

## Draighneach

## Mícheál Ó Ruairc

Aithním go maith an sceach draighin  
a fhásann ar bhruach na haille le hais  
chlaí chloiche ar thaobh na fothana.  
Phiocainn airní uaidh le linn m'óige,

blas a seirbhe fós ar mo theanga.  
Sea, aithním an sceach draighin  
ach an aithníonn an sceach draighin  
mise a thuilleadh? Baintear stangadh

asam a luaithe agus a leagaim  
súil uirthi an tráthnóna ceathach seo,  
í maorga, ríoga, uaibhreach i gcónaí,  
ina seasamh ansan cois claí,

beag beann ar fhiántas na farraige  
ag clagarnach thíos fúithi  
ar an gcladach nó síorshéideadh  
na gaoithe ag clamhsán ina craobhacha.

Níl fonn ormsa a cuid torthaí a bhlaiseadh  
ná suí fúithi le linn an cheatha  
mar a dhéanainn agus mé fós im' ógánach  
ag caitheamh tobac ná raibh ceadaithe

ag breathnú amach ar na tonnta  
ag dul ar mhuin mhairc a chéile trasna  
na bá fad mo radhairc uaim, mé istigh  
liom féin, mé mar chuid den tírdhreach,

im' áitreabhach aitheanta ar an dtaobh seo tíre.  
Seo liom anois agus fuadar fúm  
nuair a chím na scamail dhubha  
ag bailiú sa spéir os mo chionn in airde

le go mbainfinn an bóthar mór amach  
sula mbéarfadh an tulca orm is ar eagla  
go mbeadh orm céir bheach a phulcadh  
isteach i mo chluasa ionas nach ngéillfinn

d'amhrán aoibhinn, binn éagmhealltach,  
anaitheach na Síréana á iompar chugam  
ar an séideán sí ón gcuas carraige lem' ais,  
ag iarraidh mé a mhealladh chun mo bháis.

## Black Magic

Mícheál Ó Ruairc

Well I recognise the blackthorn bush  
that grows on the edge of the cliff,  
sheltered behind a stone fence.  
I used to pick sloes from it in my youth.

I still can taste their sourness.  
Yes, I recognise the blackthorn bush  
but does it recognise me anymore,  
I wonder? I am jolted out of my reverie

as soon as I set eyes on it on this  
cold and showery evening,  
still majestic, regal, proud  
standing there behind the fence

completely oblivious to the wildness  
of the sea rumbling inexorably down  
below on the stony beach or the constant  
blowing of the wind in its branches.

I no longer feel like tasting its fruit  
or sitting underneath it during a shower  
as I used to do as a young man,  
smoking the forbidden weed,

looking out at the waves clambering  
over one another as far as the eye  
could see across the bay, feeling  
as one with myself, part of the landscape,

a familiar inhabitant in these parts.  
Look at me now all in a fluster  
when I behold the dark clouds  
gathering in the sky above me

lest I won't reach the main road  
before the downpour catches me  
and for fear I would have to stuff my ears  
with beeswax so as not to succumb

to the beautiful, sweet, death-enticing song  
of the Sirens being transported towards me  
in a sudden fairy gust from the rocky shore  
beneath so as to entice me to my death.

