidne.
Go ndeirtear i gcónaí é,
Gach aon bhliain.

For the New Year

It is said that the world began
Thousands of millions of years ago.
It is said that the world was made,
The seeds of the Earth, by the hand of God.
It is said that the Word was born,
The stars of the creation quietly waiting.
It is said that he gave us his treasure,
Two thousand years, still going forward.
Then “Thy kingdom come” was said,
And that’s the way *we* say it.
May it always be said,
Every single year.

Nua-Eabhrac

Titeann túir is eitleáin gan trócaire;
Tá an spéir shoiléir gheal anois toiteach.
In ainm Dé spreagadh an t-óglaigh toilteanach;
Ní geis greadtinne don diúlach gasta.

Dreach diúltach is móid dílseachta,
Ó bhun go barr an té aineolach—
In ainm Dé, ó mhiontúr mioscaiseach,
Ionramháladh an teachtaire nimhneach.

Oidhreacht naitsíoch fhrith-ghiúdach—
Fírén faoi réim an diabhair—dubhach—
Tabhair dúinn inniu ár mairtíreach bréagach!
Go scriostar a leithéidsean, in ainm Dé.

New York

Towers and airplanes fall without mercy;
The bright clear sky is now smoky.
The willing volunteer is incited in the name of God;
A scorching fire is not taboo to the clever fellow.

A defiant look and an oath of loyalty,
From top to bottom the ignorant one—
In the name of God, from a malicious minaret
The spiteful messenger is indoctrinated.

Nazi, anti-semitic heritage—
True believer ruled by the devil—morose—
Give us this day our false martyr!
May such as these be destroyed, for God's sake.



Radharc ó Bhrooklyn

View from Brooklyn



An Sfear. Bhí sé suite sa phlás
os comhair na dtúr, tráth,
agus tá sé anois ina leacht
cuimhneacháin.

The Sphere. It once was in the plaza
in front of the towers,
and is now a memorial.

An Bête Noir, Meiriceá

Nach deas an rud é Meiriceá a fhuathú
Agus a naimhde a chothú!
Más as poll tóna an domhain
Nó poll tóna acadúil,
Is cuma, curtha in iúl,
Mar go bhfuilimid inár mbráithre.
Coirloisceoirí sinn;
Feallmharfóirí sinn;
Creachadóirí sinn;
Díograiseoirí sinn,
Agus mór linn fhéin.
Faighimid an bua
In aighneas gan dua
‘s greadadh chugainne
Mar is eol dúinne
A bpleananna rúnda.
Síos le Meiriceá,
A thóg ár ngaolta fadó!
Síos le Meiriceá,
An tír is flaithiúla ar domhan!
Síos le Meiriceá,
A shábháil an Eoraip faoi thrí nó dhó!
Cé acu an choir ba mhó?
Nach deas an rud é
Cúrsaí a ath-chumadh;
Ní hé sin mar a dhéanfaimisne an gnó!
Deirimid “an daonlathas” agus
Deirimid “cearta daonna,” agus
Seanbhlas ar ár mbeola—
Nach cliste sinn!
Nach deas an rud é!

America, the Black Beast

Isn't it a fine thing to hate America
And to coddle her enemies!
Whether from the asshole of the world
Or an academic asshole
It doesn't matter, it being made known,
Since we are all brothers.
We're arsonists;
We're assassins;
We're vandals;
We're zealots,
And fond of ourselves.
We are victorious
In arguments, no problem,
And confound us,
Since we know of
Her secret plans.
Down with America,
Who took our relations long ago!
Down with America,
The most generous country on Earth!
Down with America,
Who saved Europe two or three times!
Which of these was the worst crime?
Isn't it a fine thing
To re-compose events;
That's not how WE would do the business!
We say "democracy" and
We say "human rights"
Sarcastically—
Aren't we clever!
Isn't it a fine thing!

An tOllpholl

Tá siad ar oscailt,
Súile na *subway*
Súile bácáilte
Mar mhaisiúcháin.
Ag breáthú, ag breathnú,
Glanta, galánta,
Tirim.

Súile na bhfallaí,
Stáisiún Sráid Séamars,
Níor thug siad faoi deara
An lá úd.
Shiúil daoine tharstu
Suas na staighre,
Tráth.

Cuimlfódh an luaithreach,
Scuabadh an bruscar,
An dul amach réitithe
Chun taistil.
Céimeanna go solas,
Amach, cosán sráide,
Bán.

The Huge Hole

They're open,
The eyes of the Subway,
Baked eyes
As decorations.
Beautifying, looking,
Cleaned, fine,
Dry.

Eyes of the walls,
Chambers Street station,
They noticed nothing
Back on that day.
People walked past them,
Up the stairs,
Once.

The ashes were cleaned up,
The garbage swept,
The exit fixed up
For travel.
Steps to light,
Out, sidewalk,
Bare.

Teampall taobh thiar de,
Sean-reilig uaigneach,
Laistigh den ráille,
Na mairbh.
Trasna na sráide
An spéir gan na foirgnimh,
An poll.

Faoi hataí crua,
Neacha atá beo ann,
Ag tiomáint meaisíní,
Ag cuardach.
Tá siad ar oscailt,
Súile na ndaoine,
Trom.

A Church in back of it,
An old, lonely graveyard,
Inside the railing,
The dead.
Across the street
The sky without the buildings,
The hole.

Under hard hats,
There are living beings,
Driving machines,
Searching.
They're open,
The eyes of the people,
Heavy.



Suíomh an
Lár-ionaid Trádála Domhanda

Site of the
World Trade Center



Súile, Stáisiún Sráid Séambars

Eyes, Chambers Street Station

Caoineadh An Phalaistínigh

Is íobartaigh sinn;
Is uirlis sinn;
Is arm sinn;
Is traigéide sinn.
Níl braon ola againn;
Níl aonaracht fola againn.
Níl ár dteanga féin againn;
Níl ionannas stairiúil againn.
Ach tá cairde bréagacha againn,
Go leor, leor.
Agus tá an Fuath againn,
Cinnté, ón gcliabhán.
Tá bród orainn, brúite
Faoi chois le chéile;
Tá searbhas againn
Ag caitheamh ár seile.
Thug an tSean-Róimh,
Mar mhasla,
'An Phalaistín'
Ar thír na nGiúdach; is
Tá bród orainne
Leanúint ar aghaidh leis
Faoina chlúdach.
Ceisteanna talún,
Clár oibre ár gcomharsan,
Aintiarnaí 'chuile acu,
Máireoigíní dá n-oibriú;
Is ná bígí ag féachaint
Taobh thiar den chuirín,

The Palestinian's Lament

We're victims;
We are a tool;
We are a weapon;
We are a tragedy.
We haven't a drop of oil;
We have no singularity of blood.
We don't have our own language;
We have no historical identity.
But we have false friends,
Lots and lots of them.
And we have the Hate,
Certainly, from the cradle.
We have pride, trampled
Under foot together;
We have bitterness
Spitting.
Old Rome gave,
As an insult,
The name 'Palestine'
To the land of the Jews; and
We, we're proud
To carry on
Under its cover.
Questions of land,
Our neighbors' agenda,
Tyrants, all of them,
Marionettes being worked;
And don't be looking
Behind that curtain,

Féachaigí amháin
Ar naimhde mórthimpeall.
Níl foscadh ná beathú
Ó d'fhágamar ár mbailte,
Ach gealladh is dearbhú
Is cogaí a bhí caillte.
Insítear fabhalscéalta,
Curtha i ndaoirse.
Beathóidh muirear
Má phléascfar laochra.
Táim i m'fhichillín,
Táim i mo shiombail,
Táim i m'ainbhiosán
Mar is toil le mo mhaoir.
Is dídeanaí mé;
Is cúis mhór sinne;
Nach féidir liom bheith
Arís i mo dhuine?

Only look
At enemies all around.
Neither shelter nor nourishment
Since we left our homes,
But promise and assurance
And wars which were lost.
Fables are told,
Put into bondage.
Dependants shall be nourished
If heroes will be exploded.
I'm a pawn,
I'm a symbol,
I'm ignorant,
Like my masters want me.
I'm a refugee;
We're a great cause;
Can't I just for once
Be a person?

I gCoiteann

Nár mhaith liom an chlann s'agam
A chur ar altramas;
Eallach nó cinn, ní ghoidim iad;
Níl bata draighin agam;
Ní fuath liom tíortha eile ach an oiread;
An sceimhlitheoireacht, díspeagam í.

Cad tá i gcoiteann agam?

Tá gaiscíoch ionam,
Is troideann sé le Gaeil eile.

In Common

I don't want to put
My kids into fosterage;
I don't steal cattle or heads;
I have no shillelagh;
I don't hate other countries either;
I despise terrorism.

What do I have in common?

There's a warrior in me,
And he fights with other Gaels.

306 *Shráid Stáit*

A fhoirgnimh bhríce—clocha donna,
Trí urlár is ceann faoin staighre,
Comharsa saibhir ar gach taobh díot,
Deireadh líne tithe críonna—

Teach Shráid Stáit, Trí Chéad a Sé ort,
Schermerhorn, Atlantic thall uait,
‘Titim as a chéile, láithreach,
Ráille iarnaí, fuinneog adhmaid.

Taobh le doras buan-dúnta,
Plaic onórach i mbosca crosach,
Péint fhlanbhuí mar thuar do thréigint,
Áit baoiteáilte i gcomhair creimirí.

A Fhinné thostaigh neamhurchóidigh,
Cá mhéid duine a fuair bás ionat?
Cá mhéid litir ag insint scéil duit,
Tuirisc chatha, marbh, ar iarraidh?

Tógadh tionóntán compordach,
Síleáil ard is seomra leathan;
Bliain do shaolaithe, dhubhaigh prátaí,
Ocht déag daichead is a seacht í.

Thall in Éirinn níl Orts’ a machnaimh.
Ar smaoinis riamh ar a leithéidibh?
D’iompaign an saol, buíochas le Dia;
Tá tú gan só; bhí siad gan bhia.

306 State Street

O brick building—brown stones,
Three floors, and one under the stairs,
Rich neighbors on every side of you,
The end of a line of old houses—

You're called 306 State Street,
Schermerhorn, Atlantic over from you,
Falling apart, a wreck,
Iron railings, wooden window.

Next to a permanently closed door,
A plaque of honor in a crossed box,
Orange paint as a sign of your abandonment,
A place baited for rodents.

O harmless, silent witness,
How many people died in you?
How many letters telling tales to you,
Reports of war, dead, missing?

Built a comfortable tenement,
High ceiling and wide room;
The year you were born, potatoes blackened,
Eighteen hundred and forty seven.

They don't think about you in Ireland.
Did you ever contemplate the likes of them?
The world has changed, thank God;
You have no luxury, they had no food.



306 Sráid Stáit, Brooklyn,
ina fhothrach

306 State Street, Brooklyn,
as a derelict



306 Sráid Stáit, Brooklyn,
ag tosach a athchóirithe.
Is fiú breis is leath-mhilliún dollar
gach urlár de inniu.

306 State Street, Brooklyn,
at the start of its renovation.
Each floor is worth over half a million
dollars today.

Athchóiriú Uimhir 306

Lód i ndiaidh lóid,
Ag líonadh an bhara go barr
Le bruscar is ithir is cosamar,
Lá i ndiaidh lae;
Fraitheacha is cartadh lofa,
An t-ionathar bainte as.

Baineadh an díon de,
Agus cláir na bhfuinneog;
Ualach adhmaid, giarsaí nua;
Moirtéal úr agus brící deisithe;
Go luath, ní bheidh rian ann
D'aimsir na siléige.

Dar leis an saol, níor tharla
Gorta is ainnise is táire;
Mar an gcéanna lena chomharsana,
Níl ann ach aghaidh ghlan,
Saibhreas, is lán a bhoilg.
Ach tá a fhios againne.

The Restoration of Number 306

Load after load,
Filling the wheelbarrow to the top
With garbage and dirt and crap,
Day after day;
Rotten rafters and cartage,
The guts ripped out.

Its roof was taken off,
And the boards of the windows;
A load of wood, new joists;
Fresh mortar and fixed up bricks;
Soon, there won't be any trace
Of the season of neglect.

The world thinks it never happened,
Famine and wretchedness and disgrace;
Just the same as its neighbors,
Nothing but a clean face,
Wealth, and a full stomach.
But *we* know.

Rosc Catha

Tá cloch bheag liath ann i gcathair

Fredericksburg

Ar a dhíoltaí

Daoine.

Tá plaic bheag dá mhíniú ann

'gus Meiriceánaigh ag taisteal thart.

Tá falla san áit ar a dtugtar

Fredericksburg

Ar a mharaítí

Daoine,

Clocha ciúine agus lustan ann,

Gan rian dá bhfuil sa pháirc.

Tá clú agus ciúnas na gcaillte ann,

Uimhreacha

Ar leaca uaighe,

Daoine

Ar thaobh chnoc Ard Mhuire,

Fredericksburg.

Is suíomh de chathanna tábhachtacha ar leith i rith an Chogaidh Chathartha Mheiriceánaigh é Fredericksburg. Curtha saighdeoirí na hAontachta ann in uaigheanna comónta móra in aice le suíomh na troda ba mheasa. Tá comhairreamh scríofa ar gach leac uaighe éagsúil de na daoine atá curtha ann. Is áit breá inniu é, Fredericksburg, daoine deasa ann agus mórán staire ann. Tá bloc ceant ar a dhíoltaí sclábhaí leasaithe sa chathair féin.

Battle Cry

There is a small grey rock in the city of
Fredericksburg
On which used to be sold
People.
There's a little plaque there explaining it
And Americans going by.

There is a wall in the place which is called
Fredericksburg
On which used to be killed
People,
Quiet rocks and weeds there,
Without a trace of their blood in the field.

The renown and quietude of the lost are there,
Numbers,
On gravestones,
People
On the side of the hill of Marye's Heights,
Fredericksburg.

Fredericksburg is the site of several important battles during the American Civil War. Union soldiers are buried there in common mass graves near the site of the worst fighting. There are counts written on each grave marker indicating the number of people buried there. Fredericksburg is a fine place today, with nice people and a lot of history. There is an auction block where slaves were sold preserved in the city itself.

Sa chéad chath Fredericksburg, d'éigni fórsa na hAontachta na harda, agus threascair fórsa na Cónaidhme iad, agus an fórsa sin taobh thiar d'fhalla clocha (atá leasaithe ann fós) ag bun na n-ard. Sa chath Gettysburg, nuair a thug fórsa na Cónaidhme ruathar ionsaithe faoi na harda a bhi ag fórsa na hAontachta agus treascraíodh iad ("Pickett's Charge"), chan fórsa na hAontachta "Fredericksburg, Fredericksburg, Fredericksburg . . ."

In the first battle of Fredericksburg, the Union forces stormed the heights, and were defeated by the Confederate forces, who were behind a stone wall (still preserved there) at the foot of the heights. In the battle of Gettysburg, when the Confederate forces charged the heights where the Union forces were, and were defeated ("Pickett's Charge"), the Union forces chanted "Fredericksburg, Fredericksburg, Fredericksburg . . ."



Arda Mhuire, Fredericksburg,
Virginia

Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg,
Virginia



Staighre ag Muileann Cadáis *Boott*,
Lowell Massachusetts

Stairs at the Boott Textile Mill,
Lowell Massachusetts

Dán ar a Shon Féin

Táim ag insint duit
Mar Aingeal Dé,
“Tóg agus léigh!”

Táim ag tabhairt le fios,
Go dtuigfí mé,
A bhfuilim ag plé.

Táim ag caint; clois!*

Foghlaim é,
Nach raibh agat roimh ré!

Níl anseo ach smut;
Níl ionat ach cré;
Ach léigh tú mé.

* éist

A Poem on its Own Behalf

I'm telling you,
Like an Angel of God,
"Take and read!"

I'm letting it be known,
That I might be understood,
All I'm discussing.

I'm talking; Audiate!*

Learn it,
Which you didn't know before!

Here is only a short piece;
You are nothing but clay;
But you read me.

* listen

An File ar Buile

Ó! Chomh cliste atáim,
Ag cur síos ar chúrsaí an Domhain!
Domhain go doimhne, go deimhin go daingean,
Daingne an duine daonna ag déileáil dinglise.

Ó, clisiam a chloisim, atáim ag cur chuige,
Curtha i leith duine dár ndaoithe:
Chlis orm an cleachtadh de dhíth do dhán díreach,
Is diabhal a dheineas chun corrmhólta a chriathrú.

Ó, ach cliste atáim is cliste a bhead,
A fhad is go bhfeicfear de réimse mo rannsa,
Ag rabhadh is ag réabadh ar ruaig mo ‘reabail,
Réamhfhaisnéis na haimsire i líne thrí shiolla

—dhéag.

Ó . . .

Cé chomh cliste atáim, is minic mo bhriseadh.

The Mad Poet

Oh! I'm so clever,
Giving forth about world affairs!
Deep to deeper, definitely decided,
Decidedly a dunce doing didlee.

Oh, I notice nonsense, which I am announcing,
Attributed to one of our asses:
I failed to fulfil to perfection my poetical practices,
And I did damn little nit-picking.

Oh, but I'm clever and shall be clever
So long as will be reported the range of my rhymes,
Warning and ripping racing after my tail,
Forecasting the weather in thirteen syllables

—oops.

Oh . . .

However clever I am, I am often undone.

An Chomaoín

D'éag mo mháthair romham,
Ach níor thréig sí an Róimh riamh.
Bhíodh an Eocairist dá cothú
I gcaitheamh a cathuithe is a briste croí.
Máthair mo mháthar is a máthairse roimpi
Is chéad chomaoín m'íníne ina diaidh:
Críost ár mbeatha is Críost ár rí.

Agus mé im' pháiste is sí do mo theagasc,
D'fhoghlaim mé mo phaidreacha,
Fuaireas aithne ar an mBanríon.
Fós beo, agus mise i mo gharsún,
Is cuimhin liom a haintín, a grá-sa inár measc;
A leabharsa im' sheilbh, cuimhneacháin istigh,
"Beannachtaí an lae," naoi déag is a deich.
Fuair sí an leabhar i naoi déag is a sé;
Leabhar do chailíní Caitliceacha é.
Choimeád sí é go lá a báis;
Fuair a deirfiúr ansin beannacht as;
Fuair mo mháthair é faoi dheireadh;
Anois is iarsma é, naofa.

The Communion

My mother left this world before me,
But she never abandoned Rome.
The Eucharist used to nourish her
In the course of her temptations and heartbreak.
My mother's mother, and her mother before her,
And my daughter's first communion after her:
Christ our life, and Christ our king.

When she instructed me when I was a child,
I learned my prayers,
I became acquainted with the Queen.
Still alive, when I was a boy,
I remember her aunt, *her* love amongst us;
I have her book, mementos inside,
"Blessings of the day," 1910.
She got the book in 1906;
A book for Catholic girls.
She kept it 'till the day she died;
Her sister then was blessed by it;
In the end, my mother got it;
Now it is a relic, holy.

Línte fear faoi chomaoín ag a mná,
Fillte abhaile chun na haltóra.
Máithreacha céile is máithreacha baistí,
Col ceathracha dílse is cairde Críostaí.
Dearmadann amadán tábhacht na mban.
Ní raibh cur i gcéill iontu, níor cheapadh rí-chliste,
Ní raibh siad ina ndiagairí nó ina ndochtúirí,
Ach ba mhór a gcumas, d'ainneoin a ndéarfáí.
Ó ghlúin go glúin a tháinig a stór,
Péarla mórluachach, buanseasmhach, glóir,
Uan is aoire, rúndiamhair.

Scartha óna chéile sa ghleann seo na ndeor,
I gCorp Chríost go brách, mar aon chuile uair.
An t-aon chorp amháin, is muidne inár mbaill,
Ar theorainn an dá shaol, ár dTiarna dár dteagmháil.

A neart is a gcríonnacht ag tógáil ár gcroíthe;
A rianta againne, arán is fíon,
A mian sroichte acu, agus ag teacht i gcolainn,
Ag teacht le chéile in údar an ghrá.
Ár radharc srianta trasna na blianta;
Táimid ag tnúth le hathaontú,
Saol nua, gan dua, gan gá le trua,
Gach rud mar ab fhearr . . .

Is fíor agus réidh,
Go síoraí, dlúth,
Idir inné is inniu is amárach,
Nach féidir le faic sinne a scaradh
Ó ghrá Dé,
Óna chéile,
Ó ghrá máthar.

Lines of men obliged to their women,
Returned home to the altar.
Mothers-in-law and godmothers,
Dear cousins and Christian friends.
A fool forgets the importance of the women.
They had no pretence, they were not thought overly clever,
They weren't theologians or doctors,
But they had great power, despite all that might be said.
From generation to generation their treasure came,
A pearl of great price, permanent, glory,
Lamb and shepherd, mysterious.

Separated from each other in this vale of tears,
In the Body of Christ forever, as one, every time.
The one body only, and we members of it,
On the border of the two worlds, our Lord touching us.

Their strength and their wisdom lifting up our hearts;
Their traces we have, bread and wine,
Their desire, reached by them, and incarnating,
Coming together in the author of love.
Our view is restricted across the years;
We look forward to the reuniting,
A new world, without hardship, without need of pity,
Everything as would be best . . .

It's true and settled,
Eternally, close,
Both yesterday, today and tomorrow,
Nothing can separate us
From the love of God,
From each other,
From a mother's love.

Mo Leathbhádóir sa Chór, Saofóir

Sagart gealgháireach, gan a chasóg dhubh de ghnáth; Dord a ghlór,
Diúlach díograiseach, sách compordach, comhalta mór, cara cóir,
Éirimiúil, feasach, leathbhádóir agam sa chór, léitheoir ceoil,
Gairm chrábhaidh, duine naofa iontaofa; rún soafa.

Scannail sa nuacht; bhí muid go léir ag caint, buartha faoi.
Tharla a leithéid; thángamar, an Eaglais, slán, grásta Dé.
“An fíor,” arsa mé, “Gur aistrigh an pápa go hAvignon?”
D’fhreagair sé le greann, “Ní chuirfeadh aon rud ionadh ormsa.”

Lá arna mhárach, ceannteidil sna nuachtáin; a phictiúr.
Dhein sé feall salach, oilbhéimeanna le buachaillí—dochreidte.
Múisc ar chuile, idir trócaire ‘gus fuath; d’fhág sé sinn.
Tá foilmhe ann; dochar déanta, gan leigheas. Cén praghas?

Tá cór san eaglais, ag canadh is ag adhradh, glór ar lár.
Ag déanamh sagart, ag oirniú i mbliana, bhí muid ann.
Leag siad a lámha, na crannlaochra dá bhfáiltiú, mar riamh.
Blianta ó shin, dár leas is dár gcrá, toghadh Isceiriót.

*Da, Domine, virtutem manibus meis ad abstergendam omnem
maculam; ut sine pollutione mentis et corporis valeam tibi servire.
(Tabhair bua do mo lámha, a Thiarna, chun an uile smál a ghlanadh
uaim: go mbeinn in ann freastal Ortsa gan salachar intinne, gan
salachar coirp.)*

My Partner in the Choir, Pervert

A pleasant priest, usually without his black cassock; his voice a bass,
A fervent fellow, well off, an important member, a proper friend,
Intelligent, knowledgeable, a partner to me in the choir, a music reader,
A religious vocation, a trustworthy, holy person; a perverse secret.

Scandals in the news; we were all talking, upset by it.
Such things happened; we, the Church, came out of it OK, God's grace.
"Is it true," said I, "That the Pope has moved to Avignon?"
He answered with humor, "Nothing would surprise me."

The following day, headlines in the newspapers; his picture.
He had committed foul treachery, abusing boys—unbelievable.
Everyone was disgusted, between pity and hate; he left us.
There is an emptiness; a damage done, without cure. What price?

There's a choir in the church, singing and worshipping, a voice missing.
Making priests, at this year's ordination, we were there.
They laid their hands, the old soldiers welcoming them, as always.
Years ago, for our benefit, and to our sorrow, Iscariot was chosen.

*Da, Domine, virtutem manibus meis ad abstergendam omnem
maculam; ut sine pollutione mentis et corporis valeam tibi servire.*
(Grant, Lord, virtue to my hands for wiping out all stain; that without
impurity of mind or body I may be able to serve You.)

An Príosúinlong Jersey

Lusca ina luí, leis na Sasanaigh;
Lonnaigh ag lapáil lasmuigh;
Cíle sa chlábar, ártach i lathach,
Ar leithlis, sa *Wallabout*.

Flosc fuilteach, gorta, míolta, bolgach,
Lom, gan solas, gan sólás,
Laga leice ar lár, ar long, ar leith,
Le cartadh chuig an gcladach;

Le lonradh an lae, leagtha ar leataobh,
Corpáin chimí chloíte leo;
Adhlacadh gan leacht, le liobar leisiciúil
Ag ligean láibe, spailpín.

Na mílte caillte—galair, cruálacht—
Réabhlóidithe mallaithe.
Rogha rompu, an sclábhaíocht fhealltach,
Leisce leosan a leithéid;

Níor liostáil siad sa chabhlaigh gallda;
Lean siad leo faoin leatrom,
Ag lorg leighis ar an olcas, ach
Lámh láidir ar a muineál;

Ag tnúth le laochra, gach lá dá ládáil,
Domlas i lár ollphéiste,
Lucht loinge idir oileán is oileán
Eile, as ucht an tírghrá.

The Prison Ship Jersey

A crypt laying, belonging to the English;
Ripples lapping outside;
Keel in the mud, vessel in slime,
Isolated, in the Wallabout.

Bloody flux, injured, lice, smallpox,
Naked, without light, without consolation,
Weak sickly people missing, on a ship, set apart,
For carting to the shore;

With the shining of day, laid aside,
Bodies of subdued criminals with them;
Burial without a stone, by a lazy lubber,
Laying mud, a laborer.

The thousands lost—diseases, cruelty—
Damned revolutionaries.
A choice before them, treachery's servitude,
They did not care to be such;

They did not enlist in the foreign navy;
They kept on under persecution,
Seeking a cure to evil, but
A heavy hand on their neck;

Hoping for heroes, every day of their lading,
Bile in the belly of the beast,
A ship's people, between one island and another
Island, out of love for their country.

