

## *Nóta / Note*

**N** í chuimhnítear ar na bandéithe a thug a n-ainm naofa d'Éirinn—Éire, Banba, Fódla—gan trácht ar na bandéithe eile a d'fhág a rian ar an tírdhreach, Danu agus an Dá Chích abair.

*Bhakti* a thugtar ar an bhfilíocht dheabhóideach san India, Mirabai ag gaoch ar a leannán diaga, Giridhar (Krishna), nó Muktabai a chanann as a drithliú féin. I ndeireadh na dála níl sa dia ná sa bhandia atá á adhradh ag an *mbhakta* ach an duine féin—breith ar ghile na gile síoraí is anam an uile dhuine againn.

Tá focail áirithe sa seicheamh dánta seo 'scáthaithe' agam chun léamh eile a dhéanamh ar líne, nó macalla éigin a chur inti, an mantra *om*, abair—cluiche a thainíodh leis na Ceiltigh fadó.



**O** ne does not often think of the tripartite goddess who gave her blessed name to Ireland—Éire, Banba, Fódla—not to mention other goddesses who have left their trace on the landscape, Danu of the Paps of Danu for instance.

Devotional poetry in India goes by the name of *bhakti*. In the heel of the hunt, a *bhakta* does not really adore or pine for any god or goddess; as with Mirabai's love affair with Giridhar (Krishna), or Muktabai singing her own glistening Self; what is sought and what is praised is the brightness of eternal brightness, our shared Self, knowing neither birth nor death.

Some words in this poem sequence are 'shaded' to allow for another reading of a line, or a faint echo, a game much cherished by the Celtic poets of yore. Thus, the reader sees the word as the world when written as **world** and encounters bhakti invocations such as **ma** (mother) hidden in the word **mad!**

**GR**

### **Cosnochta**

Tá an ghealach ina luí ar a droim  
Glan ar meisce  
Coimeádann sí na héin ina ndúiseacht  
I dteanga iasachta atá a ngiob geab  
Sníonn abhainn airge**adúil** in aghaidh na fána,  
**Iom**praíonn scáil na sceiche gile léi,  
Taoi amuigh ag siúl, ní foláir, cosnochta

### **Barefoot**

The moon lies on her back  
**Mad** drunk  
Keeping birds awake  
They chat in a foreign tongue  
A silvery river flows up the slope  
Bearing with it the reflection of a fairy bush  
You must be out walking, in **Your** bare feet

## **Fíorchruth**

Tá D'fhíorchruth le **brath**  
I gcantain na n-éan  
Is ina dtost fada

## **True Form**

**Your** true form is sensed  
In the song of birds  
And in their long silence

## Conair an Scamaill Bháin

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Do chonairse

thar ilchríocha

thar easa

thar riasca

thar chathracha

thar shléibhte

thar aibh**neacha**

thar aillte

thar mhóinéir

thar fhothraigh

thar choillte

is thar lochanna

ina bhfaigheann

Tú spléachadh

ort féin

**The Way of the White Cloud**

The Way of the White Cloud

Is **Your** way

Over continents

Over waterfalls

Over **marshes**

Over cities

Over mountains

Over cliffs

Over meadows

Over ruins

Over woods

And over lakes

In which You

catch a glimpse of

**Yourself**

## **Tonnta**

is Tú  
na tonnta  
geala  
bána  
is Tú  
an duirling  
is Tú  
an gaineamh  
mín  
tar éis  
na mílte  
bliain  
is Tú  
an cáitheadh  
ag dul as  
Ionat féin  
an ghaoth  
a fhoirmíonn  
an folús  
is ea Thú  
is Tú  
blas goirt  
an tsáile  
ar mo bhéal  
is an teanga  
atá á lí  
is Tú an duibheagán  
is an cuan  
cé eile ach Tusa  
a dhúisíonn  
Manannán mac Lir  
as a shuan?

## **Waves**

You are  
the bright  
the silvery  
waves  
You  
the rocky foreshore  
You  
the smooth  
sand  
after  
a thousand  
years  
You  
the spume  
vanishing  
in Yourself  
the wind  
that shapes  
the void  
is You  
You  
the salt taste  
of brine  
on my lips  
and the tongue  
that licks it  
You the dark depths  
and the harbour  
who else but You  
awakens  
Manannán mac Lir  
from slumber?