

THANK YOU

Last week, I entered, in through this door,
not smug, but sure
I had heard it all before,

some so-so, some pretty good,
but nothing of note, nothing that would
astound or amaze,
bring joys or bring tears,
that could make shape of the haze or calm all my fears

you know, mere words of reflection
on a lover, or dream,
a tapestry of color,
all golds, blues and greens

but, in the end, yeah, nothing that seemed
more than mere words,
this open-mic-ed poetry.

But Jesus Christ! Oh My God!
Mar dhea ar mo bharúil, was I ever so wrong!

I heard words of such heartfelt refrain,
words of sorrow, words of pain
crafted and spoken with an elegance, true
that raises this place, these evenings, and you

to such lofty ledge
from where much can be seen
and I have been blessed,
to have listened in on these things

spoken by people
so gifted,
who live ...!
That all I can say is ... Go raibh míle maith agaibh

beannacht is úrnaí
's le gach dea-mhéin
Béirigí bua
's ar aghaidh libh fhéin