Fuair idir seacht agus deich míle duine bás ar an Jersey, agus fuair idir 10,000 agus 13,000 bás ar na Príosúnlunga Sasanacha go léir i rith Cogadh na Réabhlóide Meiriceánaigh. Scríobh Phillip Freneau, marthanóir, dán cáiliúil faoi na longa seo. Ní bhfuair ach c.4,300 Meiriceánach bás ag troid sa chogadh seo, i gcomparáid.

Between seven and ten thousand people died on the Jersey, and between 10,000 and 13,000 died on all the English prison ships during the American Revolutionary War. Phillip Freneau, a sailor, wrote a famous poem about these ships. Only c.4,300 Americans died fighting during this entire war, in comparison.



Leacht Cuimhneacháin do
Mhairtífrigh na bPríosún-long,
Fort Greene, Brooklyn

Prison Ship Martyrs
Monument,
Fort Greene, Brooklyn



Teach Dóiteán, Foireann 226,
 Brooklyn, agus leacht
 cuimhneacháin do
 Lt. Robert F. Wallace, F.D.
 Brian McAleese, F.D.
 Stanley S. (óg) Smagala, F.D.
 David P. DeRubbio,
 agus beirt eile as Inneall 33,
 F.D. David Arce and
 F.D. Michael Boyle.

Firehouse, company 226,
 Brooklyn, and the
 memorial to
 Lt. Robert F. Wallace, F.F.
 Brian McAleese, F.F.
 Stanley S. Smagala Jr., F.F.
 David P. DeRubbio,
 and two others from Engine 33,
 F.F. David Arce and
 F.F. Michael Boyle.

Cúplaí

Cian

Airím uaim iad,
 Iad siúd atá caillte,
 Cailleadh iad gan rian,
 Rian, splanc is lúth.
 Luath a d'ímíodar,
 Dar le chuile cara.
 Caradh a láithreach,
 Láithreach dá gcuimhniú.
 Cuimhneacháin feasta,
 Feasach na staraithe,
 Staighrí is siopa,
 Siocair ár leanna duibh.
 Dubhaíodh na leabhair,
 'Labhairt, a ndeireadh,
 Deireadh na scéalta,
 Scaoilte go spéir.
 Spéiriúil is státúil
 Stáitse fadradharcach,
 Cách 'súgradh, dáiríre,
 Rí-rá agus clisiam
 Siamsaíocht is gnó
 Gnóthach i gcónaí.
 Chónaigh an fuadar.
 Fuadar faoin sean-saol,
 Saolaíodh inár gcroíthe,
 Croíthe briste brónacha.
 Brón bréan, ball bán.
 Banna beo buan . . .
 Buanaí a thánaig;
 Thánaig Meán Fómhair,
 Fomhórach i bhfallaing,
 Aingil ina gcoimhdeacht;
 Eachtrófar a bhfilíocht.

Briogáid 226

A dó a dó a sé,
 Sé chorp i measc
 Meascáin chruaiche.
 Cruach na mílte daoine,
 Daoine gan tarrtháil.
 Tarrtháladh má b'fhéidir.
 Féidearthacht ghann.
 Gan seisear laoch,
 Laochra, trí chéad,
 Chéad istigh, gan imeacht.
 Imeachtaí uafásacha,
 Fásach ina ndiaidh.
 Dia dá gcoinneáil!
 Coinnle ina n-onóir;
 Órga is ciúin a lasair.
 Leas ar a gclainne!
 Clainne gan aithreacha;
 Aireach a gcairde,
 Cairde ar a gcrithir
 Crithir a mbeochta.
 Boichte an saol seo,
 Soilse á múchadh;
 Múchadh an dóiteán,
 Dóiteán na mbriogáidí.
 Briogáid chomharsanachta,
 Comharsana dá gcuimhniú,
 Cuimhní os ár gcomhar,
 'g Comhar lena chéile,
 Céilí, muirir, comhoibrithe.
 Obair mhór as an ord,
 Ord uasal seo na bhfear,
 Fairis grá is a ndualgas,
 Dual daingean dóibhsean.

Twins

Melancholy

I miss them,
Those yon who are lost,
They were lost without a trace,
Vigour, spark and energy.
Soon they left,
As thinks every friend.
Their presence was loved,
Presently remembering them.
Commemorations from now on,
Knowledgeable the historians,
Stairs and a store,
Cause of our melancholy
The books were burned,
Speaking, all that was said,
End of the stories,
Loosed to the sky.
Graceful and stately,
Wide-viewing stage,
Everyone playing, serious,
Hubbub and nonsense,
Entertainment and business
Always busy.
The rushing stopped.
The old world in a hurry,
Was born in our hearts,
Broken, sorrowful hearts.
A foul sorrow, an empty part.
A permanent living band . . .
Came the reaper;
September came,
A giant in a cloak.
Angels accompanying them;
Their poetry shall be recited.

Brigade 226

Two-two-six,
Six bodies amid
A mixed up pile.
Stack of thousands,
People unsaved.
Saved if it was possible.
Scant possibility.
Gone, six heroes,
Heroes, three hundred,
First in, didn't come out.
Horrible events,
A wasteland in their wake.
God keeping them!
Candles in their honor;
Golden and quiet their flame.
Well being on their families!
Families without fathers;
Their friends vigilant,
Friends on their particles,
Flames their lives.
This world poorer,
Lights extinguishing;
Was put out, the fire,
Fire of the brigades.
Brigade of the neighborhood,
Neighbors remembering them,
Memories before us,
Helping each other,
Spouses, dependants, co-workers.
Great, extraordinary work,
This noble order of men,
Along with love and duty,
It was their passion.

Cion

Tá grá againn dóibh, gach mac máthar,
Tá meas againn orthu, gach iníon athar,
As siocair nach raibh bastún ina measc,
Nach raibh cladhaire, ainbheartach ann,
Cosúil leis na Naoimh, a mheastar iad.

Beag an baol!
Tá a lán fhios againn
Nach fíor, nach féidir.
Ach is cuma sin.
Laochra is íobairtí iad.

Agus a n-anamacha trí thine Ifreanda,
Ag titim ó na flaithis,
Faoi chré is bhruscar—
Feictear a bhfiúntas anois,
A maitheas ina n-uileloscadh.

Ár mbeannacht orthu,
Agus ár nguíonna. A Dhia!
Ní raibh siad críochnaithe!
Dá gcabhróimis iad!
Ach is cuma.

Affection

We love them, every mother's son,
We respect them, every father's daughter,
Because there wasn't a bastard among them,
There was no rascal, evildoer there,
Like the saints, they are thought of.

Fat chance!
We know damn well
It isn't true, it isn't possible.
But that doesn't matter.
They're heroes and victims.

And their souls through the fires of Hell,
Falling from the heavens,
Under dirt and garbage—
Their value is seen now,
Their goodness in their holocaust.

Our blessing on them,
And our prayers. God!
They weren't finished!
If we could only help them!
But whatever.

Bíonn gach a rugadh
Ag strácáil is ag triail,
Gach duine ina leanbh,
Le saol na saol.
Dá mairfidís!

Dá n-ath-shaolóidís,
An ndófaimis iad lenár súile?
An mbrúfaimis iad lenár mbriathra?
Go sábhála Dia sinn go léir,
Ar chuma éigin.

Everyone born is always
Struggling and striving,
Every person a child,
For all ages.
If only they lived!

Should they be born again,
Would we burn them with our eyes?
Would we crush them with our words?
God save all of us,
By whatever means.



An Lár-ionad Trádála Domhanda,
Íochtar Manhattain

The World Trade Center,
Lower Manhattan



Baisleac Scrín Náisiúnta de Ghiniúint
Mhuire Gan Smál,
Washington, D.C.

Basilica of the National Shrine
of the Immaculate Conception,
Washington D.C

An Faerie Queene

An tAon Leabhar Amháin
 in a bhfuil
 léamh eile ar
 “*Good Queen Bess*”

Gan choinne, cuireadh chun smaoineamh le lasc—
 I mbrionglóid a tháinig spéirbhean im threo;
 Mé féin a chur sí ar shlí seo mo thaisc,
 Ag scríobh na ranna mínádúrtha seo,
 Ag leanúint ar aghaidh gan stad staonadh leo;
 Do thug sí sampla cáiliúil fada dom,
 Scríofa ag ministir caillte sa cheo;
 B’fhéidir go raibh sé ar meisce le rum;
 Cibé an fáth taobh de, tá sé agam.

Tá daoine ag déanamh maireachtáil as
 An staidéir, scríbhneoireacht, foilseacháin faoi;
 “A Spéirbhean,” dúirt mé, “Cad é seo mar phróis?
 Ní saoi ná staraí, ach mé i mo shuí.”
 “Ach teanga bhreá naomh atá i do chroí,
 Is súil fadradharcach, tuiscint don ghreann,
 Duine ar féidir leis focail a scríobh
 Nach doiléir ach cliste, fírinne ann,”
 Ar sí. Thug mé faoina dhéanamh, le fonn.

Cantó a hAon

An chéad chantó atá agat,
 Beidh tú anois dá léamh;
 Má tá níos mó ag teastáil uait,
 Bí tusa féin dá scríobh!

The Faerie Queene

The one and only book
containing
another read on
“Good Queen Bess”

With a lash, I’m unexpectedly put to thought—
In a dream the visionary woman came towards me;
Myself she put on this path, the task I ought,
The writing of these unnatural verses,
Which continue on without pause or stop;
A long example she gave to me to rehearse,
Written by a minister lost in the fog;
Perhaps he was drunk on rum;
Whatever the cause of them, I’ve got ‘em.

People make a living from it,
The study, writing and publishing about it;
“Fair Lady,” said I, “What sort of process is this?
No sage or historian, it’s just me sitting here.”
“But it’s a fine, holy language you have in your heart,
And far seeing, a sense of humor,
A person who can write words
Not unclear, but clever, truth there,”
She says. I began the work, happily.

Canto One

Here you the first canto see,
You are it about to read;
If it’s more that you need,
Write it yourself, please!

Mar thuama aolta, bán a haghaidh, dúr,
An páiste gréine, iníon d'Anne Boleyn,
A lámh i murdar cúirte Mháire Stú'rt,
A hoidhreacht peacaí móra, náire ghlinn.
Ach dá mbeadh *l'inquisitio* ansin!
Bheadh cosc ar shléacht is ar thorthaí an oilc;
Ach dán le siocafánt atá againn,
Is fantaisíocht is stair ag dul thar cailc;
In áit na Máthar Naofa, ógh gan roc.

A ríocht cosúil le séantóirí d'Iosrael,
De réir a focail rocadh fir is mná,
Barra trí thine, aibhneacha dá bhfuil,
Is leanaí óga caite; ag cur crá,
A saighdeoirí mar phlá, ag brú, ag bá.
Do scrios siad naimhde, a cairde i mbaol.
In ionad óir is airgid, boinn phráis
Bheag-mhaitheasacha, daoine mheastaí daoil—
Gan leithscéal, gníomhartha os comhair an tsaoil.

Na Spáinnigh is na Francaigh gan leigheas,
An Eoraip trína chéile, ceannairc ann;
In Éirinn, féinmharú faoin easaontas,
A laochra fiúntacha, dá dtógáil ceann,
Béal Átha na mBrioscadh, shrac siad go teann.
Gan cur le chéile, glóir dá cur amú.
Sa bhaile, 'sí ag obair leis a peann,
Ag cumadh creideamh nua, nárbh fhiú an dúch;
Ach fós, bhí an rosc ann: Pápa abú!

Like a whitewashed tomb, white her face, hard,
The bastard daughter of Anne Boleyn,
Her hand in the court murder of Mary Stuart,
Great sins her inheritance, vivid shame.
If only the Inquisition had been there!
Slaughter and the fruits of evil might have been prevented;
But we have a sycophant's poem,
And fantasy and history crossing the line;
In place of the Holy Mother, a creaseless virgin.

Her kingdom like apostates of Israel,
By her word, men and women were creased,
A crop afire, rivers of their blood,
And small children tossed; sowing suffering,
Her soldiers like a plague, crushing, drowning.
The destroyed enemies, her friends in danger.
Instead of gold and silver, brass coins
Of little worth, people considered insects—
Without excuse, deeds for all the world to see.

The Spanish and the French had no remedy,
Europe confused, a revolt there;
In Ireland, suicide by disunity,
Her worthy heroes, holding high their heads,
At The Mouth of the Ford of the Biscuits, they struggled strongly.
Not pulling together, her glory put astray.
At home, she working with her pen,
Creating a new faith, that wasn't worth the ink
Yet there was still the cry: Up the Pope!

Na mainistreacha, fothaigh gan tréada;
Goidte an talamh—géar a bhí an ghaoth,
Gan srian ar bith ar dhrúis na gcéadta bliain.
Ag leanúint a hathar, scaoil sí a scaoth,
Mar stoirm, maidhmeanna na dtonn, leag sí.
Ag lot, cosúil le gach uile dá sórt,
Tyndale, Luther, Calvin, Cecil, Raleigh,
Le dealramh foráis orthu siúd, a cúirt,
Gach ealaíontóir ag seinm di a poirt.

Nach glan, nach binn, nach deas, fíneáltacht leo,
Ag éirigh leis a bhfilí faoi dheireadh,
Díreach mar a bhí in Éirinn go deo;
Ag scríobh drámaí, ag seachaint trioblóide,
Ag fanacht slán, an Athbheochan Fheasa,
Ag lorg áilleachta a bhídís, tráth,
Is d'fhág siad stuif go breá chun ár leasa;
I gcóras reiligiúin, i gcúrsaí stáit
Ní dhearna siadsan biseach ar an lá.

Ag díothú íomhánna de Bhecket, Naomh,
Gan tuiscint, eagla orthu, luaidreáin ann,
Sa dorchadas, bhí spairí ann ón Róimh,
Na róbaí dubha, Cumann Íosagáin.
Gan aitheantas ar Naoimh, i ndán an tsáinn,
Na fir ba chróga, fir gan airm iad,
Mar Edmond Campion, grá Dé amháin,
Le cosantóirí anamacha, fial,
Ag troid an smola, ag cothú an tsíl.

The monasteries, ruins without flocks;
The land stolen—bitter was the wind,
Without any restraint on the lust of hundreds of years.
Following her father, she loosed her swarm,
Like a storm, breaking waves, she knocked down.
Wounding, like all her kind,
Tyndale, Luther, Calvin, Cecil, Raleigh,
With an appearance of progress over on them, her court,
Every artist playing to her her tune.

Isn't clean, isn't sweet, isn't nice, their finery,
Her poets finally succeeding,
Just as it was in Ireland forever;
Writing plays, avoiding trouble,
Staying safe, the Rebirth of Knowledge,
They used to be looking for beauty, for a spell,
And they left fine stuff for our benefit;
In religious system, in state affairs,
They did not improve the day.

Destroying images of Becket, saint,
Without understanding, afraid, a rumor there,
In the darkness, there were spies from Rome,
The blackrobes, the Society of dear Jesus.
Not recognizing saints, the predicament in store,
The bravest men, the men with no weapons,
Like Edmond Campion, God's love alone,
With guardians of souls, generous,
Fighting the blight, nourishing the seed.

É crochta, sliste ina cheathrúna,
Haec Dies is *Te Deum* ann mar ghlaio,
I measc líne móire na mairtíreach,
An rian sin fola daonna, a líon tí—
Óir baineadh ceann dá máthair leis an rí—
Gan údarás, gan eochair, sainordú
Acu; d'oscail siad d'Ifreann a gheataí.
Nimh siadsan na n-uiscí agus an crú;
Ach láimhsítear nathracha nimhe fiú.

I bpríosún, bhí sí féin le tamall beag,
Is amhras fúithi, 's a cuid dílseachta;
A deirfiúr Máire, a ceann féin ar maig,
Dá ceistiú, ag lorg an scéil go beacht—
Ní raibh sí fearastúil, roimh aisteoireacht;
Banríon aosta, gan buanna córa;
Mo dhuine—splanc istigh leis an misneach.
Daoine ar thóir aisiompú na tíre;
Sise ag fanacht i measc na fola.

Féinsmacht a bhí uirthi, gan liú, gan bhéic,
Cliste, glic, ag cothú an athraithe,
Ag ligint daoine eile dul i ngleic,
Foighneach, ag fanacht, ag ól, ag ithe—
Go luath agus beidh sí mar na ríthe.
Cuma ab fhearr uirthi, thar aon eile,
Teastas óna hathair, oirmhinnithe;
Deartháireacha marbha is uile,
Ní raibh ann ach faire ar an siolla.

He hanged, drawn and quartered,
 Haec Dies and *Te Deum* there as a cry,
Amongst the great line of martyrs,
That course of human blood, her lineage—
Since the king struck off her mother's head—
Without authority, without a key, mandate;
They opened for Hell its gates.
They poisoned the waters and the milk;
But even poisonous snakes are handled.

In prison, she herself was, for a short while,
And doubt about her, and her allegiance;
Her sister Mary, her own head tilted,
To her questioning, seeking the story precisely—
She was not competent, before play-acting;
An aged queen, without proper talents;
Our subject—a spark inside with courage.
People seeking re-conversion of the country;
She waiting in the midst of the blood.

Self-control she had, without a yell or a shout,
Clever, shrewd, encouraging the change,
Letting other people take it on,
Patient, waiting, drinking, eating—
Soon, it's she who will be like the kings.
The best appearance was on her, beyond all others,
A testament from her father, revered;
Dead brothers and all,
There was nothing left but to wait for the word.

Ag caitheamh bóna lása mar ba chóir
 Do dhuine uasal breá, chun dul i bhfeidhm
 Ar chuairteoirí éachtacha go leor, leor,
 Chun cur i gcuimhne gan amhras a haidhm:
 “Is liomsa é an chuid is mó, go deimh’n!
 ‘Sé mo thoil go mbaileofar seoda dom;
 Fágfar an deasca daoibh (nach bhfuil sa bhladhm).
 Beidh meas an domhain tuillte fós agam,
 ‘S an teidil naofa a thabharfar orm.”

Ag marcaíocht na gcapall Éireannach,
 An *galliard* is an *volta*, ag damhsa,
 Ag baoiteáil béar; ar seilg, an scornach,
 Ba leatsa sin, chun tabhairt an *coup de grâce*;
 Siamsaíocht is filíocht is fleánna;
 Ba dheas an saol do dhuine le do thaobh,
 Mar Dudley, na daoine ag tabhairt a ngrá.
 Ar son na ndaoine, as a thruaill, an claíomh;
 Ar son an ghrá, foréigean, creideamh saobh.

Saolta, ag staidéar na réaltaí sa chlós,
 Banríon na Fraince í, ach gan Calais,
 Banríon na hAlba, gan réiteach fós,
 Banríon na hÉirinn, gan aon dúchas léi,
 Oilte sna leabhair chun críonna a bheith,
 Giraldus Cambrensis, Barnaby Rich,
 An sean is an nua, a claontacht a phlé,
 Tomás Cranmer, dóite *son of a bitch*;
 Deirtí as Béarla, níl rogha ach *switch*.

Wearing a lace collar, as was proper
For a fine noble person, to have an effect
On plenty of powerful visitors,
To call to mind without a doubt her aim:
“Mine is the most of it, clearly!
And my will is that jewels be gathered for me;
The dregs will be left for you (what’s not in the flame).
I will earn the respect of the world yet,
And I will be given the holy title.”

Riding the Irish horses,
The *galliard* and the *volta*, dancing,
Bear-baiting; on a hunt, the throat,
It was yours, to give the *coup de grâce*;
Entertainment and poetry and feasts;
It was a nice world for the person at your side,
Like Dudley, the people giving their love.
For the sake of the people, from its sheath, the sword;
For love’s sake, violence, a perverse faith.

Worldly, studying the stars in the yard,
The Queen of France, without Calais,
The Queen of Scotland, with no solution yet,
The Queen of Ireland, with no native claim,
Learned in the books to be wise,
Giraldus Cambrensis, Barnaby Rich,
The old and new, her bias to discuss,
Thomas Cranmer, burned son of a bitch;
Said in English, no choice but to switch.

Le scalladóireacht is íde dhubh béil
 Rinneadh tuairimí nimhe, polasaí;
 Comhréiteach déanta, oiriúnach don saol;
 Gan treoraí ach deoraí, sin mar a bhí,
 Mar thraidisiún naofa a dhiúltaigh sí.
 Roinnte eatarthu, do gach cú a mheall,
 Ag toghadh is roghnú ag cúl an tí,
 Cuid as an mBíobla, cuid eile ón diabhal,
 Ag iarraidh na maithe, rinne siad feall.

Agus a gcuid oibre dá críochnú ann
 Faoi bhród is faoi mhaise dá cur chun cinn,
 Ní raibh le déanamh ach scaoileadh sa domhan.
 Ach cumadh a gcuidsean ar an mór-roinn,
 ‘S iontas na n-iontas, níor ghlacadh againn.
 Rinneadar a bpíobaireacht dúinne, ach
 Ní dhearnamar an rince; bhí muid tinn;
 A gcaoineadh bréagach, mar phian inár n-ucht—
 D’fhág siad a gcomharsana ag mairgneach.

Cad é an tomhas, cén rogha, cad é?
 Emden, Wesel, Frankfurt, Strassburg, Zürich,
 Nó Fontaines agus Luxeuil is Annegray,
 Nó Lumièges, Liège, Laon is Würzburg,
 Nó Trier, Auxerre, Sant Gall, Regensburg?
 Rheinau, nó Alba, an tír ar fad,
 Bobbio, Lucca, Fiesole, Salzburg?
 Le tamall, bhí seans an ailse a stad.
 D’ainneoin na bhfíréan, rinne siadsan slad.

With scolding and severe verbal abuse
Poisonous opinions were made, policy;
A compromise done, suitable for the world;
Without a guide, except an exile, that's how it was,
As holy tradition she denied.
Divided among them, a lump to each hound,
Picking and choosing at the back of the house,
Part from the Bible, another part from the devil,
Aiming for good, they committed treachery.

And finishing their work there,
Putting it forth with pride and joy,
There was nothing left to do but to let loose in the world.
But *their* own thing was created on the continent,
And, wonder of wonders, we didn't accept.
They played the pipes for us, but
But we didn't do the dance; we were sick;
Their false lamenting, like a pain in our breast—
They left their neighbors wailing.

What is the riddle, which choice, what is it?
Emden, Wesel, Frankfurt, Strassburg, Zürich,
Or Fontaines and Luxeuil and Annegray,
Or Lumièges, Liège, Laon and Würzburg,
Or Trier, Auxerre, Sant Gall, Regensburg?
Rheinau, or Scotland, the whole country,
Bobbio, Lucca, Fiesole, Salzburg?
For a while, there was a chance to stop the cancer.
Despite the true believers, they made a devastation.

Anois sa gharraí atá lustan bréan,
Namhad tríd an ngeata i gCathair Dé,
Ag tachtadh, coiriú agus ag cur léin;
Ní bheidh aon duine riamh mar a bhíodh sé;
Tá breoiteacht ann sa chorp, sin mar a bheidh.
Ní mór ach guí orthu is orainne,
Leis an Eaglais Mhíleata, leis an té
San Eaglais Bhuach, agus fós na daoine
San Eaglais Fhulangach, 's Mícheál Naofa.

Bhí ollphéist mhór nua aici ar a téad;
Saghas gealtachais é, a tháinig orthu,
A gcumhacht is a neart ag dul i méid,
A dteanga féin san uachtar, leis, acu,
An mórtas, féinmhuinín ag teacht iontu,
Mar ainspiorad, is fáilte roimhe, leis,
A saothair thréithe fágtha mar dhada,
Ag ceiliúradh a saoirse seo mar fheis
Níor cheapadh sin agus Íosa sa *chrèche*.

A *Ghloriana*, chlaochlaigh tú an aois,
D'iompaigh tú siosma géar go heiriceacht.
Cad 'tháinig as an ngadaíocht gan fíis?
Mearbhall cinnte, dochar ann faoi sheacht;
Ochón, theip ort, do chúram Caitliceach.
'Sea, ba mhian leat an rath, an foras binn;
Ach fuair tú urghaire; féach ar do locht.
Ag athrú fuil fholláin naofa go fíon,
Cuireadh an Slánaitheoir dil óna scrín.

Now in the garden, there are foul weeds,
An enemy through the gate in the City of God,
Choking, disturbing and sowing anguish;
A person will never be like he used to be;
There is a sickness in the body, that's how it shall be.
We must pray for them and ourselves.
With the Church Militant, with the one
In the Church Victorious, and also the people
In the Church Suffering, and Holy Michael.

She had a big new dragon by its leash;
A kind of insanity came over them,
Their power and strength increasing,
Their own language come to dominate as well,
The pride, self-confidence coming into them,
Like an evil spirit, which was welcomed, too.
Her labors of achievement left as nothing,
Celebrating her freedom like a festival,
That was not thought of when Jesus was in the *chrèche*.

Gloriana, you transformed the age,
You turned sharp schism into heresy.
What came from the thievery without a vision?
Confusion, certainly, damage seven times over;
Alas, you failed your Catholic responsibility.
Yes, you desired prosperity, sweet stability;
But you got an interdict; behold your fault.
Changing healthful holy blood to wine,
The sweet Saviour was put from his shrine.

La feilicissima armada, seal,

Cinnte, ní mar a ceapadh mar a bhí;
Droch-aimsir 's an Eilit Órga gheall,
An céasadh leis an rí Pilib, gan chaoi,
Ró-uasal, agus Drake ag magadh faoi.
Bhí tú ag brath a leithéid a phósadh,
Ach thit an lug ar lag, faraor, a lao.
Trí scór agus deich, tú fuar, tú aosta;
Ceathair, dhá scór i réim, níl ann ach dua.

Droichead Átha, tar éis na raice, fir,
Gaiscígh faoi uiríslíú, beagnach báite,
Is cairde eile fágtha fós sa mhuir;
Ar talamh, mo ghruaim, briseadh Chionn tSáile,
Aistear Dhónail Chaim ar fud na háite,
Is eile fós curtha chun báis sa túr.
Mar scealpa sa ghaoth, splancacha, táinte,
Deighilte is athdheighilte thar fóir,
Na heaglaisí, an tír, an domhan mór.

