

Poem Line:

Monks of South Munster, as abbots of Bavaria's Schottenkloster. Regensburg and the Schottenkloster. Carmina Burana at Regensburg...

Anu of Persia:



Fir Bolg...Not Belgae but Sack Men / Bag Men...men of sacks... sacks of linen or sacks of leather...cowhides...ore extractors, miners of rock...and forest clearances for agricultural land to feed the settlement, for cattle and for horses and for crops ...and places to camp ... migratory...creating the plains, the **Maighe (Má)**...and places to smelt and ships for shipments and markets for trade and

networks and nodes...Georgius Agricola's 16th century treatise **De Re Metallica**...its wood-cut illustration (Book VI) of men using sacks / bags to extract ore and spoil...how old the method?...'but we just called them the Men of the Bags, the Men of the Sacks, and sure we don't know what they called, or might have called, themselves...might they have been Fomorians, said he'?

Amirgen/ Amergen (Amir Geni) and a psalm of Cernunnus:

The **Song of Amergen** in the literature of the Gael....how translated, the seven combats of an ox or of a stag or a stag of seven tines?...seven, a number for a magus... **Amergín** and the Stag of Seven Tines. Cernunnus, known as the 'Celtic' god of Seven Tines. Cernunnus and the cauldron of Gundestrup and symbologies of ancient Persia... The Song of **Amergín**: a hymn of Cernunnus?

Amergín, Lord of Scholars, his song / hymn and a Stag of Seven Tines...the breathing of the song inhales the island landscape and its creatures...it breathes out as the god becomes its essence, its essence becomes the god...rock and sea gods battle to create the forms of the land...Cernunnus as the god of Seven Tines... Cernunnus and Gundestrup...Cernunnus and the 'Green Man'... Indo-Europe via Persia...and Anatolia?...Persephalis and the 'King of the World' ...Cyrus and a Paradiso...Ashurbanipal...what mist filled images do the soft sand-winds blow westward?...The song of **Amergín** an invocation....on a cuneiform tablet a Hurrian song / hymn of invocation to a goddess...**Amergín** and a starry moonlight of ship prows bobbing at Ballinskellig Bay and within a short coastal distance eastward *Inbhear Scéine* (Kenmare Estuary) named for **Scéine** wife of **Amergín**...then a battle at **Fionn Trá** (sand beach, Ventry, outer end of Dingle Peninsula) and a battle at **Sliabh Mish** (inner end of Dingle Peninsula...story of a hill battle and her falling from the horse and burial in a mound overlooking a glen stream)...the taking of the local land, the peninsulas of the South West, Brow Head at the Mizen (**Notium Promontarium**) nearest place and point of landfall for ships from **Biscay Bay**...a stone circle falling from a sea cliff one day upon gentle placid waters then another day upon fierce rage filled timber ships sundering seas, ships from the Atlantean coastlines of Greek colonies and of Tartessians... and Carthaginians blockading the Gibraltar straits, ships from **Mare Nostrum** from Massalia and eastward, land of metal miners, ships carrying cargos to and fro, ships carrying the Sons of **Míl**...to take from the **Tuatha Dé**, of Greece?, who took from the **Fir Bolg**...of Greece?.....who took from earlier peoples....stories of conflicts and 'invasions' to control the metal source lands, the rooting of identities, of stone circles, of wedge tombs and monoliths...not of the **Dagda** lands...not of the lands of **Aonghus**...the din and sheen of the Age of Bronze ...then the spears of **Lugh** and the glinting of purple rocks...shale beds washed by sea foam.., slow coiling drift of plant tresses... shipwrecks on the shore...just a haziness of half forgotten memories turned to myths of ancestral dreaming...

Gaelic to the west of it ←
Norman to the east of it.

Settlers of the Flemings
at the border lands under
threat, King John at Lohort from
Flanders.
A peace flag in hand, as
pilgrims Milo De Logan and Peter
Fitz Stephen, to the monks
of Eghadoc in the lands of
the Carrage, of Mac Carthaigh,
attend. A failed attempt at
integration but a chapel dedicated
to Eghadoc erected at Dunisky...
in 1260 AD the slaughter took place,

with the advance of the army of
Finghin, blood spattered earth and
timber, ditched
battlements... non-combatants
in refuge below ground... a
day of fear, a day of rearing,
a day of confused emotions and
dis-orientation. Behind the
barrel in the cellar we are
discovered, will we become
nobody? Will they reach the
young beyond the port-hole?
It is done. It will be forgotten.
Time will blanket the memory.

Normans
an arrow-head penetration
westwards
into hereditary Gaelic lands
ancient sacred lands of Elder faiths,
tribal complexity and ancient
political
genealogy lands, Courseys'
Kinsale to Macroom's
Dunisky to Lohort by
Mallow. To the west beyond,
an ancient Gaelic cultural
land, a land of, a kingdom of,
complexity of memory, a settled
stasis of memory, a civility
evolved from the Levant, from
Carthage, from Greece... a Church of

Egypt's true vine of Christ and
Shetis... bowdlerised from its
former lands to its border lands,
in a Norman age, in an intruding
Western European age of Roman Church
apostasy... Ludibund!

A curlew calls at dawn but
the pilted knee will not kneel...

Ní raibh sé cráchnaithe réomh
agds dá bhí @ sin leanuigh sé
ar fuidh na haoise san ^{eagaine} caipne,
ins na lgainneach a cur smointe
san eolas dindshrechas. Like the
←

Is it here at the intersecting
line between Norman and
Gaelic Ireland, in the kingdom
borders, the eastern borders of
the kingdom, that the Norman
conquest of Britain and
Ireland finally ends?

