



27 DE OUTUBRO DE 2021

POESIA AO MEIO DIA



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939)

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

WHEN I PLAY ON MY FIDDLE IN DOONEY,
FOLK DANCE LIKE A WAVE OF THE SEA;
MY COUSIN IS PRIEST IN KILVARNET,
MY BROTHER IN MOHARABUIEE.

I PASSED MY BROTHER AND COUSIN:
THEY READ IN THEIR BOOKS OF PRAYER;
I READ IN MY BOOK OF SONGS
I BOUGHT AT THE SLIGO FAIR.

WHEN WE COME AT THE END OF TIME,
TO PETER SITTING IN STATE,
HE WILL SMILE ON THE THREE OLD SPIRITS,
BUT CALL ME FIRST THROUGH THE GATE;

FOR THE GOOD ARE ALWAYS THE MERRY,
SAVE BY AN EVIL CHANCE,
AND THE MERRY LOVE THE FIDDLE
AND THE MERRY LOVE TO DANCE:

AND WHEN THE FOLK THERE SPY ME,
THEY WILL ALL COME UP TO ME,
WITH 'HERE IS THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY!'
AND DANCE LIKE A WAVE OF THE SEA.



BRENDAN KENNELLY (1936-2021)

BEGIN

BEGIN AGAIN TO THE SUMMONING BIRDS
TO THE SIGHT OF THE LIGHT AT THE WINDOW,
BEGIN TO THE ROAR OF MORNING TRAFFIC
ALL ALONG PEMBROKE ROAD.
EVERY BEGINNING IS A PROMISE
BORN IN LIGHT AND DYING IN DARK
DETERMINATION AND EXALTATION OF SPRINGTIME
FLOWERING THE WAY TO WORK.
BEGIN TO THE PAGEANT OF QUEUING GIRLS
THE ARROGANT LONELINESS OF SWANS IN THE
CANAL
BRIDGES LINKING THE PAST AND FUTURE
OLD FRIENDS PASSING THOUGH WITH US STILL.
BEGIN TO THE LONELINESS THAT CANNOT END
SINCE IT PERHAPS IS WHAT MAKES US BEGIN,
BEGIN TO WONDER AT UNKNOWN FACES
AT CRYING BIRDS IN THE SUDDEN RAIN
AT BRANCHES STARK IN THE WILLING SUNLIGHT
AT SEAGULLS FORAGING FOR BREAD
AT COUPLES SHARING A SUNNY SECRET
ALONE TOGETHER WHILE MAKING GOOD.
THOUGH WE LIVE IN A WORLD THAT DREAMS OF
ENDING
THAT ALWAYS SEEMS ABOUT TO GIVE IN
SOMETHING THAT WILL NOT ACKNOWLEDGE
CONCLUSION
INSISTS THAT WE FOREVER BEGIN.



BRENDAN KENNELLY (1936-2021)

THE STONES

WORRIED MOTHERS BAWLED HER NAME
TO CALL WILD CHILDREN FROM THEIR GAMES.

‘NELLIE MULCAHY! NELLIE MULCAHY’
IF YE DON’T COME HOME,
SHE’LL CARRY YE OFF IN HER BIG BLACK BAG.’
HER NAME WAS FEAR AND FEAR BEGAT
OBEDIENCE,
BUT ONE DAY SHE MADE A REAL APPEARANCE

–
A HARMLESS HAG WITH A BAG ON HER BACK.
WHEN THE CHILDREN HEARD, THEY GATHERED
TOGETHER
AND IN TRICE WERE STALKING THE LITTLE WEARY
TRAVELLER –
TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY, FORTY.
NUMBERS GAVE THEM COURAGE
THOUGH, HAD THEY KNOWN IT,
NELLIE WAS MORE TIMID BY FAR
THAN THE TIMIDEST THERE.
ONCE OR TWICE SHE TURNED TO LOOK
AT THE BRAVADO-SWOLLEN PACK.
SLOWLY THE CHANT BEGAN –

‘NELLIE MULCAHY! NELLIE MULCAHY!
WICKED OLD WOMAN! WICKED OLD WOMAN!