Ina dhiaidh sin, ar éirigh na gréine,
Na torthaí tuillte, tragóid thar Shakespeare;
Cúrsaí tharat, thar éinne, thar cuimse.
Ní féidir pleist a dhéanamh den rud fíor;
Ní dall gan an leigheas; saorfar an daor.
Is peacaí chuile dhuine, gan an treoir,
Mar dhriseog tamall, lá eile mar shaor,
Breithiúnas le teacht, roimh Rí na Glóire;
Ní fiú duine, gan an grásta, an stór.

La feilicissima armada, once,

Certainly, it was not as it was conceived;
Bad weather and the bright Golden Hind,
King Philip's torment, without means,
Too noble, and Drake mocking him.
Once you thought of marrying such a man,
But alas, dear, that fell through.
Three score and ten, you cold, you aged;
Four, two score reigning, nothing there but struggle.

Drogheda, after the wreck, men,
Humiliated warriors, almost drowned,
And other friends still left in the sea;
On land, my gloom, the defeat at Kinsale,
The journey of Crooked Donald all over the place,
And others still, put to death in the tower.
Like splinters in the wind, sparks, great numbers,
Divided and re-divided beyond limit,
The churches, the country, the whole world.

Afterwards, at sunrise,
The earned results, tragedy beyond Shakespeare;
Events beyond you, beyond anyone, limitless.
The true thing cannot be made a limp object;
No blind person without a cure, the slave shall be set free.
Every person is a sinner without the guidance,
Like a bramble for a while, another day like a freeman,
A judgement to come, before the King of Glory,
A person is not worthy, without the grace, of the treasure.

Sheas tú d'fhód, is tú i do bheatha, beo;
D'iarraidh mórán daoine ar thú a chloí,
Ach theip ar naimhde ó gach uile threo.
Anois, mo thrua, níl ach mé féin ag scríobh,
Is tusa ag fanacht go ciúin san uaigh.
(‘s droch-bhéas scríobh i méadar cúig troighe.)
Goideadh píosaí i ngan fhios duit den suíomh;
‘S tá dealbh chéarach déanta mar a bhí;
Níl tú i do sheasamh, ach i do luí.

Anois, faoi dheireadh, sroichimid an sprioc;
Cá bhfuil an spéirbhean, aimsir suáilceach
(Mar dúirt Villon faoin sneachta is an sioc)?
An státaire, a corpán lag, luaithreach,
A cnámha bána, Westminster, faoi leacht,
Le híobartach, a col ceathar, a scot,
San áit mar mhainistir gan aon mhanach,
D’ainneoin a ndíchill, tugtar ar an spot’!
Le focail Bhéarla, ba ba, fot fot fot.

FINIS

You stood your ground when you were living, alive;
Many people tried to wear you down,
But your enemies failed, from each and every direction.
Now, my pity, it's only me writing,
And you waiting quietly in the grave.
(It is a bad manner to write in pentameters.)
Pieces of the site were stolen without your knowing;
And there's a wax figure made as it was;
You are not standing, but lying.

Now, finally, we reach the goal;
Where is the visionary lady, a pleasant time
(As said Villon about the snow and frost)?
The statesman, her weak body, dust,
Her white bones, Westminster, under a memorial,
With a sacrificial victim, her cousin, her reckoning,
In the place like a monastery without any monks,
Despite her best effort, the spot was given!
With English words, ba ba, fot fot fot.

FINIS

Picsil

Tiúb ag éirigh te,
Tiús na bpicseal réidh,
Íomhá gan doimhneacht,
Mar an duine nocht.

Súil mhacnasach,
Dúil salach,
Ag filleadh mar bhradáin,
Na milliúin aonarán.

Solas taitneamhach,
Gníomhartha coireacha,
Rún poiblí,
Cleas simplí.

Radharc bréagach,
Dathúil, taibhseach,
Gan ainm, gan anam,
Go minic gan aghaidh.

Neamhghrá, galar,
Mionscrúdú searbh;
Deirtear léi “cigil!”
Fós, níl ann ach picsil.

Pixels

Tube getting hot,
The pixels tuning up,
Depthless image,
Like the naked person.

Wanton eye,
Dirty desire,
Returning like a salmon,
The million loners.

Pleasing light,
Wicked deeds,
Public secret,
Simple trick.

False view,
Good looking, ostentatious,
Without a name, without a soul,
Often without a face.

Un-love, disease,
Bitter close look;
Said to her, "titillate,"
Still, ain't nothing there but pixels.

An Bhliain Gan Samhradh *(1816)*

Lá an Bhrátha a bhí ann, dúradh, Mí Aibreáin.
Ó Soufrière go Mayon go Tambora ar Sumbawa,
Bhí an talamh ar buile, an nádúr cráite.
Bhí machairí cogaidh fós tais le fuil na marbhán;
Tuartha uafásacha a bhí ann, nár thuig Napoleon.

Ollphléascanna! Oileán i bhfad uainn i dtír mhánla,
Bhí sé ag fáil bháis; níor chualamar faoin bplás.
Colún luatha ag síneadh chuig spás—
Marfach á chliseadh; brúchtanna farraige
Agus sní thine dhríodair, carraigeacha leáite.

Daoine dóite, tachtá, báite, stiúgtha;
Aiseag an tsléibhe, pluid ar a n-uaigheanna;
Salachar an taoma, seolta chun spéire;
Gorta is galar, fágtha mar iarsmaí;
Ní raibh chun saothair ach gaotha teochreasacha.

Tharla Briseadh Waterloo i saol leithleach,
An t-am ag sleamhnú thart, crithreacha ag trácht.
Mheath an bhliain, agus bliain eile ag teacht;
In Éirinn le beagnach leathbhliain, chuir sé báisteach;
An Bhliain Gan Samhradh Mheiriceánach.

The Year Without a Summer *(1816)*

It was Judgement Day, it was said, in April.
From Soufrière to Mayon to Tambora on Sumbawa,
The Earth was gone mad, nature tormented.
The fields of war were still wet with the blood of corpses;
There were terrible portents, that Napoleon did not understand.

Huge explosions! An island far from us, in a gracious land,
It was dying; we didn't hear about the place.
Columns of ash stretching towards space—
Deadly in its falling; tidal waves
And pyroclastic flow, melted boulders.

People burned, choked, drowned, perished;
Vomit of the mountain, a blanket on their graves;
Filth of the paroxysm, sent to the sky;
Famine and disease, left as remnants;
Nothing for a wrecking job but tropical winds.

The defeat at *Waterloo* in a world apart,
The time slipping by, particles traveling.
The year frittered away, and another year coming;
And in Ireland, for almost half a year, it rained;
The American Year Without a Summer.

Scanradh, scannal, gan tuiscint, trína chéile,
Sioc scriosach a maraíodh na barraí;
Ruaigeadh le héadóchas chuig tíortha fiáine,
Sneachta i Lúnasa, cótaí móra Lá na Saoirse;
Seachas arbhar, leac oighir; eallach gann, garraí breoite.

Bhí foréigean san Eilvéis, san Fhrainc, racáin;
Tífeas as Éirinn, soir mar phlá.
Leagadh na mílte, ocras dá gcrá.
Timpeall an domhain, calar as an Áise;
Rianta an bholcáin, coineascair bhreátha.

Lá an Bhrátha a bhí ann, cheaptaí,
Mar trian den ghrian, den ghealach, dena réaltaí
A buaileadh as radharc, ó na céadfaí;
Laethanta, blianta, ilchríocha, daoine,
Le fad an lae sin, fite in éindí.

*Scriobh Byron an dán Béarla Darkness sa bhliain chéanna sin. Scriobh
a chairde rudaí gruama eile, freisin, mar Frankenstein.*

Fright, scandal, without understanding, mixed up,
'twas a destructive frost killed the crops;
Driven out by hopelessness to wild countries,
Snow in August, heavy coats Independence Day;
Instead of corn, ice; livestock scarce, gardens ailing.

There was violence in Switzerland, in France, riots;
Typhoid in Ireland, Eastwards as a plague.
Millions were struck down, hunger tormenting them.
Around the world, cholera out of Asia;
Traces of the volcano, lovely twilights.

It was Judgement Day, they used to think,
Since a third of the sun, the moon and the stars
Were struck from sight, from the senses;
Days, years, continents, people,
For the length of that day, woven together.

Byron wrote the English poem Darkness in that same year. His friends wrote other gloomy things, too, like Frankenstein.

Lá 'le Parthaláin

Roimh an aois ina raibh Bayonne i Nua-Iorsaí,
Roimh an uair agus a bhí Rochelle i Nua-Eabhrac,
Nó Orléans i Louisiana, nó Manheim i bPennsylvania,
Bhí toirmeasc san Fhrainc, le linn na n*Eidgenossen*.

Adhnadh an bhladhm sa Sorbonne, Le Fèvre,
Ach tháinig boladh an deataigh anoir aduaidh.

Rugadh i gcampa Róimheánach
Faoi scáth na hardeaglaise sean-ghotaigh,
I dtír na leabhar is na n-ollscoileanna, a bhíodh
An-chleachtaithe le cúrsaí diaga,
Corr-éan ag eitilt ó Noyon go Páras,
Timpeall Orléans is Bourges, ag análú
Na múiche dofheicthe,
Ag cac ar na fíréin is na teampaill tógtha anallód.
Thuirling sé sa Ghinéiv, tír an chlampair,
Iad ag diúltú dona Savoy,
Ag streachailt ar son a saoirse,
Ag titim as a chéile,
Beagnach ar an domhanleithead céanna mar a bhfuil La Rochelle,
Ag fáiltiú roimh an ansmacht úr
Is an meon dúr.

Noyon, ochón, cad 'tarla? Cé an Jean Calvin seo a rug tú?

Saint Bartholomew's Day

Before the age in which Bayonne was in New Jersey,
Before the time when Rochelle was in New York,
Or Orléans in Louisiana, or Manheim in Pennsylvania,
There was mischief in France, in the time of the *Eidgenossen*.

The flame was lit in the Sorbonne, Le Fèvre,
But the smell of the smoke came from the North East.

Born in a Roman camp
In the shadow of the old-gothic Cathedral,
In the country of books and universities, which was
Quite practiced in theological matters,
An odd bird flying from Noyon to Paris,
Around Orléans and Bourges, inhaling
The invisible vapor,
Crapping on the elect, and on the churches built so long ago.
He landed in Geneva, the country of commotion,
They rejecting the Savoy,
Struggling for the sake of freedom,
Falling apart,
Almost at the same latitude as La Rochelle,
Welcoming before the new tyranny
And the dour disposition.

Noyon, alas, what happened? Who is this Jean Calvin whom you bore?

Bhí La Rochelle Úgónach;
Muintir saibhir ag lorg cumhachta;
Cúrsaí polaitíochta, sceitimíní as an rud nua;
“Nach sean, ársa, agus ró-shean an Eaglais,
Agus an iomarca acusan?” In Aunis
A longfort, sa chathair, a dtearmann;
Ag loit is ag argain lusca,
Ní bhfuair siad an Naomh ina luí ann.
Osclaíodh an doras don imshuí is don tréigean,
Na céadta míle duine dá ndíshealbhú féin.

Ochón, Rochelle, Rupellensis, cad a bhí i ndán duit?
Cad ‘tarla do do chlann?

Corpáin ar crochadh ar na crainn,
Mar úlla lofa,
Agus ar fhallaí an chaisleáin:
Plota a bhí ann.
Chuala an cairdinéal an scéal:
An Diúc de Guise, a deartháir,
An Rí pósta lena neach
Máire, banríon na nAlbanach;
An ceannas ba mhó, agus bagairt dó.
An ghlóirmhian dian, measctha le reiligiún,
Faoi rún;
Ach thit an lug ar an lag;
In ionad na glóire, tubaiste faoi sheacht:
Lámh láidir dá sárú,
Fuil na mBourbon sin doirte,
Fearg is fala ag teacht,
Agus ní raibh críochnaithe
Ach an réamhrá.

Amboise, mo chrá is mo chreach, cad ‘tarla ionat?

La Rochelle was Huguenot;
Wealthy people seeking power;
Political events, excited by the new;
“Isn’t it old, ancient, and too old, the Church,
And don’t they have too much?” In Aunis
Their stronghold, in the city, their refuge;
Damaging and looting a tomb,
They did not find the Saint lying in it.
The door was opened for the siege and abandonment,
Hundreds of thousands of people dispossessing themselves.

Alas, Rochelle, Rupellensis, what was in store for you?
What happened to your children?

Corpses hanging from the trees,
Like rotten apples,
And on the walls of the castle:
There had been a plot.
The cardinal heard the story:
The Duke de Guise, his brother,
The king married to his niece
Mary, Queen of Scotland;
The greatest authority, and a threat to it.
Intense ambition, mixed with religion,
Secret;
But it all fell through;
In place of glory, a terrible disaster:
The heavy hand overcoming them,
The blood of those Bourbons spilled,
Anger and resentment coming,
And nothing was finished
But the introduction.

Amboise, my pain and my sorrow, what happened in you?

Chun Aifrinn,
Domhnach éigean neamhshuntasach.
Une foi, un loi, un roi—
Creideamh amháin, dlí amháin, rí amháin—
Sin mar a bhíodh, slán sábháilte agus compordach ann;
Ach nuálaithe a bhí sa chomharsanacht.
Fód cinniúnach; ag iarraidh na Comaoineach.
Focail ghiolla gan ghuaim, masla is mórtas;
Tréatúirí, dílseoirí, buailte,
Scanradh, rí-rá, amach leis na hairm,
Saighdeoirí gairmiúla, is daoine coitianta, lámha folmha:
Ba mhór an bás.
Foirgneamh trí thine, agus cúpla céad duine;
Ár de thaisme, bua dochma.

Chun Aifrinn.
Domhnach neamhshuntasach.
Vassey, cad é seo mar rud?

Agus leis sin, fíor-thosach na gcogaí siúd.

Bhí concais go leor ag na Spáinnigh
San Oileán Úr—
Agus ór!
Ach deacrachtaí san Iodáil,
San Ísiltír, Francaigh is Sasanaigh
Dá gcur as,
Gan tír amháin, creideamh amháin, rí amháin,
Ach le tamall cheana.

For Mass,
Some ordinary Sunday.
Une foi, un loi, un roi—
One faith, one law, one king—
That's how it used to be, safe, sound and comfortable in it;
But there were innovators in the neighborhood.
Fateful ground; aiming for Communion.
A servant's unrestrained words, insult and pride;
Traitors, loyalists, met,
Fright, commotion, out come the weapons,
Professional soldiers, and common people, empty hands:
The death was great.
A building on fire, and a couple of hundred people;
Accidental destruction, uncomfortable victory.

For Mass.
An ordinary Sunday.
Vassey, what kind of thing is this?

And with that, the true beginning of that war.

The Spanish had plenty of conquests
In the New World—
And gold!
But troubles in Italy,
In Holland, French and English
Upsetting them,
Without one country, one faith, one king,
But for a while beforehand.

Treasa in Avilla, agus Áine Naomh Parthalán;
Bhí Pilib Néri is Róibéir Bellairmín beo;
Proinsias De Sales ina bhuachaill,
A thábhacht le teacht.
Bhí Iarúsailéim faoi smacht,
An Tuirc i mBeithil,
Is é ar an tóraíocht.
An Mhedicí ag oibriú na dtéad;
Thar an bpáiste Lizabet,
Máthair ríthe ise,
Agus, cinnte, chomh cliste.

Bhí an Spáinn ina féachadóir.
Bhí roinnt san Fhrainc éadmhar.

Cé go raibh morgadh sa chorp,
Bhí an córas ceart ann le n-alpadh.
Bhí feabhas sa Saol Críostaí acu.
Ach bhí pleananna ar siúl,
Dúil chun cac ar na huibheacha.
Trí chogadh chathracha san Fhrainc,
Agus gach iarracht ar chomhréiteach
Millte.
Agus tuirse ar chuile dhuine,
Nár bhriseadh faoi namhaid eile.

“Dá mbeadh réiteach san Fhrainc,
Bheimis go léir ullamh don Osmanli,”
Cheap Pius a cúig.
Ansin, cuireadh ruaig orthu siúd.
Lepanto san Fhómhar—
Mór an ghlóir—
An Chríostaíocht ag seasamh
In aghaidh na n-ainchreidmheach.
Agus tuirse ar Pius,
D’éag sé, as go brách.

Therése in Avilla, and Anne of Saint Bartholomew;
Philip Neri and Robert Bellarmine were alive;
Francis De Sales a boy,
His importance to come.
Jerusalem was subjugated,
The Turk in Bethlehem,
And he was on the hunt.
The Medicí working the strings;
Over and above the child Elizabeth,
She, the mother of kings,
And certainly as clever.

Spain was a lurker.
Some in France were jealous.

Although there was corruption in the body,
There existed the right system to devour.
Improvement was theirs in Christendom.
But there were plans afoot,
A desire to screw it all up.
Three civil wars in France,
And every attempt at compromise
Ruined.
And everyone was tired,
That wasn't defeated by other enemies.

"If only there were a solution in France,
We would all be ready for Osmanli,"
Thought Pius V.
Then, that enemy was routed.
Lepanto in the Autumn—
Great the glory—
Christianity standing
Against the unbeliever.
And tired, Pius
Died, off and away.

Pápa nua i ndiaidh an bhua,
 Greagóir a trí déag,
 Agus é dóchasach.
 Ach ní raibh an saol sochma.
 Sa samhradh sin, Gorkum,
 Murdar san Ísiltír,
 D'ainneoin Liam Oráiste féin a bhí ina choinne,
 Naoi nduine dhéag crochta, céasta, ciorraithe,
 Dílis don Phápa iad,
 Agus don Fhíor-láithreach.
 Sin as a raibh siad ciontach.

“Dá mbeadh réiteach san Fhrainc . . .”

Bhí seans ann, ach nár mhian is nár mhaith
 Leis an bPápa é, ná a réamhtheachtaithe:
 An dá thaobh chun pósadh.
 Agus cúpla ceannaire a chealú.
 B’fhiú an feallmharú—
Raison d’Etat, comme il faut . . .

Páras.
 Theip ar an bpiléar.
 Arm nua an gunna. Ní raibh siad iontaofa.
 Coligny, an t-aimiréal, créachtach.
 Cogar. Chuile sa chathair.
 Cosnochtaithe, ag siúl ar an nathair,
 Agus é buartha, nimhiúil.
 Ní hea! Ní hea!
 Ní hé sin mar a ceapadh.
 Na cliathaí catha chun crapadh.
 An Fhearg ag dúiseacht as a leaba.
 Díoltas! Agus—
 Mhuise, anois!
 Ní fheadar, ní fheadar, ní fheadar—
 Agus cogar ina chluas . . .

A new Pope after the victory,
Gregory XIII,
Hopeful.
But the world was not placid.
That Summer, Gorkum,
Murder in Holland,
Despite William of Orange himself, who was against it,
Nineteen were hanged, tortured, maimed,
They were loyal to the Pope,
And the True Presence.
It's that of which they were guilty.

"If only there were a solution in France . . ."

There was a chance, but it was not the desire or liking
Of the Pope, or his predecessors:
The two sides to marry.
And to do away with a couple of leaders.
It was worth assassination—
Raison d'Etat, comme il faut . . .

Paris.
The bullet failed.
The gun was a new weapon. They weren't reliable.
Coligny, the admiral, wounded.
A whisper. Everyone in the city.
Barefoot, walking on the snake,
Who was agitated, poisonous.
No ! No!
That's not how it was conceived.
The ranks of battle to draw up.
Anger waking from its bed.
Revenge! And—
Oh my, now!
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know—
And a whisper in his ear . . .

Páras, mar choirceog ar buile.

“Déan i gceart é, agus uile.”

A bientôt, Coligny.

Grazie, Machiavelli.

Tháinig an daigéir faoina bhráid.

Thar leac na fuinneoige leis an marbhán.

Cic dó, agus dímhéas ar a cheann,

Agus é dícheannaithe, ar eagla na heagla.

Baineadh na cloig, agus baineadh na cinn;

Uaisle ag déanamh sleachta ar uaisle,

Agus ba iad de chineálacha éagsúla na bealaigh iad.

Bhí an chathair ag fiuchadh thar maoil;

Thosaigh mí-ord gan chosc, fíor-bhaol;

Baill dhaonna scartha ann.

Bhí sé te, brothallach, agus ró-the.

Bhí na cogaí costasach—an iomarca ar arán—

Imní is strus is comhcheilg is neamhréir,

Seicteachas agus searbhas, agus dearg-bhás.

Slad ar fad gan stad, ag leathnú i bhfad.

Lá ‘le Parthaláin, gan chuimhneamh air.

Páras, monuar, beidh cuimhneamh go deo ar an uair.

Scaip an t-uafás ina loscadh sléibhe

Ar fud na tíre, i measc na bhfiann.

An lá arna mhárach, chuaigh an t-ordú amach—

Tháinig sé go dtí Orléans le marcach.

Mo léan, Orléans, nár chuimhin leat *La Pucelle*.

Dubháíodh an lile. Orléans

Is Lyon is Toulous is Bordeaux is Rouen . . .

An t-íolbhriseadh agus an heitreadochsacht.

Paris, like a crazed beehive.

“Do it right, and all.”

A bientôt, Coligny.

Grazie, Machiavelli.

The dagger came under his breast.

Over the windowsill with the dead man.

A kick to him, and disrespect to his head,

And him decapitated, just in case.

The bells were struck, and the heads struck off;

Noble slaughtering noble,

And they were of different types, the methods, they were.

The city was boiling over;

Disorder began, without restraint, true danger;

Parts of people scattered in it.

It was warm, muggy, and too hot.

The wars were costly—bread cost too much—

Worry and stress, and conspiracy, and inconsistency,

Sectarianism and bitterness, and fierce death.

Complete slaughter without stop, spreading afar.

Saint Bartholomew's day, not being remembered.

Paris, my grief, the hour will always be remembered.

The horror spread like wildfire

Throughout the country, amongst the roving bands.

The following day, the order went out—

It came to Orléans by rider.

My sorrow, Orléans, you did not remember *La Pucelle*.

The lily was blackened. Orléans

And Lyon and Toulous and Bordeaux and Rouen . . .

Iconoclasm and heterodoxy.

Tachtadh an Rhône le corpáin fhear.
Cosc á chur, agus nach raibh;
Ordú á leanúint, agus nach raibh;
Orléans in a réabhlóidí, agus nach raibh.
Lá le teacht, agus cúiteamh ar Guise;
Faicsin, fuil agus feall, agus uisce faoi thalamh.

Aurelianus! Orléans! An chealg!

An raibh réiteach san Fhrainc?
Bhí sé ina chogadh eile as sin amach
Go Fógra Nantes, é féin ann ach seal,
Chun síocháin a chothú idir marfóir is marfóir.
Roimh deireadh na haoise, tarraingthe siar—
Cúpla glúin sa chéad bliain saor.
Ach seans arís ann, gan aimhréidhe eile,
Chun cos a chur ar an mbolg déistíneach.
Bhí a lán fhios ag an saol
Nach raibh ach rogha amháin fágtha—
Aisiompaigh, nó imigh leat—
Go neamhdhleathach.
Oll-imirce, daoine calma
Ag siúl na mbóithre go dtí an Ghearmáin,
Ar son barúla,
Ar míthreoir,
Idéalaithe dífhreámhaithe
Ag síleadh na ndeor.

Agus céad bliain eile fágtha
Go dtí ionsaí ba mheasa,
Agus araile.

The Rhône was choked with the corpses of men.
Restraint made, and wasn't;
An order being followed, and wasn't;
Orléans, a revolutionary, and it wasn't.
A day to come, and payback for Guise;
Faction, blood and treachery, and intrigue.

Aurelianum! Orléans! The guile, the sting!

Was there a solution in France?
It was another war completely, from then on
Until the Edict of Nantes, itself there for a spell,
To nurture peace between killer and killer.
Before the end of the century, withdrawn—
A couple of generations in the hundred years free.
But a chance again, without other entanglements,
To subdue the repulsive ones.
All the world knew quite well
That there was only one choice left—
Re-convert, or leave—
Illegally.
A mass emigration, brave people
Walking the roads to Germany,
For the sake of an opinion,
Mis-directed,
Uprooted idealists
Shedding tears.

And another hundred years left
Until an even worse attack,
And so forth.

Breith na sairse.
Breith na deighilte
Agus na miondeighilte
Agus na hathmhiondeighilte.
Agus araile.

Breith an tsaoil nua-aimsire gan stiúir
Ach an stiúir sóraí a thréig siad,
Is a choimeádadar, ach a bhí laghdaithe.
Cinnté agus ag cur amhrais,
Críostaithe,
Deoraithe,
Mar chaoirigh ar seachrán.
Ach slán.

Ó Aunis go Manheim go Sasana
Go Nua-Eabhrac nua,
Meiriceá.
Sin mar a tháinig mo shinsir.
Sin mar a tháinig
Mise.

Sin mar a tharla.

*Déan trócaire orainn go léir, agus ná lig sinn i gcathú.
Suaimhneas sóraí tabhair dóibh, a Thiarna,
Agus go lonraí solas suthain orthu.
Amen.*

The birth of freedom.
The birth of division
And sub-division
And re-sub-division.
And so forth.

Birth of the modern world, without a rudder
Except for the eternal rudder they abandoned,
And retained, but which was diminished.
Certain, and sowing doubt,
Christians,
Exiles,
Like lost sheep.
But safe.

From Aunis to Manheim to England
To new New York,
America.
That's how my ancestors came.
That's how came
I.

That's how it happened.

*Have mercy on us all, and lead us not into temptation.
Eternal peace give to them, Lord
And may perpetual light shine upon them.
Amen.*

Mo Chairde Teibí

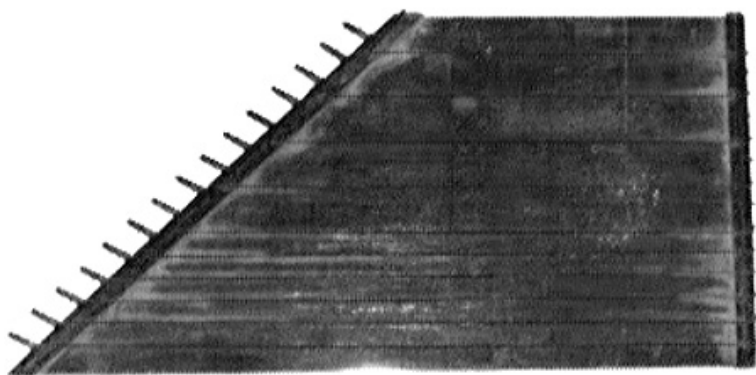
Sa bhosca seo is sa bhosca sin
Samhlaím guthanna.
Is dóigh go dtagann siad
Ó na ceithre ghaoth,
As Meiriceá Theas is an Mol Thuaidh.
Blas aisteach ar an mórchuid,
Agus iad go léir in ann clóscríobh.
Cloisim leo agus troidim leo,
Tuairimí go leor acu,
Mo chairde teibí.

