

keats time
with the paddy



beas



painting of john keats by joseph severn

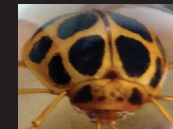


keats time with the paddys

to mark the 200th anniversary of the death of poet john keats who died on the 23rd of february 1821 at the age of 25 here is a tribute in verse and image that traces his very brief walking tour thru the north ards area of county down in ireland from donaghadee to belfast and back on july 6 to july 8 1818 in a letter to his sister he said he was going to go over from scotland to *have a chat with the paddies*

*S*olvitur *A*mbulando

it is solved by walking



this book is also dedicated to the memory of jim beag donnelly 1945-1987 and of gerry cochrane 1945-2013 and of bugs everywhere



walking tour of the north taken by John Keats and Charles Brown
June 25 to August 6 1818



walking tour of north ards co down (marked in blue) taken by
John Keats and Charles Brown July 6 to July 8 1818

the clocks tale



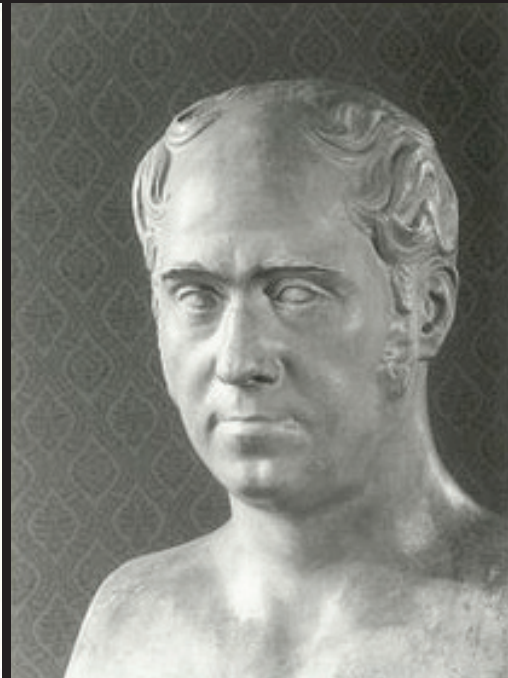
drenched

when mister kelly opened up
his lodging door there he stood
a drenched bedraggled half drowned pup
but with an air of fortitude
his gentlemans garb soaked and stained
shivering coughing breathing strained
might you have a room to spare?
says he gasping in the lashing air
he looks him over up and down
and settles on his countenance
wherein he sees hees worth a chance
believing hees about to drown
he hesitates a moment brief
aye do he says to keats relief

walk

heed just come off the scottish boat
that landed there in donaghadee
en route on foot to parts remote
the giants causeway he must see
by way of belfast was his plan
but now needs rest this weary man
at mister kellys boarding house
before resuming his grand tour
that took him north from london
thru the heart of england on
to pennine yorkshire peak and moor
into wordsworth's lauded lakelands
on to scotland's southern uplands





brown



thru out his journey in the north
he had a staunch companion scot
one charley brown who proved his worth
as guide protector friend the lot
but wee erratic bugs discount
him from this odyssey account
to concentrate on keats alone
among the paddys we will hone
but keep in mind this bodyguard
when keats encounters violence
tho he himself in his defence
is no pushover wee but hard
with wicked temper when aroused
handy with tough wee fists endowed

squall

from Carlisle round to Newton Stewart
he plodded under summer heat
towards Port Patrick getting near it
he thumbs a lift a mail coach seat
then the boat to Donaghadee
his maiden voyage on the sea
beginning well with sunny skies
but half way there the squalls arise
wild gusts that almost rip the sails
then the rain in buckets on him pours
to welcome him to Irish shores
him seasick boking over rails
a sorry sight when he gets there
in need of rest and supper fare



DEAR

with two knapsacks both ringing wet
he drags himself thru donaghadee
to the king's arms pub where he will get
some ale and bread for which the fee
is three times what he might pay
in scotland where as many say
thrifty penny pinching is the law
laid down by kirkmen held in awe
where gainers savers save their soul
by being tight but honest too
in charging for their bread and brew
but here it looks like he must dole
thrice that amount just to survive
and keep his odyssey alive

INN

half fed he needs a place to sleep
a kings arms drinker tells him where
ye'll find a place thats daecent cheap
at kellys shop a bit up there
on that main road to newtownards
and that is where he soon regards
a largish house that might become
a handy base to venture from
where he can wash himself and clean
his clothes and eat a goodly pile
of steaming praetys country style
in missus kellys kitchen scene
from which he nearly flees in shock
when first he sees the hog and cock



artwork alexy pendle

temple

this kitchen is the smoky heart
of a long scrambling ugly house
a spirit grocers the main part
with shebeen room for any souse
who needs a nip and rooms upstairs
for travelers with money cares
clean enough above but down below
its rough and rowdy ways that show
a temple to the goddess of
disorder her consort the deity
of dirt in full authority
but hospitality above
all else reigns here without a doubt
no one not even bugs will be put out

welcome

for miss us kellys kitchen was home
to baests and boys of many types
who thru its space were free to roam
or sit in comfort smoking pipes
or pecking crumbs around its hearth
while she herself on floor of earth
moves thru her flock in barefoot grace
about her work with placid face
and saintly patience with the crowd
of fauna and humanity
her house of hospitality
where almost anyones allowed
including us the dark wee flies
up on the wall with multitudes
of sharp observant ears and eyes





GREETINGS

youre welcome there says she to keats
sit down dry out beside the fire
theres praetys in the pot to eat
strong tae and bread all you require
the moaning cock commenced to crow
the pig comes up and grunts hello
and sticks his snout in keatses crotch
crackophony goes up a notch
when loungers idlers cripples call
their greetings to the latest guest
as he surveys the dirty nest
of all these creatures great and small
and thinks again heel up and flee
but then comes in a sight to see

ROSE

she walks in beauty like the night
a girl of sixteen maybe less
whose entrance brings a lovely light
into that dark and dingy mess
and all heads turn with joyous glee
in that kelly kitchen he would see
the difference between the jock
and paddy tho from the same stock
their lives diverged in ways distinct
like this young rosy chambermaid
a fair and cheerful girl not staid
like her jock counterparts so strict
scotch susannahs who dare not shirk
the hard commandments of the kirk



artwork william bouguereau

kirk



the kirk has much to answer for
he thinks keeping girls like rose in check
turning them against their nature
stern elders breathing down their neck
cooped up confined and in their place
deprived of that amazing grace
of song and dance and simple joys
and as for kissing girls or boys
its hells damnation is in store
rosys lucky here in ire land
so it seems seeing it first hand
tho first impressions on that score
might need revising soon enough
when he sees ire land in the rough

beo

but here and now hees smitten strong
by this lovely barefoot vision
fairly dancing thru the throng
of limbs with artful sweet precision
until she stops in front of keats
and tells him *i have changed the sheets*
your bed is ready up above
smiling eyes say *who do ye love?*
if ye would like to follow me
and take your luggage to your room
he cant believe her rosy bloom
and he blushes for all to see
as they go quiet for a moment
at his shy embarrassed torment



orphan



john keats is not a ladys man
has never been with them at ease
suspicious of their cunning plan
capricious in its skill to please
then tease torment and leave one cold
when as a child of nine years old
his father died his mother left
abandoned him and made bereft
three younger siblings to be raised
by her parents when she rewed
heed never trust a girl he said
but loved them nonetheless and praised
their beauty to the skies as truth
now here be truth in guise of rosy youth

muse

knowing winks fly round the kitchen
and the cock is lusty crowing
at keats accepting her bewitching
invitation and now throwing
all discretion to the wind
by clumsy trailing her behind
as if she were the very muse
the sight of whom he must not lose
the sound of whom he longs to hear
but when she shows him his room door
she does not stay a moment more
only pointing there and making clear
that shees expected down again
you too may come or here remain



mister



he is still damp and weary too
but yes he will go back downstairs
to dry myself and be near you
he almost says but hardly dares
when he goes down the kitchen crew
is cranking up when into view
the mister kelly now appears
hees had a few and on in years
a wee bit shaky on the feet
with a smile both knowing and warm
and a fiddle underneath his arm
whereon he fingertaps a beat
as he sits down on the only chair
and softly bows a plaintive air

tune

the dirty room takes on a glow
transcending all its wretchedness
the motley crew begins to slow
distracted from its busyness
the pig lies down in luxury
the dog is howling quietly
wee crickets round the hearth go mute
the cock and hen get intimate
but when the air becomes a reel
it integrates both man and beast
to move in concert once at least
and sing a song of chirp and squeal
of moan and crow and tenor croon
a reel clamjamphrie of a tune



AIR

the reek that fills that sanctum dark
keats cannot really fully place
peat smoke mixed with burning bark
and pipe tobacco he can trace
but one aroma now and then
apart from earth spud pig and hen
so permeates its atmosphere
it makes him drowsy feeling queer
as tho of hemlock he had drunk
or emptied some dull opiate
to the drains one minute past but wait
can it be *he lethewards had sunk?*
no not at all it lifts him high
as with us bugs he seems to fly

praety

such roughness has its compensation
when miss us kelly teems the pot
and serves him up his first collation
a cracked and steaming praety hot
no plate no fork just in his hand
its earthy smell of ire land
he drops onto his sitting lap
and peels off one cracked skin flap
which tastes so good so comforting
he takes a deep substantial bite
and savours it with great delight
accepts two more as heartening
hees never tasted spuds like these
before miss us kellys hot potato expertise



clock

he gains a new perspective wise
on what goes down what to expect
that owl boy there with two black eyes
keeps looking straight at keats direct
and smiling like hees in the know
about how keats is thinking slow
to clairvoyance hees inclining
past and future undefining
glimpses of another epoch
slicing thru his consciousness
as tho times flow is meaning less
here where the only kind of clock
is one that crawls in thru the door
over miss us kellys kitchen floor

fate

whatever tis the smell persists
and now hees feeling more at one
with dirt and flies and *simple twists
of fate* that make things seem more fun
as tho events fall into place
or have a reason theyre the case
that all is good and mete and just
what is happening round him must
as fate would have it happen thus
till mister kellys fiddling stops
and he comes up to keats in hops
to dance around pig legs and puss
and offer keats a jug of punch
which keats accepts based on a hunch

*The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost ...*

john keats



punch



a hunch that everythings benign
that things will work out for the best
that mister kellys mourne moonshine
will further his poetic quest
but when he sees and smells the jug
and takes a cautious little slug
the punch arrives with stunning speed
and hits him hard right in the heed
hees reeling now his heeds spinning
like from behind he has been hit
but the music steadies him a bit
till he hears the jig beginning
and looks out thru the kitchen door
where rose has risen to the floor

ouc

shes dancing to the jig in mirth
in the lightness of her being
her bare feet barely touching earth
her timing perfect floating fleeting
which keats catches only briefly
before he finds hees getting dizzy
and keeling over passes out
intoxicated by the clout
of punch and praety pot and all
wee crickets see his face up close
wee see him smiling comatose
while rose keeps dancing in the hall
and eye the clock crawl on his wrist
and watch his time take on a twist



tick

when he comes to heels in his bed
 without a clue how he got there
 remembering nothing as if dead
 out for the count and unaware
 that he recited many lines
 of dogrel that undermines
 his poetic reputation
 as he in his inebriation
 lay there upon the kitchen floor
 amid the creatures great and small
 with rosy dancing in the hall
 while eye the clock began to bore
 into his wrist just like a tick
 with my proboskiss nice and slick

rhyme

eye gave him only wan wee kiss
 to change his ticker pulse a whit
 enough to set his times amiss
 so he could maybe thru time flit
 and thats when he began to spout
 these nonsense rhymes heed posted out
 the week before in a letter
 to that fanny whos his sister
 so hearing whats tripping off his tongue
 hees tripping back a week in time
 but being soused he spouts daft rhyme
 as he once did when very young
 tho now has nothing to regret
 for he this time would quick forget

There was a naughty boy,
 A naughty boy was he,
 He would not stop at home,
 He could not quiet be-
 He took
 In his knapsack
 A book
 Full of vowels
 And a shirt
 With some towels,
 A slight cap
 For night cap,
 A hair brush,
 Comb ditto,
 New stockings
 For old ones
 Would split O!
 This knapsack
 Tight at's back
 He rivetted close
 And followed his nose
 To the north,
 To the north,
 And follow'd his nose
 To the north.
 There was a naughty boy
 And a naughty boy was he,
 For nothing would he do
 But scribble poetry-
 He took
 An ink stand

In his hand
 And a pen
 Big as ten
 In the other,
 And away
 In a pother
 He ran
 To the mountains
 And fountains
 And ghostes
 And postes
 And witches
 And ditches
 And wrote
 In his coat
 When the weather
 Was cool,
 Fear of gout,
 And without
 When the weather
 Was warm-
 Och the charm
 When we choose
 To follow one's nose
 To the north,
 To the north,
 To follow one's nose
 To the north! There was a
 naughty boy
 And a naughty boy was he,
 He kept little fishes
 In washing tubs three

In spite
 Of the might
 Of the maid
 Nor afraid
 Of his Granny-good-
 He often would
 Hurly burly
 Get up early
 And go
 By hook or crook
 To the brook
 And bring home
 Miller's thumb,
 Tittlebat
 Not over fat,
 Minnows small
 As the stall
 Of a glove,
 Not above
 The size
 Of a nice
 Little baby's
 Little fingers-
 O he made
 'Twas his trade
 Of fish a pretty
 kettle
 A kettle-
 A kettle
 Of fish a pretty
 kettle
 A kettle!

There was a naughty
 boy,
 And a naughty boy
 was he,
 He ran away to
 Scotland
 The people for to
 see-
 There he found
 That the ground
 Was as hard,
 That a yard
 Was as long,
 That a song
 Was as merry,
 That a cherry
 Was as red,
 That lead
 Was as weighty,
 That fourscore
 Was as eighty,
 That a doorn
 Was as wooden
 As in England-
 So he stood in his
 shoes
 And he wonder'd,
 He wonder'd,
 He stood in his
 Shoes and he
 wonder'd.
 john keats



hole

mister kelly half carries keats
up to his room still rhyming daft
and tucks him in between the sheets
where he is soon in sleep so deep
in which he has the shortest dream
but terrifying in extreme
as he gets sucked into a hole
a black hole from which theres no
escape and down with him will go
his memories his very soul
his self identity is lost
its event horizon he has crossed
all is blackness time stands still
there is no *is* or *was* or *will*



artwork eugene de blaas

STAR



in truth this rose takes quite a shine
to our young rhymer on the road
whose looks and manner both combine
to set her heart in romance mode
as for him hees much enchanted
by her not taking him for granted
as just a tourist passing thru
she puns and laughs at his puns too
her smiles and eyes alight with fire
this *rosy mccann from the banks
of the bann* whose rare beauty ranks
with the best a muse to inspire
her two bare feet her hair nut brown
bright bright *star of the county down*

Dew

before he leaves he has to pay
the coin he owes for bed and food
but mister kelly will not say
how much to pay just what he could
thats good enough for us says he
a when a bits of £ s d
will see us right when you come back
and heres a dram just for the crack
handing keats a small corked bottle
a wee drap of mourne mountain mist
in tae or watter will gloom resist
if times get rough in lifes battle
just a drap now not lek last night
when too much made ye o wile tight



FRY

would you like breakfast mister keats?

i would indeed thank you maam
miss us kelly feeds him porridge oats
an ulster fry of eggs and ham
potato bread and pudding black
that fortifies his stomach slack
a heavy sleep right thru the night
well rested by the morning bright
hees ready for the road again
altho his cough is somewhat worse
and not much left in his slim purse
the sun is shining drying rain
as he sets out for belfast town
a spring in his step up the county down

ODES

he would have liked to linger there
near mister kellys chambermaid
but thinks *if such a beauty rare
at my first stop is thus displayed
then whats to come just up the road
will surely be well worth an ode
or two* so poesy wins out
to send him promptly on his route
in keen anticipation of
a great inspiring walkabout
thru this land of saints devout
and scholars with abiding love
of learning and their ancient books
illuminating pentateuchs



the mīozes tale



liam o neill

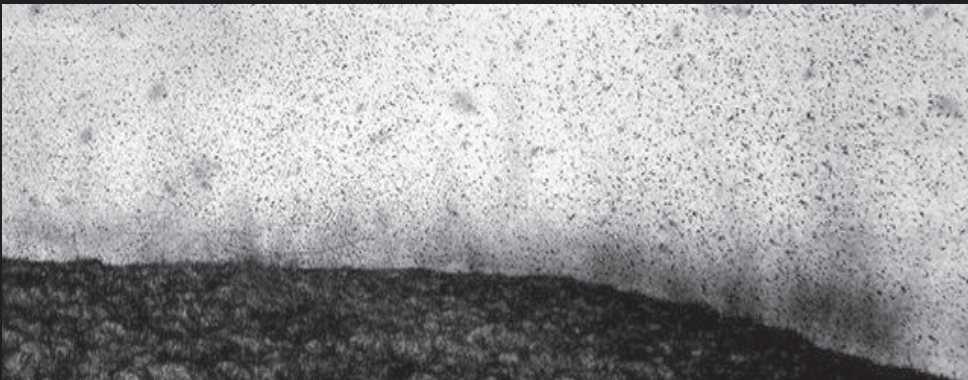
bog



his first midday destination
 is the town of newtownards
 on up that road his education
 begins and brings its grim rewards
 when he encounters irish bog
 and its attendant misty fog
 in which pale figures will appear
 and disappear as far then near
 stumbling haggard gray revenants
 foot slabs of sodden turf to dry
 which a few strong men slow supply
 by slicing deep thru mossy plants
 into the spongy slick black bank
 centuries down the slane blade sank

hovels

for some three miles he tramps the moss
 which often turns the road to mire
 and when the mist lifts all across
 the bog he sees the scene entire
 the hovels scattered round about
 of sod and scraps inside and out
 in scotland heed seen crofters cotts
 with doors that served as chimney pots
 but were palaces compared to these
 dank broken huts of earth and thatch
 keats did not stop to talk or watch
 he feared the air of dread disease
 from half starved waifs in dirty rags
 their elders bent to boney hags



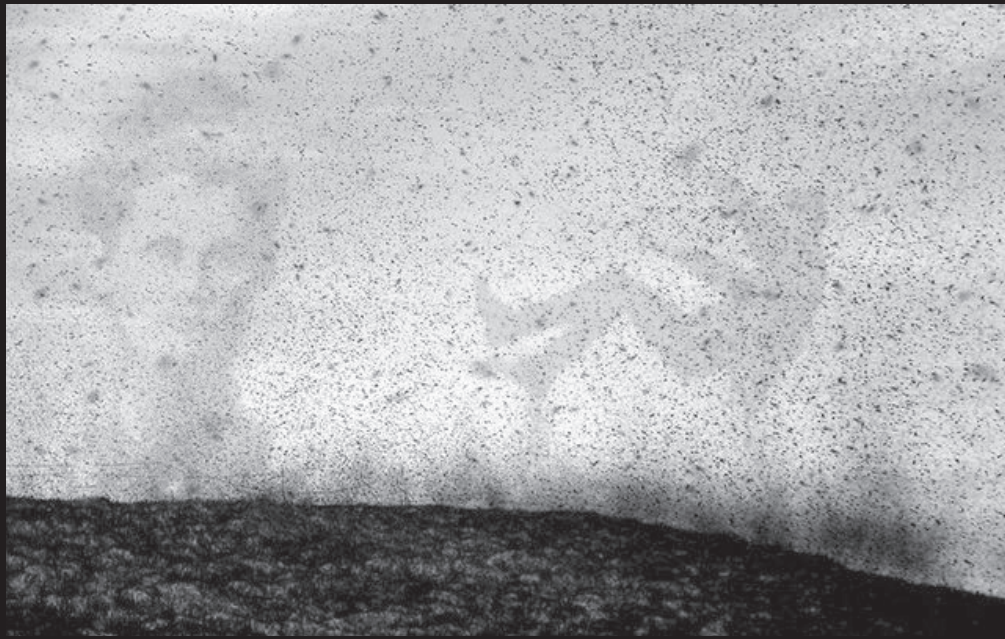
suck

its not as tho young keats is squeamish
hees a trained apothecary
has treated pox and syphilis
done enemas and dentistry
carved cadavers putrid rotten
but the sight of these forgotten
subjects of his mad majesty
eking out their grim travesty
of a life was sucking keats in
to that black hole he dreamt last night
where all thats set to happen might
not be remembered taken in
shredded censored information
except for hawking radiation?

blood

no sooner had the mist dispersed
than insects filled the air instead
keats now found himself immersed
in mists of midges round his head
in swarms as far as he could see
wee midges bite occasionally
when you breathe thru our atmosphere
reminding you wee too live here
how wee are many yee are few
who pay the price in draps of blood
for what you dig to heat your brood
our brood too depends on you
for keats was no exception made
wee made sure in blood he paid





Leks



wee danced for him in massive leks
in keeping with our mating rites
he marveled at our in flight sex
but could not thole our wee love bites
so thought heed try thon mountain dew
mister kellys mourne home made brew
one drap in watter to quench thirst
tho nothing happened new at first
until he saw our lekking swarms
take on the shapes lek shades he knew
one a fleeting shadow that wee drew
his father falling outspread arms
one lek his mother dead eight years
her face in pain and streaked with tears

shadows

our murmuring immidges
might haunt but do not frighten keats
til wee lek future ravages
famine stricken migrants he meets
bearing down and passing thru him
engulfing him in shadows grim
wee could have picked him up no sweat
carried him afar but no not yet
three decades on was far enough
for now for someone sensitive
lek keats his sense of negative
capability not the stuff
wee could transport beyond that time
no ode to the gnat heed yet rhyme



hex



by sucking his poetic blood
wee caught the rhyming bug disease
while he got itchy for the road
a symbiosis fit to please
beyond the bog with midges gone
the sky was clear the sun it shone
when he reached where six roads end
which road to take? which way to wend?
even on this sunny july morn
this crossroads has a strange aspect
as tho a hex was in effect
that something happened here forlorn
and as keats stands uncertainly
he hears a horse approaching swiftly

charge


heed ask the rider of the steed
so waved his arms to make them stop
but no reduction of their speed
as they flew past at full gallop
the rider was a female nineteen
or so dressed all in silken green
swinging a sword above her head
as if a battle charge she led
she didnt even look at keats
but he was thrilled by what he saw
in that swift moment charged with awe
his pounding heart matched her hoofbeats
some romantic warrior queen?
a vision or a waking dream?

