

# Dàin le Fearghas MacFhionnlaigh

## Reifreann 2014

### 1) Coire a' Bhreacain

Sgrìobh Seòras Orwell *1984* air Eilean Diùra.

Chunnaic mi pìos mu a dhèidhinn air an tv o chionn greis.

Thachair tubaist bàta ris aig Coire a' Bhreacain.

E fhèin, a mhac òg trì bliadhna dh'aois,

agus dithis dhaoine eile san eathar a bha seo

a chaidh a ghlacadh le sruthan-lìonaidh làidir

's a tharraing a dh'ionnsaigh a' chuairt-slugain mhòir.

Bhris an cùl-mhotair dheth agus thuit e sa mhuir.

Ach rinn iad a' chùis air iomramh gu creig leathann

far an deach an eathar fodha. Las iad teine an sin.

Ri h-ùine chaidh am faicinn le iasgairean giomaich.

Tha sinne dìreach às dèidh ar reifreann

air neo-eisimeileachd a chall.

Alba mar eathar air a dol fodha cha mhòr

ann an cuairt-shlugain Orwellach,

ann an Coire a' Bhreacain de bhreugan.

Ach mar Orwell fhèin, cha deach ar bàthadh.

Ràinig sinn creag nas àirde na na garbh-thuinn.

Agus las sinn teine a tha a' loisgeadh fhathast.

### 2) Baga Dòmnaireachd

B' ann dà mhìos às dèidh an reifrinn

a bha an co-là-breith agam.

Seasgad 's a sia bliadhna dh'aois.

Cheannaich mo mhac  
baga dòrnaireachd mòr dhomh.  
Chòrd e rium glan.

Bha e dubh, dearg, agus geal,  
leis na faclan follaiseach  
*'Lonsdail Lunnainn'*.

Lean mi orm  
ga leadraigeadh  
fad seachdainean.

Air a' cheann thall  
bha mo ghàirdean goirt.  
Siondrom tunail charpalaich.

Chuimhnich mi an uair sin  
nach eil càil nas riatanaiche  
ri linn còmhraig na co-chothrom.

Sin agus cridhe ciùin.

## Sàidh-Fàidh

### 1) Gàidhlig Ghalàgtaga

Siolandair gleansach tiotànach is mise nam laighe na bhroinn.  
Capsal-fànais na gath-solais a' tolladh damhna dorcha nan speur.  
Lannsa-leighis a' tro-lotadh cràdh iongarach na bithe.  
Àiria drùidhteach gam thogail nas àirde na fuaim fhèin.

Mise air thuras bho na chaidh gus na dh'èireas.  
Sàr-Ghaeilge ri leughadh is àrd-èibhneas orm.  
An impis leum-hàidhpeir gu ceann-uidhe nam bàidh.  
Cluainean glasa, uisgeachan ciùine Talamh an Àigh.

*Uair a thid' a-mhàin*

*Bho àin an Latha.*

### 2) Ròbot air an Oir

Sìos leathad breac sleamhainn na beinne,  
sìod seann ròbot fuamhaireil meirgeach  
a' tuisleachadh le stàirn is le gleadhraich  
tro iomairean làn chlà is snèipean.

Crùbte am broinn eanchainne loisgeach  
mar luch bàn air bhoil 's ann an èiginn  
mise ri spàirn le luamhanan reasgach  
mus tuit mi sa mhuir fhuar dhomhainn.

# Teaghlach

## 1) M ànas an Lagaidh

An t-iasg a' leum an-diugh san allt,  
na òmar trìd-shoilleir fon ghrèin.

Faileasan an t-srutha drileannaich  
a' dannsadh air duilleach nan craobh.

Iomadach òir-dhuileag an fhoghair  
a' cur car san doimhneachd dhonn-ruadh.

Nam sheasamh an seo air creig ghainmheach.  
An t-uisge cas fodham a' siubhal seachad.