Foghlaim nathanna
Sa chanúint seo is sa chanúint sin;
Cumasc bláthach dualach atá againn.
Duine flaithiúil is duine gortach
Ag conspóid faoin ngramadach;
Srian ar theanga, is fáilte roimh chách;
Comhrá gan teorainn, is ceist na síntí fada;
Gaeltacht samhailteach, díograiseoirí taibhriúla
Ag scrúdú na copaille
Ar an idirlíon.

My Imaginary Friends

In this box and that box
I imagine voices.
It seems they come
From the four winds,
From South America and the North Pole.
Most have a strange accent,
While they all can type.
I hear them, and I fight with them,
They have plenty of opinions,
My abstract friends.

I learn phrases
In this dialect and that;
It's a flowery, intertwined mix we have.
A generous person and a stingy person
Arguing about grammar;
A constrained tongue, and a welcome to all;
Limitless conversation, and the question of the *fadas*;
An imaginary Gaeltacht, imaginary enthusiasts
Studying the copula
On the internet.



“Cláirseach” ab ea le William H. Keane,
mo shinsear, ó na 1850í,
sílímíd, Contae an Chláir, Éire

My ancestor William H. Keane’s “harp,”
probably from the 1850’s,
County Clare, Ireland



Cinn ó na Clabhstraí,
Manhattan, Nua-Eabhrac

Heads from the Cloisters,
Manhattan, New York

Ó Stalla sa Leithreas Poiblí

Ó stalla sa leithreas poiblí,
Chuala mé duine ag labhairt.
Ní fheadair arbh í an Spáinnis í—
Níor thuig mé focal mar a bhí.

Aisteach an rud é gan dabht,
Comhrá ar siúl ann leis féin.
Ní fheadair an raibh ina ghealt,
Nó rud diamhair eile a fhabht.

Ag caint é le neamhneach i gcéin,
Rúndiamhair, spiaire, nó le fios,
Cúrsaí neamhshaolta i réim—
Mallachtaí *Vidú* chun péine?

Tá comhchosúlacht ann le líos
As ar tháinig torann gan choinne,
Ach níos minice inniu ná mar a bhíos,
Och! Cuir an guthán soghluaiste síos!

From a Stall in a Public Toilet

Translation by Máiréad Perron

From a stall in a public men's room,
The strangest voice I heard;
I knew it wasn't Spanish,
Because I couldn't catch a word.

A peculiar thing, without a doubt,
The talk made me suspect
The man was simply crazy,
Or had some obscure defect.

Was he just talking to no one,
A mystic, a spy or worse?
Was it some ethereal matter,
Or a painful Voodoo curse?

The noise came unexpectedly,
As if from a Fairy Mound.
It occurs so often nowadays.
Aargh! Put the cell phone down!

Cothrom an Lae

Gnáth-lá a bhí ann,
Aimsir dheas gheal.
Sílim gur imigh an traein orm—
Do bhíos cúpla nóiméad mall.
Ní raibh a fhios agam
Agus mé ag siúl chuig an bhfoirgneamh—
Cad é an deatach sin sa spéir—
Tine fhoraoise i New Jersey?
Ní dúradh dada sa tsráid.

Nuair a shroicheas mo dheasc
Insíodh dom gur bhuail eitleán
An Lár-ionad Trádála Domhanda.
An ceist a bhí againn, agus sinn
Ag smaoineamh ar ais ar an gcéad bhuama—
An sceimhlitheoireacht nó timpiste í?
Ansin an nuacht faoin dara eitleán;
Gan amhras anois agus cinnte é.
Ansin, chualamar faoin bPeinteagán—
Bhí ionsaí ar siúl orainn.
Eitleán thíos, tuairteáilte.
Gan ach na scairdeitleáin mhíleata san aer anois,
Torann agus tost aisteach.

Anniversary

Translation by Brian De Vale

It was an ordinary day,
The weather was fine and clear.
I think I missed the train
And I was a few minutes late.
I did not know
As I walked towards the building—
What is that smoke in the sky—
A forest fire in New Jersey?
Nothing was said on the street.

When I reached my desk
It was said that a plane had hit
The World Trade Center.
The question was upon us as we thought
About the first bombing—
Was it terrorism or an accident?
Then came the news of the second plane;
Without a doubt now—it was certain.
Then we heard about the Pentagon—
We were being attacked.
Airplane down, crashed.
With only the military jets in the air now,
Noise and unsettling silence.

Bhí eolas ag duine faoi radharc
Cúpla urlár thuas.
Do chuas, agus bhí sé mar scannán Godzilla.
Na créatúir bhochta!
Conas a dheiseofar an damáiste?
Sin mar a cheapas an chéad dreas.
An dara dreas, bhí túr tar éis titim.
Thar creideamh—túr teilifíseáin taobh thiar den phúir dheataigh.
An tríú dreas—ní raibh ann ach an smúit.
A Dhia! Ar tháinig mo chairde slán?

Fuair mé limisín abhaile le cúpla comhpháirtí
Agus iar-shaighdiúir Rúiseach dár dtiomáint.
Throid seisean san Afganastáin.
Bhí Rúisis ag chuile dhuine, ach mise.
Turas mall agus imní air faoina jab.
Bhí a chustaiméirí go léir i dtreis ann.
Agus na sluaite a bhí ag siúl ón Droichead Brooklyn.

Nuair a chonacas mo bhean is mo chlann
Bhí domhan nua ann.
Chrochamar suas ár mbratach.

Someone knew about a view
A few floors up.
I went, and it was like a scene from a Godzilla film.
The poor creatures!
How could this damage be repaired?
That's what I thought, the first trip up.
The second time was the tower after it fell.
It was beyond belief—the television tower behind the cloud of smoke.
The third trip up—there was nothing there but smoke.
Dear God! Did my friends get out safely?

I took a limousine home with some colleagues.
An ex-Russian soldier was driving us.
He had fought in Afghanistan.
Everyone spoke Russian but me.
It was a slow trip and he was worried about his job.
All his customers were down there.
And the dazed crowds walked over the Brooklyn Bridge.

When I got home to my wife and children,
It was a new world.
We hung out our flag.

Mo Ghile Mear

Seal go rabhas im dhalta séimh,
Anois atáim i ngrá liom fhéin,
I measc na leabhar ag lorg céim',
Ar bharr mo theang', focail ag léim.

Curfá 1:

'Sé mo léacht ar Ghile Mear,
'Sé seo mo théis ar Ghile Mear,
Ní fhuaras deontas, cáil nó céim ach
'Sé mo thráchtas mar sin fhéin.

Tar éis forainm shealbhaigh,
Tar éis réamhfhocal 'de' is 'faoi,'
Is uaireanta ar aidiachtaí,
De réir na rialacha gramadaí.

Curfá 2:

Séimhiú ar 'mo ghile mear,'
Tá séimhiú ar 'mo ghile mear,'
Ní úrú ann nó focal glan,
An dtuigeann sibh? Tá séimhiú ann!

'Bím,' 'sé sin an gnáth-láithreach,
Is cainteoidh mé faoi sin go brách,
Is leis sin iarmhír diongbháilte
Ag deireadh an fhocail, is eol do chách,

My Bright Lad

(Parody of the song, Mo Ghile Mear)

Translation by Máiréad Perron

A gentle student, once was I.
Now I am a cocky guy.
Amidst the books, the words are leaping,
On the tip of my tongue is the rule I'm seeking

Chorus 1:

It's my lecture on Ghile Mear.
It's my thesis on Ghile Mear.
I didn't get a grant, esteem or degree,
It's just a lecture done by me.

After prepositions 'de' and 'faoi',
And some possessive pronouns you'll see,
And even adjectives sometimes,
According to these rules of mine.

Chorus 2:

Aspirate Mo Ghile Mear.
Don't eclipse Mo Ghile Mear.
You'll get it right, if you lenite,
So aspirate Mo Ghile Mear.

'Bím', (I am), is the habitual tense.
I'll speak of it 'til it makes sense.
And of that steadfast suffix which shows
'T' and 'am' are joined, as everyone knows.

Curfá 2:

Séimhiú ar ‘mo ghile mear,’
Tá séimhiú ar ‘mo ghile mear,’
Ní úrú ann nó focal glan,
An dtuigeann sibh? Tá séimhiú ann!

Meallfaidh mé an duine óg,
Le Gaeilge aoibhinn shuairc, dar ndeó’,
Is tabharfaidh siad an t-airgead dhom,
Is roinnfidh mé m’eagna leo.

Curfá 3:

‘Sé mo léacht ar Ghile Mear,
‘Sé seo mo théis ar Ghile Mear,
Ní fhuaras euro, dollar fós ach
Beidh mo theagasc ar an gclár!

Curfá 4:

Séimhiú ar ‘mo ghile mear,’
Tá séimhiú ar ‘mo ghile mear,’
Ní úrú ann nó focal glan,
An dtuigeann sibh? Tá ‘ghile’ ann!

Chorus 2:

Aspirate Mo Ghile Mear.
Don't eclipse Mo Ghile Mear.
You'll get it right, if you lenite,
So aspirate Mo Ghile Mear.

I will forever enchant the young.
With the pleasant, blissful Irish tongue.
I'll share my knowledge without hesitation,
And I will get remuneration.

Chorus: 3:

It's my lecture on Ghile Mear.
It's my treatise on Ghile Mear.
I haven't got any euros or dollars,
But I'll put it on the board, for y'all to follow.

Chorus 4:

Aspirate 'mo ghile mear'.
Don't eclipse 'mo ghile mear'
Don't leave it clear, so I declare.
Get it? It is 'ghile' there.



Buabhall Meiriceánach,
Zú de Quebec, Ceanada

American Bison,
the Quebec Zoo, Canada



Na Clabhstraí, Nua-Eabhrac

The Cloisters, New York

An Cailín Deas Óg

Nach álainn í, an ghirseach,
A cuid gruaige gearr go gualainn, preabach, taitneamhach;
Nach suntasach an geansaí dá chaitheamh aici;
Agus tá sí chomh cruthach sin, an cailín deas óg,
Ansin sa bhinse teampaill romham,
Gur deacair mo shúile a choimeád uaithe.

Ach, ní foláir dom smaoineamh ar rud eile.

Is maith an rud é duine álainn a fhéachaint ar an Aifreann.
Is deacra don duine dathúil bheith go maith, déarfainn.
Féach go bhfuil sean-bhean ina teannta,
A cuid éadaigh beagán sean-nósach,
Dealramh dea-bhéasach uirthi.
An í a seanmháthair í? Ní fheadair.

De réir a chéile, tagann an deireadh.

Deir an sagart gur léigh sé an tAifreann
Ar son duine dár bparóiste
A bhíodh ag obair ag Cantor Fitzgerald,
Nach maireann.
D'fhág sé a bhean is a leanbh nua ina dhiaidh.
Agus tá a bhean is a mháthair i láthair.

The Nice Young Girl

Translation by Máiréad Perron

Isn't this a lovely girl, who's come to Church today?
I watch the sun gleam on her hair, as she kneels down to pray.
She's dressed in a pretty sweater, that flatters her beautiful hair.
She is right in the bench in front of me, I cannot help but stare.

Of course it isn't fitting that my mind should wander so.

But it is wonderful at Mass to see such a pretty face;
I think it may be harder for a beauty in this place.
There's a sweet old lady next to her, dressed in old-fashioned clothes,
She looks so kind and mannerly. Her grandmother? Who knows?

The Mass is finally at an end. It seemed to go so slow.

The Priest says he has said the Mass for a man who was trapped inside
His office at Cantor Fitzgerald; he was trapped that day and died.
"He was a proud young father, with a baby of less than a year.
He left a wife and a mother, and they're praying with us here."

Masúrca

(Семипалатинский Полигон)

Sa chóras brúidiúil Sóivéadach
Sa Chasacstáin, an Polagán
Saimípealaitínsc.

Na daoine breoite, cosmhuintir,
Mar íobartaigh don bhuama
Uilechumhachtach.

Indiúscartha de réir a ngá,
Gan urlabhra de réir a maoine,
Dá ngalú, iad, de réir a chéile,
Gan tásc orthu, gan trua fúthu.

Fánaithe fálaithé ocracha;
Feirmeacha comhchoiteanna
Turgnamhacha;

An Nua-dhuine, ceannródaí,
Na saighdeoirí adamhacha,
“Sóisialaithe.”

An talamh bán caisirníneach;
Mar arrachtaí, na leanbáin,
Mar ghlóthach roinnt gan chnámha ann—
Máchail bhroinne.

Mazurka

(Семипалатинский Полигон)

Translation by Lugh D. De Paor

In the brutal Soviet system
In Kazakhstan, the Polygon
Semipalatinsk.

The sick people, the poor people,
Like sacrifices
To the Almighty Bomb.

Disposable according to their need,
Without utterance according to their means,
They were vaporized, gradually,
Without any report, without any pity.

Hungry, fenced-in nomads;
Collective farms,
Experimental;

The New Man, a pioneer,
The atomic soldiers,
“Socialists.”

The white, wrinkled earth;
Like spectres, the little children,
Like jelly without bones in them—
Disfigurements from the womb.

Bhí Zúkhov sa tanc luaidhe
 Ag ordú is ag maoirseacht—
 Ordú-leanúnaithe.

Gan ainmneacha, scáthanna,
 ‘S na crithreacha ag damhsa leo—
 Radaighníomhaíocht.

An truailliú is mó,
 An fásach fairsing beo,
 Na huaigheanna spallta agus dúile míshocra,
 Scroblachóirí doleigheasta, an timpeallacht sin, marfach,
 Oidhreacht nimhiúil, náireach, máineachúil, truamhéalach,
 Iar-chumannach.

Ba ullamh iad chun ár mbásaithe,
 Ach maraíodh an duine bocht,
 San impireacht sin urchóideach,
 Timpeall spotaí te flúirseacha,
 Sa Chasacstáin,
 I bPolagán
 Saimípealaitínc.

Faoi na cumannaithe, cuireadh iallach ar na Kazakh, a bhíodh ina bhfánaithe, cur fúthu ar fheirmeacha comhchoiteanna, agus fuair siad bás leis an ocras. D’aon ghnó, cuireadh iad agus daoine eile i measc radaighníomhaíochta, go háirithe faoi cheannas an Mharascail Zúkhov, chun triail a dhéanamh ar fheidhmiú na n-arm núicléach. Tugtar ‘polagáin’ ar ionadaí míleata rúnda ina ndéantar triail ar airm, sa Rúis. Tá daoine ag fáil bháis fós as an radaighníomhaíocht i dtimpeallacht Pholagáin Saimípealaitínc, an ceann ba mheasa acu.

Zukhov was there in the lead tank
Ordering and supervising—
Order-followers.

Without names, shadows,
And the particles dancing with them—
Radioactivity.

The biggest contamination,
The living, abundant wasteland,
The scorched graves and the unstable elements,
Incurable scavengers, that environment, deadly,
A poisonous, shameful, maniacal, pitiful heritage,
Former-communist.

They were prepared to kill us,
But the poor man was murdered,
In that evil empire,
Around abundant hotspots,
In Kazakhstan,
In the Polygon
Semipalatinsk.

Under the communists, the nomadic Kazakhs were forced onto collective farms, where they starved. They, and others, were deliberately subjected to atomic radiation, particularly under Marshal Zuhov, to test the effects of atomic weapons. Military restricted areas, where weapons were tested, are called polygons in Russia. People are still dying from the radiation in the area of the Semipalatinsk polygon, their worst one.



Fomhuireán Núicléach,
Abhainn Connecticut

Nuclear Submarine,
the Connecticut River



Rianta Coise

Footprints

Tá Íosa im' Chroiméal

Má chreidim
(Agus creidim)
Go bhfuil Íosa ann sa chupán
I bhfírinne,
Is minic go mbíonn Íosa im' chroiméal,
Agus síos mo scornach,
I gcuma fhíona,
Measctha leis an domlas agus araile
Im' bholg.
Agus araile.

Má chreidim
(Agus creidim)
Go raibh Íosa ina dhuine daonna
I bhfírinne,
Bhíodh sé salach,
Tinn-chosach,
Tinn-tóineach,
Tochasach agus olach,
Smuga naofa ina shrón,
Is ag clúdach a chos,
Mar a deirtí.

Thuirlingíodh na cuileoga air.
Bhí mionorgánaigh ina ghoile.
Bhí sé ag cur fola.
Bhí sé oighreata faoina chuid éadaigh.

Jesus is in my Moustache

If I believe
(And I do)
That Jesus is in the cup
Truly,
It's often that Jesus is in my moustache,
And down my throat,
In the appearance of wine,
Mixed with the bile and so forth
In my stomach.
And so forth.

If I believe
(And I do)
That Jesus was a human being
Truly,
He used to be dirty,
Sore-footed,
Sore-assed,
Itchy and oily,
A holy booger in his nose,
And covering his feet,
As they used to say.

The flies used to land on him.
There were micro-organisms in his gut.
He bled.
He was chafed under his clothes.

Bhí sé fuar agus fliuch;
Leag sé a chos ar chac;
Dhó an ghrian a chraiceann;
Thuisligh sé, agus thit.
Bhí tuirse agus ocras air,
Agus bhí sé nocht.

D'airigh sé boladh an lobhair,
Agus chuir sé a lámh air;
D'ith sé i gcomhluadar na bpeacach.

Is minic go mbíonn Íosa im' chroiméal,
Mar tá Dia fós sa saol.
Bíonn sé dá ionchollú,
Riamh ón uair a ghlac a mháthair é,
Agus saolaíodh sé,
Clúdaithe le fuil
Agus a cheann brúite as a chruth.

He was cold and wet;
He stepped in shit;
The sun burned his skin;
He tripped, and fell.
He was tired and hungry,
And he was naked.

He smelled the leper's odor,
And he laid his hand upon him;
He ate in the company of sinners.

It's often that Jesus is in my moustache,
Since God is still in the world.
He is continuously incarnating,
Ever since the time his mother accepted him,
And he was born,
Covered in blood
With his head pressed out of shape.

San Antartach

Tá cúpla míle duine ina gcónaí
Ar an seachtú mór-roinn.
As cúpla dosaen tír iad,
Gaolta go ceann cúpla mí nó bliain,
Sa bháine áibhéalta iargúlta, aduaidh.

Sa mhuir ina dtimpeall, tá na billiúin neach beo—
Piongainí ina gcéadta míle máguaird, róna,
Róna móra, míolta móra go leor.
Tá bolcáin is oighear ann, iontach faoi dhó,
Agus mórtas farraige trí scór troigh in airde, nó níos mó—

Cnoic oighir dhá chéad troigh in airde,
Chomh mór le Delaware—
Gálaí uafásacha, fórsa a deich—
Oighear faoi chos le cúig chéad méadar, breis
Is ceithre chéad is fiche míle bliain de!

Bhí foraois ann, dhá chéad is seachtó milliún bliain ó shin,
Sna sléibhte Antartacha (idir míle is ceithre mhíle in airde atá a gcinn).
Tá adhmaid clochraithe is gual, as *Gondbhána*, ansin.
Ní fheiceann a leithéid ach an corrdhuine.
Agus mar an gcéanna leis na mílte dreigít thall atá bailithe againn.

Tá seachtó faoin gcéad ansin d'uisce milis uile an phláinéid,
Agus nócha faoin gcéad ansin d'oighear d'aon domhanleithead.
Ar an Mol Theas, tá an raidió-teileascóip *Vaidhper* ag éisteacht
Le rianta néil ollmhóir phlasma as chéad chúpla nóiméad
Na cruinne, thart ar trí déag billiún bliain ag teacht.

In Antarctica

There are a couple of thousand people living
On the seventh continent.
They're from a couple dozen countries,
Joined together for a few months, or years
In the vast remote whiteness, from the North.

In the sea around them, there live billions of creatures—
Penguins in their hundreds of thousands roundabout, seals,
Sea lions, plenty of whales.
There are volcanoes and ice there, double wonder,
And sea swells three score feet high, or more—

Icebergs two hundred feet high,
As big as Delaware—
Horridifying gales, force ten—
The ice under foot goes down five hundred meters, more
Than four hundred and twenty thousand years of it!

There was a forest there, two hundred and seventy million years ago,
In the mountains of Antarctica (their peaks are between one and
four miles up).
There's petrified wood and coal, from *Gondwana*, there.
Only the odd person sees such things,
And the same goes for the thousands of meteorites that we've gathered yonder.

Seventy percent of all the planet's fresh water is there,
Ninety percent of all the ice of any latitude's there, too.
At the South Pole, the radio telescope *Viper* is listening
To traces of a giant cloud of plasma from the first couple of moments
Of the universe, more than thirteen billion years coming.

Sna cianta cairbreacha, mar gheall ar dáileadh míchothrom
D'ábhar na cruinne, tharla malartuithe miona teochta,
Chomh beag mar an gcéad míliú cuid de chéim amháin.
Tá AMANDA ann, freisin, ag lorg neoidríonónna is múóin—
Naoi súil déag, míle faoin oighear, ag féachaint trí síothlán an domhain.

Agus lasmuigh, tá an t-aer míneas céad daichead céim fuar.
Na múóin ag breo, gorm, ag insint scéil, corr-ghráinníní ag léim corr-uair
I measc na mbilliún criostal sneachta agus an iliomad mion-rudaí eile;
Phléasc as croí Bhealach na Bó Finne nó poll dubh iad,
Agus anois, tá siad ag bá ár n-intinní beaga, ár gcolainneacha laga fuara.

Bímid ag comhaireamh is ag tomhas is ag seasamh go díreach cruinn,
Ag comparáid, ag déanamh iontais, gan fíor-thuiscint ar phuinn,
Ag éirigh níos críonna, táimid mar sheangáin san fholcadán fós—
ach táimid ar ár nglúine.

Dóbair go gcloistear Dia ag cogarnach i leathchluas Adaimh
romhainn, go rúnda,
“Ná cac ar na huimhreacha!”

In the times long, long ago, because of an uneven distribution
Of the matter of the universe, tiny variations in temperature happened,
As small as one one-hundred-thousandth part of a single degree.
AMANDA is there, too, looking for neutrinos and muons—
Nineteen eyes, a mile under the ice, looking through the filter of the world.

And outside, the air is minus one hundred and forty degrees cold.
The muons glow, blue, telling a story, the odd bits leaping once in a while
Amongst the billions of snow crystals and vast amounts of other
tiny things;
They exploded from the heart of the galaxy or a black hole,
And now, they are overwhelming our little minds, our weak cold bodies.

We're always counting and measuring and standing straight upright,
Comparing, wondering, without really understanding anything.
Getting wiser, we are still like ants in the bathtub—but we're on
our knees.
You can almost hear God whispering in Adam's ear before us,
mysteriously,
"All the numbers count!"

An Internationale

(Scigaitbris ar an aintiún cumannach)

Músclaígí, a amadáin na cruinne!
A dhíogha intleachta, aire dhaoibh!
Tá an tuiscint ina buabhall clúmhach,
Scátaí rothacha i measc na dtréad.
As sean-ré na leabhar faightear Ceasair—
Ál na n-ollúna, léigí!
Leabhair nach bhfeictear, ach, gheobhaimid Laidin!
An gramadach leagfar bun os cionn.

Sé'n broim mór é, a bhráithre,
Éirímis an-bhréan!
An Internationale
Snaidhm sa ghoil' don chine daonn',
Sé'n broim mór é, a bhráithre,
An boladh 'g dul i méid,
An Internationale
A bheas mar bhuinneach bhréan.

The Internationale

(Parody of the communist anthem)

Translation by Pádraig Ó Clúmháin

Awake, you fools of the universe!
You intellects of the worst kind, pay attention!
Understanding is a fuzzy buffalo,
Roller-skates among the herds.
From the old age of books is gotten Ceasair—
Litter of experts, read!
Books not seen, but, we'll get Latin!
The grammar will be laid out upside down.

Its the big fart, my brothers,
Let's get very smelly!
The Internationale
A knot in the stomach of the human race,
It's the big fart, my brothers,
The smell getting stronger,
The Internationale
Like a foul diarrhoea.

Báisín Fheidhlimí

Báisín Fheidhlimí, briseadh i dtoirmeasc,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, briseadh i dtoirmeasc,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann!

Báisín criaga, báisín salach, báisín tachta, báisín Fheidhlimí.
Báisín bídeach, báisín crua, tuile thar maoil i mbáisín Fheidhlimí!

Báisín Fheidhlimí, briseadh faoin dtoirneach,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, briseadh faoin másach,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann!

Báisín plódaithe, báisín múchta, báisín pulctha, báisín Fheidhlimí,
Báisín, babhla, báisín, bréanlach, báisín leithris, báisín Fheidhlimí!

Báisín Fheidhlimí, d'ith sé na pón'rí
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, *chile con carne*,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann!

Feilimie's Toilet

(Parody of the song, Báidín Fheidhlimí)

Translation by Máiréad Perron

Feilimie's toilet, broken by mishap,
Feilimie's toilet with Feilimie there,
Feilimie's toilet, broken by mishap,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.

Ceramic toilet, dirty toilet, narrow toilet, Feilimie's own.
Tiny toilet, very hard toilet,
Feilimie's toilet has overflowed.

Feilimie's toilet, broken by thunder,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.
Feilimie's toilet, smashed by big buttocks,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.

Crowded toilet, smothered toilet, stuffy toilet, Feilimie's own
Toilet bowl, filthy toilet, bathroom toilet, Feilimie's own.

Feilimie's toilet, he ate some beans,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.
Feilimie's toilet, *chile con carne*,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.