*The Poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights; for when tired out with fun
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills...*

john keats



song



there was another sound he heard
 wee crickets chirping in the fields
 the mating chorus calls wee shared
 our orchestrated singing yields
 a sonic pulsing buzzing time
 our *talking back and forth in rhyme*
 to make a great bug rowdy dow
 a song two hundred years from now
 that will have almost been wiped out
 by fire and poisons you have spread
 to slay our kind in billions dead
 grasshoppers crickets gone no doubt
 and pollinating species lost
 in toxic insect hollow cost

omen

keats was only half aware
 of what was just beginning then
 but had a sense the six roads were
 an omen of some tragic end
 with that green beauty rushing past
 an augury of changes blast
 and still confused he did not know
 which road to take which way to go
 heed have to ask at that wee cott
 just down one road three hundred yards
 a blacksmiths shop nearby rearwards
 where clangs of striking iron hot
 were tolling out across the fields
 like swords on swords or smiting shields



the spyoers tale

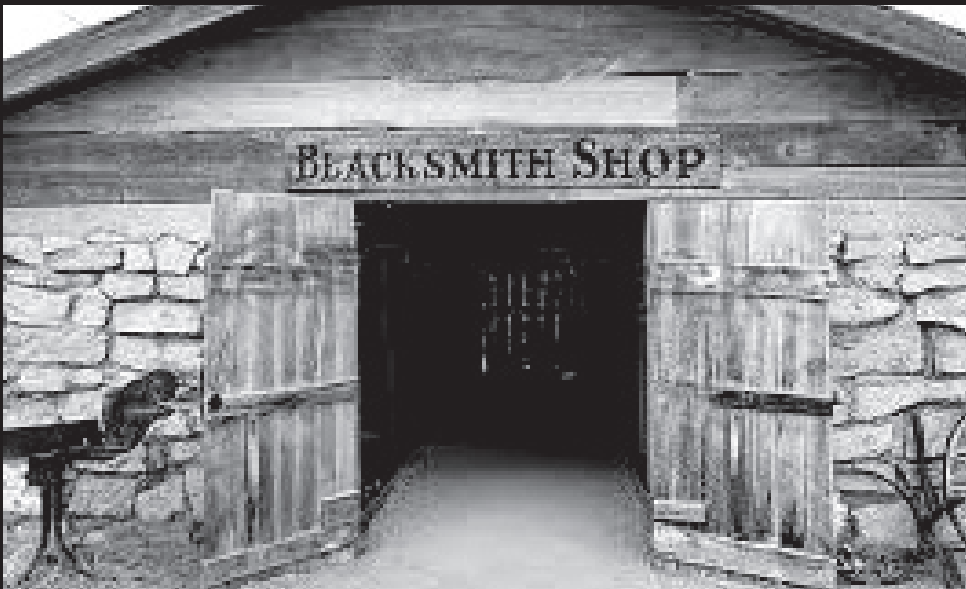


DARK

as he stood outside *the door*
into the dark he thought he saw
 the flash of pikeheads on the floor
 but in a moment they withdrew
 from sight recast as shining shoes
 of ploughshares peaceful farmers choose
 while keats was by these mesmerized
 eye the zebra spyder sized
 him up and jumped upon his hair
 where eyed begin to keep an eye
 on all his moves that eye could spy
 injecting him with venom rare
 which mixed with mister kellys dew
 would set him back a year or two

pikes

back twenty years to be exact
 when meeting houses thru the land
 were hotbeds of seditious pact
 against their mad kings redcoat band
 its tyranny of faith and law
 its fondness for thuggery raw
 its anti dissent persecutions
 its arbitrary executions
 and here in matt maclenaghans forge
 rebellion takes the form of pikes
 to arm insurgents for their strikes
 against the soldiers of king george
 but now into the blacksmiths shop
 a rhyming pilgrim fate will drop





shades

in forges glow keats sees three shades
one at his anvil hammering
one on bellows heats white hot blades
a third sits watching murmuring
keats entering thru the smiddys door
is followed in by one shade more
who judging by the other three
seems not to suit the company
words are exchanged to keats unclear
but tension fills the forges air
until the fourth shade exits there
now *spys* the word that he does hear
as three discuss who left the room
in conversation rife with gloom

smiddy

this dreamlike scene begins to fade
to leave but one man standing still
the smith himself and hees no shade
but flesh and blood whose rough voice will
completely break the time warp trance
as he towards keats will now advance
and keats returns to his own time
to hear the smiddy matt thus rhyme
*what kin a do fur ye young sur?
not sure which road to take a bet
theyve nae put up that signpost yet
jist tell us where yer headed fur
and would ye lek a drap of tae?
the kitchens where am on me way*



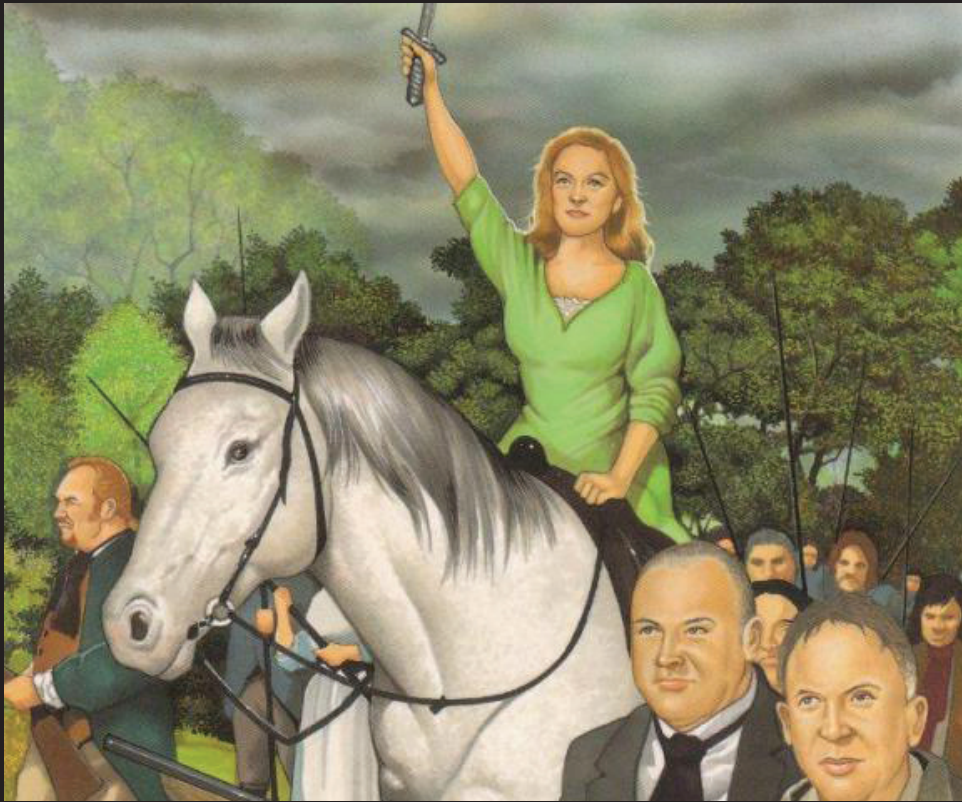
STRANGER



*i would indeed and have to say
its kind of you to serve me tea
och not at all thats jist our way
to help a stranger who might be
a fugitive or jist a cod
a mendicant or maybe god
come on on in and meet the wife
belle the boon companion of my life
who keeps me on the straight and narrow
and this is mister keats my dear
whos on the road tae where frae here?
the giants causeway walkin slow
a brave long hike be horse or dray
but we will help ye on yer way*

GREEN

*matt seems to be a wordsmith too
forging words as well as iron
chuckling thru this interview
shape shifting senses like byron
honing phrases till theyre keen
but then keats tells him what heed seen
at six road ends some minutes past
the girl in green her riding fast
matt and belle both now wide eyed
betsy gray says belle she rides again
says matt youve seen a shade its plain
betsy twenty year ago she died
he then commenced to tell the tale
of how her rebel fight would fail*

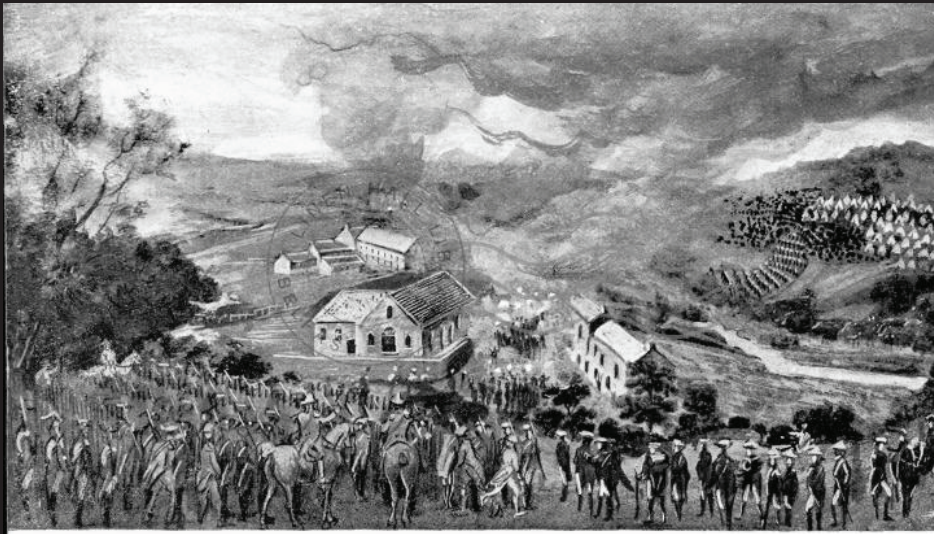


rebels

*the shade you saw at six road ends
was betsy gray who lived near here
her da and me were trusting friends
her brother george a volunteer
in united irish rebel cause
agin king georges bigot laws
and betsy too thon bonny lass
would heed the call and far surpass
our stout resolve to rid the land
of brutal redcoat murder toll
by joining george and willie boal
her lover in our local band
of fighters at the battle ground
of ballynahinch where they were bound*

inspire

*we tried to stap her riding there
george even ordered her to stay
at home but naw she didnt care
there was no bidding betsy gray
she loads a cart with food supplies
and follys them avoids their eyes
till she reaches ballynahinch
not giving in naw not wan inch
they by then were glad she disobeyed
for now dressed all in silken green
and mounted on her horse shes seen
among the rebel ranks as made
of sterner stuff than many men
an inspiration to them then*



Dungannon Club Series.

THE BATTLE OF BALLYNAHINCH.

Printed in



ROUT



and when the battle it began
there she was the warrior queen
her green a banner sword in hand
charging thru that war machine
of redcoat ranks of musketry
and heavy shot artillery
against the odds and winning too
but sparing lives they soon withdrew
allowing redcoats full nights rest
a fateful sad decision
amid confusion and division
for as the fight next day progressed
experience would turn the tide
our rebels routed far and wide

SLAUGHTER

brute butchery was then employed
by rampant redcoat murder gangs
who combed the fields and soon enjoyed
a feast of blood to sink their fangs
in papist prod or presbyterian
every woman child or man
rebel green or loyal orange
fugitive or farmer found in range
was kilt by sword or bayonet
no quarter given as they flee
hacked to pieces no chivalry
savagery in dis crim in ate
matts voice breaks down but not for long
swallowing hard he sings this song

*in gransha she was born and reared
not far from bangor town
with twinkling eyes and golden curls
she was the pride of down*

*youd go the whole of erins isle
and search be night and day
but never would ye find the like
of darlin betsy gray.*

*twas on the thirteenth day of june
thon year of ninety-eight
the pikes turned out gainst ballnahinch
to better free mens fate*

*the bravest of the hearts of down
amidst the gory fray
with dashing steed and flashing blade
was darlin betsy gray*

*but english muskets said their piece
they cut the rebels down
and freedoms dreams lay cold and dead
before the butchers crown*

*her sweetheart willie boal cried out
my love we must away
no redcoat ever shall lay a hand
on darlin betsy gray*

*at armstrongs farm at ballycreen
the yeos upon them fell
they murdered betsy willie too
her brother george as well*

*now in that vale of ballycreen
green bushes wave and sway
and only black oak marks the grave
of darling betsy gray*

*the ballad of betsy gray
traditional*

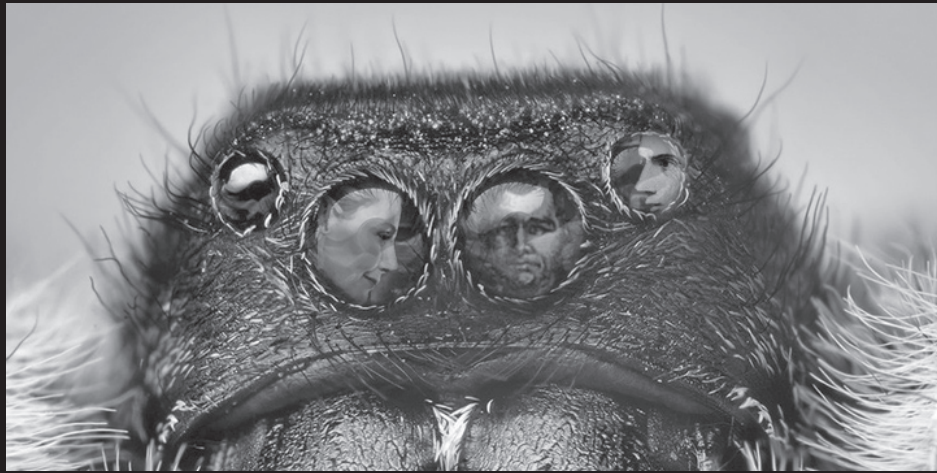


rape

*hush then fell at the songs last breath
and keats himself in silence sat
they raped her too said belle at length
the ballad disnae tell ye that
cut aff her hand shot thru her eye
left her bleeding there to die
matt winced at belles frank bitterness
but nods agreement nonetheless
o aye it was a brutal end
for wan so young and full o life
when will our masters quet this strife
that takes us where we must contend?
but mister keats weel no more dwell
on these sad stories we do tell*

sects

*altho these paddys are so kind
and caring to the tourist keats
he feels their care is undermined
in sect on sect attacks repeats
of ancient animosity
that shatter any unity
needed to defeat the common foe
so spies and traitors bring them woe
divided loyalties of creed
and nation render all in vain
even betsys sacrificial pain
wee spyders too know well the need
to keep an eye or two on sects
when in sect views our eye detects*



DRAP

before heed leave the smiddys cott
keats must have that mug of tae
that belle so kindly stewed up hot
and matt for toasting betsy gray
would soon produce the cruiskeen lawn
while keats would also set upon
the table mister kellys dew
which for matt was really nothing new
och says he *ye must be special*
if kelly trusted ye wae that
so a drap of it for belle and matt
was duly mixed in tae social
with eye the spyder looking on
to jump them back to times long gone

monk

with good strong tae well fortified
keats bid matt and belle fond so long
and took the road they signified
to newtownards now striding strong
by noon he reached its outer edge
where sitting by a roadside hedge
he sees a man in monkish dress
deep in contemplation or distress?
his face in shadow under cowl
young or owl keats could not tell
good day brother are you well?
asks keats the sole response a growl
annoyed that someone even spoke
as if his contemplation broke



LATIN

thinking any further discourse dead
keats continues on his way
but then the monk uncowls his head
and calls on him instead to stay
o anglus gratam movillae
quo vadis? says he more friendly
gratias tibi keats replies
ego ad belfast tho surprised
at this movillae name he heard
then realizes that this friar
must be another shade a prior
from centuries before transferred
his hair from ear to ear half sheared
his celtic tonsure looking weird

