

An tEach Uisce
(The Water Horse)

A poem by
Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill,

(tr. from the Irish
by
Eillean Ni
Choirdeáin)

Illustrated

with:

Irish

Pictures

By

Grace
Marlier

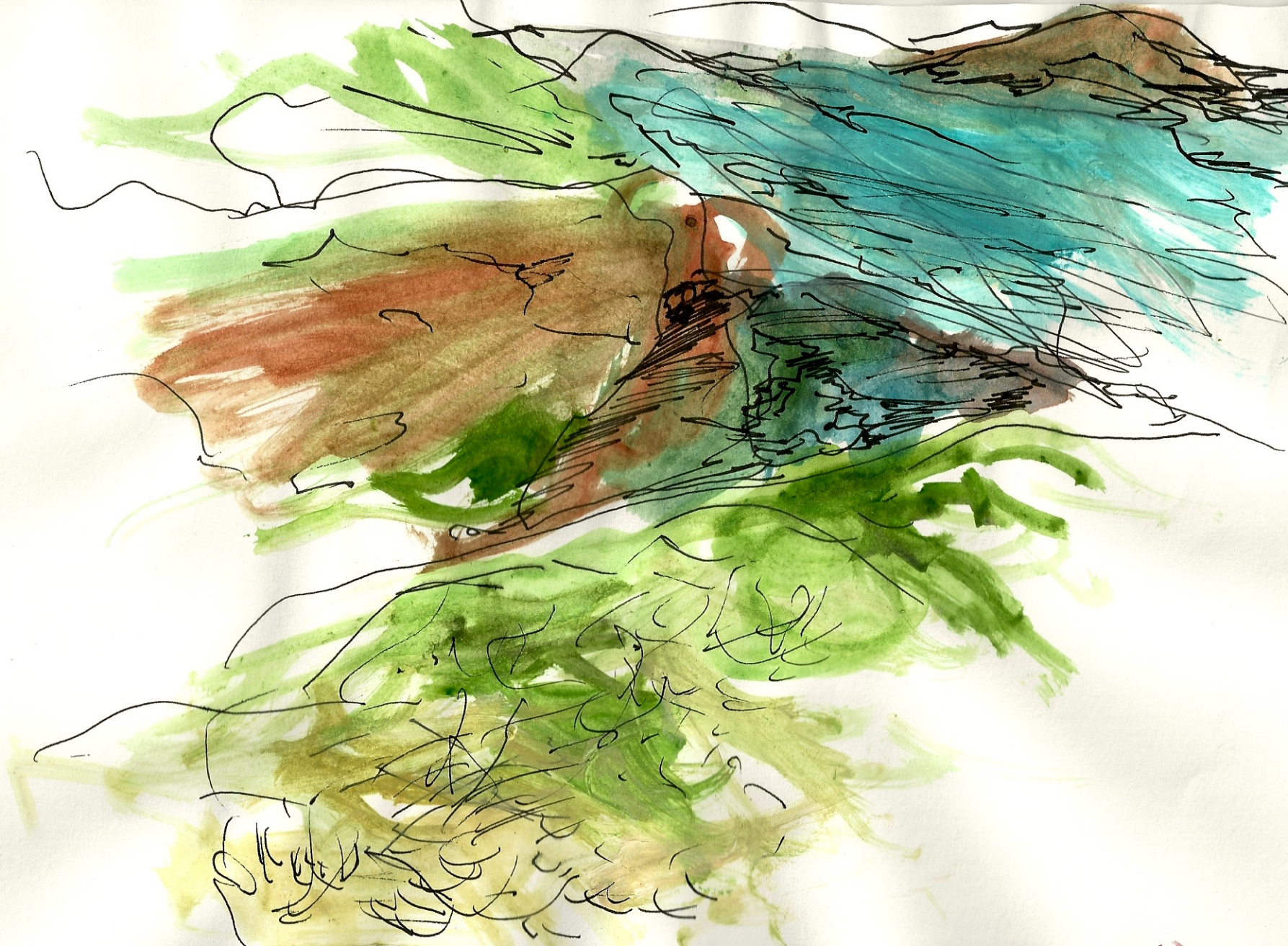
MARCH
2011

GARY Keogh,
who went to a shareholder's
meeting post-crash and
threw rotten eggs at
executives of
Anglo Irish Bank.