A-mhàin orts' air a' bhruaich thall tha m' aire.  
Am math thu a-chaidh m' fhacal tuaisteach,

cion-fàth mo chlach-thilgeil san aibheis,  
mo chnàmh 's mo mhaistreadh mar ghrinneal.

## 2) Do Ghàire

Gad chluinntinn  
ri lachan gàire  
san rùm eile.

Mar eas àrd caol  
de èibhneis gheal  
thar creig mo chridhe.

## 3) Cò mheud itealan?

*(Airson m' ogha Callan, 18 mìosan)*

Cò mheud itealan  
a chunnaic sinn madainn an-diugh  
a' dol thairis oirnn  
tron ghuirme?

Thar craobhan buidhe an fhoghair  
fon a thogas tu le aire  
nad chorrangan beaga  
iongantas dearcaig is duilleige?

Cò mheud itealan  
air na thomh sinn madainn an-diugh  
's iad a' sgèith os ar cionn  
tro sgòthan nan speur?

Os cionn na seann chraoibh-ubhail  
fon a thog thu nad làmhan beaga  
cùramach na h-ùbhlan uaine ud  
a thuit sa ghàrradh

gus an cur còmhla san t-seada

airson nan lon-dubh acrach bochda  
nuair a thig fuachd a' gheamhraidh  
nuair a thig fuachd a' gheamhraidh.

## Aois

### 1) Eagal Ron Tinneas Alzheimer

Bruadar.

A' siubhal mòintich lem mhnaoi.

Thairis air talamh rèisg.

Mise a' gabhail ceuma ceàrr

's a dol fodha suas dham mheadhan

ann an làthach a thòisicheas

air mo shlugadh gu slaodach.

A bheil mo bhean còmhla rium dha-rìribh?

Ciamar an dèan i cobhair orm?

An gabh mo sheacaid a chur dhìom

's a chleachdadh mar ròpa?

No an gabh a sgaoileadh air mo bheulaibh

air a' chlàbar mar ràth-sàbhalaidh?

Ach an dèanadh seacaid a' chùis idir?

Agus mur eil mo bhean dha-rìribh an làthair

an cluinneadh cuideigin eile m' eubhachd,

a-muigh an seo air a' mhòintich cheòthach

a' dol fodha ann an lèig air cùl luachrach?

Saoil a bheil geata-feansa ann,

a ghabhadh togail far a bhannaichean

gus drochaid a dhèanamh?

Tha sin uile gu lèir cho mì-choltach.

Dè mu dhèidhinn geugan beithe, ma-tà,

nan robh doire faisg gu leòr oirnn?

A' sìor dhol fodha agus m' imcheist a' fàs.  
Mar an saighdear truagh ud sa Chogadh Mhòr  
a chuala mi mu dhèidhinn air an telebhisean.

Esan a' dol fodha fad làithean  
ann an sloc grànnda eabair, 's a chàirdean  
a' fàilligeadh air a shlaodadh a-mach às.

Fon àm a bha an truaghan bochd  
an àirde dhan amhach aige sa pholl,  
bha e gu tur air a chiall a chall.

*Ach an uair sin dhùisg mi sa rùm agam.  
Dhùisg mi rim mhnaoi 's rim mhac  
air madainn bhrèagha dheàrrsach.*

## **2) Inneal-èisteachd**

Nam stad sa choille-samhraidh  
a' rùrachadh ann am pòcaid lèine  
airson m' inneal-èisteachd  
ach an cluinn mi nas fheàrr an oiteag  
a' tha sèideadh tron duilleach uaine.



## **Pàipear Maidne**

leugh

le ugh

# Poems by Fearghas MacFhionnlaigh

## Referendum 2014

### Corryvreckan

George Orwell wrote his novel *1984* on the Island of Jura.

I saw something about it on tv recently.

He was in a boating incident by Corryvreckan.

Himself, his three-year-old son, and two other men

in this small boat that got caught by strong tides

and was drawn towards the great whirlpool.

The outboard motor sheered off and dropped into the sea.