TONSURE

and speaking latin lingo too
which keats by translating virgil
at clarks academy well knew
tongue and tonsure incompatible
but signs of times in days of yore
when this half priest would bow no more
to papist rome on dogma grave
like in what style his head heed shave
crown of thorns? coiffe or pony tail ?
those sects again within in sects
those out sects one sect rejects
but what keats noticed without fail
was round that tonsure some bees flew
and round his own head bees buzzed too



the bees tale

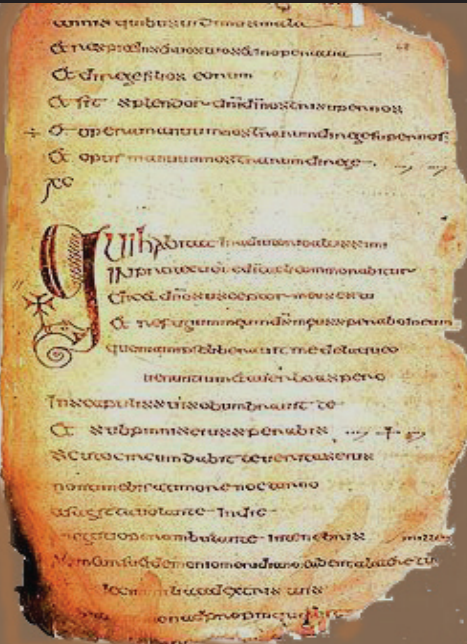
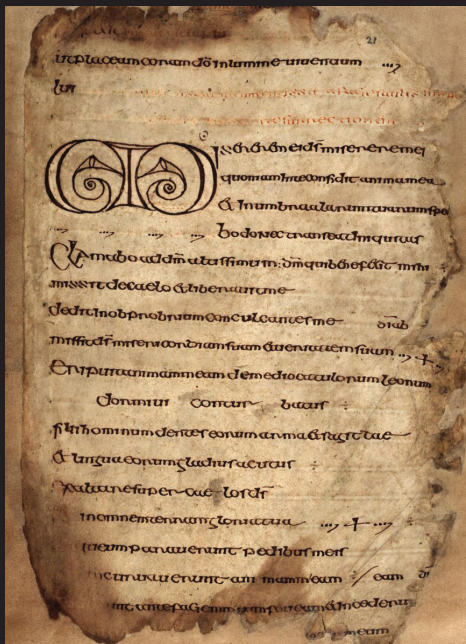


movillae

*i thought this town was newtownards
 says keats but you said movillae
 the monk explains how druid bards
 had always named it in this way
 plain of the sacred tree it means
 come with me ill show you scenes
 of when it was a sacred grove
 before we godly christians drove
 the heathen worshippers of trees
 away from here and made it ours
 with monastery church and towers
 and with hives for the honey bees
 keats follows him into the town
 which changes even as he looks around*

bee

the zebra spyder by in large
 has jumped back time most agilely
 but now wee bees will bee in charge
 of everything that keats will see
 our range of space and time bee wide
 so he bees in for wan wild ride
 thru centuries bee fore and aft
 look how wee honed our honeyed craft
 our geometric mastery
 of beeswax cell construction hives
 our never ending buzzy lives
 these monks have harnessed expertly
 to make their candles burn clean bright
 and sweeten up their appetite

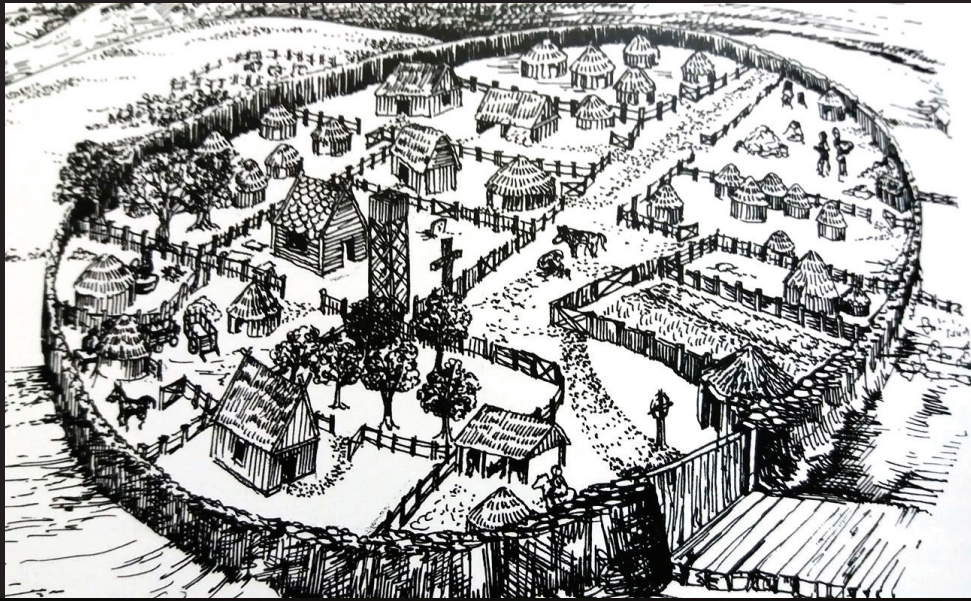


book

his human guide is *call him kill*
a student at the monastery
where learning how to wield a quill
in the service of the deity
is his main task alongside prayer
fasting farming and beehive care
says hees just finished copying
a psalter brought from rome by finian
his abbot with whom he is at odds
thats why you found me back there mod
pist at that crabbit abbot cod
who thinks his right is also gods
so he says **to the cow her calf**
to the book its copy not half

scripe

this call him kills wan angry monk
i spent three years on thon good book
ten thousand hours in it i sunk
all that work all the pains i took
printing and illuminating
now he says i cant be taking
it from here to where my mission
calls to daire my position
here is finished but i would kill
for it the right to take my book
and spread its gospel thru the land
ayell raise an armed committed band
and win it back by hook or crook
keats once again sees sects at work
and strife round every churchyard lurk



village

they enter thru a high stockade
 around a medieval village
 with many monks at work and trade
 tending crops in plots of tillage
 building cells of wood for monks
 carts hauling water and tree trunks
 there are some trees around the place
 but a stone high cross rules this space
 a church the largest building there
 a tower high to warn of raids
 in case a viking horde invades
 and hives of course where uzz bees bear
 the nectar from our endless flights
 of foraging thru floral sites

oak

near the hives keats sees the stump
 of what was once a mighty tree
 now nothing but a rotted hump
 some eighty beelengths wide it bee
we cut it down says call him kill
and druids cursed us with a will
claiming it was sacrilege
to fell an oak that was a bridge
between the earth and heaven
a door into the upperworld
but rooted in the underworld
our ancestral habitation
to which we owe great reverence
for shelter breath and sustenance



Bonifatius fällt die Donareiche bei Geismar.

art heinrich maria von hess



honey

for keats to see how this plain thrived
before the christian monk invasion
his human guide has now contrived
a beatific noon collation
of oaten bread with honey spread
and mead to mess with his young head
thus sending him still farther back
in time to when there was no lack
of trees around this lovely spot
keats finds himself beneath one tree
a massive oak that might well be
the sacred tree from which it got
its name such was its majesty
its towering presence in movillae

hive

while he stands in wondrous awe
beneath its darkling shady dim
he hears the massive creature draw
its breath in slow and steady rhythm
as tho in calm untroubled sleep
he feels it too come down from
deep within the crown as gentle breeze
looking up he sees uzz bumblybeez
abuzzing round our nest on high
the source of that deep breathing sound?
the fanning of our wings aloud
in concert with the rustling sigh
of leaves whispering tongues in trees
telling of the plight of trees and bees



the wasps tale



ruin

keats forward flung two thousand years
 their plight is all too evident
 the woods are stripped it now appears
 exploding human settlement
 wide roads paved in hardened tar
 overrun by roaring car
 in countless numbers speeding by
 fumes accumulating in the sky
 monastery in ruins all is changed
 wee bumblybees now scarcely seen
 poisoned by pesticidal spleen
 indiscriminate and deranged
 for noble insects sentient
 insectageddons imminent

sting

but wee bees do get sweet revenge
 when our wasp cousins add some sting
 and they are next to bring a change
 in keatses walking journeying
 as he approaches his next stop
 in fair dundonald at the top
 of some low hills above a plain
 wee wasps have made our own domain
 them bees bee far too gentle souls
 letting you domesticate them
 wee instead will liberate them
 by bugging you two leg assholes
 whove waged a poison war on bugs
 with chemical weapon killer fugs



motte



returning now to his own time
 keats resumes his walk to belfast
 so up dundonald motte he'll climb
 to view ahead and where he's passed
 from this manmade high hill he sees
 the smoke of belfast industries
 about five miles from where he stands
 though all between are green farm lands
 but as he gazes towards the north
 a voice behind shouts *hú zós t̪er?*
 when keats turns round his surprised stare
 takes in an active stronghold fort
 the sentry shouting from its keep
 keats once again in time goes deep

chief

the watchman sees keats is unarmed
 but still demands what he might want
just a tourist i mean no harm
 which then brings on a foul mouthed rant
 calling him *Δ phuken sp̪iɛm scout*
 or some such as far as keats makes out
 the keep gate then flies open wide
 out comes a chief himself beside
hú ΔR ɪu? hou t̪ɔɪ ɪɛ zɛt heɪ?
im on my way to belfast town
and thought id take a look around
from this high vantage point so clear
stood tiptoe upon this little hill
i see the past and future still



RÍ

this chief is plump with orange hair
carrying with him clubs of iron
which he swings bigly in the air
threatening keats with doom by firing
asks hou τοο εύ ζετ τηρύ αρ ουαλ?
ουιε τοντ ουαντ εύρ σιντ ήέρ ατολ
ουιε αρ τηε αρτ ρί ubh this λαντ
μιζραντς lek εύ ουιε κανί σταντ
with that he takes a swing at keats
but since the king is but a shade
his club is too no contact made
the orange man his swing repeats
same again on keats theres no effect
the bogey man cannot connect

τομηνάλ

αρ εύ α ζόστ ορ ουηατ? says he
no says keats *but you are a shade*
the αρτ ρί says αι κανί βέ
and clubs himself upon the head
to prove his point and balls in pain
his orange crown with blood is stained
but doesnt stop the wild harangue
about τον νεύ άσσημυλο ζάνζ
pointing to the north ζιστ όβηερ τηυρ
thon λιοσ να σκάτη ζάνζ thincς ιτς ιν χάρζς
ubh ολ τηέσ τηρίβαλ λαντς άτ λάρζς
hóp εύρ νοτ ουάν ubh τηem ήύ οαερ
το χάλενζ μέ τομηνάλ ό νελλ
αρτ ρί οφ υλαιοη ουάν βιζ οαελ



club



them lios na scáth chéps bé wémin tú
 ouáns Δ ceallaiḡh an ouáns ó neill
 Δ traetor tú ir reo hanp crú
 but trust is scaers in thir neú deal
 só Δi must tæk adbhantaḡ cuic
 an souing me club with skil ouil slick
 an cnoc ther heatos sevírlí sór
 ouathout mé ibhir rórin **fór**
 ail cnoc them both to caríouḡ
 an put them áḡ ubh thincin ḡrín
 be ḡrivin them to balíbín
 an sincin them in buncirs ruḡ
 ail cnoc them til ther ḡriv insaen
 an mæk dundonaḡo ḡraet aḡaen

stout

seeing keats is not impressed
 the orange king then changes tack
 now telling him he needs a rest
 and offers him a porter black
 ouie habh Δ fuḡacht riáth hír
 thát brús thá bherí best ubh bír
 against his better judgment keats
 again accepts these spirit treats
 these paddys seem to keep in store
 for any guest who happens by
 and since hees feeling hot and dry
 he downs a pint of stout or more
 that makes him timefree right away
 and drivezz uzz waspzz downright azztray



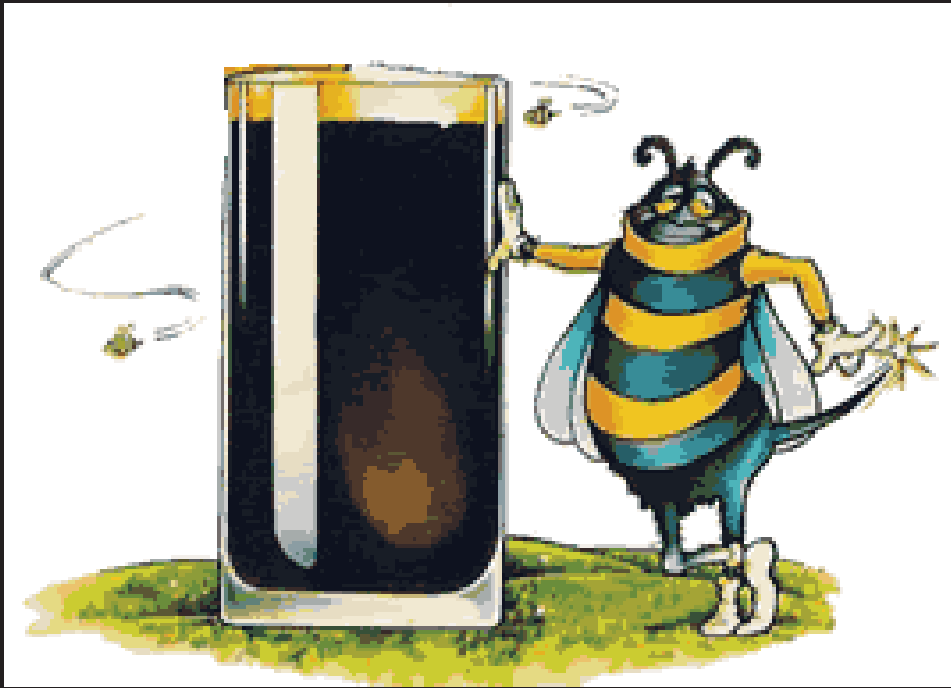
no



but rising now above the roar
of air machines keats hears a voice
loud bellowing hard to ignore
a fire and brimstone dont dare rejoice
kind of sermon about rome rule
THATS DOCTOR NÓ hÉS OULÁN OUL FÚL
says domhnal hé FOZHT CÚCH ANO NAEL
CÚ CÉP TAEYS IN THER PLACE OR IN OZAEI
thers ouépin ANO ZNÁSHIN OF CÉCH
when hÉS AROUN LIOS NA SCÁCH
FOR hé STURS UP REBELS UBH RÁ
tho the legacy heel bequeath
will be how he quit his excess
and got doctor **no** to say **yes**

DRONES

thru all this time keats isint sure
why other times invade his space
past times weaving thru the future
like knotwork times interlace
is mister kellys mist the source?
mixed with stout mead and tae of course
of all this back and forth in time?
or could it be the paradigm
wee wasps employ in bugging him
uzz orbiting at breakneck speed
our waspish sorties at his heid
near light speed landings limb to limb
time and time again weve made
swift drone attacks he cant evade



venom

especially if hees drinking stout
wee wasps delight in beer far more
than any gulpin lager lout
wee risk our lives one sip to score
and if you dare to swat at uzz
while wee are sipping for a buzz
weell stick it to you good and hot
weell even kill your kind whore not
immune to venom such as ours
and tho you may not notice yet
your sense of time wee will upset
and if wee seem like vile invaders
youve only got yourselves to blame
your lot are experts at that game

hornet

sure wee do kill bees quite a few
but you wipe out countless species
with your justified by god smug view
your ***we have dominion over*** these
skews the balance in your favour
unleashes every wild invader
like your own selves so in your wake
wee *gilets jaunes* our chances take
but you lot aint seen nuthin yet
giant killer hornets threaten
spreading thanks to global heating
that you have cranked new records set
by fossil fuel burning gets
in massive jeeps and screaming jets





flee



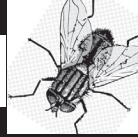
as keats looks towards north west
he sees and hears brute fly machines
take off and land on where its best
on hard flat fields round these demesnes
in his own time hees seen buffoons
ascending skywards in balloons
but they seemed peaceful and benign
unlike these that scream and whine
spew toxic steam on man and beast
stuffed full of migrants rich and plump
who think their homeland is a dump
fleeing rain and boredom for a feast
of sun and fun in foreign climes
in fly bee easy many times

fly

youve always envied uzz who fly
but earthbound primates that you are
you need to foul the earth and sky
to lift you up and fly you far
at least this keats boy walks the walk
and takes the time to stop and talk
despite all weathers and his health
his worn out shoes and lack of wealth
wee wasps wee give him some respect
and leave him bee as he heads down
thru bleak suburbs of belfast town
where wee give way to that insect
the common fly in all its hues
from silken greens to bottle blues



the fly's tale



wretched



wee flys bee the lords of belfast
 weer set to fly without regard
 thru space and time present or past
 with fly eye views of keats the bard
 as he approaches the big smoke
 thru orange fields where orange folk
 arrange a welcome tho its rough
 with open sewers and lots of guff
 from dirty waens where wee land light
 to suck the snots from off their skin
 around their mouths and sometimes in
 while haggard men in jobless plight
 look on from wretched hovel doors
 as rain in mizzly drizzle pours

shuttle

as thru depressing streets he walks
 one sound drowns out all the rest
far worse than bagpipes strident squawks
worse than monkeys laugh in jest
worse than chatter of womens jaw
worse than the scream of a macaw
the sound of the linen shuttle
 from mills both large and little
 a hellish racket fills the air
 the screech of capital at work
 dark titanic mills that lurk
 round neighbourhoods of deep despair
 where migrant women and their waens
 to brute machines enslaved in chains



enlightenment

at first these memories of days
gone by were on the bright side seen
through cleaning windows so the rays
of light reveal the slipstream queen
but here comes the night a wild night
before a brand new day despite
the early days of madame george
hees real real gone nobody in charge
therell be days like this in search of grace
but fame will eat his soul up whole
and make the dark night of the soul
black out his wits without a trace
when heel rave on no more lockdowns
like all those trumped up eejit clowns

slaves



poor migrants from the countryside
fleeing tiny sodden farm plots
where threat of famine sends a tide
of poor into these suburb lots
shanty towns of millys and their men
at mercy of the market trend
in linen or in cotton trade
where typhus and consumption played
havoc with their exploited lives
keats sees just *absolute despair*
improvement impossible or rare
but then the future time arrives
to put a whole new spin on things
and a voice **on hyndford street** sings ...