BY



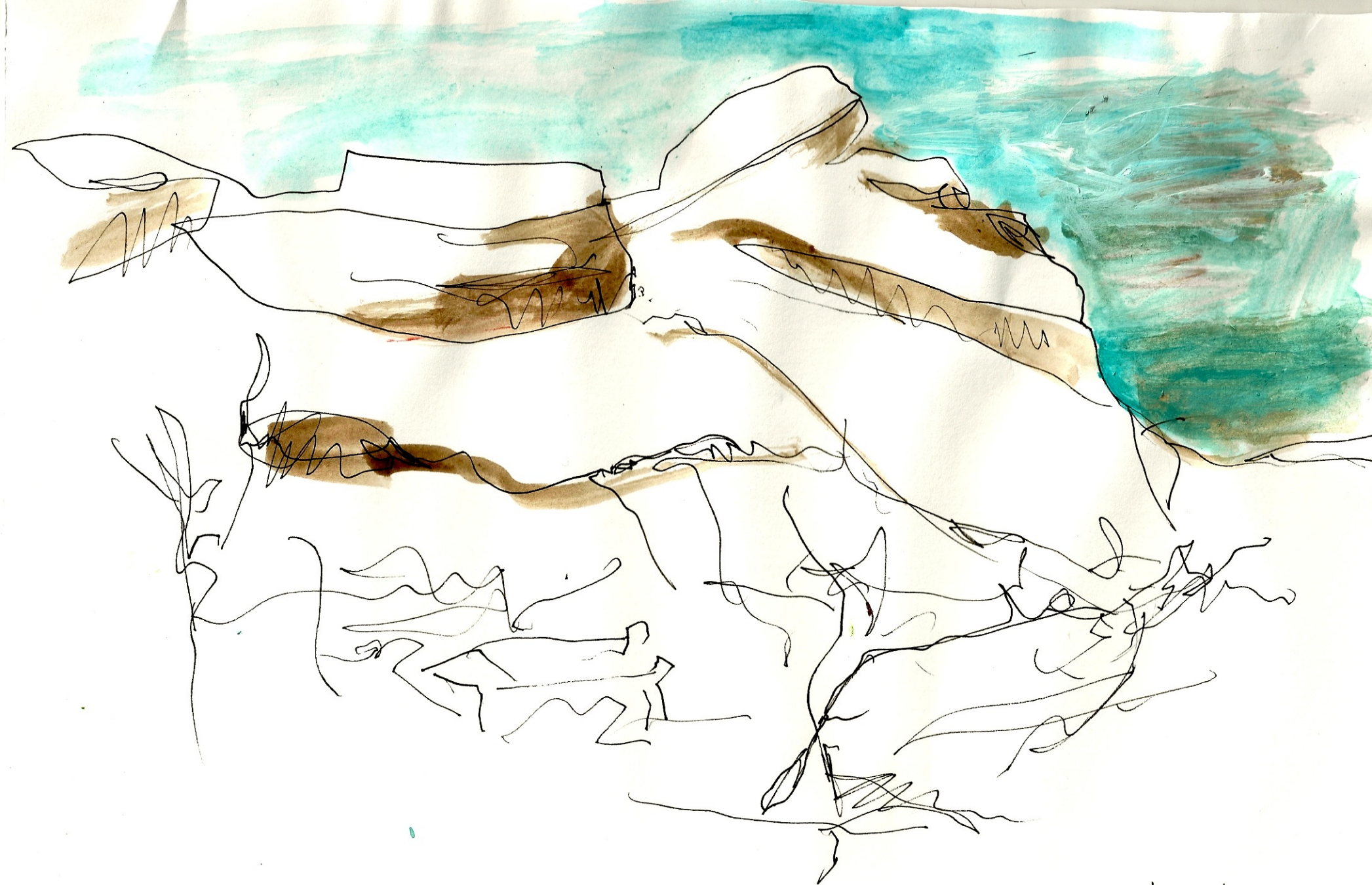








Ben Bulken 1



Ben Bullseye
2



GFM

SELF PORTRAIT
IN EIRE
MARCH 2011

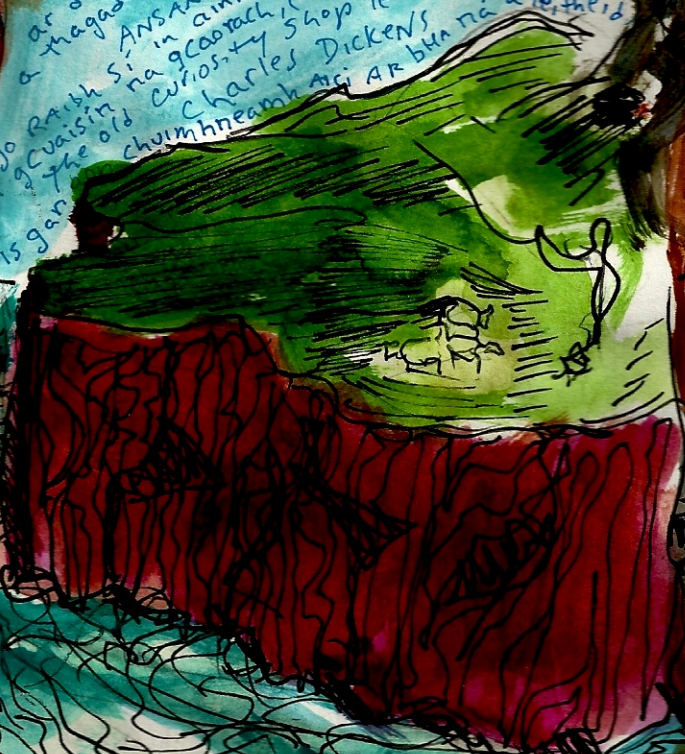
An tEach Uisce

(THE WATER HORSE)

BY Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill
DRAWINGS BY G.F. MARLIER



ar dtíris sa ina cúl raibhí amháin
a thagadh se chun bli léi.
ANSAN LA is a bheith ag goireacht b
in ainm (bhis si ag léamh
na gcaorach, shop le
the old curiosity shop le
chumhneamh arí AR bun ná a le, théid



si cad a chomarc
si ar bh na mura
mara ina na mura
si cuaine
amhugh sa
do gheir g
CRO

is ann a cheap
si gur b iad na beirid
pis g b leir aici fein a bhifor
bitim le hairr
sa tsruith.
go Hobann

cleap si
go
bhríghdeach
si
leatimharí
sa
bhaile
sa
bharr
is do léim
suas le team
lionn, tu agt
Van haran
suair phuog
5. Cad a bhí
suas.

B'fáin é an Chead
Uair a thabhsig si
Chúicchi at an
láthair.

AT FIRST IT WAS ONLY IN HER DREAMS
THAT HE CAME AND LAY WITH HER.
ON THE DAY
SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MINDING THE COWS
IN SHEEP COVE (SHE WAS READING DICKENS,
THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP
AND COWS WERE THE LAST THING ON HER MIND)
SHE SAW PORPOISES FLOCKING OUT IN THE BAY.
HER HEART ALMOST STOPPED.
SHE THOUGHT THEY WERE HER COWS, ALL OF THEM
FALLEN AT ONCE FROM THE CLIFF TO THE WATER.
SHE THOUGHT SHE'D GET A HAMMERING AT HOME
AND SHE HAD JUMPED UP IN HER AGITATION
BEFORE SHE SAW WHAT THE BODIES WERE.
THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE APPEARED TO HER THERE.

THEN CAME THE DAY
HE LAID HIS HEAD ON HER BREAST.

Ansan thainig la gur chur se a cheann na dháinte déigeala mórtuimpeall (sa tháthona a, thainig se ce niala fhad leis na focail a dhéanamh amach i gceart, diair se d'iom a cheann a ghlanadh is na miolta a bhí ag cra an chinn chnagadh

Migne fada



THE SEA-CREATURES WERE HOOTING BELOW THEM
ON THE WATER
AND THE PORPOISES IN SHINING TROOPS AROUND THEM.
(LATER IN THE EVENING
THEY WERE SEEN BY PEOPLE OUTAFTER COWS ON THE
MOUNTAIN.)
AND IN A FOREIGN TOUNGE SHE UNDERSTOOD
THOUGH SHE COULD NOT PROPERLY MAKE OUT THE WORDS,
HE ASKED HER TO COMB HIS HAIR
AND CRUSH WITH HER LONG NAILS
THE CREATURES THAT WERE PESTERING
HIS HEAD.