But they managed to row to a rocky outcrop

where their boat sank. There they lit a fire

which was eventually spotted by lobster fishermen.

We have just lost our referendum on independence.

Scotland like a boat sinking, as it were,

in an Orwellian whirlpool,

in a Corryvreckan of lies.

Like Orwell himself, though, we were not drowned,

but landed on a rock higher than the waves.

And we lit a fire which still burns strong.

### Punchbag

Two months after the referendum

was my birthday.

Sixty-six years of age.

My son bought me  
a full-size punchbag.  
I loved it.

It was black, red, and white,  
and sported the big label  
*'Lonsdale London'*.

I battered  
away at it  
for weeks.  
Eventually  
my arm hurt.  
Carpel tunnel syndrome.

It was then I remembered  
that the most important factor  
in conflict is equilibrium.

That and a calm heart.

## **Sci-Fi**

### **Gadelica Galactica**

Gleaming cylinder of titanium within which I recline.  
Space-capsule a light-ray piercing cosmic dark matter.  
Scalpel relieving ulcerous anguish of being.  
Aria uplifting me far beyond sound.

A journey from before to what is forthcoming.  
Superlative Irish perused with elation.  
Hyper-jump impending to destination beyond worth.  
Green meadows, quiet waters of Blessèd Earth.

*An hour away*  
*From shining Day.*

### **Robot on the Edge**

Down the slippery patchwork hillside,  
A huge ancient rust-eaten robot  
Careering with screeching and clatter  
Through neat plots of cabbage and turnip.

Hunched within its short-circuiting brain  
Like some crazy desperate white mouse  
I struggle in vain with seized levers  
Before hitting the dark freezing sea.

## **Family**

### **Logie Steading**

The fish jumping today in the stream,  
a transparent amber in the sun.

Reflections from its sparkling surface  
dancing on the foliage of the trees.

Fallen golden leaves of autumn  
tumbling in the russet depths.

I stand alone on this sandy rock,  
the deep waters rushing past below.

My mind on you on the far embankment.  
Whether you can ever forgive that remark

which has thrown me like a stone into an abyss,  
disintegrating, churning me like gravel.

### **Your Laughter**

Overhearing your laughter  
In the next room.  
A high slender cascade

of pure white joy  
over the rock-cliff  
of my heart.

## **How many planes?**

*(For my grandson Callan, 18 months)*

How many planes  
did we see this morning  
as they passed over us  
through the blueness?

Above the yellow autumn trees  
beneath which you lift and study  
between little fingers  
the wonders of berry and leaf?

How many planes  
did we point to this morning  
as they passed over you and me  
through the cloudy skies?

Above the old apple tree  
beneath which you lift and carry  
with careful little hands  
those fallen green apples

to store in the shed  
for the poor hungry blackbirds  
when cold winter comes  
when cold winter comes.

## Age

### Fear of Alzheimer's

Dream.

Traversing moorland with my wife.

Crossing a particularly boggy stretch.

I take a wrong step

and go up to my waist

in a sump which begins to slowly

drag me down like quicksand.

Is my wife actually with me?

How can she help me?

Can I ease my jacket off

and use it like a rope between us?

Or spread it out in front of me

like a life-raft?

Would that even work?

If my wife is not really there

will someone else hear me

if I keep shouting, out on the misty moor

sinking behind a reedbed.

Is there perhaps a gate on a nearby fence

that could be hoisted off its hinges

to form a bridge?

That is all just so unlikely.

What about some branches of birch  
if there are a few trees around?

Continually sinking.  
Like that poor First World War soldier  
I heard about on the TV.

He was sinking in a mudhole for days  
and his mates just could not manage  
to drag him out.

Eventually, by the time  
he was up to his neck  
he had gone insane.

*But then I woke up in my room.  
Woke up to my wife and son  
on a bright shining morning.*

### **Hearing-aid**

Stood in the summer wood  
rummaging in a shirt-pocket  
for my hearing-aid  
to better appreciate the breeze  
rustling the green foliage.