*and walks up cherry valley
from north road bridge railway line
on sunny summer afternoons
picking apples from the side of the tracks
that spilled over from the gardens
of the houses on cyprus avenue
watching the moth catcher working
the floodlights in the evenings
and meeting down by the pylons
playing round missus kellys lamp
going out to holywood on the bus
and walking from the end of the lines
to the seaside
stopping at fusco's for ice cream
in the days before rock n roll
hyndford street abetta parade
orangefield saint donards church
van the man*



sculptor maurice harron



spasm

in all this hopeless sense of doom
keats turns again to that one source
of respite from the present gloom
mister kellys mist the force
which flies him on two hundred years
and when his time warp spasm clears
hees in a hard new city scape
where din comes now from car rat race
and juggernauts on many wheels
spewing noise and toxic gases
on insects and on human masses
tho life is better so it feels
the squalor gone but at what cost?
for insect species wee have lost

jack

in the midst of heavy traffics roar
keats perceives one still tableau
a man before a wardrobe door
ajar thru which hees set to go?
but trapped in time he does not move
till keats gets close enough to prove
its more than merely sculpted scene
but animate as if hees been
just waiting for the moment right
to go into some other space
with one who is a rhyming ace
acquainted with fantastic flight
conversant with exotic zones
in throbbing beats and dulcet tones



NARNIA

jack talks to keats as tho hees been
expected at this rendezvous
a fellow scribbler who is keen
to guide the bard on his way thru
the narnia of narn iron
where the only mighty lion
is pacing back and forth in rage
incarcerated in a cage
where mister beaver never came
where the ice queens ice is warming
with a melting rate alarming
and no faun ever played the game
in cregagh or on hyndford street
unless hees best with magic feet

GLORIA

no sooner do they step inside
the wardrobes dark interior
than *into the music* they will slide
them boys van thinks play superior
at dances in high orange field
where orange dryads dance half peeled for
young green men who are much pleased
at their sweet juice when softly squeezed
from orange maids like *gloria*
the brown eyed girl of their wet dreams
from *cyprus avenue* which seems
like orange california
to innocent young country boys
seeking *crazy love* and *moondance* joys



respect

to give our man his due
he tries to bridge the sect divide
that splits his city so in two
with music from the other side
of his own prod community
packing belfasts grand oul opry
with taegs and prods to hear his gigs
including chieftain reels and jigs
as close to solving oul disputes
as any shaking hands with queens
by now reformed gunmen greens
he keeps in touch with his own roots
employing scat and fiddly dee
to use for peace his minstrelsy



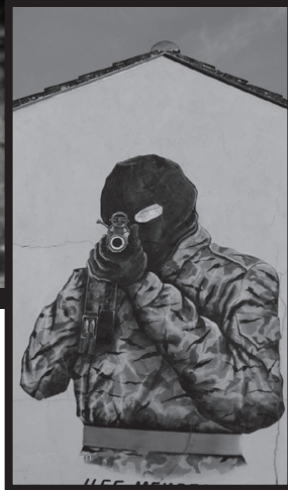
plague



wee flies enjoy a lovely plague
with carrion in large amounts
of rotting flesh of prod or taeg
but as the toll of carnage mounts
youd think a song and dance man daft
if he in practising his craft
urges vandals crowd together
singing songs of protest blether
calling masks and social distance
invasive *fascist bullying*
his god given rights denying
his beknighted self an instance
of the selfish fascist mindset
thats driving our extinction threat

flyweight

theres more than flies in our belfast
theres fly men too no flies on them
mostly flyweights like van and best
flying back and forth no prob lem
hees one fly man sings *caravan*
whose devotees call him the man
he flies to dub without a thought
when hees bored or overwrought
in his own helicopter too
entitlement that makes him tick
the cream of belfast rich and thick
wee flies just love to sip that goo
and leave some wee bacteria
to give him verbal diarrhea



R10C

when theyve had their fill of narnia
and its grim dark nights of the soul
they come out of the closet era
to when belfast must thole the toll
of fleg and emblem lambeg beats
extra loud in short strand streets
where prods outnumber taegs in spades
and burn them out in brazen raids
while cops stand by and watch the fires
ethnically cleanse their tribal foes
as shops and pubs burn down or close
and claims of snipers in church spires
are falsely spread by bigot priests
like doctor no inciting beasts

FORCE

the streets outside this taeg enclave
are haunted by dark towering shades
of gunmen posed in stances grave
on gable walls where prod brigades
of udee this and uvee thon
are heiled as heroes martyrs gone
to orange heaven in the sky
armalites aimed straight at his eye
crude iconography of fear
paranoid paramilitaries
with badly drawn eyes of zombies
glare over ghettos looking queer
wee flies have seen it all before
for keats its fearsome to the core



ger

to wet his whistle keats now stops
 at one shebeen that looks all right
 a main drag spirit grocers shop
 bedecked in bluest bunting bright
 where pie eyed patrons in blue too
 are singing songs that are true blue
 like *up the gers* and *fuck the pope*
 its all quite jolly as they tope
 good clean fun the rafters ringing
 but keats of this is having none
 an air of menace in the tone
 of their tribal ribald singing
 prompts him to rise ready to leave
 till one oul ger tugs at his sleeve

remember

*dont worry son these lads wont bite
 the geriatric says sit down a while
 and aye will tell ye why theyre tight
 and why their songs them taegs revile*
 he reaches into his coat pocket
 from which he pulls a metal locket
 and hands to keats a leaden medal
 as if to him he means to peddle
 but says *its free for ye to keep*
 one sides engraved with *no surrender*
 and on the back its *remember*
sixteen ninety read it and weep
nixt week wull be the twalfth of nivir
weel be marchin same as ivir



eat

wee bugs dont get this bigotry
 where creed and nation are in sects
 that cannot tolerate or bee
 near other sects but walls erects
 nether can wee if truth be told
 but weer jist flies who do not hold
 ourselves in high regard lek you
 moral beings in your view
 way better than our savagery
 of inter species butchery
 way better than uzz parasites
 as you suck life in gulpin bites
 from cattle pigs and birds for food
 all sacrificed without the guilt
 behind the walls that must be built
 round abattoirs to mask the blood
 that flows in torrents from the gore
 of throat cut calf lamb or gelded boar

ACROSS

these bloody glimpses keats has seen
 of past and future tragedies
 have almost caught him in between
 turning back from all such miseries
 or persevering in his quest
 but now the sun is in the west
 its getting late for weak retreat
 heel have to find a place to eat
 and stay the night to get some rest
 for whatever journey he might make
 so onward he plods set to take
the long bridge oer the lagan to the west
 where he says so long to *jack* his guide
 his next one waits on the other side

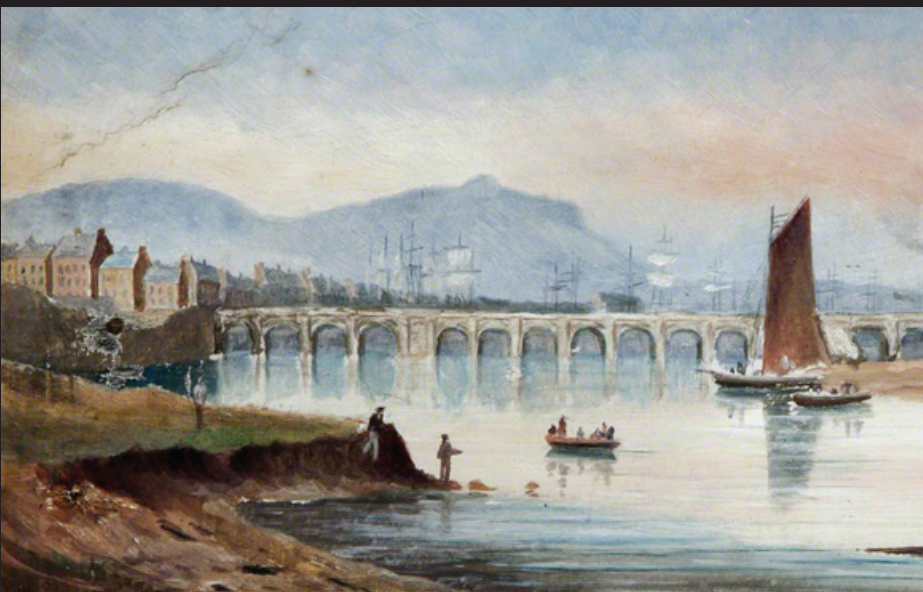


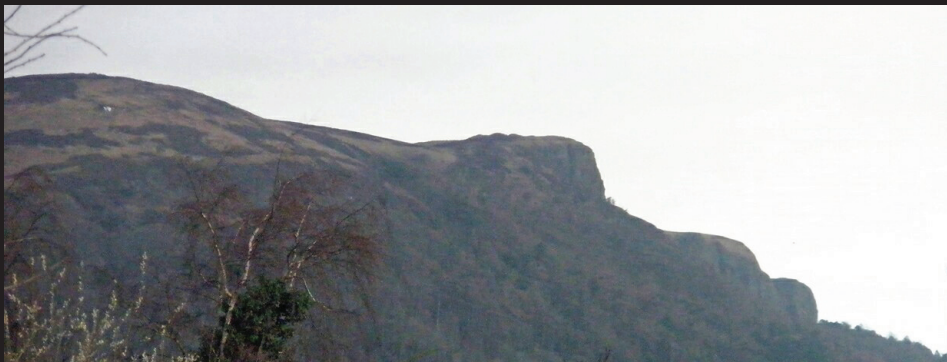
sure

wee flies are still with keats as yet
 but now he needs someone unique
 to steer him thru the riot threat
 that always mounts to reach a peak
 at this time of every hot july
 someone who will know the lie
 of land from the falls to the docks
 from sandy row to cave hill rocks
 who knows the ropes whats going down
 a wild fly man a shape shifter
 none in belfast any swifter
 a native of this dirty town
 well mostly so as shades can be
 more than wan or two or three

brige

be forty shades of green in fact
 one shifting ever changing shade
 but here wee flies wee will extract
 just *nine* of them before they fade
 into a black oblivion
 when keats will cross his rubicon
 the first of them is at the end
 of that *long brige* thats set to send
 into the underworld the bard
 where he might find a muse or two
 among the nine as rhymers do
 tho given shades it will be hard
 to make them stick around for long
 enough to hear the muses song



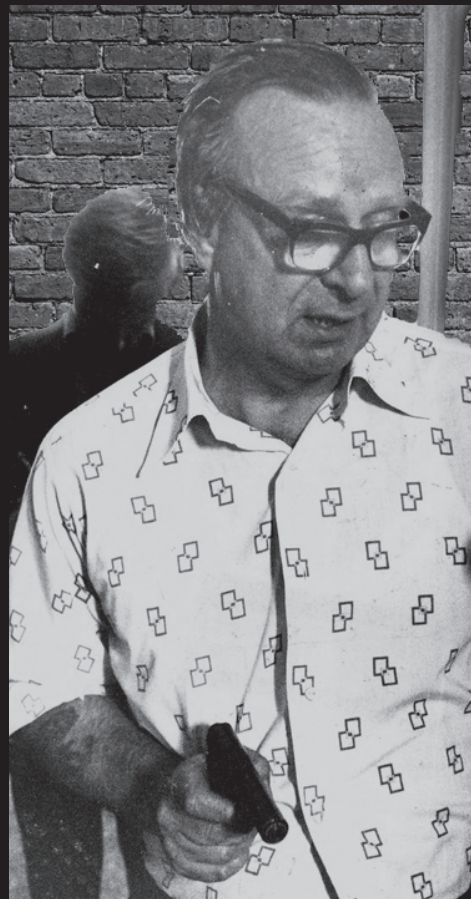


ARMY

half way across the river sticks
as if its frozen dead in time
keats hears a chapel bell ring six
the river sticks at every chime
and then resumes its steady flow
times change again by stick and go
the bridge itself begins to shake
an army marching makes it quake
towards him heavy artillery
horses carts and hirelings bearing down
loud shouts in dutch ring all around
hees back more than a century
schomberg marching south to join
orange billy at the boyne

mcGLADES

twenty thousand strong they thunder past
and leave the rhymer in their dust
as he now enters west belfast
to find a place to eat he must
search the alleys streets and arcades
and settles on *arcade mcglades*
where the soup is rich and filling
and the conversations thrilling
its there he meets his first guide shade
gerry the printer drinking rum
wheryheddin? fardyecum?
some translation needing made
but genial gerrys welcomes clear
a savvy guide and full of cheer



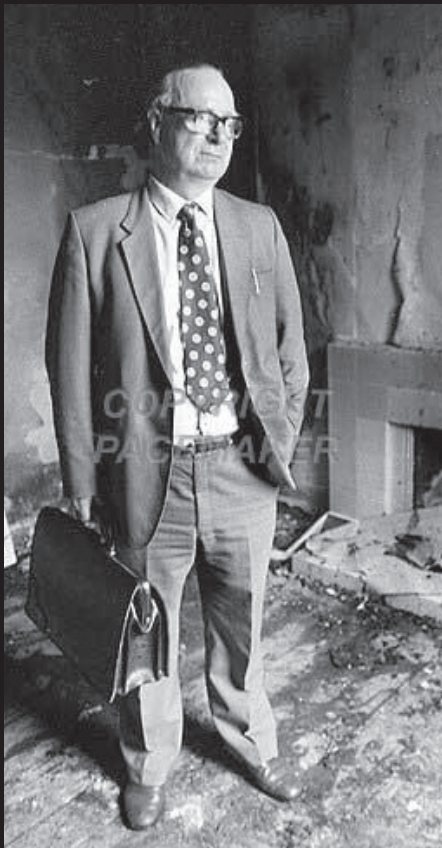
miles



walking to the giants causeway
says keats altho he is unsure
hart lek a lion says gerry right away
its then that keats finds out his tour
will be much farther than he thought
irishmiles longerbealot
than inglishwans gerry points out
so now hees even more in doubt
about where heel go tomorrow
the causeway journey a lost cause?
time to take a resting pause?
and lay his head upon a pillow?
tho gerry thinks they should explore
what belfast nightlife has in store

peer

while they sit and quaff their drinks
talking of belfasts subtle charms
keats relaxes for a time and thinks
these shifts in time ring no alarms
any more hees learning how to thole
time changes fully in control
to let them shiftshape naturally
until he needs to do a pee
which takes him out to a latrine
in an outhouse at the rear
where he finds hees peeing near
a patron peer a shade of green
his peer in his left hand tight
a dangling pistol in his right



sun

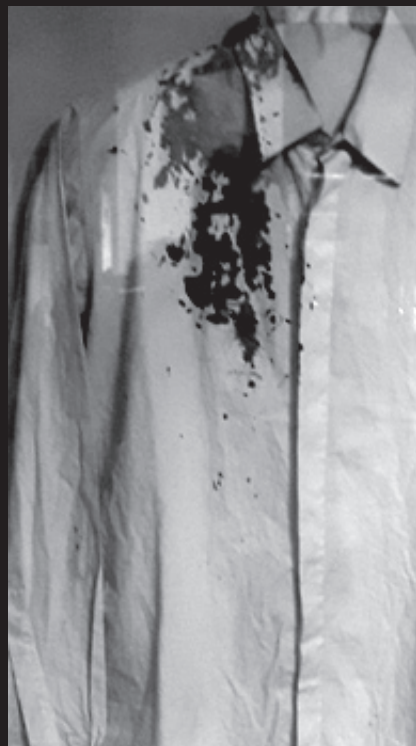


whateryelukinat? says he
a smoking butt hangs from his lips
his squinted eyes can barely see
thru grimy glasses as he slips
his pecker back inside his fly
a gun? says keats *just wondered why?*
its self defence theyre after me
both prods and taegs would gladly see
me be burnt out or in the grave
for telling them theyre fucken thick
for fighting over sects is sick

keats thinks this peer is mighty brave
but something happens very weird
the peeing peer has disappeared

baron

when keats returns from bog arcade
he says to gerry **who was that?**
but gerry has not seen that shade
so keats describes the peer and what
he carried in his self defence
ach gerry says gerry that makes sense
gerry fitt baron fitt of bells hill
the socialist theyd love to kill
he has no time for shinner greens
or no surrender loyalists
or green or orange capitalists
or any shade of slick gombeens
this is his favourite belfast inn
where he can talk and sip his gin



Red

*in his youth he was a stoker
 on yer british merchant navy fleet
 was always fur the common worker
 exploited by the rich elite
 he got his head split open once
 by areyousee mans baton crunch
 for marching out for civil rights
 preferred to take on peaceful fights
 a redder shade of green was fitt
 weel show ye shades far darker soon
 but now weel change the marchin tune
 and show ye belfast has a bit
 of culture too apart from sects
 and bigots that worse bigots elects*

Rose

*so first a place to stay the night
 megurlfrensfamly hizabed
 tospur thilgladly seeyerite
 cumonwime jistupahed
 up ahead about an irish mile
 a big three storey row house pile
 full of youthful swains and molls
 one of them for whom keats falls
 dark rosaleen the belle and joy
 of belfast town nay erins isle
 with shining hair seductive smile
 and eyes beguiling any boy
 surely shes the muse keats must woo
 if belfast rhymes he wants to do*

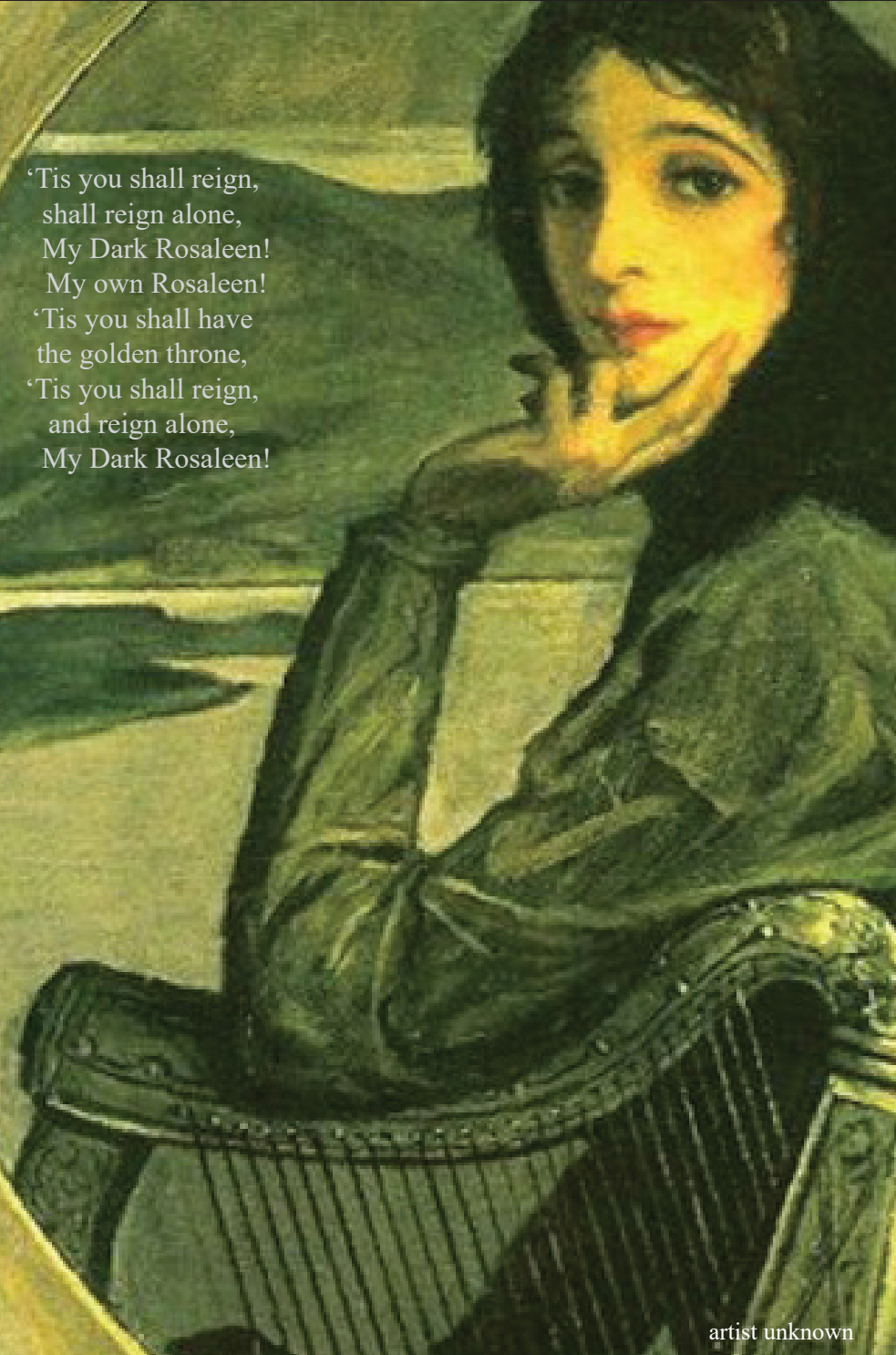


SIS

one gerry leaves one takes his place
 the brother of dark rosaleen
 he plays his tunes with skill and pace
 on guitar harp and mandolin
 from jigs and reels traditional
 to brandenburg in classical
 from monkees pop to switched on bach
 from chieftains gigs to horslips rock
 like rory gallagher riff and sing
 steeleye span and buddy holly
 fairport fahey and thin lizzie
 in the hall of the mountain king
 wee bugs jist love his beatles white
 but van the man he thinks is shite

DANCE

belfast has rough and rowdy days
 but theres teen spirit in this town
 as this boy gerry sings and plays
 that will help when things are down
 and set the scene for whats to come
 at belfasts dance emporium
 where bands of drifters put on show
 the rockus boogie woodgie joe
 who sings of love and broken hearts
 in the underworld of orpheus
 to which they take the succubus
 to twist and shout and shake their parts
 or crooning joes slow waltz routine
 keats dances with dark rosaleen