SHE DID WHAT HE ASKED,
 SHE WAS HUMMING SOFTLY UNDER HER BREATH
 SOOTHING HIM, WHEN SHE GOT THE FRIGHT
 THAT STOPPED HER HEART AGAIN; SEAWEED AND
 ROCK DILLISK WERE GROWING AMONG THE ROOTS
 OF HIS HAIR.



SHE GUESSED AT ONCE WHAT WAS GOING ON
 AND THAT IT WAS BAD NEWS. THEN
 WHEN SHE FELT THE TIPS
 OF HIS EARS SHE KNEW
 THAT NOT ONLY Labhraidh Loirc IN THE OLD STORY



HAD EARS
 LIKE A HORSE'S EARS.

YET ALTHOUGH THE COLD SWEAT WAS RUNNING DOWN HER SKIN SHE GAVE HERSELF A PINCH IN THE THIGH OR TWO OR THREE, AND SAID NOTHING. SHE WENT ON COMBING HIS HAIR THE WHOLE TIME HUMMING AND MURMURING LULLABYES AND SCRAPS OF SONGS

TO SOOTHE HIM AND BEGUILLE HIM INTO SLEEP AND THEN WHEN SHE HEARD HIS BREATHING CHANGING TO THE SIGHS OF A SLEEPER SHE UNDOED THE STRINGS OF HER APRON GENTLY AND QUICKLY AND SHE RAN FOR IT,

SHE MADE IT UP THE CLIFFS IN A FLASH TO THE HOUSE OF HER PEOPLE. AT FIRST, ALL THEY COULD GET FROM HER WAS A STREEL OF NONSENSE ABOUT SEAWEED ROOTS AND HORSE'S EARS. AT LENGTH, WHEN HER PEOPLE HAD LABORED TO MAKE OUT THE MEANING OF WHAT SHE WAS SAYING, THEY KNEW AT ONCE RIGHT ON THE SPOT THAT IT WAS THE WATER HORSE.

*Cé gur b'fhéach brat Evarallais trína Craiceann Amach do Shain Si níofaig
 amháin no dhó no tré as a Cronán is ní d'fuit si baic is go mear
 lean si rithin an Feadh an ama ag Cioradh a ...
 ching as Cronán is ag do tair eacht ...
 do scaoil si smachta ...
 ra aici d'athriodar do bhéit an t'each a shi a
 an B'pante boise gur é an t'each visce é.*



*D'eiríodar is d'fhaisc
 suas orlú a gaird
 Balcaisi, a bhfearas
 airm is a n'éide
 catha,
 is fíthead ar amach
 ina mbuion armtha
 ar t'each mharaithe.*

THEY ROSE UP AND PUT ON THEIR CLOTHES, THEIR BATTLE-GEAR AND TOOK THEIR WEAPONS, AND OUT THEY WENT AS AN ARMED PATROL TO FIND AND KILL HIM.

AFTERWARDS THEY ALL SAID SHE WAS LUCKY.
 SHE WAS, AND IT WAS A NEAR THING; ONE SLIP,
 ONE STEP AWRY AND HE'D HAVE SWALLOWED HER,
 RIGHT DOWN, LIVE AND KICKING, BLOOD AND BONES.
 THREE DAYS AFTER THE EVENT
 THEY MIGHT HAVE FOUND HER LIVER,
 A COUPLE OF LUNGS AND KIDNEYS
 PICKED UP AROUND THE HIGH-TIDE MARK.
 THAT WAS THE SORT OF BEAST HE WAS.
 IT WAS TRUE FOR THEM, SHE KNEW IT.

AND YET SHE FELT THE STORY OF THAT DAY
 LIE HEAVY ON HER.

SHE'D SIT THERE ON THE CLIFF EDGE
 DAY AFTER DAY.



AND SHE THOUGHT ABOUT THE GREEN GLEAM
 IN THE STRANGE EYES THAT LOOKED AT HER WITH DESIRE,
 THAT WAS AS SIMPLE, CLEAN, CLEAR
 IN ITS OWN WAY AS A HEARTY HUNGER.

