

Solas an Léinn

Bogann an peann ina ghluais-gluais ar phár, gach scríob, gach stríoc, gach scuis
Ina chathú do Phangúr Ban, an cat.

An dúch ag lonrú faoi sholas buí an choinnil

A phreabann is a thagann is a imíonn i bhfolach sa dorchadas máguaird,
Cosaint fhánach ag manach ó na táibhsí is ó na scáileanna a líonfadh an dorchadas.

Mochthitim na hoíche ag fógairt deireadh le léann

In Aimsir Bhanríon an Gheimhridh, Aimsir Bhéara, í

Ina gabha fuardorcha -ar nós Danu is a clann.

Máthair na nDéithe, Cailleach an Fheasa - Samhain a séasúr, oidhreacht Ogma a táin.

Ach ní hamhlaidh inniu teorainn dorcha don léinn,

Na múrthaí sin ina smionagair roimh na gréasáin leictreonacha

I ré seo an tsolais.

Teicneolaíocht an eolais, an léann inár nglac, sinn ar fad, ag cách.

Díocas is dóchas, deireadh le himeallchríoch oíche,

Oscailte do chách, cuma aois, saghas ná aicme, gnéas, dúchas, ná cine -

Tá na ballaí titithe, ar oscailt don ghléine,

Feadáin dóchais ina dtuilte, ina ngile, ina ndílí.

Gaois na n-aoiseanna gan folú gan smachtú gan srian,

Á scaipeadh go mear tríd an mhearchlár -

Cliceáil na gcaipí ina chlagarnach, ina rabharta, ag líonadh an tosta.

Lugh nua an tSamhraidh chugainn, Bríd Gheal an úirEarraigh, leis.

Inniu, bíonn máthair ag bagairt gach créacht is mífhortún

‘Muna múchtar an gléas sin . . .’ istoíche.

An scáileán ag lonrú go gléigeal ar leiceann,

Clibcheab an eolais ó luibhne.

Athnuachaint, athbheochan, athshaol do gach duine - fear nó bean, óg nó aosta.

Agus Pangúr Bán, an mac? Gluais-gluaisimid, le chéile. Ar fad.

Learning in the Light

The pen moves-moves on parchment, every scrape, every mark and squish

An enticement to Pangur Bán, the cat.

Ink shining in the yellow candleglow

That flickers and wickers and hides in the darkness on the edge,

A weak defence for monks from the shades and spirits that filled the night.

Early drawing-in of dusk heralding an end to learning.

They lived in the Time of Winter's Queen, Béara Time

In her dark and chill smithy - as did Danu and her clan.

Mother of the Gods, Wise Woman of Samhain Time - she of Ogma's kin.

We no longer stop learning when the darkness gathers,

Those old webs have crumbled in this era of light.

In an age of information, learning squats tight in our grasp, within reach of all.

Enthusiasm, hope - an end to endings,

Open to all ages, kind or creed, sex, sort or breed.

The walls are fallen, open to the light,

Runlets of hope gathered into torrent, into flood, into deluge.

The wisdom of ages revealed, unsealed, dispersed, no borders,

Through fleet formulae and functions and click-clack keys

In a clatter and in a swell, flooding the silence.

Summer Lugh reborn, and bright Bríd of Spring.

Today, a mother's dire threats of woe and misfortune

'If you don't leave down that laptop . . .'

Late, into the dark night, the screen shining out bright against a cheek,

The tip-tap of knowledge at fingertips.

Renewing, reviving, re-forming everyone - male and female, young or old.

And Pangur Bán, the mac? We move-move, all together.