ONE CHILD THREW A STONE.
ANOTHER DID LIKEWISE.
SOON THE LITTLE MONSTERS
WERE FURIOUSLY STONING HER

WHOSE NAME WAS FEAR.
WHEN SHE FELL BLEEDING TO THE GROUND,
WHIMPERING LIKE A BEATEN PUP,
EVEN THEN THEY DIDN’T GIVE UP,
BUT PELTED HER LIKE MAD.
SUDDENLY THEY STOPPED, LOOKED AT
EACH OTHER, THEN AT NELLIE, LYING
ON THE GROUND, SHIVERING.

SLOWLY THEY WITHDREW
ONE BY ONE.

SILENCE. SILENCE.
ALL THE STONES WERE THROWN.

BETWEEN THE HEDGES OF THEIR GUILT
CAIN-CHILDREN SHAMBLED HOME.

ALONE,
SHE DRAGGED HERSELF UP,
CRYING IN SMALL HALF-UTTERED MOANS,
LIMPED AWAY ACROSS THE LAND,
BLACK BAG ON HER BACK,
AGONY RACKING HER BONES.

BETWEEN HER AND THE CHILDREN,
LIKE HIDEOUS FORMS OF FEAR –

THE STONES.



JOSEPH O'CONNOR

ON SEEING BRENDAN KENNELLY LOOKING IN THE WINDOW OF HODGES FIGGIS

I THINK OF YOU, BRENDAN, IN HUSHED DUBLIN
STREETS,
WALKING AT DAWN PAST A SHUTTERED STORE
OR PAUSING A MOMENT TO LOOK AT THE STATUES
OF GOLDSMITH, GRATTAN, CONNOLLY, MOORE.
GREY GULLS OVER CHRISTCHURCH, THE CITY STILL
SLEEPING;
THE BURGER BARS CLOSED AND A RUMOUR OF
SNOW.
LITTLE TO HEAR BUT THE DAWN ALLELUIA
OF A GARDA-CAR SIREN ON MERRION ROW.

YOUR MIND RHYMING MELODY, STREET-CRY AND
HUMOUR,
PASSIONATE MEMORY, HEART-ACHING LOSS;
YOUR HEROES THE ORDINARY; QUIET DUBLIN
WIDOWS
HURRYING IN FOR EARLY MASS
PAST GHOSTS OUTSIDE PUBS IN THE HUNGER OF
MORNING,
FIVE-O-CLOCK SHADOWMEN, SHOOK BY THE FATES;
CROMWELLS AND JUDASES, WAITING FOR
OPENINGS;
THE PEOPLE UNNOTICED BY COLD-EYED YEATS.

I THINK OF YOU, BRENDAN, WALKING THE
LIBERTIES,
MEATH STREET AND FRANCIS STREET, DOWN
TOWARDS THE COOMBE,
WATCHING THE CITY IN ALL OF HER VAGARIES
WANDERING BACK TO HER LONELY ROOM.
LOVING HER STREELINGS AND EARLY-HOUR
HOMECOMINGS,
THE WHIP OF HER WIT, AND HER DIRTY-FACED TALK,
YOU AND THE SPIRIT OF JAMES CLARENCE
MANGAN
SHARING A COFFEE ON BACHELORS WALK.

I THINK OF YOU, BRENDAN, DRIFTING THROUGH
TRINITY,
COBBLES OF HISTORY MOISTENED BY MIST,
HEAD FULL OF STANZAS AND JOSTLING IMAGES,
LOVERS YOU KISSED BY THE RIVERS OF KERRY.
THE FERRY FROM TARBERT TRAVERSING YOUR
MEMORY;
CARRIGAFOYLE IN THE DAWN OF THE DAY,

THE STREAM OF YOUR POETRY FLOWING IN
EDDIES
FROM BÉAL ÁTHA LONGFOIRT TO BAILE ÁTH
CLIATH.

YOUR SHY SMILE BY BEWLEYS, YOUR
HANDSHAKE ON DUKE STREET
ONE EVENING WHEN AUGUST HAD GLITTERED
THE TOWN
AND THE WINDOWS ALL SHINING IN
MISCHIEVOUS CADENCE
WITH YOUR STUBBLE-CHEEKED GRIN, AND YOUR
RADIANT FROWN
AS YOU LOOKED AT THE FLOWER-SELLERS, TOLD
ME A STORY
TOLD YOU IN BOYHOOD ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT
BY AN OLD **SEANCHÁI** WITH A HATFUL OF
CHARACTERS;
ADVENT BUDDER ON GRAFTON STREET.

