

D'IONÚ TAGTHA

Ceaití Ní Bheildiúin

An teas sa chré ídithe meirgeann an raitheach
Tréigeann na fáinleoga an spéir 's anois ní mór duit
Gach déad a ghlanadh a chomhaireamh a fhostú thar n-ais ina logall

Caithfidh tú do mhogall a scuabadh suas a fheistigh
An diadem a dhaingniú Cuir ort d'fháinní do phéarlaí
Do sheoda uile Ar tholg bhog na móna luigh ar fhleasc do dhroma

Ionsóidh an ghaoth ina cócha Gioblóidh sí do ghúna Domhnaigh
D'lomeasna á lorg aici Fágfaidh sí cogarnaíl folaithe id chnámha
Sábhfaidh fuacht ina chreathanna tríot oighear ar do lúidíní

Glasanáil a loiscfidh suas thar do cholpaí faoi na hioscaidí
Siocfaidh pláitíní do ghlún do chnámha leise do ghimide
Reofaidh do chabhail go log an ghoile go croí

Casfaidh do mhéara ina liobair do ríthe righin do bhráid ina marmar
Titfidh an bháisteach ar d'uireann ar do thulchnámh
Éireoidh an portach ina loch dubh ag babhtaíl duibhe ar dheargfhuil

Do gheimhriú déanta an ghrian ársaithe beir stalctha tirim
Ní do chúram é an saol corpartha a thuilleadh
Do thaiséadach ceoigh ardaithe seasfair is beir fós bíthe

Do ghuth ina ghaoth do mhiongháire ina ghrian
Deora báistí agat áiteanna ainmnithe as do ghéaga cuartha
Treorfar slán tú go ciumhais míle bliana nua

YOUR TIME IS NOW

translated to English by *Ceaití Ní Bheildiúin*

The heat gone from the sod the bracken rusts
The swallows forsake the skies and it becomes vital that you
Clean each tooth count it lodge it back in its bordered pit

You are obliged to swish up your unkempt hair adorn it
Fasten the diadem don your rings your pearls
The whole shebang On the deep rug of peat lie flat on your back

The wind will raid in squalls make tatters of your Sunday frock
Hunt your spare rib It will issue a hush to inhabit your bones
The cold will carve in shudders through you chafe your least of toes

A hoary breath will scorch along your calves to the hollows behind your knees
Will frost over your kneecaps your thigh bones your coccyx
Your torso will ice up to the pit of your belly to your heart's core

Your fingers will turn numb your arms rigid your throat marble
The rain will drip on your temple on your frontal bone
The bog will rise a pitch lake swapping black for red blood

Your wintering done and the sun keen you'll be starched dry
Mortal life no longer your pursuit
Your mist-shroud lifted you will stand and still be female

Your voice as wind your smile the orb of day your tears
All drizzle locations named for your curved limbs
You'll be ushered safe to the edge of a millennium just beginning