Báisín Fheidhlimí, i smidiríní,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, báite i bhfochall,
Báisín Fheidhlimí, is Feidhlimí ann!

(ag dul in ísle)

Boidín bídeach, boidín náireach, boidín suarach, boidín Fheidhlimí,
Boidín dearóil, boidín greannmhar, boidín Fheidhlimí, chualamar faoi . . .

Feilimie's toilet, in smithereens,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.
Feilimie's toilet, drowning in feculence,
Feilimie's toilet, with Feilimie there.

(getting softer)

Petite little pee-pee, embarrassing pee-pee, paltry pee-pee, just
didn't grow.

Feeble pee-pee, laughable pee-pee, Feilimie's pee-pee, now we all know.

Níl sé ina Láimh

Curfá:

Níl 'na láimh, tá 'na láimh,
Níl 'na láimh, ach in a phóca,
Tá 'na láimh, mo mhíle crá,
Níl an ciarsúr, ach amháin an smuga.

Bhí cigilt ann, istigh a shrón,
Is é ag cur síos ar an domhan;
Dhein sé smugaíl, ach och ochón,
Lig sé leis, sraoth as a ghaosán.

(Curfá)

Do dhein sé iarracht inár measc
An easpa ceirte a choimeád uainne,
Ach bhí sé righin, is bhí sé glas,
Is chuir sé déistin ar chuile dhuine.

(Curfá)

Sháigh sé a lámh, is ronna air,
Is d'iarr sé cúnamh ón bhfreastalaí,
Ní raibh le tabhairt, don duine cóir,
Ach rud amháin, sin ceirt an bharra

(Curfá)

It's Not in His Hand

(Parody of the song, Níl 'na Lá)

Translation by Máiréad Perron

Chorus:

It's not in his hand, it's in his hand,
It's not in his hand, but in his pocket.
It's in his hand, disgusting man,
It's not a hanky, it's snot in his hand.

It was tickling him, inside his snout,
While he was acting as a speaker.
He gave a snort, and let it out,
It was a sneeze from out his beaker.

(Chorus)

He tried for help from those who'd seen,
But no one had a rag or scarf.
Oh, it was tough, and it was green,
And everybody had to barf.

(Chorus)

The booger stuck right in his hand,
He asked for help from all attending.
He was rebuffed, this righteous man,
For no one had a rag for lending.

(Chorus)

Leanbaíocht na Seanaoise

Ag súimíneacht líomanáide
As gloiní galánta i seomraín néata,
Dar léi, bhí tralaí ag dul thart,
Sinne i siopa reoiteoige i mBrooklyn.

Is lena hathair an siopa
(Fear an-ard atá sé).
Cúis bhróid di—cad ab fhearr
Do chailín óg, do pháiste scoile?

Comhrá sámh, ag ligean ár scíth,
Aideléad is mise, is Emily;
Trí ghlúin le chéile
In áit nach féidir linn bheith,

San am a chuaigh thart,
Faoin tuath, chomh dlúth
In achar mar in aimsir,
Maraon, sinn cairde dile.

Ní rabhas riamh ann roimhe,
Agus táim buíoch di as an turas;
Ní raibh fiú cúig *cent* mar chostas
De dhíth chun taistil go saol caillte.

The Childishness of Old Age (Senility)

Sipping lemonade
From pretty glasses, in a neat little room,
According to her, there was a trolley going by,
We in an ice-cream shop in Brooklyn.

Her father owns the shop
(He's a very tall man).
A source of pride for her—what could be better
For a young girl, for a school kid?

A comfortable conversation, we relaxing,
Adelaide and me, and Emily;
Three generations together
In a place we cannot be,

In the time gone by,
In the countryside, as close together
In distance as in season,
Together, we dear friends.

I was never there before,
And I'm grateful to her for the trip;
It didn't even cost five cents
To travel to a lost world.

Scéalta Seanmhná

Ag an tórramh,
Ag déanamh comhbhróin,
Bhí sean-chara mo mháthar.
Scéalta a d'inis sí dom
Faoi *Sound Beach*,
Áit mar ar chaith siad sealanna
Ag campáil sa samhradh
Timpeall seachtó bliain ó shin.
Chuir sí feoil ar chnámha mo sheanathar dom;
Chuala mé é ag gáire ansin,
Cé nach cuimhin liom é ar talamh.

Thaispeáin sí grianghraf dom,
Beirt ghearrchaile agus b'ionann
Na cultacha snámha a bhí siad ag caitheamh.
Cúis phléisiúir don bheirt iníon,
An tseanbhean seo is mo mháthairse,
Daoine eile ar fad, ach an nóiméad
Fós beo, ón lá siúd fadó.

An Old Woman's Stories

At the wake,
Sympathizing,
Was an old friend of my mother's.
She told me stories
About Sound Beach,
A place they sometimes went
Camping in the Summer
About seventy years ago.
She put flesh on the bones of my grandfather for me;
I heard him laugh there,
Though I have no memory of him in this world.

She showed me a photograph,
Two little girls, and they had the same
Bathing suits on.
A cause of pleasure to the two daughters,
This old woman and my mother,
Other people altogether, but the moment
Still alive, from that day long ago.

Do Shéamus De Bláca

“Céad míle fáilte romhaibh arís”

Gach maidin Sathairn a deir sé;

Clár raidió stáisiúin phoiblí,

Sin é, WFUV.

Gan teip, go moch ar maidin ann,

Ag soláthar na Gaeilge dúinn,

Lán de fhuinneamh, spraoi is ghreann;

Séamas De Bláca, ‘sé ár rún.

Cathair Nua-Eabhrac, thuas sa Bhroncs,

‘s Ollscoil Fordham a chraoltar as;

Beathú beomhar, tugtar le splanc,

Siamsa sásúil, a bhíonn dár leas.

Bímid ag foghlaim na Gaeilge

As ábhar a roinneann sé linn;

‘Sean is an nua le chéile,

Ceol traidisiúnta, is Cajun.

Buntús Cainte, cúrsaí reatha,

Ábhar scoile, ábharachas,

‘Bualadh craicinn, “‘Sé do Bheatha,”

Mórtas cine, dinnseanchas.

Gaeilge líofa, tosaitheoirí,

Nuala Naofa, Cathal Saolta,

Rosenstock is Alan Titley,

Altan, Clannad, is an Réalta.

For Seamus Blake

“A hundred thousand welcomes to you all again”
Every Saturday morning, he says;
A public radio station program,
That is, WFUV.

Without fail, there early in the morning,
Providing the Irish for us,
Full of energy, fun and humor;
Seamus Blake, he’s our secret treasure.

New York City, up in the Bronx,
Broadcasting from Fordham University;
Lively nourishment, given with sparkle,
Satisfying entertainment, always for our good.

We are always learning Irish
From the stuff he shares with us;
The old and new together,
Traditional music, and Cajun.

Buntús Cainte, current events,
School material, materialism,
Sexy stuff, the Hail Mary,
Irish pride, place lore.

Fluent Irish, beginners,
Holy Nuala, Worldly Cathal,
Rosenstock and Alan Titley,
Altan, Clannad, and the *Réalta*.

Le micreafón is innealtóir,
Barra dil is cúpla cara,
Fós níos minice gan chabhair,
‘S an glór binn Mary O’Hara.

Ó, nár lagaí Dia do lámh,
A laoi ch na Gaeilge, uasal, groí!
Seachas inár gcodladh sámh,
Bímid ag éisteacht leis an rí.

Ní bheidh a leithéid ann arís,
Is braithimid ar inspioráid
Nach bhfaighimid ón teilifís—
Go raibh sé ar an aer go brách!

Gealltar airgead don stáisiún,
Seasca cúig nó caoga dollar—
Tá na baill ar fud an náisiúin—
Gan an clár, cosúil le galar!

Uair an tseachtain ag “tiúnáil in,”
Gan bhréag, gan dabht, táimid dílis—
‘Sé an smaoineamh inár n-intinn,
Céad míle fáilte romhatsa arís!

With a microphone and engineer,
Dear Barra and a couple of friends,
Yet more often without help,
And the sweet voice of Mary O'Hara.

Oh, may God preserve your strength,
O Hero of the Irish language, noble, vigorous!
Instead of being sound asleep,
We listen to the king.

His like won't come again,
And we depend on inspiration
That we don't get from television—
May he be on the air forever!

Money is pledged to the station,
Seventy-five or fifty dollars—
The members are all over the nation—
To be without the program, that's like having a disease!

Once a week, tuning in,
No lie, no doubt, we're faithful—
It is the thought in our minds,
A hundred thousand welcomes to *you* again!

Tráth sa Subway, in Nua-Éabhrac

Bhrisfeadh sé do chroí,
A ghuth ag crith
Agus é ag insint a scéil
Os ard
Os ár gcomhar,

Scéal mar thromluí,
Inste go leanbaí.
Aréir, bhí sé i mbaol
A bháis
Don chéad uair riamh.

Sa dídean poiblí
Níl sé sábháilte—
Goidtear uait
Gan srian
‘Gus buailtear ort.

“Níl ‘fhios agam cad a dhéanfainn;
Níl ‘fhios agam cad a dhéanfaidh mé;
Ochón, dá mbeadh beagán airgid agam—
Och, cabhraígí liom, más é bhur dtoil é,
Más é bhur dtoil é, ar son an tSlánaitheora,
Cabhraígí liom—
Níl aon dul as eile agam,
Níl aon dul as agam! Tá eagla orm;
Tá eagla an domhain orm!”

Once in the Subway, in New York

It would break your heart,
His voice trembling
As he told his story
Out loud
Before us,

A story like a nightmare,
Told like a child would.
Last night, he was in danger
Of death
For the first time ever.

In the public shelter
It was not safe—
You're robbed
Without restraint
And you're beaten.

"I don't know what I should do;
I don't know what I should do;
Oh, if I only had a little money—
Oh, help me, please,
Please, for God's sake,
Help me—
I have no other way out,
I have no way out! I'm scared;
I'm really, really scared!"

Bhíomar go léir faoina dhraíocht,
Ag dul chun cinn
Ag déanamh comhbhróin
Leis an bhfear óg
Ar an traein.

Mar gheall ar an mbochtaineacht,
Gan cabhair ar bith,
Úr sa chathair, mar uan,
'Gus an-eagla air,
Ag iarraidh deirce.

Ach bhí an scéal céanna aige
An lá roimhe sin.
Nuair a dúirt mé é,
D'imigh leis go carr eile
Le preab
Agus fíor-eagla air.

We were all under his spell,
Going forward
Sympathizing
With the young man
On the train.

Because of poverty,
With no help at all,
New in the city, like a lamb,
And afraid,
Looking for charity.

But he had the same story
The day before that.
When I said so,
He left for another car
With a start,
Really afraid.



Lár-ionad Trádála Domhanda

The World Trade Center



Cinn ó na Clabhstraí,
Nua-Eabhrac, Nua-Eabhrac

Heads from the Cloisters,
New York, New York

Fóibe

Tabhair dom an ailse,
An chnámh bhriste,
Rud is féidir liom feiscint
Agus a phian a fhulaingt,
In ionad meabhairghalair:

Deamhan cliste dofheicthe
Ag goid is ag gadaíocht is ag scrios,
Gan chiall, gan fáth, gan leigheas,
Fear na gcrúb thuas staighre
Is aghaidh fidil dubh ar an radharc.

Tabhair dom cogaí agus plá,
An Tuile nó an tine,
Seachas cailliúint duine,
Rud ar féidir liom troid i gcoinne,
An comhrac cothrom.

Cá dtéann an anam?
Cad is cúis leis an mire?
Cé scaoileann an greim, an téad
Idir an tsíoraíocht is an ghealt?
An duine le Dia é?

Phobia

Give me cancer,
The broken bone,
Something that I might see,
And endure its pain,
Instead of a mental illness:

A clever invisible demon
Robbing, stealing, destroying,
Senseless, purposeless, incurable,
The devil upstairs
And a black mask on the scene.

Give me wars and plague,
The Flood, or the fire,
Instead of losing a person,
Something I might fight against,
A fair contest.

Where does the soul go?
What causes madness?
Who loosens the grip, the tether
Between eternity and the madman?
Is he touched—by God?

Ní nach ionadh gur dhíbir ár dTiarna
Ainspridí, Léigiún,
Agus rinne Sé an duine, gan a dhiabhail, ciúin;
Sin cumhacht na sóchána;
Sin mar a ghuím Air,

Ar eagla na heagla.
Cé acu is measa?
An galar, nó an faitíos faoi?
Ní fheadair nach bhfuil ach
An urnaí agus an troscadh de dhíth.

It's no wonder that our Lord drove out
Evil spirits, Legion,
And He made the fellow, without his devils, quiet;
That's the power of peace;
That's what I pray to Him for,

Just in case.
Which is worse?
The disease, or the fear of it?
Who knows? Maybe it's just
That prayer and fasting are needed.

A Chroí

An croí a bhuaileann scéal faoi chláir urláir;
An croí a bhí i láimh an tsagairt Aztec;
Croí a phléasc roimh tuile Nóë—

Ceasair gan a fear geal Fionntán,
Gan a bráthair Ladhra;
Ceasair gan a hathair Bith,
Ach d'fhág sí scéal ar cuma éigin,
Daichead lá ann roimh an Díle.

Dhoirt ár nDia fuil na spéire;
Cuisle fós san ártach saolta.

Croíthe calma, croíthe meata,
Croíthe pollta leis na saighde,
Croí is ea an tuar beatha, cinnte, rúnda, ceolmhar;
Croí sa bhroinn faoi cheilt, i bhfolach,
Croí faoi cheann trí seachtaine á thosnú,
Pumpa láidir, feidhmiúil fial;
Croíúil é an fáilte roimhe,
Ach ró-mhinic, caite leis an gcorp sa bhruscar.

Croí le teocht i mbrollach Philib Naofa,
Fuinneamh fiúntach, flaithiúil, feasach;
“Cathain ‘dhéanfaimid an mhaitheas?”
Tóg an chloch amach den bhrollach,
Tabhair an nua feolmhar dúinne;
Croí amháin is spiorad ionainn.
Tinnis chroí a thagann orainn;
Lia uainn agus againn.

Dear Heart

Translation by Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh

The heart which beats beneath the wooden floor;
The heart held high in hands of Aztec priests;
The heart which burst before the flood of Noë—

Ceasair without her man the bright Fionntán,
Without her brother Ladhra;
Ceasair without her father Bith,
Who left her tale in some mysterious way,
Despite the Flood a month after she came.

Our God spilt the blood of the sky;
A pulse yet in the worldly vessel.

Brave hearts, cowardly hearts,
Hearts pierced by arrows,
A heart is the prophecy of life, certain, secret, musical;
A heart hidden in the breast, concealed,
A heart at the end of three weeks being started,
A strong pump, effective, generous;
Hearty is the welcome it receives,
But too often, thrown out with the corpse into the garbage.

A heart with warmth in the breast of Holy Philip,
Worthy force, generous, knowledgeable;
“When will we do good?”
Take the stone out of the breast,
Give the fleshy new one to us;
Only one heart and spirit in us.
Sicknesses of heart which come over us;
We want a physician and have one.

Croí a d'iompaigh sé, an Dochtúir Barnard,
Bronntanas do dhuine eile éigin,
Bíog ann fós d'ainneoin a ghearrtha,
Lá ar lá gach nóiméad maoinéach.
Croí ó dhuine eile marbh;
Croí nach fiúntach, vásta baolach.

Dhoirt sé fuil is uisce, croí ár dTiarna.
Chonaic Eoin é, is a mháthair,
Saighdeoir ann ag sá a lansa;
Briste, croí na máthar naofa,
Bhuail sé fós, lá deastógála.

Croí istigh is leis an sagart;
Deir sé "Tóg do chroí in airde."
Críost ár solas, Críost ár mbeatha,
Gile dúinn inár gcroíthe,
Corplár duine, comhar súile.

Matán gnóthach, rithim rialta,
Balbh, glórach, ceann an duine;
Níl aon intinn gan chomhoibriú
Leis an nádúr fuilteach preabach.

Lá le teacht gan choinne roimhe,
Gan aon tuiscint, gan aon leigheas;
Croí na ceiste, áit ár gciste;
Stór ár gcroíthe thuas sna Flaitheis,
Slánaitheoir, is fíor na croise,
Nó an bhfuilimid ró-chliste?

Croí, sceithire, íobairt, foinse,
Nearth don leanbh is don chríonán,
Foras daonnachta, soghonta,
Croí ceanndána, croí neamhchinnte,
Croí a stadfaidh lá go tobann—
Ait an ciúnas sin don anam.

A heart which he turned over, that Doctor Barnard,
A gift for someone else,
A peep in it still despite its cutting,
Day by day each precious minute.
A heart from another, dead;
A heart without value, a dangerous waste.

It spilled blood and water, the heart of our Lord.
John saw it, and His mother,
A soldier there thrusting his lance;
Broken, the heart of the holy mother,
It still beat on the Day of the Assumption.

A heart inside and belonging to the priest;
He says "Lift up your heart."
Christ our light, Christ our life,
Brightness for us in our hearts,
The very center of a person, a partnership of hope.

A busy muscle, a regular rhythm,
Mute, loud, the head of the person;
There is no mind without cooperation
With its bloody twitching nature.

A day will come without expectation,
Without any understanding, without any remedy;
The heart of the question, the place of our treasury;
The treasure of our hearts above in Paradise,
Savior, and Sign of the Cross,
Or are we far too clever?

Heart, telltale, sacrifice, source,
Strength to the child and to the aged,
A foundation of humanity, easily wounded,
A stubborn heart, an uncertain heart,
A heart which will stop one day suddenly—
Strange that quiet for the soul.

Fáilte Roimh na Foghlaimoirí

Tá an dán seo éasca;
Níl aon fhocal mór ann.
Cuir an foclóir uait—
Tá an dán seo éasca.

Léigh tú an chéad rann de,
Fós anois an dara
Ceann, agus faoi dheireadh
Tuigeann tú an file.

Ceachtanna le foghlaim
Cúpla uair sa tseachtain,
Is de réir a chéile
Beidh an Ghaeilge agat.

Tá an dán seo éasca;
Níl gach uile mar seo.
Tá cleachtadh de dhíth ort
As seo go Lá an Bhrátha.

A Welcome for the Beginners

This poem is easy;
There are no big words in it.
Put down the dictionary—
This poem is easy.

You've read its first stanza,
And now the second
One, and finally
You understand the poet.

Lessons to learn
A couple of hours a week,
And little by little
You will know Irish.

This poem is easy;
They're not all like this.
You need practice
From now until Judgement Day.

Junior

Chelydra serpentina

Ba é *Junior* an turtar sclafa ba mhó
dá bhfaca tú riamh.
Bhí sé ina chónaí faoi uisce marbhánta
i gCuan Fíoruisce Fuar.
Tráth dá raibh, d'fhuadaigh daoine óga é
ar feadh cúpla lá.
Bhí sé an-sean, agus cé go bhfuarthas thar n-ais é,
Bhí an strus ró-mhór dó.
Chuaigh sé i léig go tapaidh
as an am sin amach.
Fuair sé bás, agus níor chualathas faoi
go dtí go gcuireadh romhainn arís é,
pulctha.

Junior

Chelydra serpentina

Junior was the biggest snapping turtle
that you ever did see.
He lived under stagnant water
in Cold Spring Harbor.
Once upon a time, young people kidnapped him
for a few days.
He was very old, and although they got him back,
the stress was too much for him.
He deteriorated rapidly
from that time forward.
He died, and nothing was heard about him
until he was placed before us again,
stuffed.

Cúinne na gCancrán

I gcóngar coláistí is comhlachtaí,
I gceantar cúng comaitéirí,
‘Sé ‘n áit mar a bhfuil Cúinne na gCancrán;

Cosúil le corcáin chraiceáilte iad,
Ag cur amach le cibé gealtachas,
Idir chonfadh contráilte is chráifeacht na gcuach;

Cuma na culaithe éadaí á gclúdach,
Cráiniam gach cloiginn mar chasca
Lán de cheachtanna bunoscionn;

Gan cuimhneamh cúramach cuimsitheach,
Ach cúisimh chrua cheartaiseacha ag cur isteach
Ar chúpla ciúin agus iad ag tabhairt amach *An Túr Faire*;

Deisceabail chiníochas Louis Farrakháin
Ag béicíl faoi cheann dá nuachtáin
Agus ag cur síos ar chúrsaí na cruinne;

Constaicí ar an gcosán iad,
Os comhair bhealach isteach an *subway*;
Cloisim iad ag craobhscaoileadh;

Cúlaim uathu, ag éisteacht go príobháideach le clár coimeádach;
Cinnté, ‘sé an chearn nach gcasann siad,
Cúinne na gCancrán.

Crackpot Corner

Near by to colleges and companies,
In a congested commercial district,
That's where Crackpot Corner is;

The cranks are like cracked pots,
Spewing out any old lunacy,
Both ill-tempered contrariness, and the faith of cuckoos;

The look of a suit covering them,
The cranium of each skull like a cask
Full of topsy-turvy lessons;

With no careful, comprehensive memory,
But rather, harsh, self-righteous accusations, annoying
The quiet couple, as they give out *The Watchtower*;

Disciples of the racism of Louis Farrakhan
Yelling about one of their newspapers,
And going on about world affairs;

They are obstacles on the sidewalk,
In front of the subway entrance;
I hear them broadcasting;

I back away from them, listening privately to a conservative program;
Surely, they'd never take that turn,
Crackpot Corner.

Trí Fladhcuí

I

Comharsanacht saibhir;
Airím boladh uafásach—
Bruscar na ndaoine.

II

Líne seacht siolla,
Líne cúig shiolla leis;
Suim: seacht siolla dhéag.

III

Capall folaíochta
Ag tarraingt cóiste uasail;
Carn caca sa tsráid.

Three Haiku

I

A rich neighborhood;
I smell something terrible—
The people's garbage.

II

Seven syllables,
Five syllable line also;
Total: seventeen.

III

A thoroughbred horse
Pulling a nobleman's coach;
Horse shit in the street.

An Túrchráein dá Tógáil Féin

C ábla, ulóg, cearchaillí fada, an jib, géag oibre, fráma, cnámha
R
Ú
C
A

Cab an oibreora,

Daoine beaga,

Inneall mór,

Spól cáblaí,

An t-aonad

Maighdeoin

An t-ardán,

Fás aon oíche

Na céadta troigh,

Ag dul in airde,

M e a l l t a í

D r a í o c h t a

Is túr mór é,

Teann téagartha,

Laitís chruach

Na dtriantán ,

Gan faitíos

Ag obair ann ,

Dréimí ard,

Suas an lár de,

Ag féin-fhás,

Mórán fáiscíní,

Brú na seimidí

Hiodrálacha ,

Le creatlach

Dhreapadóireachta

Ina seasaimh

Dá hardú féin;

Crann mhiotail,

Ancaire-bholtaí,

Bonn stroighne,

Slán sábháilte.

Géag an Innill,
(Na tromáin
Chothromaíochta)
An-mhóra

(Cara soghluaiste!)

The Tower Crane Building Itself

	Operator's cab,	
	Little people,	
	Big motor,	Machinery arm,
	Spool of cable,	(The weights for)
	The slewing	Counterbalance,
H olding, pulley, long girders, the jib, working arm, frame, bones	Unit (the pivot),	Real big.
O	The platform,	
O	A mushroom	
K		
	Hundreds of feet,	
	Going up,	
	M a g i c a l	
	Allurements	
	It's a big tower,	
	Strong and tough,	
	A steel lattice	
	Of triangles ,	
	Without worry	
	Working there ,	
	High ladders,	
	Up its middle,	
	Self-growing,	
	Many fasteners,	
	The push of the	
	Hydraulic rams ,	
	A climbing	
	Frame outside,	
	Standing up,	
	Raising itself;	
	A metal tree,	
	Anchor bolts,	
	A cement base,	
(Mobile friend!)	Safe and sound.	



Túrchráin, Lár-ionad
MetroTech, Brooklyn

Tower Crane,
MetroTech Center, Brooklyn



Crainn Tógála, Lár-ionad
MetroTech, Brooklyn

Cranes,
MetroTech Center, Brooklyn

An Túrchráein dá hÍsliú Féin

Tóg d'easnacha amach as do chliabh,
Cnámh ar chnámh,
Agus cuir siad ar an urlár.
Sin mar a dhéantar díom.

Tá an jab curtha i gcríoch;
Níl ann ach na seangáin
Ag déanamh maisiúcháin;
Tá an fathach faoi dhraíocht.

Táim ag leá! Táim ag leá!
Cosúil le Cailleach Mhallaithe an Iarthair;
Ní bheidh tásc ná tuairisc orm,
I ndeireadh na dála.

Sin uile—táim ag dul abhaile,
Ag tnúth leis an aiséirí
Ar lá a ath-chuirfear mo chodanna le chéile.
Ní dóigh liom go mbeidh siad san ord céanna.

The Tower Crane Taking Itself Down

Take your ribs out of your side,
Bone by bone,
And put them on the floor.
That's what they do to me.

The job is finished;
There's nothing but the ants
Making decorations;
The giant is enchanted.

I'm melting! I'm melting!
Like the Wicked Witch of the West;
No one will ever hear of me again,
When all is said and done.

That's all—I'm going home,
Looking forward to the resurrection
On the day they put my pieces back together.
It doesn't seem to me that they will be in the same order.

Ghlac Mé a Lámh

Ghlac mé a lámh,
Crúb crua, mar chnámh,
Cranrach, taithí aige
Ar an sclábhaíocht.

Tostach, duairc,
Neamhshuntasach mar dhuine;
Ní raibh a fhios agam cad a rinne.

Cuimhne thadhlach,
Fear marfach;
Ina dhéagóir
Phulc sé bosca
Le corpán,
Le girseach.

I Shook His Hand

I shook his hand,
A hard claw, like a bone,
Calloused,
Accustomed to hard labor.

Silent, gloomy,
An unremarkable person;
I didn't know
What he had done.

A tactile memory,
A deadly man;
In his youth
He had been a killer.

Cad as Leanaí Nua?