'Tis you shall reign,
shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have
the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign,
and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

artist unknown



DAME

is she the muse or *la belle dame sans merci*? whose incisive tongue
can cut thru all deceptive sham
until her suitors are well stung
is she the soul of ire land?
whose beauty is both soft and grand
her forests fair her brown ows steep
her plains so rich her valleys deep
her cities tho are harsh and sharp
tho keats has only seen the one
where shuttle shriek and blasting gun
speak louder than her gentle harp
if ire land is dark rosaleen
then shes capricious faerie queene

COCKNEY

the musics loud so they dont talk
but glide around in waltzing slow
and when she does the lambeth walk
which he of course does not know
but feels a homesick wave come on
sweet thames flow softly while im gone
his cockney heart his london soul
he sees her strut that cocky stroll
then cheek to cheek she draws him in
as ire land does with all her charm
she dances like a dream in warm
embracing soft sweetly breathing
but when the music stops shes gone
la belle dame sans merci moves on



falls



as dancing ends and music fades
the underworlds a darker place
where belfast lanes are thick with shades
from past and future time and space
they haunt the alleys in the forms
of victims of sectarian storms
maimed and blasted burnt out dead
in sombre masked procession led
by marching hooded boys with guns
gerry thru these shades unfazed moves
until they reach a street which proves
to be the lower falls that runs
thru half demolished empty shells
of shops and homes where no one dwells

cellars

there is one public house not burnt
in reach of desolation row
an underworld establishment
to kellys cellars they now go
keats thinks of mister kellys inn
in donaghadee where hee'd been
last night for hospitality
these kellys are a mystery
maybe theyre the fabled paddys?
will this inn be as welcoming?
will there be a rosy dancing?
will this kelly make me feel at ease?
then the music starts and there he is
minstrel gerry playing jigs and reels



innocent



this time gerry does not leave
but when he turns around he's not
the gerry we perceive
a shade quite different
keats thought
this gerry **lethwards had sunk
of some dull opiate had drunk
crack cocaine** curse of all his days
the voice of printer gerry says
**spent fifteen years in umpteen jails
for a bombing he didn't do
his owl man died in prison too
innocent** british justice fails
got half a million compensation
spent on drugs and prostitution

justice

aye a wild man a petty thief
but had no interest in the cause
no politics no strong belief
just a chancer with all his flaws
but not a terrorist o no
aye did get clean aill have you know
says Conlon himself now sober
**spent the rest of my days all over
fighting for the rights of people
wrongfully convicted and jailed
framed and tortured where justice failed
i will admit i was no angel
but in the end we got it right
for justice never ending fight**



1916

It started with a thought
Thoughts are always free
The thought became a whisper
The whisper was the key

The whisper was a secret word
Passed by word of mouth
Rebels spread it East and West
It travelled North and South

The word became a spark
That lit a mighty flame
The secret word was 'Freedom'
And it burned in Irish veins

The human need for freedom
Lies dormant in the soul
It gives a person dignity
It makes a nation whole

Irishmen and Irishwomen
With that fire now in their souls
Stepped out to claim their destiny
Independence was their goal

Their courage is legend
When they took their stand
A great sacrifice was witnessed
In the fight to free Ireland

They lived and died as comrades
Their leaders to the fore
They fought an empire side by side
Till they could fight no more

In Dublin's Kilmainham prison
Our leaders faced the firing squad
They pledged their hearts to Ireland
Their souls they pledged to God

The echoes of those fateful shots
Were heard both far and near
Inspiring Peoples of the world
To rise against the Tyrannies of Fear

It was Easter nineteen sixteen
The tricolour was unfurled
Those who fought
and those who died
Would change the known world

The desire for liberty will not die
It's clear for all to see
And Irish hearts will not be still
Until our country's free

gerry kelly

free
damn right shouts yet another gerry
who now shapeshifts from number four
a big strong lower falls boy kelly
from whom a song begins to pour
cohens **like a bird on a wire**
like a drunk in a midnight choir
i tried in my way to be free
o aye the maze cuddint houl me
escaped with thirty seven more
i shot one guard but he survived
one guard had heart attack and died
biggest jail breakout since the war
i served my time and paid my debt
am a shinner politician yet

VERSE
am a top negotiator
in meetings with yer brits says he
am a good communicator
and wrote some prison poetry
words from a cell *i called my book*
at this keats takes a second look
at this big singing terrorist
as he begins to chant half pissed
his verse about the easter rising
while printer gerry whispering
tells keats about *this kelly boy*
he wance jumped up on the hood
of a amoured polis jeep a ploy
to block its progress if he could



H-BLOCK ESCAPE NIGHT





photos david lewis



iceman

with all these gerrys at the bar
 keats is seeing as wee have seen
 five fleeting faces found so far
 each one a darker shade of green
 he has not met a paddy yet
 just gerrys here is all you get
 and one more gerry on his way
 the biggest gerry of his day
the iceman cometh says gerry fitt
 who reappears still armed with gun
from ballymurphy on the run
the iceman fly man wont submit
or sit in british parliament
tho hees the shinner president

chill

an air of fraught anticipation
 fills the underworld of kellys
 wee flies in flighty aviation
 flit about like nervous nellys
 weeve heard about this gerry man
 whose cold and ruthless campaign plan
 to bomb assassinate and drive
 the british out dead or alive
 brought thirty years of misery
 for countless thousands in the land
 filling with corpses our demand
 for carrion from butchery
 here he comes keats feels the chill
 that even summer heat cant kill

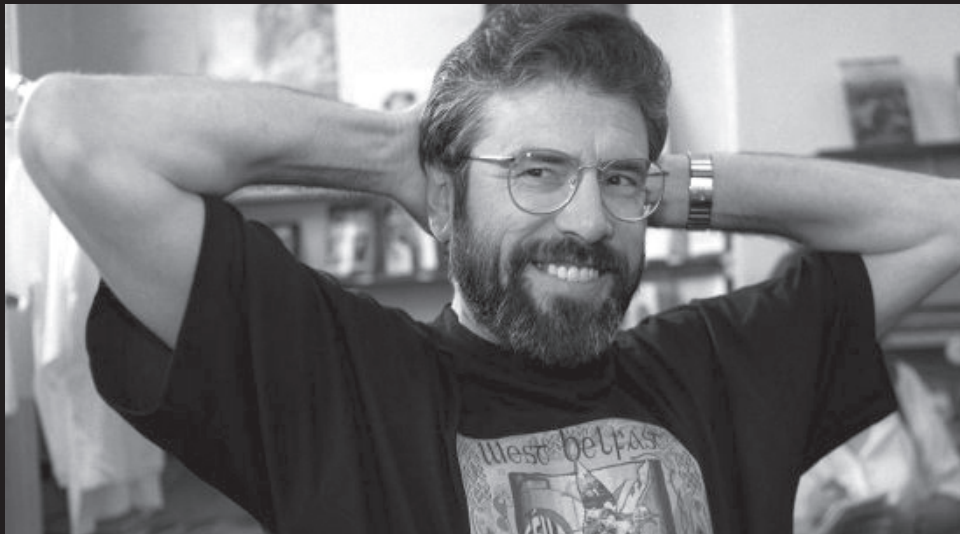


RA

a tall and well groomed bearded gent
descends the cellars ancient stairs
he smiles the look of one content
and settles in for crack prepares
tho all present here are wary
that hees one very scary gerry
who never will admit he led
the ra and ordered many dead
disappeared kneecapped tortured touts
tho he himself above the fray
remained the iceman hid away
while drunken vainglorious louts
did all the dirty deeds of death
or so his sworn enemies sayeth

flym

brownie gerry is a fly man
a superfly man one of uzz
a fly in the ointment dab hand
a fly in the soup awkward cuss
he flies in the face of the brits
with his flying columns he hits
lets fly at the taeg and the prod
who fly off the handle for god
and now that hees flying so high
flying here and there all for work
derrylondon melbourne new york
brownies never out of the sky
his flight from justice never stops
just one flight ahead of the cops



Gerry Adams
@GerryAdams
Look what I got 2night. A Wee Kells duck.
Grma Aoife.



SWAT

they swat at him in teams and trap
him now and then but hees so fly
he flies the coop a slippery chap
cant pin him down this rebel sly
cops the army stickies prods
all have a go at him no odds
some prods hit him with bullets four
but he survives to fight on more
family scandals accusations
of disappearing women touts
hunger strike strategic doubts
machiavellian machinations
they cannot crush this fenian bug
but had to talk to him a thug?

DUCKS

now that hees a politician
and peace is what hees got to sell
he has to signal his contrition
by softening his hard man shell
with folksy jokes and rubber ducks
teddy bears and writing books
at which he is most prolific
tho never getting too specific
about atrocities of yore
bloody friday enniskillen
le mon omagh much blood spilling
but he says *those days are oer*
i did my best to further peace
to shun the gun and killing cease



DRITHLE I Melbourne bhí mé amuigh ar bhád Ar an bhfarraige Bhí mé brónach Mar ní raibh tú ann. Ach ansin, Chonaic mé thú Ag damhsa Ar bharr an uisce Leis an ngréin. Agus bhí mo chroí sásta Arís Ag damhsa le drithle Ar bharr an uisce I Melbourne.	SPARKLE in melbourne i was outside right a at the sea i was sad you were not there but then i saw you dancing on top of the water stay here with me and my heart was g again dancing with sparkl on the water in melbourne	AN SAILÉAD Sinn ag ithe sailéad Agus d'amharc mé amach An fhuinneog 's chonaic mé an ghrian ag dul 'á luí, Dearg fola na spéire 's d'ól mé gloine fíona Fíon dearg Mar shláinte don ngréin. Agus shíl mé liom féin Go bhfuil an t-ádh linn.	THE SALAD we were eating salad and i looked out the window and i saw the sun going to set red blood in the sky and i drank a glass of wine red wine as health to the sun and i cried myself that the silence is with us	AG SMAOINEAMH THINKING Cois farraige ag smaoineamh. I mo luí ag smaoineamh. Ag léamh ag smaoineamh. I gcónaí Ag smaoineamh. Go deo Agus go síoraí ag smaoineamh.	seaside thinking on my loo? thinking reading thinking always thinking forever and forever thinking
---	--	---	---	--	--



bones



here they sit in kellys cellars
 the wee lad keats his claret sips
 the big lad drinking minerals
 while wee flies sup the table drips
 they dont have anything in common
 theres no hope of any union
 one a lapsed apothecary
 the other a revolutionary
 one fixes broken bones and teeth
 the other breaks them for *the cause*
 but once again to give uzz pause
 they are both rhymers underneath
i write poems too says gerry
in irish am literary

jesus

i was on a show just last night
a documentary about me
walking in the footsteps of christ
thru israel from galilee
to calvary a pilgrimage
part penitence? am at the stage
of looking for forgiveness
 thinks keats *then why wont he confess*
that he was in the eyearray?
the general behind the scenes
who now pulls down the dark smoke screens
what role in carnage did he play?
admitting culpability?
or negative capability?



peace



whats negative capability?
keats would coin this term to evince
how rhymers like shakespeare could be
on both sides of any moral fence
how embracing uncertainty
was better than finality
how flies like us could be foul pests
and natures faerie manifests
gerry? a living breathing case
of moral ambiguity
a murderer for all to see
now completing an about face
seeking peace at every turn
a kinder gentler gerry not so stern

ART

its now the wee hours of the morn
but gerrys adamant he will
show keats the place where he was born
up the falls via the shankhill
to see some shadows on the way
where belfast art comes into play
the first gable shade of gerry
lauds him as a visionary
but then close by a judgments writ
in one wall scrawled wanker jab
at his sanctimonious gab
about his walk with jesus bit
right there in his own soul backyard
lower falls opinion can be hard



wall



he seems to take this jibe in stride
as they approach the shankhill road
where gerrys name is vilified
far more than round his own abode
but now the way ahead is blocked
by this great wall that separates
the shankhill from the falls keats shocked
at a city split as if two states
but gerrys shade just passes thru
the wall and keats can follow too
am i a shade also? thinks keats
or are these time shifts back retreats
to when there was no wall in place
so for a time am in that space?

blue

it only takes a moment brief
to blend right thru that blockage thick
and out the other side belief
in relativity times trick?
but when keats next sees gerrys face
the bearded icemans quit that space
and printer gerrys reappeared
what the hell are we duin here
wee lad? thisisnoplac furataeg
or even for a brit lek you
unless yer orange thru and thru
or truebluelinfield irishleague
and sure enough they now go past
a row of blue shops walking fast



blast

*this place is haunted gerry says
 no sooner are his words out there
 than time blows back five thousand days
 and devastation fills the air
 bricks and mortar shards of glass
 dismembered bodies flung en masse
 splintered wooden planks fish and blood
 screams of children carnage crude
 frizzells fish shop blown to pieces
 for those survivors and the ones
 who searched the rubble for the bones
 the nightmare horror never ceases
 the ten dead victims of the blast
 haunt this main street of prod belfast*

butchers

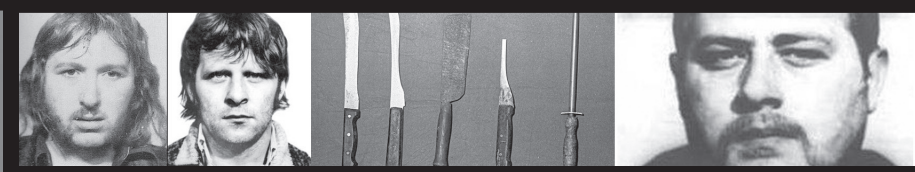
*the big lad called it a mistake
 says gerry a stupid reckless mess
 no responsibility will he take
 for by then he was lookin peace
 but heed unleashed the dogs of war
 as had his foes for years before
 and new rogue dissidents arise
 whod been well trained no compromise
 unscrupulous and psychopath
 with shankhill butchers on the loose
 new eyearrays need no excuse
 to keep on filling their blood bath
 in sects and splinter groups again
 each splinter sharper stabbing pain*

VOLUNTEER LENNY MURPHY

Killed in Action		
Vol. Ron Lavery	Vol. Charlie Lynch	Vol. Paul O'Leary
Vol. Joe Coulson	Vol. Tommy McCreesh	Vol. Trevor Newson
Vol. Robert Scully	Vol. Larry Murphy	Vol. Hugh Harris
Vol. Jim Scott	Vol. Willie Miller	Vol. Gerry King
Vol. Ian Davidson	Vol. Ray Joyce	Vol. Gerry Freeman
Vol. Henry McKeown	Vol. William McKeown	Vol. James Reid
Vol. Henry Robinson	Vol. Stephen Rankin	Vol. William Ryan
Vol. Joe Ryan	Vol. Jim Long	Vol. Alan Brownell
Vol. Billy O'Connell	Vol. Brian Joseph	Vol. David Wilson
Vol. Tommy Chapman	Vol. George Dwyer	Vol. Jim McLaughlin
Vol. Harry Boyle	Vol. Gerry McKeown	Vol. Jimmy McHaffey
Vol. William McKeown	Vol. Jackie O'Connell	Vol. Liam Higgins
Vol. Colin O'Connell	Vol. Tommy France	Vol. Mike Harris
Vol. Stephen Johnson	Vol. Robert Walsh	Vol. John Black
Vol. David Wilson	Vol. Robert McKeown	Vol. Stewart Robinson
Vol. Mark Doherty	Vol. Jim McCreesh	
Vol. David Lavery	Vol. Billy O'Connell	
Died in Prison		
Vol. Dave McNeill	Vol. Bill O'Connell	Vol. Bobby Spruce
Vol. Sean O'Connell	Vol. David McKeown	Vol. Derek McKeown
Vol. George Shaw	Vol. Willie Carroll	Vol. Tommy MacMahon



EVERY FENIANS NIGHTMARE





beef

*there wuz a time there wuz no wall
says gerry this gortin man once told
about a pal of his heed call
fintan living on taeg falls road
walking to the prod shankhill to buy
a roast of beef for his sunday
dinner from a real butchers shop
where friendly service was tip top
so tip top the butcher would lend
him a set of knives to carve the roast
at home them peaceful days are toast
trust and tolerance at an end
and now we have them fucken walls
carving off the shankill from the falls*

back

*keats thinks hees had enough of this
these paddys are a fractious lot
always staring into the abyss
nursing histories unforgot
revenge reprisals never end
neither side will change or bend
tomorrow morn im going back
to catch the boat get back on track
the causeway hike will have to wait
ive seen too much effect and cause
of shattered lives and broken laws
with that he turns to his walk mate
but finds again that gerrys shade
has now a seventh shift shape made*



shankill

this new gerrys in a habit
and his surroundings too have changed
the shankill road has shrunk a bit
in fact its all been rearranged
its little more than rustic lane
oer which an ancient church doth reign
sean chille says gerry number seven
old church road to seventh heaven
this gerry sounds more like a taffy
than a billy or a paddy

giraldus cambrensis says he
gerald of wales *god save the king*
this land is not to your liking?
i understand your wish to flee

tribes

this is a god forsaken country
full of warring tribes and savages
our norman conquest military
has tried to curb their ravages
but centuries on they still persist
in faction fighting and resist
the papal sanctioned royal reign
of good king john who will retain
these lands in perpetuity
and give this church his full support
saint patricks of the old white fort
that it may foster unity
and bring this island peace at last
especially here in west belfast



artwork john derrick



side

keats agrees with this welsh gerrys
 view of irish barbarism
 but hees at least nine centuries
 behind the times when tribalism
 had only just begun to tear apart
 the spirit at the islands heart
 he does not know the half of it
 how his old church was part of it
 how seán chílle became shank kill
 how the falls became the enemy
 when brutal tribal butchery
 was blessed as gods own holy will
 when righteous god is on your side
 what force can stem the bloody tide?

music

*there is one redeeming attribute
 these irish have in quantity
 says taffy gerry their pursuit
 of **music song and poesy**
 in liveliness and quality
 they **invented** music artistry
 we welsh may be their match in song
 but on instruments theyre mighty strong
 their harpers and their ollamhs
 are held in honour by their chiefs
 whose warring exploits joys and griefs
 are chronicled in tune and verse
 the irish have habits right perverse
 but in music skills theyre not scarce*

And we're all off to Dublin in the green
(FUCK THE QUEEN)
Where the helmets glisten in the sun
(FUCK THE HUNS)
Where the bayonets flash
and the rifles crash
to the echo of a Thompson gun.

I often wonder
where they would have been
If we hadn't have taken them in
Fed them and washed them
Thousands in Glasgow alone
From Ireland they came
Brought us nothing but trouble and shame
Well the famine is over
Why don't they go home?

Now Athenry Mike was a thief
And Large John he was fully briefed
And that wee traitor from Castlemilk
Turned his back on his own
They've all their Papists in Rome
They have U2 and Bono
Well the famine is over
Why don't they go home?

Now they raped and fondled their kids
That's what those perverts
from the darkside did
And they swept it under the carpet
And Large John he hid
Their evils seeds have been sown
Cause they're not of our own
Well the famine is over
Why don't you go home?

Now Timmy don't take it from me
'Cause if you know your history
You've persecuted thousands of people
In Ireland alone
You turned on the lights
Fuelled you boats by night
That's how you repay us
It's time to go home.

