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Tar éis An tSaoil

Ar chúis éigin

tá do dhearcadh féin agat nuair

a dtéann tú lasmuigh.

Níl aon difríocht ann

idir an cathair ina mbíonn tú

nó i bhfad suas sna sléibhte.

Is cuma é , má tá sé in am go leor nó muna bhfuil

nó má hEarrach nó Fómhar atá ann

nó cén bia a bhí a h-ithe agat.

Nuair a dtéann tú amuigh i ndiaidh bheith istigh,

fiú amháin ach nóiméad,

ceapann tú ar na rudaí níos mó

cosúil le conas an dearcadh a h-athrú ar dhuine éigin faoi

cad is tábhachtach é

tar éis siad dulta

nó conas a shroicfidh tú ann trí chéad bliain as seo amach

ag síobhshiúl

nó is cuma cén cinéal gealach atá suas ann

conas ba chóir duit dréim le bheith,

níos mó agus níos mó, cosúil le h-im.

Cathal Mac Thréinfhir

After All

For some reason

you think in a different way when
you go outside.

It doesn't make any difference

if you're in the city
or far up in the hills.

It doesn't matter if there is time or not

or if it's spring or fall
or what you've had to eat

When you step outside from being in

even for just a minute
you think of bigger things
like how to convince someone of what's important
after they're gone
or how to get to three hundred years from now
by hitchhiking
or no matter what kind of moon's up there
how you should strive to become
more and more like butter.

Cleatar

Bí'n ghrá liom i modh ceanna

a fhuaimníonn an focal sin ' *unbeknownst* '

idir spéir is talamh

S'ea nó

i modh ceanna a dtéann glogáis suas go dtí an-bharr

Agus ansin

fiú thall sleamhnú na gallunaí

nó h-imeacht na nóna

agus chomh bhfad agus is féidhir le Locháiní a léim

Gráigh chun grá liom cosúil le sin

Agus bí'n ghrá liom fé már a bhí buntáiste ann í croitheadh láimhe

nó nuair a fhaigheann macallaí amach a gcuid dtollán

Bí'n ghrá liom cosúil leis na n-éin sin a mbíonn gean acu tumadh agus coirnéil

nó cosúil le solas na gréine ina bhfuil grá ann

Agus é ag mealladh na cófraí

Bí'n ghrá liom i gach uile bealaí sin agus níos mó

Agus leis na saiseanna ar oscailt

Bí'n ghrá liom anois ach chomh maith ansin

agus chomh cuid níos mó le nuair

a freastalaítear Lón

le gach uile sin anseo is ansúid

agus cleatar

S'ea, bí'n ghrá liom go cinnte fé mar a doirtfear cupanna

Nó ansin thuas

le sár-hoiche

nuair a chasann éisteacht

chuig brionglóidí

Bí'n ghrá liom cosúil le gleo guairneánach

laistigh an focal *abound*

Cathal Mac Thréinfhir

Clatter

Love me in the very same way that

the word *unbeknownst* sounds
in midair

Yes or

just like how spires climb to the very top

And then

even beyond soap's slip
or noon's drift

and as far as puddles can jump

Love to love me like that

And love me as if handshakes were grins

or as when echoes find their tunnel

Love me like those birds that love diving and corners

or just like sunlight is love

as it teases the cupboards

Love me in all those ways and more

And with sashes open

Love me now but also then

and as much as when

lunch is served

with all of that back and forth

and clatter

Yes love me as surely as cups that will spill

Or then above

with night's excel

when listening turns to dreams

Love me like the swirling din

within the word *abound*

Tagann Ciúnas

Tá gach rud suas

Tá

Tá spéir ann i ngach rud

Tá Sciatháin agus barra agus ardán ar gach rud

Tá gach rud suas ar na gcraobhacha ag crónán

agus ag feadaíl go h-ard -

is chaoi a dtagann ciúnas

Nó gathanna na scamall

an domhan suaimhneach seo

a n-eitlíonn chuig tá

agus beidh -

thuas cibé a mbeidh sé go deo

In áit ina bhfuil cuid is mó den níos mó

glaochanna ag lonrú

Cathal Mac Thréinfhir

Quiets Come

All is up

yes

all is sky

All is wings and tops and rise

All is up those branches hum

and whistles high --

how quiets come

Or beams of clouds

this world of still

that flies towards yes

and shall --

above what will and all

Where most of more

calls glowing