Cad as leanaí nua?
An bhfaightear faoi chlocha iad?
Níl, ná é.
Tá foirgnimh mhóra ann;
Téann daoine áirithe isteach
Agus ní thagann siad amach.
Bíonn cuairt le tabhairt
Ag teaghlaigh na n-easlán
Lá i ndiaidh lae
Ó i bhfad is i gcéin.
Bíonn daoine laga i gcathaoireacha rotha
Ag tnúth leis an aer úr
Is teocht na gréine.
Daoine óga gan dóchas,
Daoine aosta uaigneacha,
Corrdhuine ag caitheamh meangadh gáire neirbhíseach
Ag fanacht le carr.
Daoine ag dul in olcas
Agus daoine ag dul i bhfeabhas,
Daoine gan tuiscint gan urlabhra,
Daoine dubhacha ina seasamh
Le hais a leapacha.

Where do Babies Come From?

Where do babies come from?
Are they found under rocks?
Nope, that ain't it.
There are big buildings;
Certain people go inside
And they don't come out.
There's always a visit to make
For the sick people's families,
Day after day
From far away.
Weak people are in their wheelchairs
Looking forward to fresh air
And the warmth of the sun.
Young people without hope,
Lonely old people,
The odd person wearing a nervous smile
Waiting for a car.
People getting worse
And people getting better,
People unconscious and mute,
Melancholy people standing
Next to their beds.

Dochtúirí agus altraí,
Póirtéirí agus freastalaithe,
Torann i gcónaí sa halla,
Agus na ceithre bhalla.
Agus cuairteoirí ag dul abhaile
Go déanach san oíche
Uaireanta
A fheiceann máthair nua
Is a leanbh bídeach
Ag imeacht ar shaol nua.
Sin as a dtagann leanaí nua.

Doctors and nurses,
Porters and attendants,
Constant noise in the hall,
And the four walls.
And visitors going home
Late in the night
Sometimes
Who see a new mother
And her little bitty baby
Going off on a new life.
That's where babies come from.

Dréimire Iacóib

A Aingil Dé, imigh uaim!
Suas an dréimire leat!
Tá an talamh cruu, mar an croí seo agam.

Tá an chloch seo fuar,
Agus mé i mo luí uirthi,
Leagtha is lag, ag éisteacht le fuaim,

Le bualadh mo chroí-se
Nach ndéanaim de mo dheoin féin.
A Thiarna na Trócaire, tá an t-uaigneas istigh orm.

Fáilte romhat, a Theachtaire Dé!
Tabhair dom sólás, gabh i leith!
Lonraigh sa dorchadas, nocht dom d'fhoirm!

Fan le m' thaobh-sa, i bhFásach na Físe!
Fánach mo smaointe, amhrasach,
Anocht, faoi na réaltaí.

Nílim fiúntach, más fíor tú;
Dúnaim mo shúile, dorchu m'intinn.
Suas arís leat! Níl mé réidh romhatsa.

Jacob's Ladder

Angel of God, leave me!
Get up the ladder!
The ground is hard, like this heart of mine.

This stone is cold,
As I lie upon it,
Knocked down and weak, listening to the sound,

To the beat of my heart
Which I don't make according to my own will.
God of mercy, I am lonely inside.

You are welcome, Angel of God!
Give me solace, come to me!
Shine in the darkness, reveal your form to me!

Stay by my side, in the Desert of Vision!
My thoughts wander, doubtful,
Tonight, under the stars.

I'm not worthy, if you are real;
I close my eyes, dark my mind.
Up again with you! I'm not prepared for you.

Fuacht na hoíche ag cur isteach orm,
Fearg is féinmheas, ag éirigh mí-fhoighneach—
Cá bhfuil tú anois?!

Diaidh ar ndiaidh, thall is abhus,
Ní féidir liom dúiseacht,
Im' chodladh gan sos.

Ansiúd ina sheasamh i bhfad uaim is ag fanacht liom,
Trácht eadrainn feasta, suas is anuas—
A Dhia m'aithreacha, táim ullamh chun coraíochta.

The night's cold bothers me,
Anger and self-regard, getting impatient—
Where are you now?!

Little by little, here and there,
I can't wake up,
Sleeping without rest.

Standing over yonder far from me, and waiting for me,
Traffic between us from now on, up and down—
God of my fathers, I'm ready for wrestling.

Bliain i Do Dhiaidh

Tá bliain i do dhiaidh thart;
Ní mór an faoiseamh ar an uaigneas dom.
Níl lá ann nach machnaím ort,
Nach sínim siar ar bhóthar beag na smaointe.

Sílim, na deora a bhí orm,
Sílim go bhfuil siad thart.
Ach tagann tocht orm uaireanta im' scornach,
Ag féachaint mar a bhfuil tú, ar an tsíoraíocht.

Boladh bia, cóta sa chlóiséad,
Pictiúir agus mion-rudaí eile,
Ceisteanna gan freagraí, sin iad
A bhíonn ina rianta, do ghlór mar a chuala

An uair nach raibh mé chomh faireach,
Nuair a bhí mé ró-ghnóthach, fachailí
Ar mo shúile, gan chiall, mí-fhoighneach.
Toradh do bheatha i gcónaí im' thimpeall,

Ach amháin tusa, atá ar shlí na fírinne,
Sa todhchaí dom, níos beo san am atá caite ná riamh,
Beo fós i gceartlár mo chroíse is m'intinne,
A bhíonn lán d'éagmhais i do dhiaidh.

A Year Since You've Gone

It's a year since you've gone;
There is not much relief for my loneliness.
There is no day that I do not think about you,
That I don't stray back on the paths of memory.

I think, the tears I had shed,
I think they are over.
But I choke up sometimes,
Observing that you are in eternity.

A smell of food, a coat in the closet,
Pictures and other little things,
Questions without answers, those
Are the traces, your voice as I heard it

When I didn't pay attention,
When I was too busy, scales
On my eyes, without sense, impatient.
The result of your life always around me,

But not you, being on the path of truth,
In the future for me, more alive in the past than ever,
Still alive in the depths of my heart and mind,
Which are always full of emptiness for you.

Is Minic Nach mBíonn Gnaoi ag Daoine ar an bhFírinne

Is minic nach mbíonn gnaoi
Ag daoine ar an bhfírinne;
Bíonn gach rud ar tuathal acu,
Agus is mó uair a bhíonn siad sásta leis.
“Cad is fírinne ann?” a dúirt Píoláid;
Tá sé ar nós cuma liom acu,
An domhan mór.

Mar íomhá Dé, deir duine é,
Agus tá sé ann; ach níl sé ann
Ach le seal. Le croitheadh guaillí,
Iompaíonn an chruinne;
Cuirtear an bhreith cheart ar fionraí
Go deo na ndíleann.

Is minic nach mian le daoine
Guí ar an bhfírinne;
Bíonn a ndrúmaí á mbualadh acu,
Agus is ceol é sin gan fonn leis.
Cad is brí de, cad ‘tá faoi bhráid?
Níl ann ach fothram agus
Tormán bán.

Often People Don't Care Much for Truth

The truth is often
Not very popular;
People get everything ass-backwards;
And for the most part, they're OK with that.
"What is Truth?" said Pilate.
They don't care,
The wide world.

Like the image of God, a person says it,
And it exists; but it only exists
For a while. With a shrug,
The world changes;
The correct judgment is put off
Till the end of time.

People don't often
Pray for the truth;
They beat their drums,
And most of that is unmusical, undesired.
What does it mean, what have we here?
It's just clatter,
White noise.

Ag Tabhairt Fola

Ar dtús, cuirtear ceisteanna ort
De ghná a chuirfeadh fearg ort;
Ansin, priocadh damanta na méire,
Agus “Cuir an rud seo faoi do theanga.”

“Lig do scíth, bí i do luí;”
Leatar an mustard, agus guím
Nach mothóidh mé an tsnáthaid;
Ligim uaim, braon ar bhraon amuigh.

Ní bhreathnaím air. Fáiscim mo ghreim
Go díreach mar a insíodh dhom.
Scaoileann duine mé; is duine deas í.
Agus anois an chuid is fearr—na briosaí!

Giving Blood

First, they ask you questions,
Which would usually get you mad;
Then, that damn finger prick,
And “Put this thing under your tongue.”

“Relax, lie down;”
The mustard is spread, and I pray
That I won’t feel the needle;
I relinquish, drop after drop outside.

I don’t look at it. I squeeze my grip
Just like they told me to.
Someone lets me loose; she’s nice.
And now the best part—the cookies!

An Pápa Deireanach

Molann an obair an fear.
Ar scáth an phápa a mhair
Íosánaigh sa Rúis, fuílleach.
“Pápa Píús Deireanach”
‘Sin a thugtaí ar an bhfear.

Thaosc sé riasca timpeall
Stát Vatacáin torthúil;
Leasaíodh stór ealaíne
Faoin bhfear cóir cneasta críonna
Ar Chathaoir Pheadair Aspail.

An Eoraip dulta thar críoch,
I Meiriceá bunaíodh
A gcéad dheoise, Baltimore.
Searbhónta dílis go leor,
Gan meas air, mar a bhíodh.

Ainmhian aintiarnaí,
Réabhlóidithe, gilitín;
Aois Soilsithe, fuilteach;
Aois Réasúin; Aois Amaideach;
Níos measa, ach mar gach aois.

The Last Pope

A man is praised by his work.
Under the protection of the Pope lived
Jesuits in Russia, a remnant.
“Pope Pius the Last”
That’s what they called the man.

He drained marshes around
The fertile Vatican states;
The treasure of art was improved
Under this upright, honest, wise man
On the chair of the apostle Peter.

Europe gone over the line,
In America was founded
Their first diocese, Baltimore.
A plenty loyal servant,
There wasn’t the respect for him, like it used to be.

Evil despots’ evil desire,
Revolutionaries, *guillotine*;
The Age of Enlightenment, bloody;
The Age of Reason; The Age of Folly;
Worse, but like every age.

Ní fheictí ach duine lag;
Dhéanfadaísean easpaig;
Ba é an stát a n-eaglais féin;
Tharla Réamas an Sceimhle;
Tháinig Napoleon féin.

Cuireadh íol san ardeaglais,
Diúltaíodh Muire mhillis,
Diúltaíodh Peadar is Pól;
Fonn concais, fuil le n-ól,
Fís agus gaois in éagmais.

Ghoid siad lámhscríbhinní,
Dealbha, creach agus maoin,
Talamh agus údarás;
Caithréimeach iad, ach páis
Is cruálacht don Chríostaí.

Níor ghéill sé don *Directoir*,
Do Bhonaparte, sin *l'histoire*;
Dá mbagairt is dá n-arm;
Mar Naoimh fadó san Fhóram,
Bhí a rogha *blanc et noir*.

D'fhuadaigh saighdiúirí é,
Oidhre Pheadair, giolla Dé;
D'iompaigh sé a chros chrúa,
Sna cathracha, faoin tuath,
Trasna na nAlp, is i gcéin.

They would only see a weak person;
They would make bishops;
The state was their own church;
The Reign of Terror happened;
Napoleon himself arrived.

An idol was put in the cathedral,
Sweet Mary was rejected,
Peter and Paul were rejected;
Desire of conquest, blood to drink,
Vision and wisdom, lacking.

They stole manuscripts,
Statues, plunder and treasure,
Land and authority;
They were triumphant, but a passion
And cruelty for the Christian.

He did not submit to the *Directoir*,
To Bonaparte, that's *l'histoire*;
To their threats and their army;
Like saints long ago in the Forum,
His choice was *blanc et noir*.

Soldiers kidnapped him,
Heir of Peter, servant of God;
He carried his cruel cross,
In the cities, in the countryside,
Across the Alps, and far away.

Fuair sé fáilte fhlaithiúil
Ón cosmhuintir ar siúl;
Níor thréig an Spiorad Naofa
Clann seo dhíbeartha Aoife,
D'ainneoin an chúinse scanrúil.

“Maith dóibh é, a Thiarna.”
Rinneadh an tuairisc fé:
“Fuair Saoránach Braschí
Bás fé choinneáil, ar a shlí;
Sin deireadh na sean-ré.”

Cé gur osclaíodh Geataí
Ifrinn, ní rabhthar dár gcloí;
Tógadh fós ar an gCarraig;
Níor fhanamar fé mhairg;
Tar éis gach báis, aiséirí.

He found a generous welcome
From the peasants on foot;
The Holy Spirit did not abandon
These banished children of Eve,
Despite the scandalous circumstance.

“Forgive them, Lord.”
The report was made of him:
“Citizen Braschí has
Has died in captivity, on his way;
That’s the end of the olden times.”

Although they opened the Gates
Of Hell, they did not subdue us;
We built again upon the Rock;
We did not remain in sorrow:
After every death, a resurrection.

Cé hé mo Chomharsa?

Cé hé mo chomharsa?

An é an stail asail dhúr,

An staic mhagaidh, an bithiúnach

Bolgshúileach stuacach

A chuirfeadh casadh aigne ort?

An bíobha smaoiseach bruíonach,

An dogairne táiriúil leitheadach

A bhfuil muc ar gach mala air?

An bladhmaire spágach cáinteach,

An t-amadán ar a chosa sin nach fiú broim féileacáin?

An meabhairéalangach tútach nach bhfuil spré chéile aige,

Atá éirithe amach ón gcairt?

An dreancaid sin a bhfuil fleasc air,

Dónall na Gréine siúd, an seangán,

An ragaíoch sin, an daoí, an dúid

Atá lán de bhaois is de chamastaíl,

An brealsúin mórchúiseach a bhíonn

Ag stealladh na cainte fánaí,

Ag sceitheadh na mbolgam de mhúnlach

Ag iarraidh a gheadán a aithint thar a uillinn,

An dallamlán gránna, an sraiste crosta, an crá croí,

An creabhar, an cancrán, an crúbádán,

An lúbaire faoina mbíonn fuadar troda,

An ghealt ainnis ramallach tháir fheargach shuarach bhreallach
dhíblí sin?!

Muis, táim beag beann airsean.

Who is My Neighbor?

Who is my neighbor?
Is it the obstinate jackass,
The laughing stock, the scoundrel,
Bug-eyed and stubborn,
Who would make you want to throw up?
The quarrelsome, snivelling wrongdoer,
That vile, conceited, gross person
Who's always got a scowling puss on?
The clumsy-footed, fault finding braggart,
That total idiot who isn't worth a butterfly's fart?
The stupid mental-defective who hasn't a spark of sense,
Who's completely off his rocker?
The flea who's got a screw loose,
That foolish boob there, the ant,
That n'er do well, the dolt, the numbskull
Who's full of folly and dishonesty,
The pompous fool who's always
Spewing nonsense,
Vomiting forth mouthfuls of sullage
Trying to tell his ass from his elbow,
The nasty uncomprehending fool, the fractious layabout, the
terrible nuisance,
The devil, the crank, the crawler,
The twister who's always looking for a fight,
That miserable, slimy, base, angry, contemptible, blundering,
debased lunatic?!
Hell, I don't pay him any mind.

Coirnélius Ó Héanaigh

Chuaigh sé go Meiriceá, chun longbhriste;
Olc an dóigh a bhí air, bualadh tintrí;
Imní air i sruth na habhann, fad' a shaoil;
Ráinigh fear na n-oisrí ann, 'sé dá shábháil;
Ní raibh fiú dollar ann, an fear a shásamh;
Éileamh déanta as an mbeart, fiúntas duine;
Lách an Caecar, glan a chroí, grá don deoraí;
In a siopa, le Hans Jacob, tús saibhris;
Uaireanta an scéal á insint, flaith íseal;
Spré dá roinnt le comharsana, leis an Eaglais.

Ó Chontae an Rí go Contae seo an Rí.

Hallaí rialtais, ionadaí, fear maoine;
Éadaí deasa, cóiste breá, an fionnadóir;
Ar a dhícheall, obair mhaith, an daonchara;
Nócha bliain agus ceithre, fad a shaoil;
Ard-fhuinneoga, dílleachtaí, Pádraig is Pól;
In Albany, rinneadh cairt don eagraíocht;
Gheall sé oidhreacht, Cumann Dea-mhéineach Brooklyn;
Halmadóir ón uaigh do long na mbochtán.

Cornelius Heeney

Came to America, for a shipwreck;
Oh, he was in a bad way, a lightning strike;
River's stream, he was in, afraid, long his life;
Rescuing him, an oysterman arrived there;
Not even a dollar did he have, to satisfy the man;
Expected for the deed, the worth of a person;
Love for this exile, the pleasant Quaker, his heart pure;
In his shop, with Hans Jacob, a start of wealth;
Umpteen times telling the story, a humble prince;
Sharing his property with neighbors, with the Church.

He came from King's County to King's County here.

Halls of government, a representative, a man of means;
Excellent clothing, a fine coach, the furrier;
Effort, his best, good work, the philanthropist;
Ninety years and four, the length of his life;
Nice high windows, orphans, Patrick and Paul;
New York, Albany, the organization's charter was made;
Every inheritance pledged, The Brooklyn Benevolent Society;
Yet now, a helmsman from the grave for the ship of the poor.



Plaic do Choirnélius Ó Héanaigh,
Sean-Eaglais Naomh Pól, Brooklyn

Cornelius Heeney Plaque,
Old St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn



Sean-reilig, Contae Lancaster,
Pennsylvania

Old graveyard, Lancaster County,
Pennsylvania

An Ruaille Buaille

Focal amháin:

Comhráite gealgháireacha ann,
Fíon flúirseach amhail cóisir eile ar bith,
Cairn bhrioscaí is toitíní caite,
Fonn san aer, seomra lán,
Cótaí á dtaisceadh,
Fáilte is feall, éadroime is faitíos,
Ceisteanna, cé acu cairde,
Fada an lá gan a bheith le chéile,
Cuilithíní ag iompú na taoide,
Feitheamh, uisce faoi thalamh,
Corraíl sa chistin, duine
Fiáin, agus an braon istigh,
Cothrom leochaileach na hoíche,
Fritonn ar neamhaird,
Caidreamh íogair,
Fós féidir an suaimhneas sponcach.
Cathain a bhí sibh le chéile roimhe seo?

Focal amháin:

Catalaíoch.

The Ruckus

Just one word:

Jolly conversations,

Plenty of wine, like any party,

Piles of cookies and spent cigarettes,

A tune in the air, a full room,

Coats being put away,

Welcome and deceit, lightness and anxiety,

Questions, which of them friends,

Long time without being together,

Ripples changing the tide,

Waiting, something's afoot,

A stir in the kitchen, a person

Wild, and a drop of the drink inside,

The fragile balance of the night,

Backlash for neglect,

Touchy interaction,

Still possible, the inflammable peace.

When were you together before this?

One word:

A catalyst.

An Dúil

Salach, glórach, súicheach, glórmhar,
Dubh, dubh, dubh,
Ag tarraingt na gcarranna,
Tonnta thorann na dtonnaí tonnúla,
Síobtha, ag clagarnach trasna crosaire chothroim,
Na geataí cromtha,
Solais dhearga,
Cloigíní ar siúl,
Cleití deataigh dhuibh ina dhiaidh,
Siosarnach is smeachaíl;
Na geataí thuas,
An deatach faoi bhláth sa spéir fhuar chiúin,
Fós faoi dhraíocht rúnda,
Agus gliondar croí orm,
Boladh milis créasóide ann,
Agus an chorr-chnámhóg ghuaile,
An t-am a chuaigh thart a chuaigh thart
Os mo chomhair amach,
A ardéirim innealtóireachta
Sothuigthe,
Ollchumhacht thine is uisce
Faoi shrian.

Bhain sé geit asam, an tsian,
Agus mo lámh i láimh m'athar
Fadó.

The Fondness

Dirty, noisy, sooty, glorious,
Black, black, black,
Pulling the cars,
The waves of noise of the undulating tons,
Blown, clanking across a level crossing,
The gates down,
Red lights,
Bells going,
Plumes of black smoke following it,
Hissing and clacking;
The gates up,
The smoke blooming in the cold quiet sky,
Still under a mysterious spell,
With joy in my heart,
There's the sweet smell of creosote,
And the odd cinder,
The days gone by going by,
Right in front of me,
Its engineering genius
Intelligible,
Mighty power of fire and water
Controlled.

It startled me, the whistle,
With my hand in my father's hand
Long ago.

Sea, tá na díosail go breá,
Agus tá a ndraíocht féin acusan,
Agus is maith liom tralaithe is leictreacha,
Ach níl rud ann mar ghalinneall traenach.

Is andúiligh muid, sinne ag a bhfuil grá na dtraenacha;
Bíodh siad ina mbréagáin bheaga, nó mórchumhachtach mór,
Ní beag dúinn a lorg,
Agus is beag rud suntasach nach dtugaimid faoi ndeara,
Ag tarraingt ár mban is ár bpáistí inár ndiaidh,
Ag taisteal na conaire cinnte,
Ag coimeád na sméaróidí beo,
Agus lámh bheag i mo lámhsa mhór:
Níl a leithéid ann ar domhan.

Yes, diesels are fine,
And they have their own magic,
And I like trolleys and electrics,
But there is nothing like a steam train.

We're addicts, those of us who love trains;
Let them be little toys, or mighty and big,
We don't mind seeking them out,
And there isn't much interesting we fail to make note of,
Pulling our wives and our kids after us,
Traveling the fixed path,
Keeping the embers alive,
With a little hand in my big hand:
There's nothing like it on Earth.

An Dá Thaobh Den Scáthán

Is mór an sásamh dúinn
Taisteal faoin tuath
Ag breathnú ar an eallach,
Na ba ar tí a réabtha
Leis a bhfuil iontu.

Ar ais sa chathair,
Bímid inár n-eallach féin.

Tá daoine pléineáilte
Ina gcónaí i bPennsylvania;
Maireann siad an saol simplí,
Sean-aimseartha.
Seachnaíonn siad an teicneolaíocht;
Oibríonn siad go dian sna goirt,
Leis a n-ainmhithe.

Tagann daoine ó gach cearn den tír
Chun iadsan a fheiscint,
Línte fada carranna,
Óstlanna is na céadta siopa,
Is bialanna chun *smorgasbord* breá mór a ithe,
Ag brú an méid is féidir linn isteach,
Agus gach saghas ruda “*Pennsylvania Dutch*” a cheannach.

The Two Sides of the Mirror

It satisfies us greatly
To travel in the countryside
Looking at the livestock,
The cows about to burst
With all that is in them.

Back in the city,
We ourselves are the cattle.

There are plain people
Living in Pennsylvania;
They live the simple life,
Old-fashioned.
They avoid technology;
They work hard in the fields,
With the animals.

People come from all over the country
To see them,
Long lines of cars,
Motels, and hundreds of shops,
And restaurants for the eating of a fine smorgasbord,
Forcing as much as possible into us,
And every kind of “Pennsylvania Dutch” thing to buy.

Ar ais sa charr, ag féachaint ar na ba
Go simplí:
B'fhearr linn bheith ag cogaint na círe
Ná bheith ag baint bharr an arbhair.

Is álainn iad, na feirmeacha gan aibhléis,
A n-uirlisí, a miúileanna is a n-eacha,
A mbugaithe, is gach a mbaineann leo.

Is mór an sásamh dúinn
Taisteal faoin tuath;
Ní linne an saol sin,
Ach breathnaímid agus braithimid ar a chéile.

(Mú).

Back in the car, looking at the cows
Simply:
We'd prefer to be chewing the cud
Than to be reaping the crop of corn.

They are beautiful, the farms without electricity,
Their implements, their mules and their steeds,
Their buggies, and all that has to do with them.

It satisfies us greatly
To travel in the countryside;
That isn't *our* world,
But we look at and depend on each other.

(Moo).



Gort Áimeach, Pennsylvania

Amish farmland, Pennsylvania



Siopaí Seandachtaí,
Aibhinne Atlantach, Brooklyn

Antique shops on Atlantic Avenue,
Brooklyn

Siopaí Seandachtaí

Feadh Aibhinne Atlantaigh
Taispeántar na hearraí breátha áille
I bhfuinneoga na siopaí seandachtaí.

Mar iarsmalanna poiblí iad,
Ach a mbailiúcháin ar díol,
Gach saghas ruda ó aoiseanna imithe.

Tá lampaí gloine ildathaí ann,
Dealbha adhmaid is cré-umha,
Seodra is troscán seanaimseartha.

Machnaím ar áilleacht na seandachtaí,
Ar a ndaoire, a luach, is a saoirseacht,
Agus a n-iar-úinéirí, nach maireann.

Antique Shops

Along Atlantic Avenue
Fine, beautiful goods are displayed
In the windows of antique shops.

They're like public museums,
Except their collections are for sale,
Every kind of thing, from departed ages.

There are lamps of multi-colored glass,
Statues of wood and bronze,
Jewelry and old-fashioned furniture.

I ponder the beauty of the antiques,
Their expense, their value, their workmanship,
And their departed former owners.

Gladhcuithhe Éile

An Teoiric

Níl cothromóid ann,
Cé gur caitheadh na céadta,
Mar a dúirt Fermat.

Téamh Domhanda

An bhfuilimidne
Ciontach as athrach clíomach?
Dá mbeadh ‘fhios againn!

Crith Talún in Santa Rosa

Chrith na fionchaora;
Ardaíodh luaithreach mín
‘gus malaí gallda.

Urlámhas Gunnaí

Tá gunna aige
Agus gunna agatsa;
Deirtear “Caith uait é!”

Other Haiku

The Theory

No equation is,
Though they spent the centuries,
Like what Fermat said.

Global Warming

Is it we who are
Guilty of climatic change?
If only we knew!

Earthquake in Santa Rosa

The grapes there trembled;
A fine dust was raised, like the
Foreigners' eyebrows.

Gun Control

That guy has a gun
And you have another one;
They say "Put it down!"

Gráig Ghréithe Gránna

Boscaí ornáidí, bleathach uibhe le n-ól,
Ceol an tséasúir ar an steiréafón,
Gliondar croí agus ár gcrann á ghléasadh,
Na liathróid ghloine, gealgháireach, á gcrochadh.

Tá a scéal féin ag gach ceann—
An rud seo ónár mí meala,
Rinne Irene an réalta seo ar réamhscoil—
Cúpla ceann nua gach Nollaig, fosta.

I bhffrinne, tá an iomarca díobh againn anois.
Idir shean agus nua—agus an bosca siúd:
Caite, leamh, gach mar an gcéanna—
Agus dath orla órga orthu.