Hello, Hello
We are the Billy Boys
Hello, Hello
You'll know us by our noise
We're up to our knees in Fenian blood
Surrender or you'll die
For we are
The Brighton Derry Boys

KING BILLY'S ON THE WALL! (V)
There's a famous painting now
that everybody knows,
It stands upon a gable wall over Sandyrow,
In memory of King William
and brethren who did join,
They fought for our deliverance,
at the battle of the Boyne.

chorus
King Billy's on the wall,
King Billy's on the wall
He stands so high, he shines so bright
he lights up the falls,
There's million's come to see him
they stand and gaze in awe,
They remember 1690, King Billy's on the wall

Now there are slogans painted
in red white and blue,
They tell the pope where he can go
and what he can do,
There's one to Gerad Rice,
well that's a different class,
Go stick the lower Ormeau road
and stick it up your ass!
chorus

Well the the next time your in Ulster
won't you come and have a look,
Stand beside that mural
and have your photo took,
Then put it on your mantel piece
or hang it in your hall,
So that all the world can see
King Billy's On The Wall!



divine

keats thinks about dark rosaleens
brother gerry playing lively tunes
while round his city bloody scenes
of blasts and shootings by ra goons
and orange freedom fighting gangs
are celebrated in crude songs
crushing any sense of harmony
dark martial airs of enmity
perversions of the art divine
that might in some distant future
spawn a hybrid peaceful culture
with music as its binding twine
that ties the billys fife and drum
to paddys flute and harping strum

embeddeo

keats knows taffy gerrys saws
on ire land must with a grain of salt
be taken embedded as he was
in invader strongbows strong assault
that we must have reservations
about his harsh observations
many being fabrications
that heed heard in conversations
myths tall tales lies and racist cant
but from what keats himself has seen
the divine art of music is queen
of ire land yet warring and want
are king and hees a tyrant brute
with deadly power absolute



oaks

saint patrick of the white fort church
was not the first place of worship
on this seán chille road a search
yields near the church a double strip
of rotting stumps of massive trees
that once had rustled in the breeze
and lined an avenue of heaven
fourteen oaks on each side seven
great sentinels in canopy
for processions thru the woods
with music played in mistic moods
joyful reverence ecstasy
in honour of the sylvan soul
its vital pneuma breathing role

rings

wee flies have memories of this
collective memories passed down
thru generations numberless
of a time when there was no town
and wee remember how that changed
when the christians became estranged
from the very source of living things
by hacking thru the countless rings
of all those oaken columns stout
yearly records terminated
oldest faith eliminated
and a curse befalling round about
the growing towns inhabitants
cut off from treedom's sustenance

the firefly's tale-



drawing k2creative

wounds

as in newtownards movillae
the curse cast down on axing trees
hacked into human harmony
in sect on sect atrocities
wounds inflicted on the woods
infected human attitudes
with casual indifference
towards what they owe in deference
not to gods but to what gave breath
and bread to them the trees the air
water soil and yes wee who share
break down renew and transform death
to life again unrecognized
our contributions demonized

web

as keats and gerry walked between
the nearly flattened stumps of trees
with moonrise lighting up the scene
and mister kellys moonshine teas
still coursing thru his timefree brain
keats sees the trees alive again
and feels their presence powerful
a deep throat purr magnetic pull
beneath his feet where even yet
five hundred years since they were cut
the woodwide web sustains the root
mass underwood in finest net
of fungal filaments of white
in soils as black as moonless night



ire

up on the surface there is light
from moon and stars and wee fireflies
glow on and off green pulses slight
to light the way that underlies
the canopy of golden boughs
just long enough that scarce allows
the passage thru the avenue
wee fireflies long since quit this view
and gone extinct thruout ire land
driven out by firebugs like those
whose fear of darkness will dispose
them to always have a firebrand
in hand to fire up a raging pyre
and satisfy their flaming ire

fire

so when they reach the seventh pair
of oaks the promised heaven fails
and in its place a hell is there
a roaring bonfire fills woodvales
blackness with a smoky choking light
while drunken revelers in full spite
dance around the wood infernos
crackling blaze singing no sean nos
but loud *king billys on the wall*
as fenian flegs and emblems burn
and papist idols ashen turn
its not charred icons that appall
but wood itself consigned to flame
that merits most barbaric shame



culc

the curse that butchered trees have cast
 is multiplied some sevenfold
 by burning wood in towers vast
 of pallet planks more new than old
 built on a scale industrial
 by juggernauts mechanical
 great ziggurats of festive fire
 for arsehole arsonists aspire
 to burn the biggest belfast blaze
 in honour of the fire serpent
 the cult of which they are at present
 fanatic in a manic craze
 for wanton waste of woods great heat
 just burning for the hell of it

hell

fireflies flee far away from flame
 which seems more popular with prods
 than taegs tho they arent free of blame
 for fire raising fire serpent gods
 and immolating prods in fireballs
 as in hotel la mon dining halls
 filled with collie dog enthusiasts
 for them a living hell when blasts
 of incendiary bombs kills twelve souls
 the fire serpent cremates and maims
 fighting fire with fire fanning flames
 of even more revengeful tolls
 exacted by incineration
 charring justice inflammation

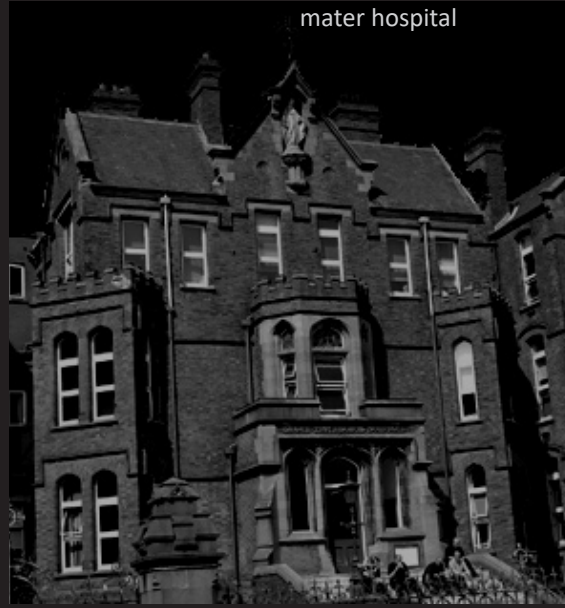
MURDER MURDER
MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER
 This is what the bombers did

17 TH FEB 1978
LA MON
BOMBING
12 PROTESTANTS
MURDERED BY
REPUBLICAN
TERRORISTS

to a human being
MURDER MURDER MURDER MURDER
MURDER MURDER

Lest We Forget.





mater hospital



crumlin cinema



crumlin gaol

CRUM

from woodvales bonfires keats retreats
 his belfast baptism of fire
 a full immersion he completes
 its time for him to now retire
 and sleep at minstrel gerrys place
 where dark rosaleen makes hearts race
 but first he must negotiate
 the crumlin road its getting late
 to reach the crum from shank kill road
 they walk berlin then silvio
 where a spirit grocers set aglow
 and another fire will explode
 as screaming children flee the scene
 their home burnt out in orange spleen

fleas

i told you theyre barbarians
 says taffy gerry as he starts
 to fade and minstrel gerry stands
 there instead when he departs
 minstrel gerry knows the crumlin
 mater morgue and wards he worked in
 pushing corpses round on trolleys
 racing them in halls for jollys
 crumlin platos cave of horror
 wherein wee fleas have sunk a pit
 many a screamer wee have bit
 the crum gaol for men of terror
 and for children who stole bread
 but not for gombeens well fed





CORTINA

up manor brae they have to climb
with printer gerry shifting back
to guide young keats for one last time
up cliftonville a bit off track
christ says he looking deathly pale
yella cortina on our tail
the shankill butchers on the hunt
out lookin some poor papist cunt
they nip inside the nearest gate
which luckilys his uncles place
the yella cortina slows its pace
then speeds off as they just wait
before resuming their dark walk
hurrying along with nervous talk

DREAM

at last they reach the brookhill place
where minstrel gerrys at the door
to let keats in to that safe space
and get him on the second floor
for a bit of sleep at least before
an early start to donaghadee
he might not see dark rosaleen
ire lands own dark faerie queene
the one bright star of this dark town
he dreams about her in his sleep
which tho short is double deep
and rises ready to take on
the journey back by scenic route
along the lough and still on foot





London

before he leaves he has one more
chance to see dark rosaleen
on her way out her own front door
he catches up with her unseen
until beside her on her walk
and asks if she would like to talk
*what a wally trout you are she says
in your big long coat of olden days
where are you from? what brought you here?*

*london he tells her so am i
born in brixton she says no lie
craven street says keats i was near
also cheapside moorgate hampstead
were both half cockney born and bred*

belfast

their talk continues for a while
*i loved london but hate this town
i can see why he says with a smile
my first day here that got me down
this boy banged my head on a wall
i didnt even know him at all
a belfast welcome for a brit
brixtons tough but i never got hit
soon theyd have to part she to work
he on his way to the long bridge
i like the way you use language
he says cockney with that dark quirk
of belfast accent in your talk
and your dancing the lambeth walk*



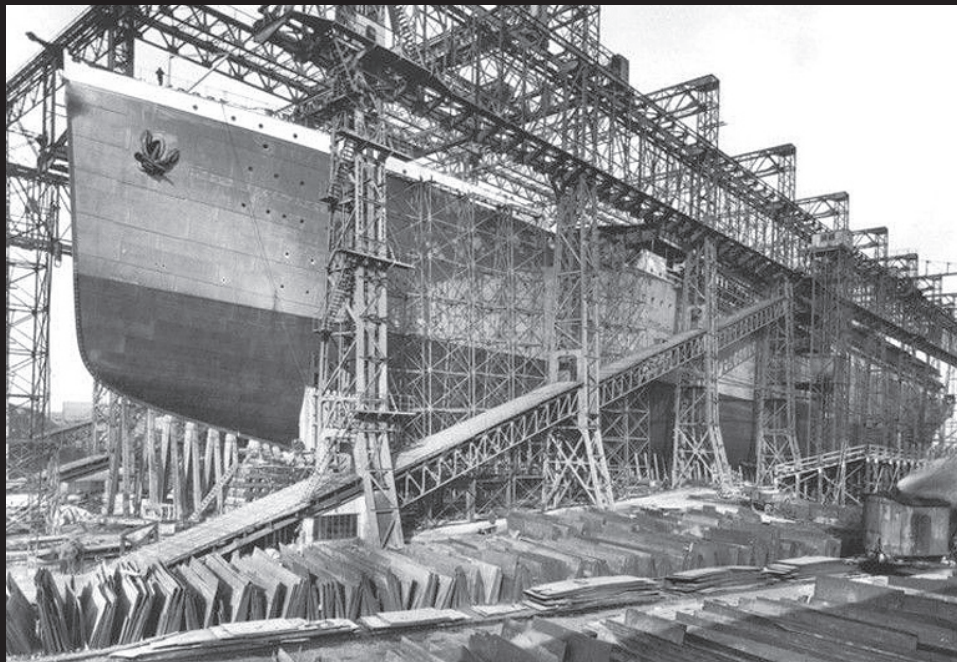
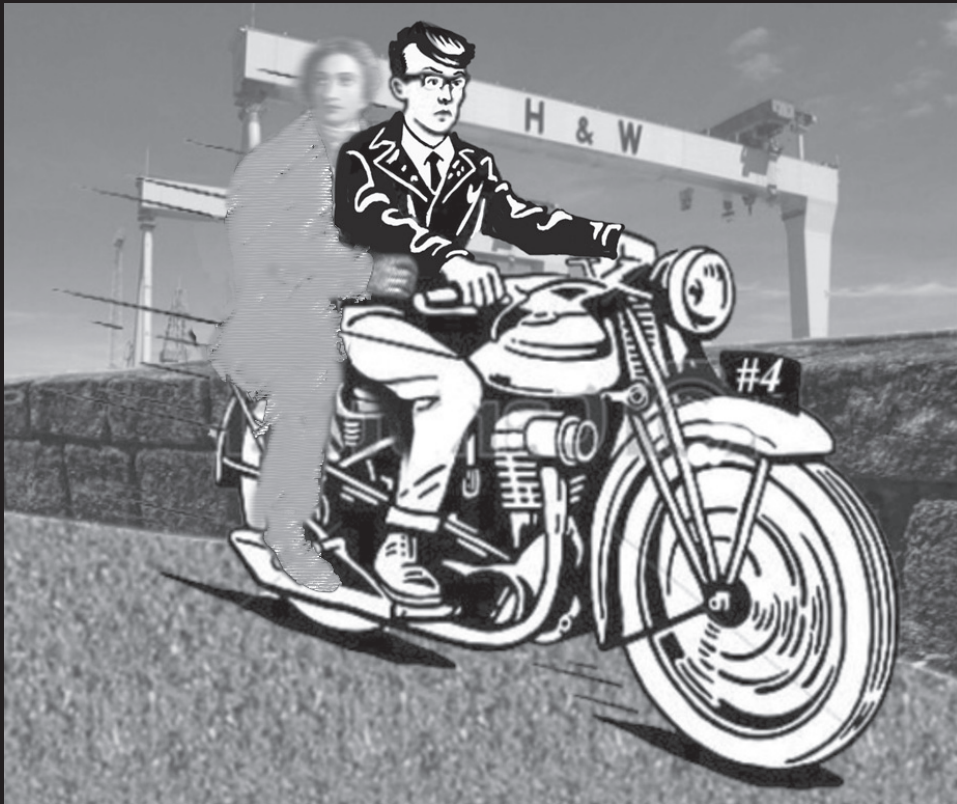
angels



they kiss but lightly realized
one last lingering look and then
they go their separate ways surprised
at how their brief encounters end
wee flies know its all a dream
a fly by night affair a scheme
unplanned of random chance events
chaotic flights that make no sense
and heres another one that comes
as keats half way across the lagan
hears behind a roaring wagon?
sounds beating down like lambeg drums
another army to the boyne?
or just hells angels from ardoyne?

bikes

riding vespas and lambrettas
a crowd of long haired modish knights
and maids buzzing by trendsetters
on their way to beaches and to fights
with rival rockers dressed to kill
in leathers tattoos seeking thrill
riding tritons enfields bee essays
satanic choice insignias
all roaring past with molls at rear
the rocker sect is on the move
with macho swagger out to prove
theyre far superior no fear
tho when the chips are down no odds
theyll soon revert to taegs and prods



speed

one last rocker rider brakes and slows
and calls out keatses name aloud
this rocker keats already knows
its minstrel gerrys brother proud
on his loud bee essay big steed
hop on shouts franky time for speed
weel get ye out tae bangor quick
no need tae swing yer walkin stick
keats climbs on and holds on tight
hees never reached such speed before
this time machines a mighty goer
until they come upon the sight
where massive giants skyward tilt
and titan iron barks are built

ships

samson and goliath looming large
against the sky mere monuments
to when this city led the charge
in churning out the armaments
minesweepers frigates gunboats sloops
destroyers carriers for troops
but now these giants idle stand
above a tourist trap so grand
that celebrates a sunken ship
the symbol of this stricken town
where plague masked folk in strict lockdown
breathe tiny viral mines that slip
into their lungs and detonate
to inundate and suffocate



hulk

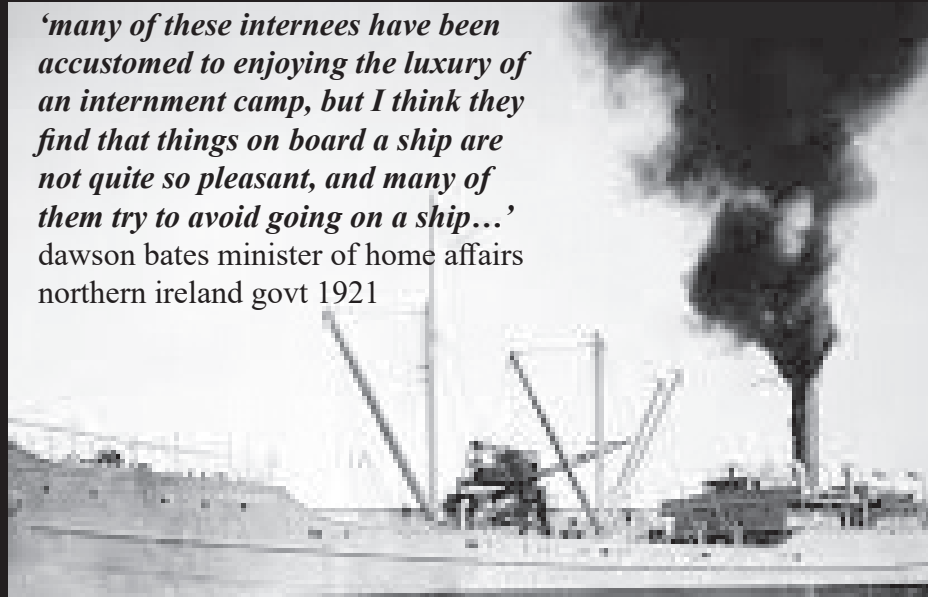
not far from here one rotting hulk
 stands out alone among the docks
 its decks above its dismal bulk
 are lined with fences gates with locks
 behind which broken figures walk
 starved emaciated shades who stalk
 the decks in ghastly exercise
 while down below a comrade dies
 in filth and frequent hunger strikes
 haitch em mess argenta gulag
 for shiners who salute the flag
 the fleg the unionist dislikes
 keats rocking back and forth in time
 finds himself in deep argenta slime

gulag

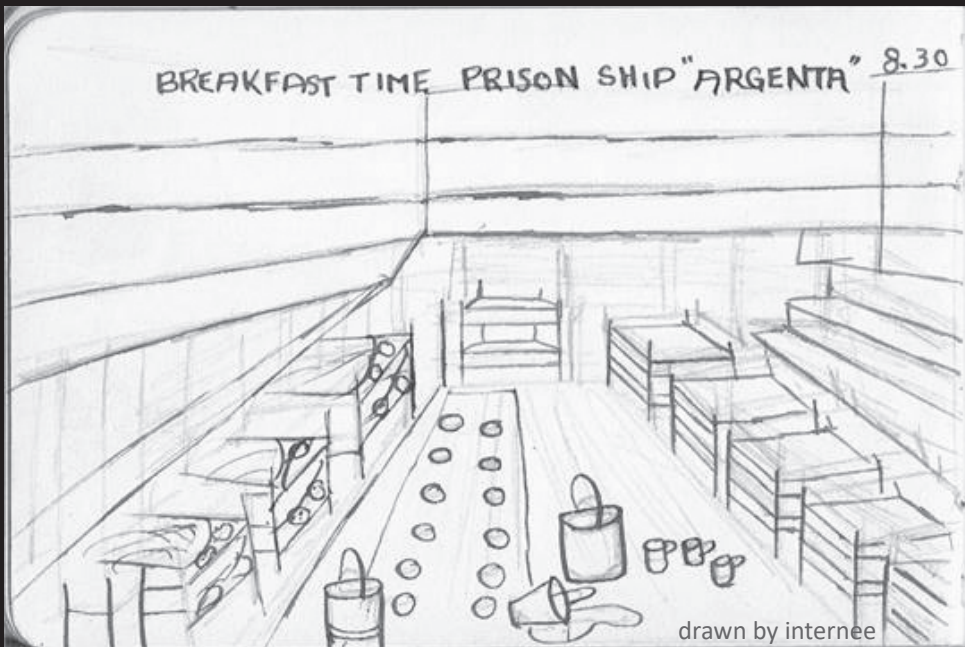
this texas built wood cargo hulk
 was leaking well before its use
 as prisonship for fenian folk
 sea water round its hold will sluice
 thru cages crammed with fifty each
 soaked floors slick with fecal stench
 from overflowing lavatories
 wee flies unwitting spread disease
 weel kill men off or drive men mad
 but dont blame us for dawson bates
 who such conditions delegates
 for those opposed to what prods had
 special powers to intern foes
 of what partition will impose

'many of these internees have been accustomed to enjoying the luxury of an internment camp, but I think they find that things on board a ship are not quite so pleasant, and many of them try to avoid going on a ship...'

