

Mind Charts and Beckoning Images : A Poem

Old Avestan in the Slow Air of a tin whistle beside the fire hearth at a moonlit beach, shingling waters, its percussive way a lapping of waves.

Into the mind maps of Matteo Ricci's palaces. Sublimate, Intricate, Intoxicate, Capacitate, what is beneath an observable reality.

The loss of Vulcan's forge, the magic of flame making rock to sword and shield boss, flowing snake-like surge funnelling across a clay mould, dripping beads of wax ...but the melody of the anvil now no-more.

On a hillside the *Gobán*'s hammer turned to timber and stone, and earthwork staves...his visage a glacial erratic on the gravels of an ancient floodplain...just a local folk-tale someone was heard to say.

The Faravahar once again upon the etherial canvas of a universal sky. The Arch-Druid's dragon draws eastward his chariot of fame, *Mog Ruith* of the Sky Wheel, the Red Druid of the Great Wheel of Life and the curling mists which sweep across mountain vales which they en-veil; the battle seekers cannot see.

A sentinel on the brow of Carn Tierna awaits, hesitates, hears the pounding of an oak forest's floor, two war chariots breach the clearing, breath vapour of stilled horses in the mists of a morning sunrise dappled through the trees beside the hill settlement of the *Fir Maighe*.

Mog Ruith, his daughters women of shadow mysteries, *Tlachtga*, *Clíodhna*, *Aeibhíll* seek melody from winds across the bird-songs of the land as *Cliú* winds a harp string and a mountain stream bursts over a cliff-face with a roar ...and tumbles... a splashing of water falling, Carraiganass of the *Muscraighe* in the mind's eye...but from *Cliú* a glissando dampened along Aherlow's Glen.

Eriú, *Fodhla* and *Banba* each in her own domain lays claim to naming the land those splintered coast lands where ships, oft

broken by a raging sea, by its wind whistling sirens, by its jagged ferocity.

A druidic initiate in a subterranean cell learning to rote memory, to recall extempore, a bird of wisdom set free from the *Ollamh's lissu* at a Dane's rath.

Persia in the *Tuatha* Lands of the god *Anu*, *Dé Anu* by the *Abha Mhór*, *Dé Danaan* warriors from beneath the ground rising to a battle sound, Milesians upon the *maighe* the plain, upon the grasslands cattle herds scattered...but the Red Druid dies beneath tears-falling as a soft rain, to the echo of battle drums like the pounding reach of taiko drums, in a cherry blossom land where the ancient Bibe wails her *caoineadh*; ragged tresses torn and falling from the mask of a bent head-dress tilted on a kabuki stage... silence in the circle of a megalithic tower of stones, circle of the dead...and a fire temple flame still holds the memory somewhere now distant.

In the Peninsular lands, the battle for the ore, no-more. Ore weapons of *Cnoc Osta*, who to choose? War chest of Macedon, gold staters minted solely for trade for ore or smelted to metal, upon a sailing ship to store, gold payments soon forgotten beside a distant western ocean.

Weapons from the ore now scattered upon a Persian battle-field somewhere towards the promontory of a forgotten Notium; Alexander and Persepolis in a blaze of destruction. The Faravahar fading eastwards among the ruins of temples, once of bonfires ignited upon a king's call on a festive night.

