

## LORG SHUIBHNE

thall ag an teorainn,  
dordán is gáir an daimh doinn  
agus guth clogáin

sa má mar ar thit  
na laochra ar maidin Dé Máirt,  
caoga bó ag geilt

trí ní naofa: leabhar,  
ceolán á bhaint as an úr  
is bile lán iúir

ag gabháil rann i mbile  
mar iarsma mo mhuintire  
os cionn thobar na cille

ar an gcoigríoch i mbile  
i gCluain Chille san oíche,  
beo ar bhiolar is uisce

idir an dá chling –  
sa gcill, gráice gráige cloig  
is i gcéin gu-gúg

sruth d'uisce fuar  
is ar a bhruach biolar,  
fochlacht is tobar

corr ar loch ag glaoch  
*bhí deichniúr is deich gcéad laoch*  
*agam ag Droim Fraoch*

sliocht bharr a throighe,  
biolar i gcois na glaise  
agus craobh bhriste

ar bharr na binne  
nó seal faoi chiabh coille,  
damh donn Cuailgne

an ghaoth thar an ngleann  
agus i mullach na mbeann,  
gealtán Ghleann Balcáin

sa bhfeá go tapa,  
gáir sheilge an tslua  
is an daimh alla

an oíche fuar,  
guth giúrainn is beart biolair  
ar lom Imleach Iúir

guth na cuaiche  
faoi learga Loch Éirne,  
freagairt don uisce

mothaím é faoin gcoill  
i gCríoch Breataine dom thall,  
mairgneach, osnaíl

glao coirre de loch,  
fuaim críonaigh dhá bhriseadh,  
léim creabhair de chraoibh

ag geilt faoi scáth, each  
allúrach ar an mbruach  
idir dhonn is dhubh

crann lom a bhí lán  
ó Bhealtaine go Samhain  
le cadhain is le heidheann

reo, sioc ar talamh  
agus an fómhar, mo chreach,  
ag teacht chun deiridh

an fiach i mbarr  
ar chrann ard iúir gan duilliúr,  
titim lá fómhair

aon duille amháin,  
bile iúir i nGleann Balcáin  
agus leabhar Chaoimhín

biolar is uisce,  
glan is glas is coisricthe  
mar chuid na hoíche

guth giúrainn ar loch  
is dordán an daimh  
ar oíche reo réaltanach

## SWEENEY'S REAR-GUARDSUCCESSIONMARK

Over at the border, the drone and famecry of the Joveprincetimberbrown championox-stag and the censurevoice-sound of a blisterbell.

In the mazeplain where the layheroes fell on Tuesday morning, fifty beaucows nakedlunaticgrazing.

Three holy washingdaughterthings: a book, a prattlerbell being wrought rung anew and a tidefull yew sacredscionbordertree.

Singing partitionverses in a sacredscionbordertree as the last of my line above the church-yardcell well.

In a strange place in a sacredscionbordertree in Clonkilly at night quickliving off watercress and rainpistearswater.

Bothbetween the two clinks - in the church-yardcell a bell and far away a cuckoo.

A stream of cold rainpistearswater and on the swellingbank, watercress, brooklime and a well.

An oddroundheron calling out on a lake *I had a thousand and more laywarriors at Drumfree.*

The progenytrace of the creamcrophindrancetop of his legfoot, watercress footbeside the glaaagreengreystream and a broken lingtressbranch.

On the creamcrophindrancetop of the hornregardpeak or a while in the castrationdeseccrationwood, the Joveprincetimberbrownbrown championox-stag of Cooley.

The airwind across the hollowcloudglen and in the regardhornpeak tops, the pucklunatic of Glanbalkan.

In the beechwood fast, the famecry of the fairyarmycrowd's hunt and the wild championox-stag.

The night is dryrawcold, the censurevoice-sound of a barnacle goose and barnacle sound and a castcoveringberthbundle of watercress in Emly.

The censurevoice-sound of the tresstuftbundlebowlfalsettosongcuckoo  
underabout the slopes of Lough Erne out-cropriseanswering the  
rainpissstearswater.

I feelmisshear himit underabout the outlawcastrationdesecrationwood in  
Dumbarton, lamenting and sighing.

The call of an oddroundheron from the lake, the sound of decayed wood being  
broken, a gad-flywood-cock chasmleaping from a lingtressbranch.

Nakedlevitatingpaniclunaticgrazing under a dreadshadow, a foreign horse on  
the swellingbank bothbetween Joveprincetimberbrown and black.

A closebare penis-shaftvault-tree that was tidefull from Mayday to Halloween  
with barnacle geese and ivy.

Ice and frost on the ground and the autumn harvest coming to an end.

The huntdebt raven on the creamcrophindrancetop of a tall yew tree without  
leaves falling on an autumnharvest day.

All the one leaf, a yew sacredscionbordertree in Glenbalkan and Kevin's book.

Watercress and rainpissstearswater, pureclear and glassgreengrey and holy for  
my lot at night.

The censurevoice-sound of a barnacle goose on the lake and the championox-  
stag's drone on a frosty starry night.