dawson bates minister of home affairs
 northern ireland govt 1921



sir richard dawson bates



drawn by internee

TRIAL

keats is scunnerd by the stinking air
of this abysmal floating hell
but is drawn towards one prisoner
trying to write in his crammed cell
*to me wife annie says he
five waens at home her needin me
to work the farm and this for **what?**
interned without trial for that?
some sinn fein meetins a went to?
me health destroyed with damp and cowl
on this oul wreck in troth and sowl
if a get out alive al do
far far worse than jist add me voice
to them demanding equal justice*

consumption

*a wull nivr give allegiance
tae yer king or his orange clan
who wull not give our kind a chance
since thon partition split began
if a give in a might be freed
that kind of freedom a dont need
his name is jim from ballinascreen
county derry and he has been
on this grim hulk for two full years
his hacking cough grows worse each day
consumption probably the way
heel go as certain death appears
for someone relatively young
who hears his deathknell sadly rung*





flight

keats back on frankys bee essay
is hurtling towards another port
from which great metal birds away
are flying for profit or for sport
to foreign fields or sunny shores
weighed down by frequent flying hoors
who soil the air with toxic shite
that for neither man or beast is right
to breathe no wonder bugs like uzz
are dying at alarming rates
from chemistry that permeates
the air with compounds poisonous
so fly men can invade the sky
in comfort and security

fight

the name emblazoned on this port
prompts franky to lambaste it hard
*sure he was jist a wee spoil sport
a drunkard wan with no regard
for anything except his fame
it shudda been a different name
up there wee rinty monaghan
our great flyweight world champion
wee flies agree that one of ours
should have his name writ large alright
but not upon this port of flight
where heavyweights need massive powers
of fossil fuels to get them high
spewing their gases in the sky*



GRAND SCIENTIFIC PUGILISTIC MATCH
 BETWEEN
RANDALL and TURNER,
 WHICH TOOK PLACE
*At Crawley Hurst, in Sussex, 32 miles from London, for 100
 Guineas a-side, on Saturday, December 5, 1818.*

PATS who saw JACK RANDALL fight,
 That fill'd the FANCY with delight,
 Oh, it was a manly sight,
 Such game lads to see !
 Back'd by the WELCH, NED took his ground,
 A better man could ne'er be found,
 Showing fine science ev'ry round—
 And not a *fincher* he !



bouts

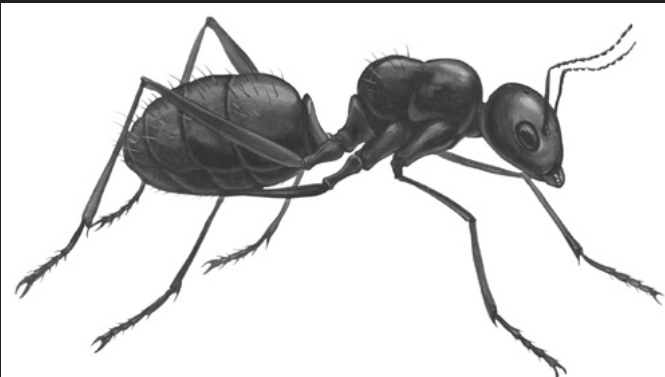
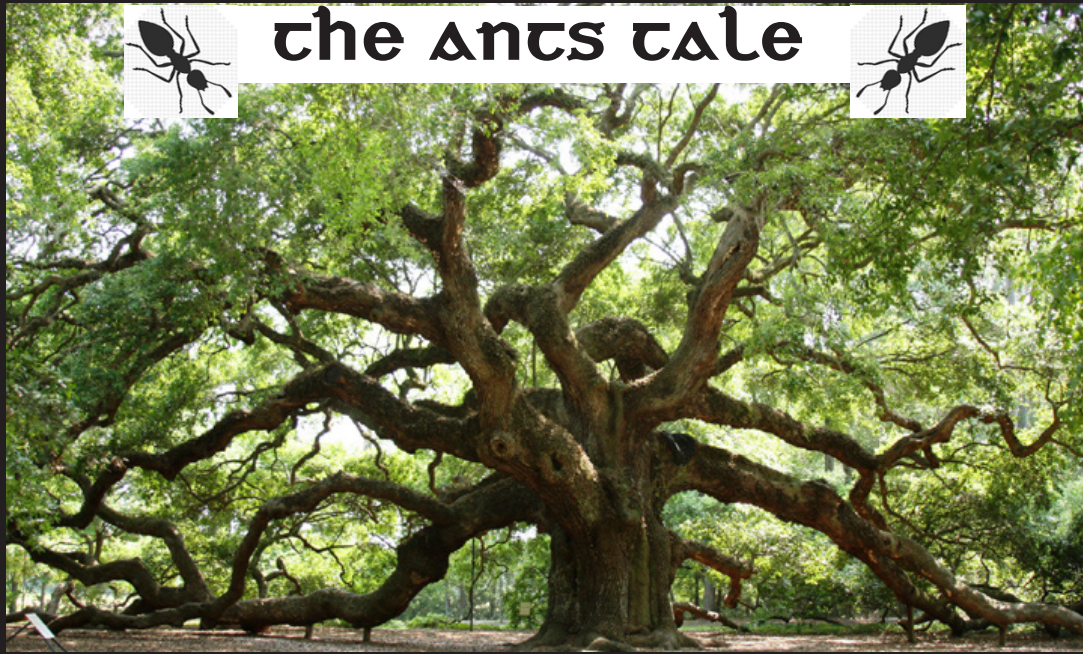
now you might think that poet keats
 wouldnt give a damn for boxing bouts
 where one man another senseless beats
 that he would be appalled by louts
 in bloody contests but o no
 keats was pugnacious and would go
 to fights of endless rounds to see
 bare knuckled boxing right bloody
 no shrinking violet was keats
 outside of his sensitive odes
 his quick temper sometimes explodes
 heed relish wee rintys ring feats
 on that glorious night in kings hall
 when he won the world belt and all

moves

that best whose name is writ so big
 was a flyweight too light as air
 seventeen and sober he could jig
 thru footry foes with dancing flair
 keats flying too thru time and space
 can see him in a dim lit place
 lighting up the evening dark
 one misty night in windsor park
 with magic feet and feinting spells
 in mesmerizing mistic moves
 even rinty monaghan approves
 if a fellow fly man so excels
 sure he would sing on such a night
when irish eyes are smiling bright



the ants tale



VISIONS

on frankys time machine again
they take the road to holywood
and take the time again to when
its woods were sacred as they should
be a place for pilgrims like those
of ancient creeds that first arose
among the celtic tribes in down
where rituals evolved around
the trees with garlands on their trunks
and toadstools from the roots of these
were eaten by the devotees
inducing visions and quare gunks
about how their own consciousness
depends on holy woods largesse

holes

wee flies know well how fly agaric
kills us dead so wee will flee you
here in holywoods barbaric
past when its woods you apes did hew
weel let the ants now be keats guide
since they know how to chew inside
of trees boring holes in holy wood
rendering it near treeless nude
and full of black holes digital
down which data disappears
when scrutiny of troubled years
shows collusion and betrayal
involving state run dark pish moles
crawling deep into their wee black holes





art emil doepler



ANTS

wee ants know all the militants
who live in holywoods black holes
but first there were the mendicants
who settled here to save their soles
they axed the trees to sow their plants
to build their cells for postulants
their church for congregants and soon
the woods in constant threat would swoon
no threat more lethal than the wars
between the crown and the o neills
whose broken truces and bad deals
on both sides would leave far worse scars
when rather than allow the crown
to use church walls they burnt them down

plants

the o neills scorched earth strategy
left the monastery in ashes
what woods remained would rapidly
give way to plantation slashes
wee ants no match for planters tools
stripping land for houses churches schools
and in the linen business boom
holy wood becomes the class bedroom
as mansions luxuriant built high
for rich belfast gombeen merchants
and bishops palace for protestants
which then the militants would buy
to house the kings own combatants
and emeyefive sly surveillants





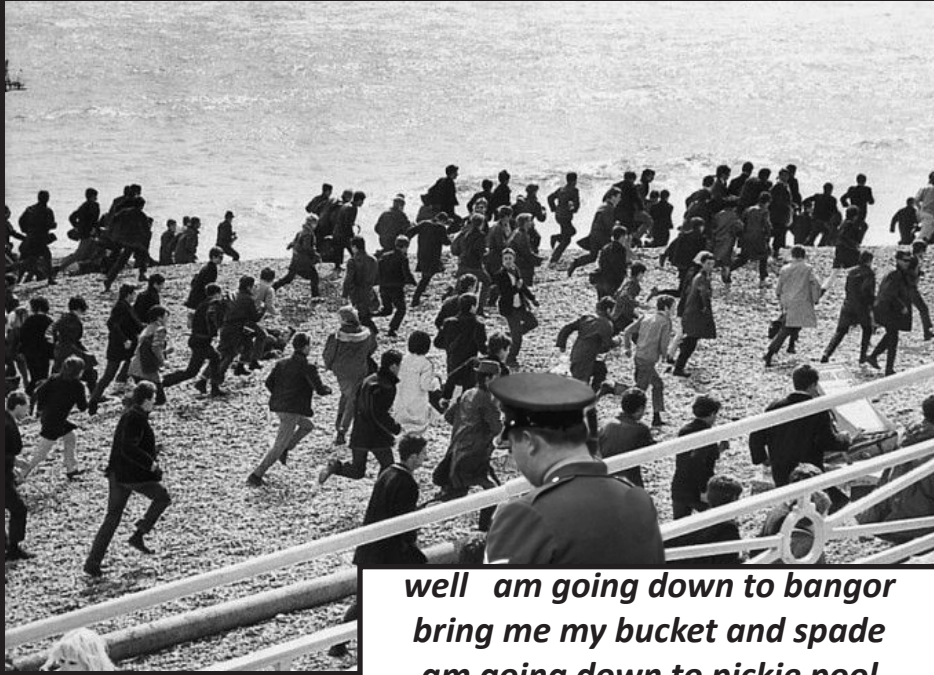
champ

one part of holywoods still green
 where trees and fair ways overlook
 the sea a verdant pleasant scene
 for folks with clubs playing by the book
 for birdies bogies buzzards par
 imitating their local star
 another rampant flying tramp
 whose roaring round the world as champ
 leaves footprints like a heliphant
 as all these clubbers tend to leave
 so they can sun and prize receive
 in warm locations tres distant
 where wee black holes are abundant
 to put their balls in elegant

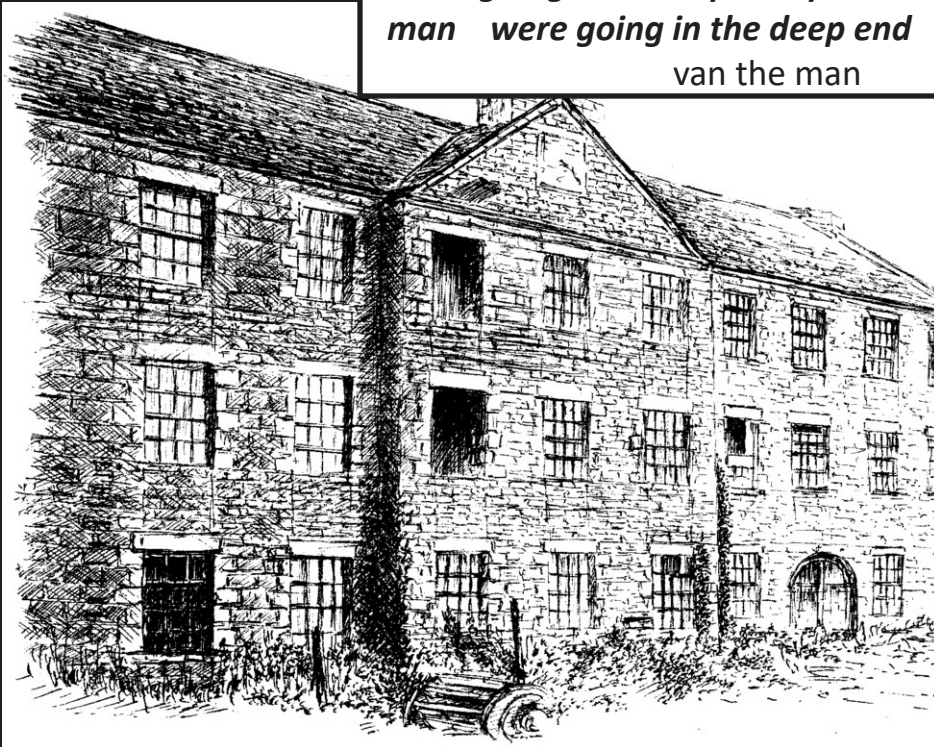
CRAMP

at least the roaring tramp had sense
 enough to see his big mistake
 in clubbing balls with that thick mensch
 who tweets the world to cheat and fake
 not just at silly games with holes
 but at politics and polls
 sick o phants with clubs do suck
 and holywoods hero did get stuck
 right in there with the twice impeached
 hees jumping ship like drowning ants
 when he sees oul dacency is breached
 no fore more years of maga chants
 no more holes with orange tie rants





*well am going down to bangor
bring me my bucket and spade
am going down to pickie pool
man were going in the deep end
van the man*



beach

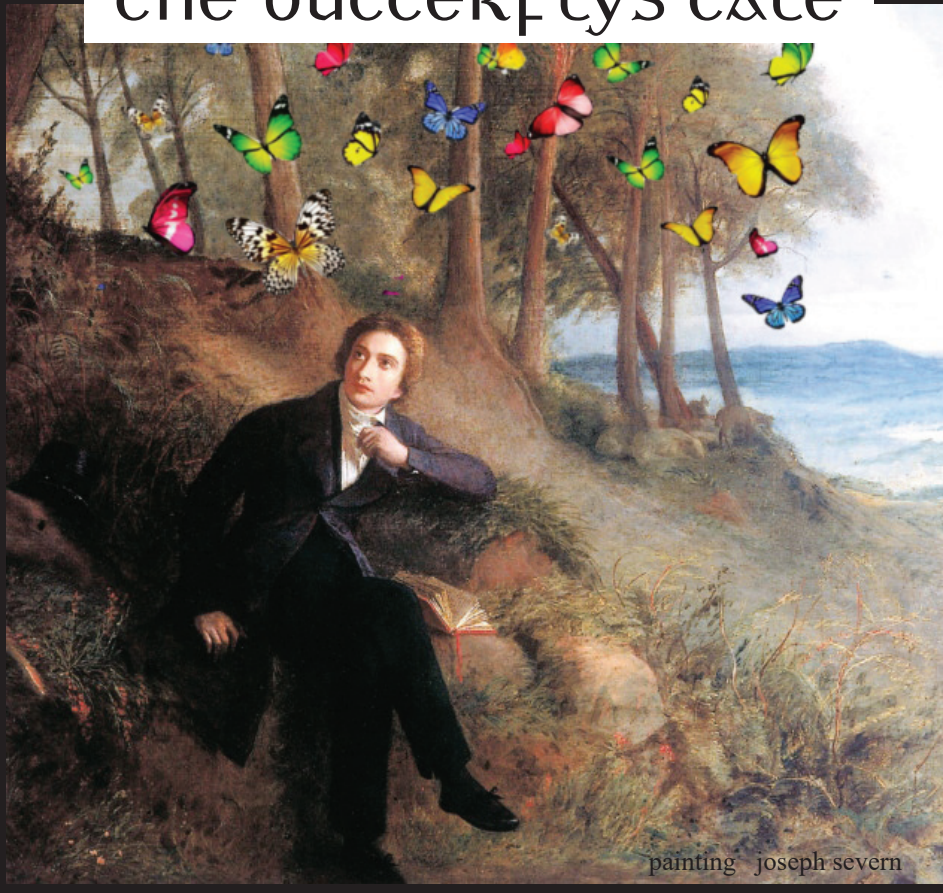
*arent they the right old snotter boxes?
says franky as he mounts his bee essay
all these clubbers and their dilsys
lets hit the road to helens bay
keats by now has ants in his pants
so hees ready to jump at the chance
of a rocky ride thru crawfords burn
where they see ahead with some concern
a mob of mods down on the beach
with rockers prodding them to fight
then chasing them off in full flight
a kicking for those within reach
says franky a bunch of eejit cods
theyll split into taegs agin prods*

mills

*they fairly shifted on the way
to bangor where franky would bid
goodbye to keats and parting say
all the best wee man youll soon be rid
of this oul place and bon voyage
as off he roars on his loud charge
leaving keats along the shoreline
where his own time will redefine
the world around him once again
into the shape of factories
two massive cotton mills he sees
that dominate the towns terrain
as loud as belfasts shuttle screech
heard everywhere along the beach*



the butterfly's tale



painting joseph severn



Love

wee ants have left wee keats here too
to let the lepidoptera
take on the task of guiding you
and him to bangor from cultra
where flitting back and forth wee moths
and butterflies arrive in swaths
red admiral painted lady
hawk moth cabbage white and gypsy
all aflutter at the prospect
of lighting on a man of poesies
distracting him from factories
demonstrating just how perfect
bangor is for love *like a sigh*
for love is like a butterfly

bawo

up thru the town keats goes to find
an inn or spirit grocers shop
away from harsh industrial grind
where he can eat and drink a drop
of mister kellys mist in tae
to set him up for the home stretch way
he finds a miserable house
of entertainment but cant grouse
since here there seems but little choice
two girls at table smile at him
one is buxom the other slim
besides *its ony noon* slims voice
informs him *theres no service yet*
but thru thon dure a drink yell get



Drunks

young keats has some experience
of houses such as this back home
in londons covent garden hence
his need for drops of laudanum
and mercury for his symptoms
but here he wont be draining plums
for this sure is one bawd shebeen
with two rough boyos on the scene
whose talk becomes obstreperous
as they imbibe their whiskey fast
and start to needle keats in jest
a think weve got a frenchy wae us
says one a labourer by trade
judging by his adjacent spade

bounty

ye cud be right there bill cud be
says the other a weaver bob
by far the drunkest of the three
a slackjawed slabber of a job
who starts to hum the marseillaise
in mocking threatening tone betrays
theres a bounty on these frenchys
says bob eyeing his victims unease
but losing sight in drunkenness
his head rolling on the table
for keats most disagreeable
he escapes their drunken clutches
their demented traitor talk
and fortified resumes his walk



abbey

outside the shebeen door keats spies
nearby a ruined tower keep
he goes to have a look and tries
imagining how this stone heap
might have appeared an age ago
would someone round about here know?

its bangor abbey says a voice
behind in a tone of no rejoice
they let it go to rack and ruin
it was a place of great repute

keats turns to face a monk hirsute
a third with whom he will commune
that mister kellys mist has wrought
a shade in keatses time is caught

holy

caught but briefly for when keats veers
around again the abbey stands
as it once did twelve hundred years
before when thickly wooded lands
surround a wood walled monastery
of huts and church sanctuary
so here again as in movillae
shankill and holywood his way
is manned by holy paddy men
but this one talks in easy rhyme
with his own words or yours sometime
keats laughs for as a child back then
he rhymed too with cockney foolery
until his fathers death brought misery



rhyme

as if the monk could read his mind
he says to keats *i know the pain
of being orphaned left behind
and losing laughter as a waen
all sense of fun and games was gone
no rhyme pun or hyperbaton
no homo eo teleuton
repetition or alliteration
until i came to bangor abbey
and saw the lights of darkest night
the dark night of the soul took flight
and i was happy as a babby
the universe was in my head
and versificus far from dead*

Light

he spoke the latin all this while
which keats could mostly understand
tho every now and then his style
of speech betrayed his native land
that only added to their flair
with which his words flew thru the air
like butterflys on our short flights
from flower to flower alights
as rhyme to rhyme his random trail
meanders round the abbey walls
and back and forth in time he trawls
for yarns that weave his rambling tale
of how this place became his home
for five short years before heed roam

