

FRITH-CHODLADH

Tá mo chorp tro-thuirseach,
Tá m'aighe gan chorr-
 Smaoineamh
Tá mo throidhe go
 Pianmharach,
Tomaim a chodladh níos
 Doimhne.

Ach téann an codladh i ndisc
Toisc é a bheith chom trom:
Cois teallaigh is é mo mhian
I gcéin sa bhfásra, le fonn.

ANTI-SLEEP

A great drowsiness is upon me,
My mind cannot think,
My legs now ache in agony,
Deeper do I sink.

.. Into sleep which will not come,
So great is my weariness:
How I wish I were at home
Far off in the wilderness.

Michael Mernagh

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