DAWN-WALKER, TEACHER, LOVER OF DUBLIN,
LEOPOLD BLOOM WITH THE GLISTENING EYES
OF A MAN WHO HAS SEEN ALL THE ICE-FLOES OF
FOLLY
DRIFT DOWN THE LIFFEY AND OUT TOWARDS THE
BAY.
YOU PAUSE ON THE BRIDGES NAMED FOR OUR
POETS.
I SEE YOU THERE, BRENDAN. YOU ALWAYS KNEW
THAT WORDS ARE A BRIDGE ON UNCROSSABLE
RIVERS.
BEIR BUA, MY BROTHER. THIS BRIDGE IS FOR
YOU.



MÁIRE MHAC AN TSAO (1922-2021)

COMHRÁ AR SHRÁID/ STREET-TALK

AR LEACACHA NA SRÁIDE
NUAIR THARLA ORT AN LÁ SAN
DO LABHRAIS CHUGHAM CHOMH TLÁITH
SIN
AM FHIAFRAÍ GO MUINTEARTHA
GUR BHOG AN T-AER IM THIMPEALL,
AER BOCHT LEAMH NA CATHRACH,
LE LEOITHNE BHOG ANIAR CHUGHAINN
Ó DHÚTHAIGH COIS FARRAIGE
INAR CHUIREAS ORT AITHNE . . .

AN TSIÚRÁIL RÉIDH SIN,
FIOS DO BHÉASA FÉIN AGAT,
TEANN AS DO GHAELAINN,
AS DO DHEISBHÉALÁÍ
MHÍN CHÚIRTÉISIGH –
NÍ LEANBH Ó ARÉIR MÉ,
A CHIARRAÍGH SHÉIMH SIN,
ACH CREID MÉ GUR FHÉADAIS
MÉ A CHUR Ó BHUÍOCHAS
MO DHAOINE FÉINIG.

ON THE FLAGGED STREET
THAT DAY WE HAPPENED TO MEET
YOU SPOKE TO ME SO KINDLY
ASKING COURTEOUSLY HOW I WAS,
THAT THE AIR SOFTENED AROUND ME,
THE DULL IMPOVERISHED CITY AIR,
WITH A LITTLE BREEZE YOU BROUGHT
FROM THE WEST, FROM THAT PLACE
BY THE SEA WHERE I FIRST KNEW YOU...

THAT EASY CONFIDENCE
AND KNOWING HOW TO BEHAVE,
CERTAIN OF YOUR LANGUAGE,
YOUR GENTLE WIT AND
COURTLY ABILITY WITH IT –
I WAS NOT BORN YESTERDAY,
MY GRACIOUS KERRY FRIEND,
BUT BELIEVE ME YOU COULD HAVE
TURNED ME AWAY FROM
MY NEAREST AND DEAREST.



MÁIRE MHAC AN TSAO (1922-2021)

JACK

A FINE FAIR-HAIRED SIX-FOOT FELLOW,
A FARMER'S SON FROM THE COUNTRY
WESTWARD,
ON HARD CEMENT WE DANCED TOGETHER
A NIGHT IN THE FUTURE HE'LL NOT REMEMBER.

BUT I WON'T FORGET HOW HIS ARMS EMBRACED
ME
HIS QUIET SMILE, CIVIL CONVERSATION –
IN HIS CLEAN WHITE SHIRT, HIS NEAT COMBED
HAIR –
YELLOW IN THE LAMPLIGHT AS THE OIL RAN
LOWER.

HE'LL GET THE LAND HIS FATHER LEAVES HIM,
MARRY AND RAISE A HOUSEFUL OF CHILDREN
BUT NO-ONE WILL SEE THE MAN I DANCED WITH
–
WHAT DID I CARE WHO SAW MY FANCY.

ALL THAT IS BEST IN THE WORLD I WISH HIM,
BLESSINGS ON EVERY PLACE THAT HOLDS HIM,
EVERY PROMISE FULFILLED IN LIVING,
MY CHOSEN PARTNER FOR ALL THIS SUMMER.

TRANSLATION: EILÉAN NÍ CHUILLEANÁIN

