

Mug Ruith / Mog Ruith

Magic of the *Dé Danáan*,
Tlachtga weaving spells within minds of reason,
moonlight in a watery cave,
moonlight in subterranean spaces, people beneath the mound.
Lugh of the Long Arms, embracing *Crom* and *Áine*, has arrived.
Tlachtga no more, *Áine* now in the Kish of *Cush*.
Simon the Magus in confrontation, in the miracle of flight.
The druid becomes a convert, *Ibar* and the 'new teaching'.
The Mindful One as the Creator.
Erc of the sweet tongue as *Breitheamh* of the cross, as *Easpug*.

Anú and the *Bábóg*,
the *Biddy* and the *Brídóg*
at the foot of the Reeks.
Clíodhna enticing, *Clíodhna* as the wren.
Mananáan slumbers in the deep.

The Buck, the Puck at the Royal Cemetery at UR.
The Puck, the Buck at Kilorglin, the Mountain King.
Atlantean Thoth,
lanterns swing, subterranean hammers ring,
Agricola's rock spirits.
The far land, once dreamt in the tower gate of a blue-tiled sea.
At Uruk clouds above a garden paradise, drifting far westwards,
to colonies of the forgotten.
Ship fleets smashed on hidden reefs,
coastal winds of an angry rage-filled sea,
waifs of women lost.
In the turn of an age, bronze to iron,
Breogán's druid at *Túr Brigantia*.

Diorama in a South Kerry mountain-scape,
Anú as *Dé Annan*,
Persian coins from a Munster coastline.
From *Inis Dairbhre* to *Beann Trí*,
From Carthage to the Ilen, to Dido at *Cnoc na Seithe*,
Dido and the *Dalláns* across the valleys and across the glens.
From the oak wood of the prophets at *Sliabh Doire na Sagart*,
to *Sliabh Riabhach*, crossing the *Clíadh Dubh* intersecting the *Abha Mhór*,
to *Cnoc na Sceach* in the *tuatha* of the *Fir Maige*.

From the bonfire flame at *Mullach an Radharc* to *Beann na Gailltí*,
na Binnia where the rainbow sinks beneath the land,
at *Crotha Cliach* the harps of *Cliu* unstrung,
to Rea's *Sliabh* by *Cush*, *Cnoc Áine* an *aonach* beyond,
then to the storm clouds above *Domhnach Cnoc Maol an Faidh*,
Mug Ruith as the Faravahar,
as *Fear Athair*, as *Athair na bhFearraibh*,
as Father of Men, an amulet from father to son.

Mug Ruith as Ashur,
Mug Ruith of the sky *rothar*,
Mug Ruith as the Slave of the Wheel.
Trismagistus in the shadow of a doorway,
Atlantean Thoth authors the emerald tablets.

Cuneiform, Akkadian,
polyhedral dice beside a game board,
thoughts of Hincks and the ghost of a child's
footsteps on Princes Street's pavement,
stories of ancient Persia.
The 'Collectanea' of Vallancey spoke of India,
Vallancey at Spike Island,
Vallancey and his military map in Munster.

Srón na Binnia by the Reeks to *Srón* by the Paps,
Corc as the bowman who fired the arrow from horseback.
A golden chariot in the sunburst of a rising dawn,
a golden sky-boat as treasure trove,
Greek foreigners, might be from Dacians of Scythia by the Black Sea,
offering the sun's teardrops at the *aonach* of *Carmen*.

Anú and the *Bábóg*, the trail of the Speckled Cow, *Bealach an Bó Finne*.
Uíbh Rea, the People of the *Dé Rea*, Tribe of the *Erni* of Rea,
beyond them the Tribe of *Anú*, *Dé Anú*.
The *Fearraibh Athair*, the Man Father, Father of Men, the Faravahar,
a druid across the plain of *Fir Maige*,
across the plain of *Chaoilli*, to Levantine altars, their flaming cauldrons,
cauldron of Cernunnos woven into Persia.

The *Dagda*, the Mindful One, the mounded one,
Ahura upon the throne of Zeus, Rea the mother.
Brigit bright, upon the plain plaiting the straw,
Crom gathering-in the autumn harvest,
Lugnasa feasting at the *féile* come *Samhain*.

The *Bibe* wails across a mound of skulls, *Móinteáin na gCloigheáin*,
Cath Maige Chromtha, the battle on *Crom*'s plain,
Crom the carrier of *Lugh*'s golden harvest,
Áine wears a garland,
Jupiter, Zoroaster and the golden orbs, the apples of *Lugh*.
Maige Chromtha agus an sagart pagánach,
na daoine ag príomh áit cruinniú lar Mumha,
woven into the fire-smoke of a *seanachai*'s remembrancer,
in the ear of a hedge-school master traces of the Elder Faiths.
Scribes of the Elders to Scribes of the Empires,
to scribes of the Renaissance, Alcasaba fallen, doves released.
Lir's swans burst forth from *Loch Allua*,
John of *Mushera* startled by their passing.

Slave of the Wheel,
Rotha Mór an tSaoil...
a cosmology of the Wheel,
the heavens revolving
in a circle of stones standing.
Wheel headress of Elche,
the wheeled hair of a Hopi woman,
Tlachtga as house goddess, as seer,
Tlachtga as daughter of the Wheel.
Wheel as circle, circle as wheel.
Logic of the jumble, rediscovery of understandings.
Menhirs, Paddles, oars in a circle, oars of a wheel.
Time rowers, Time rovers, upon the sea of the seasons,
ever revolving the year, the circle of time.
Gear wheels of a Baqtun interlock,
the wheels continue their cycle.
Cad a dhéanfaimid feasta Asclepius?
Cloud of Unknowing,
and a voice from the CLOUD
said Spiritus Mundi.

[Maige Chromtha. National Folklore Archive, Schools Collection, Roll 10047.]

[Wood-Martin, William Gregory. (1902) *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland*. Longmans, Green and Co. Dublin ...and other inspirational folklore sources]