

THAINIG SÍ

Thainig sí.
Níor mhaith liom gur rinne sí é.
Mhóthaigh sé salach.
Mhóthaigh sé mícheart.
Ach, thainig sí ar aon ndóigh.

Chuaigh sí ar cuairt ar an Parnell Square.
Chrom sí a ceann
 Go mall
 Go measach
I nGairdín Cuimhneacháin.
Na Lasair sin a thróid ina haghaidh
 Thug siad deara uirthi.

Ar dheis, na scriobhnóirí.
 Yeats, Shaw, Wilde, srl
Osa cionn, Sinn Féin
Ar clé, na haisteoirí, an amharclann
Agus ar cúl? Staire.
Staire fada.
Staire pianmhar

Is fíor é.
Thainig sí.
Ní focal amhain faoin Thuisceart.
Ní focal amhain faoin aontacht.
Luigheann ár obair ar aghaidh go fóill.
Luigheann ár obair ar aghaidh go fóill.

Tiocfaidh ár lá.

She came.
I didn't want her to do it.
It felt dirty.
It felt wrong.
But she came anyway.

She paid a visit to Parnell Square.
She bowed her head,
 Slowly
 Respectfully
In the Garden of Remembrance.
Those Flames who fought against
 Her took notice.

On her right, the writers.

Before her, the future.
On her left, the actors, the theatre.
And behind her? History.
A long, painful history.

It's true.
She came.
Not a word about the North.
Not a word about reunification.
Our work lies ahead still.

Our day will come.