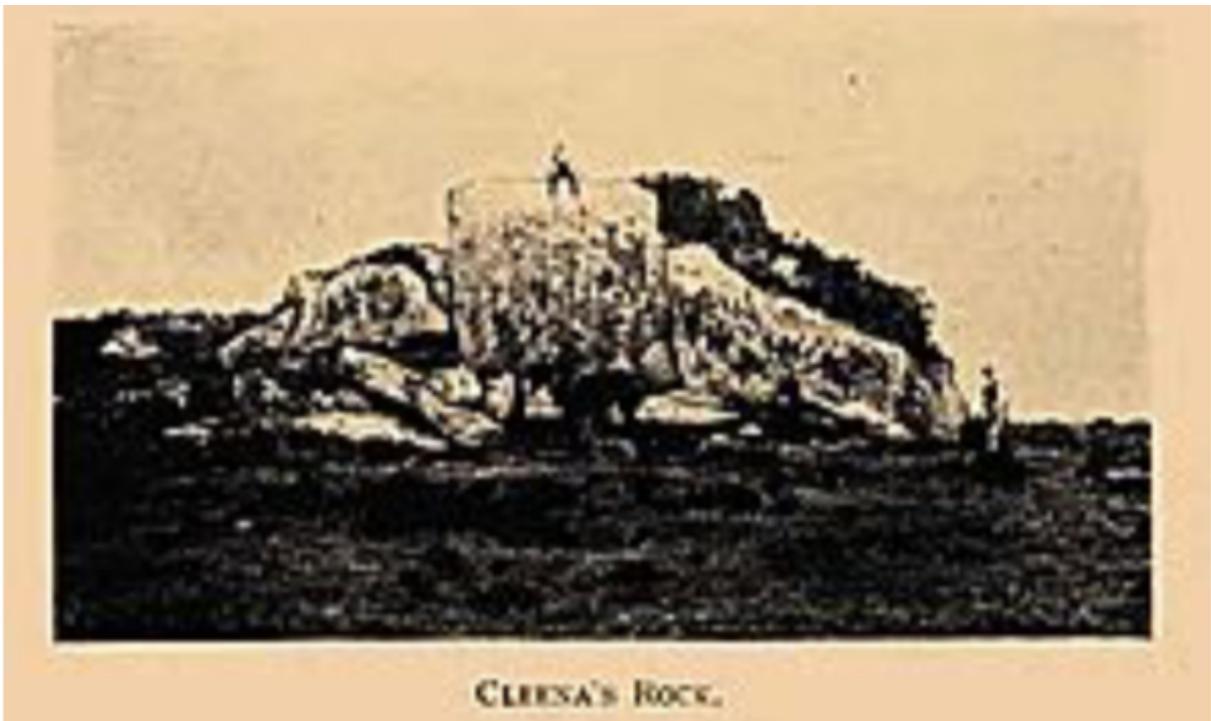
Bonfires of the eternal flame, flame of the Mindful One, become a thin wisp of cloud across an Indian sky, far, far away.

The night lights of the road of the silk seek the fibres within a plaide shawl, people of the forever road in caravans and at Petra's caravanserai, an old singer, storyteller, teller of yarns, tells of Semiramis and of Mariam in the cooling shade of a paradise enclosed by a garden wall... and a Byzantine dome becomes illuminated as evensong is heard... Özgü Baba remembers his

world, *Seáin í Chonail* also remembers his own, sitting by *Cill Rialaigh* in Iveragh. Each to his each...a split empire remembering its once glory in the frieze of a triumphal arch...shaggy pony grazes a haggard on a West Cork hill farm...an Emperor's coin found in the *lios* of a *dún* ... the silence of an old clock now stilled ... the energy of its being now dissipated and faded away...dissolved to a fine dust lifted from the muddy surface of a dilapidated *bothán* and blown by a soft breeze across an abandoned *bothareen* ... a Traveller by the great hill-mounds of a forgotten cemetery gazes upon a Spring flower and there is a scent of wild garlic in the morning air...sometimes, some things remain timeless in the ever given gift of nature's bounty...

End.

Legends of Rock Dwellers:



Clíodha's rock from Grove-White's Topographical sketches of north Cork...

The Rock of Clíodhna, the great assembly place of the Munster faeries and the place of her 'underground' palace residence...a daughter of the people known as the Tuatha Dé Danaan...and where did Mog Ruith the Red Druid reside?

...and in East Cork who was Tuathail and his rock...did he also have a legendary underground residence in his rock?...