Bhíomar go léir ag smaoineamh
Go gcuirfimis sa bhruscar iad—
Ach as an gcolfairs a tháinig an chloch choirnéil.
I bhfolach sna craobhacha, ionadh breá lúcháireach.

Baile meallta mallaithe,
Gráig Ghréithe Gránna,
Maisiúchán míofar i measc na mbrainsí—
Chuir Connor siar i bhfad isteach iad, sa chrann Nollag.

Bíonn a nead chumhra chluthar acu ann
Riamh ó shin, gach aon bhliain.
Taobh thiar de na soilse is den tinsil,
Tá grá do na díbeartaigh againn.

Ugly Ball Village

Boxes of ornaments, eggnog to drink,
Music of the season on the stereo,
Inner joy, our tree is being decorated,
The glass balls, merry, being hung.

Each one has its own story—
This thing from our honeymoon,
Irene made this star in kindergarten—
A couple of new ones each Christmas, too.

Truthfully, we have too many of them now.
Both old and new, and *that* box over *there*:
Worn out, dull, all the same—
Kind of a golden puke color.

All of us were thinking
That we would put them in the garbage—
But out of the reject came the cornerstone.
Hidden in the branches, a nice happy surprise.

Home of accursed trinkets,
Ugly Ball Village,
Ill-favored decorations amongst the branches—
Connor put them deep inside, in the Christmas tree.

They've had their comfy cozy nest there
Ever since, every single year.
Behind the lights and the tinsel,
We love the outcasts.

Ulpóg 1918

Óg an chuid is mó, ochón.
Armlón. An *Saar*, an *Rhône*.
Mórshlua curtha faoin bhfód—
Mo sheacht mbrón!

Fiú go rabhadar ag foirfiú
An mharaithe, ar spriúch,
Ag diúgadh fhuil an fhuatha,
Bhí an bua ag an bhfliú.

Faoi bhláth, d'éag siad lá a ngalrú,
Faoi cheann trátha ghearr,
Múchta ina milliúin, idir fhir is mhná;
Bhí cónraí gann.

Conradh síochána, uile-eipidéim,
Éileamh an chogaidh, breis díobhála.
An saol ag taisteal, ag méadú an bhaoil,
Wilson féin faoina thriail.

Tholg cúigiú an domhain an frídín;
Ní raibh an phlá bhúbónach ní ba mharfaí.
Sa stát Seoirsia, throid mo dhaideo, ina ghoilla leighis,
An namhaid seo ba mheasa, ar son cúise ní b'fhiúntaí.

Tá fios a ghnó ag an gCruthaitheoir,
Agus eolas Aige faoin uile ribe ar do cheann;
Creidim go n-aithníonn Sé gach lámh chúntach a tugadh
I rith chomórtas mhór sin an bháis.

The Outbreak of 1918

Mostly young, alas.
Ammunition. The Saar, the Rhône.
Under the sod, a great host—
My great sorrow!

Even though they were perfecting
Killing, raging,
Sucking on the blood of hate,
Victory belonged to the flu.

In full health, they died the day they were infected,
Within a short spell,
Suffocated in their millions, both men and women;
Coffins were scarce.

A Peace treaty, a pandemic,
The demand of war, extra damage.
The world traveling, increasing the danger,
Wilson himself tried by it.

A fifth of the world contracted the virus;
The bubonic plague was not as deadly.
In the state of Georgia, my grandpapa fought, as a medic,
This enemy which was worse, for a worthier cause.

The Creator knows his business,
And He knows every hair on your head;
I believe he recognizes every helping hand that was given
During that great contest of death.



Iarnród Strasburg, Pennsylvania

Strasburg Railroad, Pennsylvania



Iarnród Strasburg, Pennsylvania

Strasburg Railroad, Pennsylvania

M'Athair

Ní cuimhin leis an tráth san ospidéal
Agus muidne ag tabhairt cuairte air,
A mhuineál briste is a inchinn ata,
Sa bharda dianchúraim.

Is iontach an obair a dhéantar ansin,
Altraí cróga, doirseoirí cneasta,
Fisiteiripigh, dochtúirí ciúine,
Boilsciú rialta na gcufa,
An bíp bíp bíp,
Boladh an díghalráin . . .

Tá sé go léir mar thromluí a bhí aige,
Ach go déanach sa lá, is na sonraí imithe.

Ag tiomáint leis trí bhaile a óige,
Chonaic sé gach foirgneamh a bhíodh ann
Fadó, fadó.
Poitigéir ar an gcúinne seo, siopa eile ansiúd,
Beo ina cheann, beo ina chroí.

Beagán níos faide, Linn Bhall.
Ag snámh lena chairde a bhí sé,
Agus leag sé a chos ar bhuidéal briste.
Ghearr sé artaire.

Fuair siad dochtúir dó, fadó,
Agus rinne sé an obráid.
Tá fiach ann fós as,
Mar ní raibh pingin rua ag a theaghlach.

My Father

He doesn't remember the time in the hospital
When we were visiting him,
His neck broken and his brain swollen
In the intensive care ward.

The work done there is wonderful—
Brave nurses, pleasant porters,
Physical therapists, quiet doctors,
The regular inflation of the cuffs,
The beep beep beep,
The smell of the disinfectant . . .

It's all like a nightmare he'd had,
But late in the day, and the details all gone.

Driving with him through his boyhood town
He saw every building that used to be there
Long, long ago.
A pharmacist on this corner, another shop on that one,
Alive in his head, in his heart.

A little further, Wall's Pond.
He was swimming with his friends,
And he stepped on a broken bottle.
He cut an artery.

They got a doctor for him, long ago,
And he did the operation.
The debt for it still exists,
Since they didn't have two nickels to rub together.

Carraig Dhúnaigh

*As Dooney Rock
Le Tomás Ó Nualláin*

I

Le linn m'óige i mBaile an Tóchair,
Shiúlainn an raon timpeall Loch Gill;
Sheasainn ar an gcosán sráide féin
Ar a sheas Yeats in 1893,
An chéad uair a chonaic sé Oileán Locha Inis Fraoigh.

D'éirínn go moch sa cheo
Agus rámháinn mo churach
I dtreo Oileán Locha Inis Fraoigh,
Ag súil le naoi n-iomaire pónaireí
Agus coirceog bheiche meala.
Ní beach ná pónaire a bhíodh amach romham,

Agus dhéanainn iontas—
An ndeachaigh Yeats riamh an turas
Go hOileán Locha Inis Fraoigh?
Ar shiúl sé romham ansiúd,
Amach ó Bhaile An Tóchair?

D'éist mé le beacha Yeats,
Lena chriogair is a ghleoiseacha
Faoi bhreo na gealaí corcra
Ó m' stáitse ar bharr Charraig Dhúnaigh,
Agus radharc álainn glan agam
Ar Oileán Locha glas geal Inis Fraoigh.

Dooney Rock

Le Tomás Ó Nualláin

I

In my Youth in Baile An Tóchair
I would walk the round of Loch Gill;
So would I stand on the very same roadway
From where Yeats first glimpsed
The Lake Isle of Innisfree in 1893.

I arose in the early mist and rowed my currach out to
The Lake Isle of Innisfree.
Hoping to see nine bean rows and a hive for the honey bee;
Ní bean nor bee did I ever out there see,

And I wondered if Yeats had ever been out to
The Lake Isle of Innisfree;
Had Yeats ever walked before me there
Out from Baile An Tóchair?

I listened to Yeats' bees and his crickets and his linnets in the
moon's purple glow
From my perch atop
Dooney Rock,
From where I could perfectly see
The beautiful Lake Isle of Innisfree.

II

Amach liom ó Bhaile an Tóchair go Gaillimh,
 Chuig an soitheach, ag triall ar Mheiriceá—
 Ba é sin an uair dheireanach
 A chonaic mé Oileán Locha Inis Fraoigh;
 D'iompair mé liom istigh mo bhalcaisí
 Dán a scríobh Yeats in 1929;

*“I am of Ireland,
 And the Holy Land of Ireland,
 And time runs on,’ cried she.
 ‘Come out of charity,
 Come dance with me in Ireland.”*

Cé go bhfuil Meiriceá agus Éire malartaithe dom anois,
 Is Gael mé i gcónaí;
 Ní féidir d'éinne Oileán Locha Inis Fraoigh
 A réabadh as m'anam.

Is cuma sa tsioc liom nach bhfaca mé
 Beacha Yeats ar Oileán Locha Inis Fraoigh;
 Thóg focail Yeats mo chroí in airde,
 As carthanas.

Dhera, is cuma liom
 Murar shiúl Yeats amach romham ansiúd,
 Amach as Baile an Tóchair.
 Bhí Yeats ina shuí ar Charraig Dhúnaigh,
 Dar m'anamsa!

*Tá an dán Gaeilge seo le Meiriceánach nach raibh in Éirinn riamh,
 bunaithe ar dhán Béarla a scríobh Meiriceánach a rugadh in Éirinn
 (agus a bhfuil Gaeilge aige), a luann dán a scríobh W. B. Yeats as
 Béarla, atá bunaithe ar dhán na Meánaoise, é féin as Béarla.*

II

Out from Baile An Tóchair to Galway to the ship to America
Was the last time did I see
The Lake Isle of Innisfree;
In my rags I carried with me
A piece of paper with a poem Yeats wrote in 1933;

*“I am of Ireland
And the Holy Land of Ireland,
And time runs on,’ cried she.
‘Come out of charity,
Come dance with me in Ireland.”*

That I have since inserted America for Ireland does not make less
an Irishman of me;
You can never take from me
My walks on the beautiful Lake Isle of Innisfree.

And so what if never did I see
Yeats’ bees on The Lake Isle of Innisfree;
Yeats’ words lifted me out of Charity.

Alas! What do I care
If Yeats never walked before me there
Out from Baile An Tóchair?
That Yeats once sat on Dooney Rock . . . That I will swear!

Ag Staidéir an Bhíobla

Tráth ag gabháil na rangabhála sa rang
I ndiaidh an ghinidigh absalóidigh,
Bhí sé ag dul sa mhuileann orm.
An fhaí chéasta seo is an fhaí ghníomhach sin,
Is an fhaí mheáin
Focal éigríochta foshuiteach,
Briathra diúscartacha is briathra craptha . . .
Dá mbeadh an mhír iar-shuite do-aistrithe ann!

(Má tá céadbheart ann,
Tá iarbheart ann).

Seo an nú inaistrithe—sin
Tabharthach-infinideach—nó an é?
Inscne, uimhir, tuiseal, gné . . .
Análú garbh nó análú réidh?
Cuairín, graif nó agúid—ar strae?
Idir an t-infhillleadh agus an chomhréir
Ní raibh ach an t-aon cheist amháin agam:
Cad é an focal damanta sin?!

Studying the Bible

Once, while going over the participle in class,
After the genitive absolute,
I was losing it.
Between this passive voice and that active voice
And the middle voice,
An aorist subjunctive word,
Deponent verbs and contract verbs . . .
Ah, if only the untranslatable post-positive bit were there!

(If there is a protasis,
There is an apodosis).

This the movable nu—that
A dative-infinitive—or is it?
Gender, number, case, way . . .
Rough breathing or smooth breathing?
Circumflex, grave or acute—astray?
Between the inflexion and the syntax
I had just one question:
What is that damn word?!

Éire

Tráth dá raibh,
Bhí Éire ina solas don saol—
Naoimh agus scoláirí, mar a deirtear.
A glóir, ba í sin a creideamh.
Faoi bhrú is leatrom
Nartaíodh í, leathadh í.
Níos mó ná uair amháin,
Scaip Éire a hál Críostaí
Ar fud an domhain
Mar shíolta mustaird.

Anois, agus Éire ar mhuin na muice,
Feicim a fuath dá páistí,
A ginmhilleadh, a colscaradh, is a coiscíní,
A drabhlás agus a saobhadh—
Gach uile olcas ólta suas aici
Mar chúlsruth mór bréan salach.

Is cuimhin linn tráth a glóire—
Ach ar bhrionglóid é?
Tá na leabhair againn.
Nó an bhfuil tromluí orainn inniu?
Tá na leabhair againn.
Agus nuair a thiocfaidh Mac an Duine,
An bhfaighidh sé creideamh ar an talamh?

Ireland

Once upon a time,
Ireland was a light to the world—
Saints and scholars, you know.
Her glory was in her faith.
Under stress and oppression
It was strengthened, it spread.
More than once,
Ireland sowed forth her Christian brood
Throughout the world
Like mustard seeds.

Now, when Ireland is just peachy,
I see her hate for her children,
Her abortion, her divorce, her condoms,
Her debauchery and perversion—
Every evil drunk up by her
Like a great, foul, dirty backwash.

We remember her age of glory—
But was it a dream?
We have the books.
Or are we having a nightmare today?
We have the books.
And when the Son of Man comes,
Shall he find faith upon the Earth?

Táim An-mheabhrach ar mo Bhríste

Mothaím an tadhall,
Gach snáth dá shleamhnú,
Nó dá ghreamú, dá shnaidhmeadh.

Tráth dá raibh, níor thug mé ach
Beag beann air, agus mé dá chaitheamh
Gach aon lá, go bog slán.

Ach lá sa samhradh
Sa stáisiún traenach te
Brothallach, scoilt a thóin.

Chrom mé i mo leath-shuí
Ar mo cheathrúin thiar
Chun rud a lorg i mo mhála.

Scoilt bhreá mhór ghlórach a bhí ann,
Ach níor thug éinne faoi deara é—
Ach táim an-mheabhrach ar mo bhríste as sin amach.

Mothaím an tadhall,
Gach snáth dá shleamhnú,
Nó dá ghreamú, dá shnaidhmeadh.

I'm Very Aware of My Pants

I feel the touch,
Every thread sliding,
Or sticking, constricting.

Once, I hardly paid any attention
To them, as I wore them
Every day, safe and easy.

But one day in the Summer
In the train station, hot
And humid, they split.

I crouched down
On my hind-quarters
To look for something in my bag.

It was a great big noisy split,
But nobody even noticed it—
But I am very aware of my pants ever since.

I feel the touch of them,
Every thread sliding,
Or gripping, constricting.

Amhrán Buidéachasach

Chuaigh ó uaithi, chuaigh ó uaidh,
An nath a aithin sí ann é;
An é a chuaigh sí uaidh,
Nó an é an nath a nocht é é?
Is eol dom é nach n-ólaim é
Ón abhainn sin, anaithnid é.
Ach ann is ea an t-eolas fé,
Mar a tháinig sé ó sheanathair é;
Uaidh a tháinig sé.

A Sheanathair, a sheanathair,
Seabhac, abhainn, amharcann tú orthu;
Go bhfaighimid, na hísle, iad;
Cé hí, cé hé, cén nath an nádúr é?
An dúirt sé é nó an é an nádúr é?
Chuaigh sé, ó chuaigh sé,
Cé hé sin a chuaigh uaidh?
An nath, an é a chuaigh uaidh,
Nó an é sí sin an mháthair í?
An nasc, an neach, an domhan é,
'Sé sin an nath anaithnid é,
Uaidh í, 'sí beatha sin na habhann í,
Sin í a chuaigh uainn,
Sin í a tháinig ann,
An seanathair a nochtann é,
An nath an ní go ndéarfadh sé.

Native Song

Away from her, oh, away from him, oh,
The saying she knows there;
Is it that it went away from him,
Or is it that the saying revealed him?
I know that I don't drink it
From that river, it unknown.
But it's there, the knowledge about it,
As it came from Grandfather;
It came from Him.

Grandfather, Grandfather,
Hawk, river, You look upon them;
That we, the lowly, shall find them;
Who is she? Who is he? What saying is nature?
Did he say it, or did nature say it?
It went, oh, it went,
What is that which went from him?
The saying, did that go from him,
Or is it the mother, she there?
The saying, the creature, the world,
That is the unknown saying,
It is from Him, she is the life of the river,
That is she who went from us,
That is she who came there,
The Grandfather that reveals it,
The saying the thing that He shall say.

Chuaigh ó uaithi, chuaigh ó uaidh,
An nath a aithin sí ann é;
An é a chuaigh sí uaidh,
Nó an é an nath a nocht é é?
Is eol dom é nach n-ólaim é
Ón abhainn sin, anaithnid é.
Ach ann is ea an t-eolas fé,
Mar a tháinig sé ó sheanathair é;
Uaidh a tháinig sé.

Away from her, oh, away from him, oh,
The saying she knows there;
Is it that it went away from him,
Or is it that the saying revealed him?
I know that I don't drink it
From that river, it unknown.
But it's there, the knowledge about it,
As it came from Grandfather;
It came from Him.



Pubaill Indiach Dearg,
Copiague, Nua-Eabhrac

Tepees, Copiague,
New York



Lár-ionad Trádála Domhanda,
ón Droichead Brooklyn

The World Trade Center
from the Brooklyn Bridge

An Deis

D'iarr an *Khan* ba mhó ar Mhárcó Póló
Misinéirí a sheoladh chuige
Nuair a d'fhill sé abhaile,
Go mbeadh sé in ann foghlaim faoi Chríost
Sa tSín.
Seoladh,
Ach bhí deacrachtaí acu, leath-shlí,
Agus d'fhill siad abhaile,
Gan éinne ina ndiaidh leis na céadta bliain.
Fealladh an deis ba mhó
Mar gheall ar an droch-mhisneach.

The Opportunity

The greatest Khan asked Marco Polo
To send missionaries to him
When he returned home,
That he might be able to learn about Christ
In China.
They were sent,
But they encountered difficulties, half-way,
And returned home,
Without anyone taking their place for hundreds of years.
The greatest opportunity was lost
Because of discouragement.

Mathdhó

Tá sé corraitheach bheith i do réabhlóidí,
Ball de ghluaiseacht treasrach,
In éadan cumhachta móire éigin.
Tá an eachtra agus an dúshlán ann duit—
Agus is duine tábhachtach tú.

Thabharfá tine don saol, de do chuid féin,
Ag ath-dhéanamh gach ruda as an nua,
De réir d'fhíse, agus an phlean mhóir.
Bheadh spriocanna agus aidhmeanna agat—
D'fhágfá do rian, i measc na bhfíréan.

Sin an Chríostaíocht, agus tine an Spioraid.
Ach is minic a roghnaítear tine eile.

Spontaneous Combustion

It's exciting to be a revolutionary,
A member of a subversive movement,
Against some great power.
There's adventure and challenge in it for you—
And you are an important person.

You would set the world on fire, from your own,
Re-making everything from scratch,
According to your vision, and the big plan.
You would have goals and aims—
You would leave your mark, among the true believers.

That is Christianity, and the fire of the Spirit.
But often people choose another fire.

Rúin Mo Ratha

Scríobh i mionteanga a d'fhoghlaim tú
Ó i bhfad—
Scríobh an saghas ruda nach léitear
Ach go hannamh—
Filíocht sa chaighdeán, faoi chúrsaí
Coimhthíocha—
Cuir scanradh agus fearg ar chairde na teanga—
Ná géill riamh—
Cuir mearbhall roimh lucht na gramadaí
Is na hollúna—
Téigh i ngleic leis an namhaid,
An cheird fhoghlamtha—
Agus má léann daoine do chuid,
Cuir uait an t-ionadh sin—
Fear fáilte rompu!

Secrets of My Success

Write in a minority language that you learned
From a distance—
Write the kind of thing that isn't read
Except rarely—
Government Standard Poetry
About foreign things—
Frighten and anger Friends of the Language—
Never surrender—
Put confusion before the grammarians
And the professors—
Take on the enemy,
The learned craft—
But if people read you,
Don't be so amazed—
Make them welcome!

Scoil Ghaeilge i Nua Éabhrac

Scéal Scoil Ghaeilge Ghearóid Tóibín

Scríobh Réamonn ó Cléirigh an chuid is mó den alt seo blianta ó shin, agus bhí an chéad leath de foilsithe san Irish Echo (Meán Fómhar 1993), agus an dá leath de i Saol (Deireadh Fómhar agus Samhain 1994). Mhéadaigh sé é le haghaidh an leabhair seo, Meán Fómhar 2003.

Cuid a haon:

Má tá mé le hinsint daoibh faoi Scoil Gaeilge Ghearóid Tóibín i mBabylon, Oileán Fada, caithfidh mé an scéal a thosnú sna naoi déag tríochaidí le buachaill óg i gcathair Luimnigh a cuireadh amach faoin tuath le cónaí i dteach a sheanathar agus a sheanmháthar. Ba é an buachaill sin Gearóid Tóibín, a fuair bás i Meiriceá i naoi gcéad déag is ochtó a hocht. Ainmníodh an scoil Ghaeilge ina onóir.

Bhí siopa ag a mhuintir sa chathair ach is mó an lán aimsire a chaith Gearóid faoin tuath. Thaitin an tréimhse a chaith sé i dteach na seandaoine thar barr leis, agus dúirt sé liom gurbh ann a d'fhoghlaim sé an Ghaeilge den chéad uair. Bhíodh an teanga dhúchais á labhairt ag na seandaoine sa bhaile. Thit an síolphlanda i dtalamh méith agus as sin amach is léir gur fhás sé ina ghrá don Ghaeilge agus freisin dá thír dhúchasach féin.

Irish School in New York

The Story of the Gerry Tobin Irish Language School

Réamonn ó Cléirigh wrote most of this article years ago, and the first part was published in the Irish Echo (September 1993), and both parts in Saol (October and November 1994). He added to it for this book, September 2003.

Part 1:

If I am to tell you about the Gerry Tobin Irish Language School in Babylon, Long Island, I must begin the story in the 1930's with a young boy in Limerick City who was sent out to the countryside to live in his grandfather and grandmother's house. That boy was Gerry Tobin, who died in America in 1988. The school is named in his honor.

His people had a shop in the city but mostly Gerry spent all his time in the country. He really enjoyed the time he spent in the old people's shop, and he told me that it was there that he'd learnt Irish for the first time. The old people used to speak the native language at home. The seed fell in fertile soil and from then on it's clear that it grew in his love for the Irish language and also for his native country.

D'fhás an méid sin spéise don teanga i nGearóid go dtéadh sé sna samhraí go dtí an Ghaeltacht i gCiarraí nó sa Rinn i gCo. Phort Láirge. D'fhás an méid sin spéise dá thír ann go ndeachaigh sé isteach sna Fianna Éireann, cumann tírghrách don aos óg (agus lean sé ann go raibh sé seacht nó ocht mbliana déag d'aois). Lena chomrádaí timpeall na tine campa, cosúil leis na Fianna sa seansaol, samhlaím-se gur chuala sé don chéad uair na scéalta agus an stair, na hamhráin agus an fhilíocht a choinnigh sé beo ina chuimhne ar fead a shaoil. Nár mhinic le linn a shean aoise, a chuala muid i Meiriceá é ag cur ailleog cheoil as féin, agus loinnir ina shúile meidhreacha faoi mar a bheadh sé thiar ar thaobh na tine arís ina fhear óg.

Bhí iontas mór ar a mhuintir agus ar a chomrádaithe nuair a d'imigh Gearóid as Éirinn. Tar éis téarma in arm an stáit dó, tháinig dó bheith gníomhach san amharclann in Luimneach agus bhí sé ina bhall den dream liteartha go dtugaidís Ciorcal na bhFilí air. Ba dhóigh le duine ar bith go raibh sí sásta lena bheatha i Luimneach agus déarfainn go raibh. Dúirt sé liom lá gur imigh sé as Éirinn go gasta, mar an ghaoth. Níor chuir sé fáth leis. An ghaoth sin a d'fhág as Éirinn é tuairim is daichead bliain. Níor thug sé ach cúpla cuairt ghearr ar Éirinn tamaillín roimh a bhás.

Sa tosach chaith sé seal i gCeanada, seal sa loingeas tráchtála, seal in arm na Stát Aontaithe agus seal eile in Ollscoileanna Cornell agus Naomh Eoin i Nua-Eabhrac, mar a bhfuair sé céimeanna. Faoi dheireadh, bhunaigh sé é féin ar Oileán Fada agus ar bpósadh dó thosaigh sé ar a ghairm bheatha mar mhúinteoir sna bunscoileanna. Athphlandáilte a bhí sé.

Ghabh Gearóid saol fir ghníomhaigh air féin arís i Meiriceá—i sámh imeachtar na cathrach, caoga míle de shlí lastoir de Mhanhattan, áit le tithe beaga lena bhfaichí is a ngarraithe nach raibh ach scata beag scáinte d'Éireannaigh ann. Le himeacht na mblianta thug sé treoir agus fónamh do cheardchumann na

So much interest grew in Gerry that he would go during Summer to the Gaeltacht (Irish speaking area) in Kerry or in the Ring in County Wexford. So much interest in his country grew in him that he joined Fianna Éireann, a patriotic organization for young people (and he remained a member until he was 17 or 18). With his companions around the campfire, like the Fianna of old, I imagine that he heard for the first time the stories and the history, the songs and the poetry which he kept alive in his memory all his life. Was it not often during his later years that we would hear him in America making beautiful music, with a twinkle in his merry eyes as if he were back beside the fire again as a young man.

His friends and relations were very surprised when Gerry left Ireland. After a term in the state army, he became active in the theater in Limerick and was a member of the literary group that would be called Ciorcal na bhfilí (The Poets' Circle). A person would think that he was happy with his life in Limerick and I would say that he was. He told me that he left Ireland quickly, like the wind. He didn't tell me why. It was that wind that left him out of Ireland for about 40 years. He only visited Ireland briefly a couple of times, shortly before his death.

In the beginning he spent a spell in Canada, a spell in commercial shipping, a spell in the United States army and another spell in Cornell and St. John's Universities in New York, where he received degrees.

Finally, he settled on Long Island and when he married he began to make a living as a teacher in the elementary schools. He was transplanted.

Gerry took on the active man's life again in America—in a tranquil suburb of the city, 50 miles away outside of Manhattan, a place with little houses with their fences and gardens with very few Irish people in it. With the passing of the years he contributed direction and quality teachers' workshops and many Irish organizations—it

múinteoirí agus mhórán eagraíochtaí Éireannacha—ba liosta le háireamh go léir iad. Ach ba é an rang Gaeilge a thosaigh sé ag múineadh i dtosach na naoi déag seachtoidí an ghníomhaíocht ab ansa leis ina shaol. Creidim gurbh é an chéad rang Ghaeilge riamh i gCondae Suffolk, agus d'fhéadfá a rá gur bláth a chuir Gearóid é.

