

Poem:

Nubia to Hyperboria: Whatever it might be of us as they might see?

Bare feet upon a rock scree mountain **Croagh Patrick** (*Cruach Phádraigh*, the reek, the hill, the mountain, its annual pilgrimage of bare foot pilgrims) to **Jebel Barkal**, a ram-god for Amun, a ram upon a pedestal at Kilorglin in Kerry, a pharaoh's daughter by a mountain Scotia by the sea, a Cush for a Kushite upon a hill, Scetis upon a hill at Kncknamanagh (*Cnoc na Manaigh*) of the monks at *Cnoic na Seithe*, mountain streams conjoin to form a river, a meandering of memories.

Binne or *Na Binnia*, cliffs, peaks upon mountain ridges, hill spurs projecting above into low lying plains, overlooking a plain, a wet marshland in a plain of river meadows, where two rivers flow to the sea. The Lee and another no longer to be. *Curragh* of the *Corcach* the marshland, the *Binne* overlooking the *Corcach*, the *Curragh*. Until a great flood submerges it all and time forgets and the name of *Nemed*, of his people, becomes separated from his tomb, *Árd Nemed*, peak of Nemed; a dark skin sea lord and his forgotten people wasted by disease from traders from across the sea; a cool wind across a Nemedian desert, Numidia of the Berber world of Carthage, of Barbary, of the maritime round, of the *Corcú Laoidhe*, of exiled Christians in search of a new homeland, of a new Christianity and a floruit to be. Or is it all just a fantasy?