

FOREIGN NEWS

POEMS IN IRISH BY
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Sop Préacháin

STUAIM

Ba cheart bhur gcur ó aithne:
tá an tír róibheag, teanga
níos stuama a chleachtadh
nó seasamh siar ón tús.

Ach anois thar aon am eile,
níl teacht ná dul ón tosach.
Ag cóisir daoibh in íoslach tí,
thug tú úll dó in áit osclóra.

Bíonn dúil agus dúil ann.
A shonc féin, ba mheidhreach.
Bíonn diúltú agus diúltú ann —
No thanks, I've read the Bible.

AN CHÉAD PHLAIC

Ba gheall le moladh
an dara priocadh —
gur chaith tú uait
gan cothrom fola

crúbáil na hoíche
faoi sholas obann:
tabhairt na doraidh
go glé, dá dtabharfaí.

A Crow's Wisp

CANT

Wipe your memory: the country's
too small, practise
holding your tongue
or stand back from the thing.

As much as ever now
there's no getting past how
she slid with aplomb
not a corkscrew but an apple into his palm.

There's come-ons and come-ons and then some.
His comeback was winsome.
There's no thanks, and no-thanks-but-frisky —
If that makes me Adam, then you must be . . .

THE FIRST MOUTHFUL

Praise be, you thought,
when you gave up the ghost.
But where's the glory
with no blood lost?

The nails of the night
beneath a bare bulb:
your challenge spotlit.
Now take it up.

AN DARA PLAIC, NÓ ATH-QUOOF 1

Aithníonn sé faoin am seo, an fear i do theannta,
nach ligtear as do cheann iad,
na cuimhní cinn a roinntear,
go mbíodh colúir theachtaireachta aige féin is a athair
is go ndéanaidís blaoscanna uibhe a théamh
chun gob an éin a neartú.
Thug is tugann leat,
an taom a bhuail an buachaill,
é ag fanacht in oirchill is na blaoscáin á róstadh,

gur fhág sé faoin teas rófhada iad,
d'aon turas, a chroí ina bhéal aige,
le teann spóirt, b'fhéidir, féachaint,
dá ainneoin féin — mar a bheadh acu,
dá bpléascfadh blaosc san oigheann air.

AN TRÍÚ PLAIC, NÓ ATH-QUOOF 2

Aithníodh sé thairis —
leath-chéile na cuilte,
nach slogadh gan chogaint í,
an chuimhne cinn leath-oilte.

Súil siar is túisce
a bhuaileann an sprioc:
an buachaill nach gcodlaíodh
nuair ba thrúig oilc an tost.

Níorbh fhéidir a shuaimhniú
go gcloiseadh fead na traenach:
má bhí tiománaí ina dhúiseacht,
ní raibh sé ina aonar.

THE SECOND MOUTHFUL (QUOOF: SLIGHT RETURN 1)

Pillow-talker, as you'd
be the first to admit, a cat let out
of the bag won't go back in.
Now she's up to speed on how
you and your dad used eggshells
to harden the beaks
of your pigeons, nodding
off over them, billing and cooing,
waiting for the shells to roast.

Once you left them under
the heat on purpose,
for devilment maybe — come on,
come on — curious what might happen
if left in too long.

THE THIRD MOUTHFUL (QUOOF: SLIGHT RETURN 2)

Something else to chew on
besides the tales he's spun:
he should recognize, no
matter where, his duvet-twin.

For the boy keeping watch
when sleep would be nobler,
the place to look
may be over his shoulder.

Who can't rest until
the train whistle blows:
if the driver is out there
he can't be alone.

IARFHOCAL

Bhí a fhios aici, an bhean sin,
nárbh ionann súil is éisteacht;
is d'admhódh de chogar claon
gur fhadaigh tost an béaldath.

Sop préacháin a deirtí
le bean a chaitheadh fear uaidh:
píosa tuí a d'ardaigh an ghaoth
nuair nár oir go beacht don éinín.

AFTERWORD

Well she knew that holding
an eye isn't having an ear;
and beyond that she knew
how silence improves lipstick.

A woman a man drops
is called a crow's wisp:
something the wind takes
when a bird lets it slip.