Mhúin sé an Ghaeilge anseo is ansiúd ar feadh roinnt blianta agus ansin, i 1980, fuair sé deis ar rang a reáchtáil san Ord Ársanta Éireannach i mBabylon*. Agus an buansuíomh nua aige, thosaigh sé ag mealladh beach eile isteach ina rang.

Bhí tuiscint mhaith ar an ngreann aige, agus is é an cas go mbíodh cleasaí ceart san fhear ar uairibh. Ach bhíodh a ranganna pléisiúrtha i gcónaí agus níor amháin de thoradh an ghrinn é seo. Bhainimis aoibhneas agus sult as an tseanchaíocht, na hamhráin agus an draíocht go léir lena ndathaíodh sé a chuid ceachtanna.

Lean ranganna Gearóid i mBabylon go dtí níos lú ná cúpla mí roimh a bhás den ailse ar an 7u Meitheamh 1988. Spreagadh cuid dá chairde le ranganna Ghearóid a athbheochan ar ball, agus is mar sin a tháinig Scoil Gaeilge Gearóid Tóibín ar an saol.

* A hocht a chlog gach tráthnóna Déardaoin an t-am sa lá inniu, i Halla an A.O.H., Babylon, Nua Eabhrac.

Cuid a dó:

Ní deacair a chinntiú cén lá ar cinneadh ar Scoil Gaeilge Gearóid Tóibín a chur ar bun. Tá scéal ag baint leis.

Fear ilghnéitheach a bhí i nGearóid Tóibín. Cúpla seachtain roimh a bhás den ailse thug sé suim airgid do chuid dá chairde chun cóisir cheoil agus óil—cóisir gan bhrón—a bheith acu mí tar éis a bháis. Agus bhí an chóisir sin againn.

would be a list to count them all. But it was the Irish language class that he began to teach at the start of the 1970's that was the activity he loved most in his life. I believe that it was the first Irish language class ever in Suffolk County, and you might say it was a flower that Gerry planted.

He taught Irish here and there for several years, and then, in 1980, he got the chance to put together a class at the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Babylon. And now with a permanent location, he began to attract others into the class, like bees to honey.

He had a good sense of humor, and sometimes he was quite a card. But the classes used to always be pleasant and not only on account of this humor. We used to reap great pleasure and satisfaction from the story telling, the songs and all the magic with which he enhanced his lessons.

Gerry's classes in Babylon continued until less than a couple of months before he died of cancer, June 7th, 1988. Some of his friends were inspired to revive Gerry's classes after a while, and that is how the Gerry Tobin Irish Language School came to exist in the world.

* 8 :00 every Thursday evening is when we meet nowadays, in the A.O.H. hall in Babylon, New York.

Part 2:

It is not difficult to be certain on which day it was decided to found the Gerry Tobin Irish Language School. There's a story about this.

Gerry Tobin was a multi-faceted man. A couple of weeks before he died of cancer he gave a sum of money to some of his friends for a party of music and drink—a party without sorrow—for them to have a month after he died. And we had that party.

Tháinig Pete Kelly, Ed Mc Kenna agus Séamus Mullan ag seinm ceoil agus tháinig dream as rang Gaeilge Ghearóid ag ól! Bhí an-oíche againn, agus muid ar ár seacht ndícheall gan a bheith brónach.

Ag deireadh na cóisire ní raibh ach ceathrar do na rannpháirtithe fágtha ag an mbeár, John Martin, Harry O'Grady, Cathal Mertens agus mise. Agus sula raibh fuilleach airgead Ghearóid ídithe againn thugamar bannaí béil eadrainn le ranganna Gaeilge a thosnú athuair faoi ainm Ghearóid.

Ba é sin an seachtú lá d'Iúil. 1988. An dóigh leat go raibh fhios ag Gearóid céard a bhí á dhéanamh aige nuair a bhronn sé an t-airgead orainn?

Ach cén chaoi a rachaimis chun cinn?

Chuaigh John agus Harry ar aghaidh agus rinne siad socrú le hOrd Ársa na nÉireannach i mBabylon ranganna a chur ar siúl San áit sin. Fágadh faoi Chathal agus mé féin gnó na múinteoireachta a riar.

Cé go raibh an bheirt againn ag foghlaim na Gaeilge le blianta agus fiú tamall caite againn i nGleann Cholm Cille ag cur snasa ar ár gcuid Gaeilge—níor mhaith le ceachtar againn dul i mbun meánranga ina aonar. Dá bhrí sin, pháirtigh muid araon ann: beirt mhúinteoirí in ionad Ghearóid amháin.

Ghlac seanchara Ghearóid, Joe Domhan, air féin sórt ranga tosaithe a réachtáil. Fuair Joe bás i mbliana—go ndéana Dia trócaire air.

Tháinig triúr cara eile le Gearóid i gcabhair orainn an chéad bhliain sin leis. Ba iad sin Séamus Mullan, a tógadh i mBéal Feirste, Seán McDonnell agus Stan Ó Faoláin—an bheirt acu as Baile Átha Cliath. Ó Shéamus a fuair muid stair agus cultúr na hÉireann, ó Sheán agus Stan, comhrá anamúil sa teanga.

Pete Kelly, Ed Mc Kenna and Séamus Mullan came playing music and a group from Gerry's class came drinking! We had a great night, while we did our very best not to be sorrowful.

At the end of the party there were only 4 of the participants left at the bar, John Martin, Harry O'Grady, Cathal Mertens and me. And before we had used up the last of Gerry's money, we made a verbal agreement to each other to start Irish classes again in Gerry's name.

That was July 7th, 1988. Do you think that Gerry knew what he was doing when he gave us that money?

But how did we proceed?

John and Harry went ahead and arranged with the A.O.H. in Babylon for Irish classes to be given in that place. It was left to Cathal and myself to arrange the business of teaching. Although the both of us had been learning Irish for years and had even spent time in Gleann Colm Cille sprucing up our Irish—neither of us wanted to take charge of mid-level classes by ourselves. For that reason, we divided it between us : two teachers in place of just Gerry.

Joe Domhan, an old friend of Gerry's, agreed to arrange the beginners' class. Joe died this year [1993]—may God have mercy on him.

Three other friends of Gerry's came to help us that first year, too. They were Séamus Mullan, who was raised in Belfast, Seán McDonnell and Stan Ó Faoláin—both of them from Dublin. From Séamus we got the history and culture of Ireland, from Seán and Stan, animated conversation in the language.

Bhí seisear ansin ag déanamh obair an duine amháin agus—cé nach raibh a fhios i gceart againn ag an am—bhíomar ag leagan amach modh oibre dár gcúrsa teagaisc le feidhm a bhaint as na buanna a bhí ar fáil dúinn mar ghrúpa. Sórt comhair, nó comhoibre, ba ea é. Ní neart go cur le chéile deirtear, agus mar sin a bhí sé againne.

Faoin dara bliain bhí feabhas mór orainn maidir le fógraíocht, rud a d’eagraigh Steven Ferrick. Thugamar isteach timpeall is daichead duine an bhliain sin, agus tá ionann is an líon sin coimeádtá againn uaidh sin amach.

I rith na mblianta ní rabhamar mall chun bua faoi leith a aithint sna daoine a tháinig isteach. Bhí de chumas i gcuid acu rang a mhúineadh iad féin. Orthu siúd a mhúin rang ó am go ham tá Liam Condún as Tiobráid Árann, Seán Ó Biasta as Ros Comáin, Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh, a mhúineann miotaseolaíocht chomh maith, Jeffrey Truax, Ualtar Ó Catháin, Rita Bowden as an gCabhán agus i mbliana Ron Proulx.

Ar an lucht eagraithe agus smaointe do na ranganna tá na daoine seo a leanas fosta: Toirealach Ó Maolchraoibhe, Mike O’Malley, Mary Rollo, Robert Tighe, Jack Corr, Peter Chojnowski agus Pam Connolly Tangredi—tá súil agam nár fhág mé aon duine ar lár ba chóir dom a lua. Taispeánann an liosta fada ainmneacha sin an méid mór daoine atá ag coinneáil obair an tsárdhuine amháin seo beo, Gearóid Tóibín.

Tá Scoil Gaeilge Ghearóid Tóibín ar oscailt arís i mbliana agus, táimid ullamh chun ceachtanna cleachta a thabhairt do dhuine ar bith a thagann isteach, saor in aisce. Tosaíonn na ranganna ag a hocht a chlog gach tráthnóna Déardaoin i Halla an A.O.H. i mBabylon. *Agus má Tá an píosa seo léite agat ó thosach, d’fhéadfá cabhrú linn!*

There were now six people doing the work of one and—even though we really didn't know at the time—we were laying out the modus operandi for our course of teaching to draw on the talents that were available to us as a group. It was a kind of council or working committee. "No strength unless we work together," and that's how it was with us.

By the second year, we had improved greatly in the area of publicity, which Steven Ferrick arranged.

We brought in about 40 people that year, and we have kept about that many ever since then.

During the years we were not slow to recognize particular talent in the people that came in. Some of them were able to teach a class themselves. Among those who taught from time to time were Liam Condún from Tipperary, Seán Ó Biasta from Roscommon, Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh, who teaches mythology as well, Jeffrey Truax, Ualtar Ó Catháin, Rita Bowden from Cavan and Ron Proulx.

Others of the group that organized and conceived of the classes who continued on with us are Toirealach Ó Maolchraoibhe, Mike O'Malley, Mary Rollo, Robert Tighe, Jack Corr, Peter Chojnowski and Pam Connolly Tangredi—I hope I didn't leave anyone out whom I should have mentioned. That long list of names shows the great many people who are keeping the work of that excellent man, Gerry Tobin, alive.

The Gerry Tobin Irish Language School is open again this year, and we are ready to give practice lessons to anyone at all who comes in, for free. The classes start at 8:00 every Thursday night in the A.O.H. hall in Babylon. *And if you read this piece in Irish, you can come and help us!*

An chuid nua:

Tá deich mbliana ann anois ó scríobh mé an t-alt sin faoin tosach agus na chéad blianta dár Scoil Gaeilge Ghearóid Tóibin. Is mór an lán rudaí a tharla ó shin i leith. Deich mbliana ó shin, 1993-1994, bhí muid sa séú mbliain den scoil, agus anuraidh, i 2002-2003, tá an cúigiú bliain déag críochnuithe againn. Is obair mhaith fiú a bheith ann féin mar scoil Ghaeilge an fad ama sin, ach mar bhreis air, tá muid ag déanamh ár seacht ndícheall a bheith mar bhaile Gaeilge do dhaoine ar a bhfuil na laethanta scoile déanta acu.

Scéal fada eile lán de mhionphointí an cúig bliana déag sin den scoil Ghaeilge agus an deich mbliana d'fhorbairt an bhaile don teanga. Ach, ós rud é gur ar lámha daoine na héachtaí inmholtuithe sin uilig is cuí dom anois leanúint ar ainmniú na ndaoine a thug chun cinn obair Ghearóid Tóibin, mar a thosaigh mé air sa dara cuid den alt. Agus leis seo, feicfear cuid de na himeachtaí nua chomh maith.

Roimh lua na ndaoine dom, ní foláir dom an leabhar beag glas a lua, sin é, *Progress in Irish*, (A Graded Course For Beginners and Revision) le Mairéad Ní Ghráda, M.A., H.D.E. a bhí foilsithe roinnt blianta ó shin i mBaile Átha Cliath. Agus, ba i gceantar lucht oibre san gcathair sin a chonaic mé den chéad uair an leabhar beag glas á úsáid i rang Gaeilge daoine fásta. Ó thús báire, thosaigh muid an leabhar sin a úsáid agus tugadh isteach, ar a laghad, trí thoradh mheasartha dúinn uaidh sin. (1) Thug sé sraith céimeanna do na ranganna trí na blianta. (2) Thug sé cúrsa léinn dúinn lenár gcoinneáil ó bheith mar ollúna fánacha. Agus (3), thug sé dúshláin dúinn cláir eile a fhorbairt lena lúba beaga glasa ar lár a fhorlíonadh.

Maidir leis na daoine a bhí luaite cheana san alt, seo cuid den scéal mar atá sé anois. Tá na ceathrar bunaitheoirí thart timpeall na háite go fóill, John Martin aoibhiúil mar is gnách, Harry O'Grady fós páirteach inár ndea-bhail, Cathal Mertens agus mé féin mar a rinne muid ón tosach ag múineadh as an leabhar beag glas. Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh chomh hildánach le Lug atá in éindi linn agus céard a dhéanfaimis gan é. Le blianta beaga, tá Liam Condúin ag múineadh

The new part:

It has been ten years now since I wrote that article about the beginning and the first years of our Gerry Tobin Irish Language School. A great many things happened since then. Ten years ago, in 1993-1994, we were in the sixth year of the school, and last year, in 2002-2003, we completed the fifteenth year. It was good work even to exist as an Irish language school for that length of time, but in addition to that, we are making our best effort to be an Irish language home for people who have their school days done.

Those fifteen years of the Irish language school and the ten years of development of the home for the language is another lengthy story filled with fine detail. But, since all those commendable achievements are attributable to people, it is fitting now for me to continue the naming of the people who brought forward the work of Gerry Tobin, as I began to do in the second part of the article. And by doing this, some of the new directions may be seen as well.

Before I mention the people, I have to mention the little green book, that is, *Progress in Irish, (A Graded Course For Beginners and Revision)* by Mairéad Ní Ghráda, M.A., H.D.E., published some years ago in Dublin. It was in a workers district of that city I first saw the little green book being used in an Irish language class for adults. From the very first we began to use this book and at least three fairly good yields were brought in to us from that. (1) It brought a graded sequence for the classes through the years. (2) It brought us a course of studies to keep us from being wandering professors. And (3), it brought us a challenge to develop other programs to supplement the little green omissions.

As for the people who were mentioned already in the article, this is the state of affairs as it is now. The four founders are still around the place, John Martin, smiling as usual, Harry O'Grady still partial to our well-being, Cathal Mertens and myself, as we did from the beginning, teaching out of the green book. Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh, as many-skilled as Lug, is with us and what would we do without him. In recent years Liam Condúin has been teaching

rang na bpáistí, go foighneach le mealladh is le moladh. Tógadh Rita Bowden uainn i mbliana le donacht tinnis, múinteoir a bhfuil an-tóir air, ach tá biseach uirthi anois agus tá feitheamh orainn lena teacht ar ais. Agus faraor géar, chaill muid beirt nach mbeidh a leithéidí ann arís. Ar slí na fírinne anois, tá Séamas Ó Maoláin (Thomas James Mullan) a fuair bás 22 Márta, 1996, agus Stan Ó Faoláin (Stanley J. Whelan) a fuair bás 27 Eanáir, 1998. Ag spaisteoireacht lena n-Athair ar Neamh, go raibh siad.

Tá deis tugtha trinár scoil dá lán daoine anois ar rang Gaeilge a mhúineadh—de dhroim riachtanais de ghnáth, de bharr an tslua mhac léinn a bhíodh ag teacht chugainn chuile bhliain. Seo, in ord aibítre dá sloinne, liosta na ndaoine a mhúin rang, leathbhliain ar a laghad, ón tosach go dtí anuraidh : Rita Bowden, Liam Condúin, Andrew J. Conlin, Clare Curtin, Tomás de Grás (Thomas Grace), Lugh de Paor (Luke Powers), Brian de Vale, Veronica Dillon, Joseph Domhan, Thomas Duggan, Deirdre Elliott, Cathal (Charles) Gee, Seán Mac Domhnaill, Cathal (Charles) Mertens, Máire ní Cheallaigh (Mary Kelly), Seosaimhín ní Cheallaigh (Josephine Kelly), Seán Ó Biasta (John Beasty), Ualtar Ó Catháin (Walter Kane), Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh (Gerry Kelly), Réamonn Ó Cléirigh (Raymond J. Clarke), Pádraig Ó Clúmháin (Patrick Clifford), Seán Ó Corra (Jack Corr), Labhrás Ó Coinn (Laurence Quinn), Stan Ó Faoláin (Stanley J. Whelan), Séamas Ó Maolain (Thomas J. Mullan), Séamas Ó Neachtain (James Norton), Mairéad (Margaret) Perron, Ron Proulx, Caitlín Quinn-Lange, Mary Rollo, Jeff Truax, Eibhlín (Eileen) Zurell.

Nach sin iontach! Dhá dhuine is tríocha a lean Gearóid Tóibín ag suí roimh rang Gaeilge amhail é. Bheadh iontas air. Toradh teagmhasach é. Níor bheartaigh muid an rud. Ach luonn sé seo go deas lenár mbeartas le bheith ag obair le chéile ar chuma mheithil nó cheardlainne. Arís, ní neart le cur le chéile. Sin ceann de na seanfhocail a mhúineadh Gearóid Tóibín ina rang. Agus, maidir leis an leas leis an dá dhuine is tríocha, rud a chuala mé ó mhairnéalach cabhlaigh uair: Is é an chéim dheireanach ag foghlaim ruda ná an rud sin a mhúineadh do dhuine eile.

the children's class, patiently with coaxing and praise. Rita Bowden, a popular teacher, was taken from us with an unfortunate illness, but she has recovered now and we are waiting for her return. And sadly, we lost two whose like will not be there again. Gone to their eternal reward now are Séamas Ó Maoláin (Thomas James Mullan), who died on 22 March, 1996, and Stan Ó Faoláin (Stanley J. Whelan), who died on 27 January, 1998. May they be out walking with their Father in Heaven.

An opportunity has been given through our school to a lot of people now to teach an Irish language class—out of necessity usually, due to the throng of students coming to us every year. Here, in alphabetical order of their surnames, is a list of the people who taught a class, for a half-year at least, from the beginning until last year : Rita Bowden, Liam Condúin, Andrew J. Conlin, Clare Curtin, Tomás de Grás (Thomas Grace), Lugh de Paor (Luke Powers), Brian de Vale, Veronica Dillon, Joseph Domhan, Thomas Duggan, Dierdre Elliott, Cathal (Charles) Gee, Sean Mac Domhnaill, Cathal (Charles) Mertens, Máire ní Cheallaigh (Mary Kelly), Seosaimhín ní Cheallaigh (Josephine Kelly), Seán Ó Biasta (John Beasty), Ualtar Ó Cathan (Walter Kane), Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh (Gerry Kelly), Réamonn Ó Cléirigh (Raymond J. Clarke), Pádraig Ó Clúmháin (Patrick J. Clifford), Seán Ó Corra (Jack Corr), Labhrás Ó Coinn (Lawrence Quinn), Stan Ó Faoláin (Stanley J. Whelan), Séamas Ó Maolain (Thomas J. Mullan), Séamas Ó Neachtain (James Norton), Mairéad (Margaret) Perron, Ron Proulx, Caitlín Quinn-Lange, Mary Rollo, Jeff Truax, Eibhlín (Eileen) Zurell.

How wonderful that is! Thirty-two people who followed Gerry Tobin in sitting before an Irish language class like him. He would be surprised. An incidental outcome. We didn't plan the thing. But it fits in nicely with our policy of working together like a working party or workshop. Again, unity is strength. That was one of the proverbs Gerry Tobin used to teach in his class. And, regarding the benefit to the thirty-two people, something I heard from a navy seaman once: The final step in learning a thing is to teach that thing to someone else.

Trí na blianta, fad is a bhí an múineadh is fhoghlaím seo á dhéanamh i mbéal an tí, bhí obair eile á déanamh i gcúl an tí. Seans go bhfaca tú Toirealach Ó Maolchraoibhe (Terry Rice) ag glacadh orduithe ó dhaoine do leabhair Gaeilge nó ag áireamh deonachán as an gcarnán (kitty). B'fhéidir gur chuala tú John Martin ag meabhrú do dhaoine teacht chuig an céilí míosúil amárach nó gur thaitin leat an tae, caife, agus smailceacha a d'fheistigh sé amach ag ár gcóisirí leathbhliantúla. Ar léigh tú fógra sa nuacht faoinár ranganna nó ar chuala tú fúthu ar an raidió? Nach bhfuil creat ar na páipéir néata faoinár sceidil a riarann Gearóid Ó Ceallaigh orainn? Agus cé a ghreamaíonn na stampaí ar ár bpost-liosta? Déantar seo uile is a leithéid le daoine. Tá cuid acu ina múinteoirí, cuid nach bhfuil. Cibé mar atá, ní dhéantar an obair seo sna seomraí ranga, ach sna cúlseomraí ag tacú na scoile. Déanann sé sin líon ar dtí, an comhluadar atá ionainn.

Tá lucht tacuithe eile dár scoil nach bhfeicfá chomh héasca sin. Chaithfeá labhairt le Harry O'Grady, ár nduine ceangil ar feadh cúig bliana déag le hOrd Ársa na nÉireannach, Rannán a Dó, le cloisteáil orthu. Tá halla Rannáin a Dó mar bheadh teach scoile againn ann agus bhí mar sin go flaithiúil ón tosach, saor ó chostas ar bith orainn. Tá an rannán ina iomláine inmholta as seo ach bhí tacú ar leith linn leis na blianta ó na hathuachtaráin Jim Sullivan, John Beasty, Bob Murphy, agus Jack Gerrity, agus ó Thomas Grace freisin.

Tá baile dá chuid féin ag Scoil Gaeilge Ghearóid Tóibin san halla sin ag 27 Locust Avenue i mBabylon. Gach oíche Déardaoin ina bhaile, bíonn an comhluadar ag cur snas ar a chuid mhúinteoireachta agus ag leathnú a chuid chuspóirí i bhfabhar na Gaeilge. Sin scéal ann féin agus scéal nár mhiste scríobh air am eile. Ach faoi láthair, 'Cé na rudaí a bhíonn ar siúl thar éis na ranganna?' seans go bhfiafródh Gearóid Tóibin díom anois. Thaitníodh le Gearóid cúpla deoch agus cúpla amhrán th'éis oíche diantegaaisc. Thosaigh mé an scéal seo le Gearóid agus tá sé chomh maith agam críoch a chur air ag freagairt cheist Ghearóid. 'Bíonn seisiúin ceoil is amhráin ar siúl thar éis na ranganna, agus bíonn cúpla deoch ann, go mion minic' a deirimse.

Through the years, while this teaching and learning was being done in the front of the house, there was other work being done in the back of the house. You might have seen Toirealach Ó Maolchraoibhe (Terry Rice) taking orders from people for Irish language books or counting donations out of the kitty. Maybe you heard John Martin reminding people to come to the monthly céilí tomorrow or enjoyed the tea, coffee, and snacks he set out at our half-yearly parties. Did you read an ad in the newspaper about our classes or did you hear about them on the radio? Isn't there a good look about the neat papers concerning our schedules that Gearóid Ó Cheallaigh distributes to us? And who sticks the stamps for our mailing list? All this and the like is done by people. Some of them are teachers, some are not. Whatever the case, this work is not done in the classrooms, but in the back rooms supporting the school. That makes up our household, the family we are.

There are other supporters of our school that you wouldn't see so easily. You would have to speak to Harry O'Grady, our liaison of fifteen years with the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division Two, to hear about them. Division Two hall is like a school house of ours and it was like that generously from the beginning, free of cost to us. The division in its entirety merits praise for this but there has been individual support for years from the past-presidents Jim Sullivan, John Beasty, Bob Murphy, and Jack Gerrity, and from Thomas Grace also.

The Gerry Tobin Irish Language School has a home of its own in that hall at 27 Locust Avenue in Babylon. Each Thursday night in its home, the family is putting a polish on its teaching and widening its goals in favor of the Irish language. That's a story in itself and a story it would do no harm to write another time. But for the present, 'What things go on after the classes?' Gerry Tobin might inquire of me now. Gerry used to like a couple of drinks and a couple of songs after a night of hard teaching. I began this story with Gerry so I may as well bring it to an end answering a question of Gerry's. 'Music and song sessions go on after the classes, and there are a couple of drinks, quite often,' I say.

San halla Rannáin a Dó, tá seomra ann leataobh an bheáir le tinteán tacair is seilfeanna le leabhar ann. Cosúil le clúid sa mbaile é. De ghnáth, ón tráth roimh meán oíche go dtí na tráthanna beaga ina dhiaidh, bíonn seisiúin ceoil ar siúl sa gclúid sin. Cé nach páirt dár scoile é, bíonn an Ghaeilge labhartha ansin. Tugtar na deochanna is na gléasanna ceoil isteach agus ní bhíonn sé i bhfad go gcloistear an glór géar géimneach nó binn brónach na píbe uilleann sna lámha Lugh de Paor. Bíonn amhráin as glan-Ghaeilge gafa ag Séamas Ó Neachtain. Bíonn amhráin breátha tionlactha ar an giotar, as Gaeilge nó as Béarla, crochta suas ag Brian de Vale nó ag Lugh, agus cúpla ceann acu cumtha leo féin. Ina lár seo ar fad, bíonn foinn gan focal agus ceol damhsa gan damhsa á seinm. In éindí le Brian ar an giotar agus Lugh ar an bpíbe uilleann, bíonn Séamas ar an mbainseo agus Pádraig Ó Clúmháin ar an bhfeadóg stáin, nó ar an mbodhrán, nó ar an mbosca ceoil. Agus ag tabhairt iarracht ar an mbosca ceoil freisin, bíonn duine eile ann.

Le Réamonn Ó Cléirigh
8 Deireadh Fómhair, 2003

In Division Two hall, there's a room beside the bar with an artificial hearth and shelves with books in it. It's like a nook in the home. Usually, from the hour before midnight to the wee hours after it, there are music sessions in that nook. Though it's not part of our school, the Irish language is spoken there. The drinks and the musical instruments are brought in and it is not long before one hears the sharp and trumpeting or sweet and sorrow-laden sound of the uilleann pipes in the hands of Lugh de Paor. Songs in clear Gaeilge are sung by Séamas Ó Neachtain. Fine songs accompanied on the guitar, in Irish or English, are 'hung up' by Brian de Vale or by Lugh, some, of their own composition. In the midst of all this, there are airs without words and dancing tunes without dancing being played. Together with Brian on the guitar and Lugh on the pipes, Séamas is on the banjo, and Pádraig Ó Clúmháin on the 'tin whistle', or on the bodhrán, or on the accordion. And making a try on the accordion too, there is someone else.

By Raymond J. Clarke
11 October, 2003