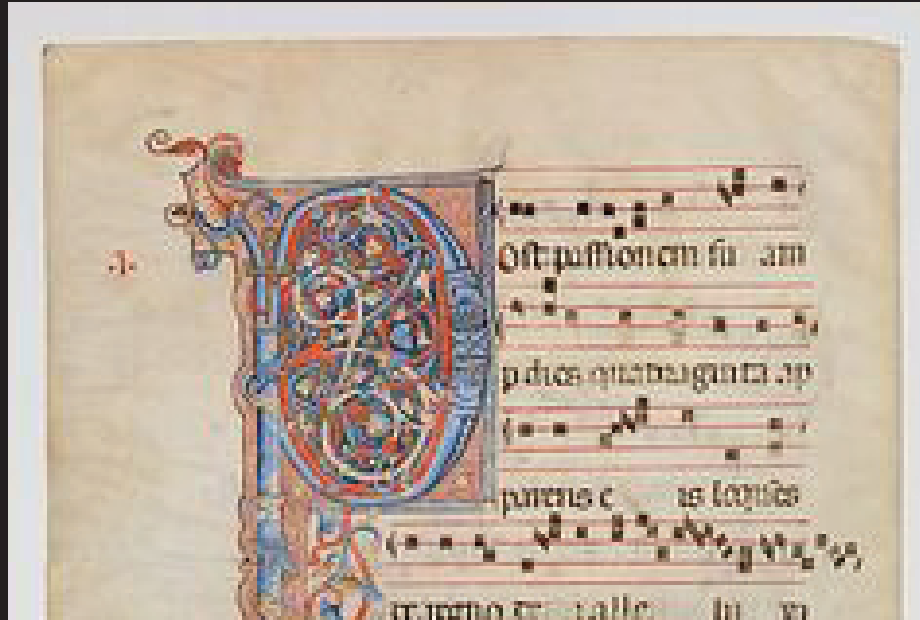


STARS

*dungal is my native name
from $\text{dun na n\delta all}$ originally
but as a lad to bangor came
to study at this dun abbey
that comgall first established here
three centuries before this year
twas here i learned astronomy
no better place to view the sky
night or day in all of ulster
the heavens opened up for me
in all their wondrous majesty
which poetry would then bestir
in me to celebrate the stars
and planets of the universe*

Antiphony

*some say today that there was more
than one of me up to seven
dungals alive that my name bore
but glory be to whats in heaven
there is but one and i am he
or maybe not there could be three
and you might come across the tale
that from pale leinster i did hail
but take that with a pinch of salt
for i was ulster born and bred
and bangors where i filled my head
with versifying heavens vault
music too for antiphony
was bangors speciality*





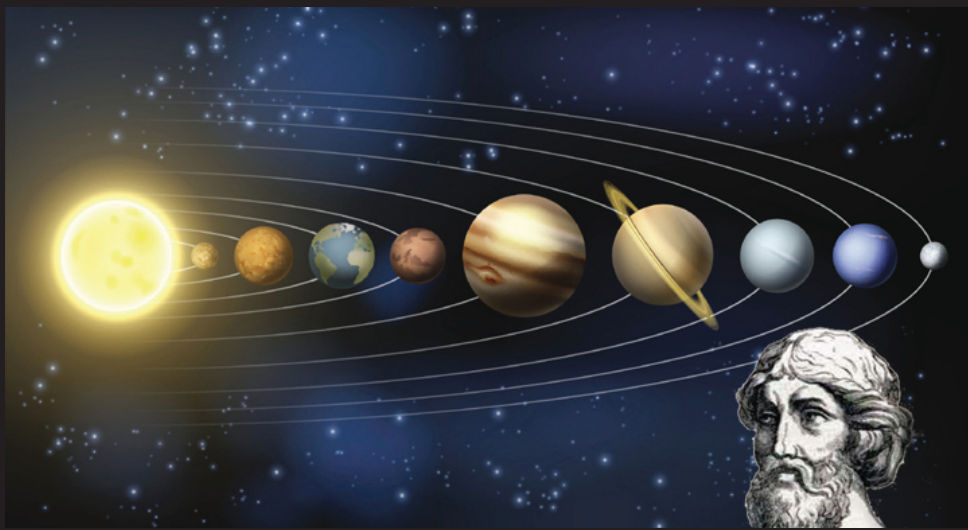
PRAISE

*wee sing in shifts thru day and night
laus perennis our holy task
but o the discipline was tight
one meal a day you dare not ask
for more besides you must not talk
but out at night i used to walk
to see the angels in the sky
the ones that patrick saw o aye
when you lie down as he once did
on a warm late spring night in june
for hours at a time with no moon
the myriad stars in deep space hid
reveal themselves angelically
in shifting misty imagery*

AURORA

*the sounds of the antiphony
drifting down from the monastery
enriched the angel imagery
to top it off one nights display
of aurora borealis
mirrored on the loughs rare stillness
in curtained wings of vivid light
in fearful symmetry this sight
sent patrick into ecstasy
he named this bay of horned headlands
the vale of angels but the sands
of time and electricity
will dim the the angel imagery
weel show you how come fly with me*





mochs

this flying dungal sharp eyed hawk
flies him on twelve hundred year
to see the lights round belfast lough
make those angel choirs disappear
and moths in mass confusion strayed
to man made light wee cant evade
wee moths and angels will now face
extinction gone without a trace
unless your fear of darkness ends
switch off those lighted streets for cars
get back in touch with heavens stars
that spark times passing as it wends
its way from eternity to here
and be starstruck with awe not fear

sun

*in my time here my knowledge grew
about the planets and the sun
but found myself at odds in view
with what the church had always done
putting the earth at the centre
not the sun as that wise mentor
greek aristarchus had seen fit
to do and what i saw confirmed it
but then my life in bangor ended
when viking raids the abbey plundered
and i escaped with one great book
the antiphonary i took
to saint denis near paris france
where first my exile did advance*





eclipse



as peregrinus in saint denis
 i had to toe the line in creeds
 work my way up thru the ranks and be
 as orthodox as one must needs
 by writing poems praising those
 in power priests prelates who impose
 those creeds even charlemagne
 himself to whom i would explain
 the twin eclipses in a fashion
 none too radical just in case
 heresy brought a fall from grace
 or worse a round of persecution
 from saint denis to bobbio
 in italy i would go

Lute

to bobbio he took the treasured book
 the bangor antiphony
 where many were inspired to look
 at the skies thru astronomy
 while listening to antiphony
 and having an epiphany
 as galileo later would
 with his lute music aptitude
 about the solar systems shape
 planets orbits and their motions
 their precision revolutions
 and his drawings of the moonscape
 but most of all the central place
 of sun in our vast celestial space



shore

at this point dungal disappears
 from bangor abbeys ruined tower
 and keats is flung two hundred years
 ahead of his own present hour
 for now the streets are filled with lads
 and maids in lekking promenades
 down by the shore especially
 where cotton mills once marred the sea
 now its cotton candy cotton sails
 on yachts of the bourgeoisie
 whove cottoned on their right to be
 there where privileged pound prevails
 as it always has around these shores
 all owned by ledgermen cute hoors

naughty

wee butterflys are the peacocks
 of the insect kingdom on show
 putting on a bright display that mocks
 the drab and graying world you know
 inspiring baengorites to spice
 their love with naughty and the nice
 the lisdoonvarna of the north
 where love peacocks for all its worth
 with dildo dicks and lubricants
 silk lingerie and racy lace
 aids to bonking up the pace
 the horniest joint this side of france
 a sodom and gomorra town
 for getting up and getting down

**'Sex map' claims Bangor, Co Down
is UK's sexiest town**



horn

baeng gor gay paris of ulster
with pickie pool and swans
where the playboy and the hustler
meet the doxy colleen bawns
where monogamists are rarer
than the solitary wayfarer
where polygamists and onanists
outnumber even unionists
libidinous promiscuous
keen connoisseurs of on line porn

beann chor literally means the **horn**

lascivious and lecherous
wee butterflys of baengor haeng
out and with gay abandon baeng

muses

wee keats is not averse to love
its just that women are to him
capricious fly and not above
entrapping rhymers on a whim
distracting him from poesy
like butterflys so daintily
then flitting off without a care
when he most needs the muses flair
thats when wee moths move in to chew
his lines to holey ragged mess
like these ones lacking all finesse
yet without uzz he cannot do
lepidoptera are the muses
if keats cant love us he loses

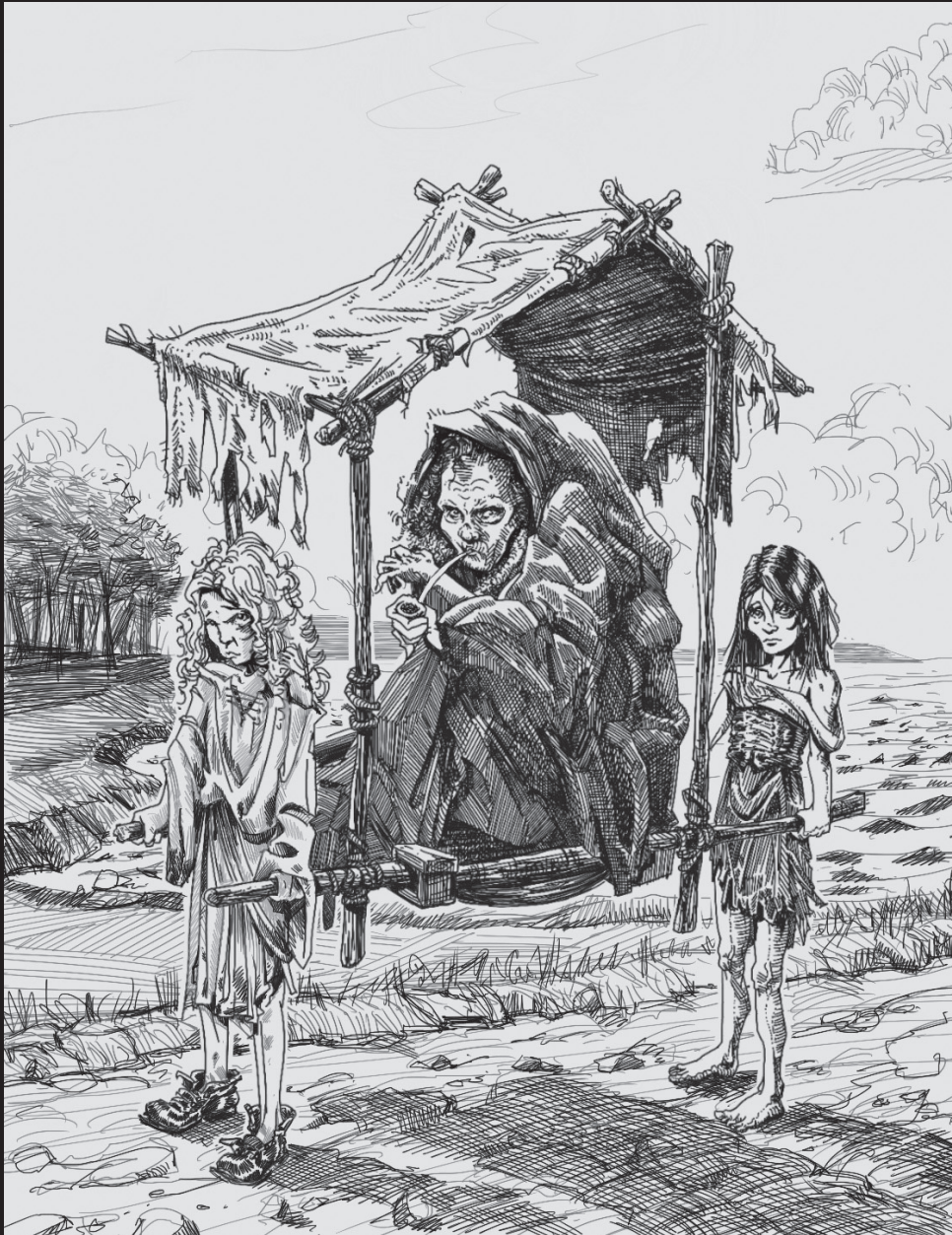


sunk

its not just keats wholl lose the plot
but all you moth erfuckers who
keep on dumping poison on our lot
with pesticides that uzz doth screw
as well as bugs that blight thy crop
this overkill hath got to stop
or you wont see uzz from now on
our numbers dwindling nearly gone
except for gypsy moths who strip
the trees in caterpillared hordes
knock on effects that send uzz towards
insectageddons sinking ship
your sunk titanic but a sign
of what is coming down the line

sedan

keats is now immune to shocks
in time with all its turns and twists
but as he walks his own time locks
on the strangest fellow tourists
yet encountered on his journeying
*two ragged tattered girls carrying
a makeshift litter a sedan
on which sat a lean old woman
imagine the worst dog kennel
you ever saw placed on two poles
from mouldy fencing full of holes
in such a wretched thing this ill?
crippled? squalid old biddy sat
like an ape half starved in a squat*



drawing k2creative

ouchess

*an ape half starved from scarcity
of biscuit in its passage from
madagascar to the cape she
with a pipe in her mouth aplomb
puffing forth smoke and looking out
from her gerry built shade redoubt
with a round eyed inanity
a sort of horizontally
idiotic movement of her head
what a thing would be a history
of her life and sensations eh?
keats is thinking but leaves unsaid
and christens her with some ill will
this name the duchess of dunghill*

song

*the duchess speech is very spare
at first but keats bids her good day
and asks how far it is from there
to donaghadee by the way
sheed come she answers him in song
in an aged cackling voice but strong
o its six miles from bangor
to donaghadee and thats their cue
as the pair of tattered girls sets
down the owl duchess and start to sing
as sweetly as birds in the spring
toora loo toora la o its
six miles from bangor to donagh
adee tra la lee tra la la*



ounghill

so even near this foul dung hill
this tip on the edge of baeng gor
where scavengers sort thru the swill
theres music there and to the fore
where scraps from the masters table
are gleaned by the poor and disabled
the muse can be found in the grime
she may not be subtle sublime
and this one would like to be paid
for her singers fine entertainment
tuppence keats offers in payment
one penny to each singing maid
which the duchess demands they hand
over since shees the royal command

slaves

are these two girls her willing slaves
or is she the harsh slave mistress?
the pennys that she earns she saves?
for them? or weed for the duchess?
is this the basest exploitation
or compliant cooperation?
to keats she seems a foul old hag
her reek enough to make him gag
but now to future keats will change
when bigger stronger fast sedans
go roaring past in caravans
of litters sleek as rovers range
by fiat of the fascist fords
thru the commons in vandal hordes



smoke

instead of slave girls four cut feet
its four black slaves that bear the load
of duke and duchess in this fleet
their spinning feet on black tar road
their blasting hearts pump slick black oil
for now the slave girls heavy toil
is borne by earths thin biosphere
with consequences most severe
from pipes exhaling out their ass
the burnt out toxic smoke explodes
in farting bursts their reek unloads
as wee on wings absorb their gas
or get plastered on their wind shields
by brute horsepower the duchess wields

dung

these dunghill duchess fast sedans
begin to slow as keats goes back
to his own time where duchess trans
portation slaves are worn out hack
horses like his father stabled
dragging drays of fat disabled?
dunghill aristocrats along
fouling the streets with horse dung
where *the proles are used to dung lung
diseases but no loss theyre strong
resilient and dependable
compliant and expendable
fit only to fulfill our needs
to carry us at hectic speeds*



haste



as keats walks on he notices
the road less traveled to groomspout
so wee butterfly in masses
will into that town him escort
a wee quiet fishing village
off the beaten track where pillage
by duchess vandals is in absence
but here the clock takes precedence
and keats must make some timely haste
to catch the boat at donaghadee
where eye the clock wait patiently
for his return no time to waste
rosys waiting too tho surprised
that he so soon has now arrived

hurry



yet just two nights has seemed to her
an age tho she knows he will not stay
she is happy heart aflutter
when she sees him come her way
but he is in an awful hurry
spinning round her in a flurry
escaping the event horizon
from the black hole fast arising
retrieves the knapsack he had stored
into the kitchen makes his way
pays his bill for one nights stay
all that he could then afford
thanks miss us kelly for the feast
and mister kelly for the mist



promenade

eye the clock timed all this action
in disappointment for young keats
whose time in ire land now is gone
as he quite hastily retreats
but thats the way with holes so black
youre lucky to get out and back
with a few remnants still unrent
as far away from that event
horizon as you can manage
which here is mister kellys inn
with his maid and mist sure to win
you over to that vortex stage
but then keats asks that rosy maid
to walk on his last promenade

farewell

no kirkmen here to carp *improper*
as they walk down to the packet ship
he tells her that he thought of her
thru out his two days walking trip
and she of him she does admit
while they hold hands for just a bit
and look into each others eyes
knowing there will be no reprise
of these delights beyond today
another chance encounter ends
as up the gangplank he ascends
they wave as the boat then pulls away
to scotland where keatses highland walk
will be much longer by the clock

scotland is his destination
heres his hawking radiation

letter from john keats to his brother tom keats sent
from donaghadee county down ireland july 6 1818

Yesterday morning we set out from Glenluce, going some distance round to see some rivers: they were scarcely worth the while. We went on to Stranraer, in a burning sun, and had gone about six miles when the Mail overtook us: we got up, were at Port Patrick in a jiffey, and I am writing now in little Ireland. The dialects on the neighbouring shores of Scotland and Ireland are much the same, yet I can perceive a great difference in the nations, from the chamber-maid at this nate toone kept by Mr. Kelly. She is fair, kind, and ready to laugh, because she is out of the horrible dominion of the Scotch Kirk. A Scotch girl stands in terrible awe of the Elders—poor little Susannahs, they will scarcely laugh, and their Kirk is greatly to be damned. These Kirk-men have done Scotland good (Query?). They have made men, women; old men, young men; old women, young women; boys, girls; and all infants careful—so that they are formed into regular Phalanges of savers and gainers. Such a thrifty army cannot fail to enrich their Country, and give it a greater appearance of Comfort, than that of their poor rash neighbourhood—these Kirk-men have done Scotland harm; they have banished puns, and laughing, and kissing, etc. (except in cases where the very danger and crime must make it very gustful). I shall make a full stop at kissing, for after that there should be a better parenthesis, and go on to remind you of the fate of Burns—poor unfortunate fellow, his disposition was Southern—how sad it is when a luxurious imagination is obliged, in self-de-

fence, to deaden its delicacy in vulgarity, and rot[72] in things attainable, that it may not have leisure to go mad after things which are not. No man, in such matters, will be content with the experience of others—It is true that out of suffering there is no dignity, no greatness, that in the most abstracted pleasure there is no lasting happiness—Yet who would not like to discover over again that Cleopatra was a Gipsy, Helen a rogue, and Ruth a deep one? I have not sufficient reasoning faculty to settle the doctrine of thrift, as it is consistent with the dignity of human Society—with the happiness of Cottagers. All I can do is by plump contrasts; were the fingers made to squeeze a guinea or a white hand?—were the lips made to hold a pen or a kiss? and yet in Cities man is shut out from his fellows if he is poor—the cottager must be very dirty, and very wretched, if she be not thrifty—the present state of society demands this, and this convinces me that the world is very young, and in a very ignorant state—We live in a barbarous age—I would sooner be a wild deer, than a girl under the dominion of the Kirk; and I would sooner be a wild hog, than be the occasion of a poor Creature's penance before those execrable elders. It is not so far to the Giant's Causeway as we supposed—We thought it 70, and hear it is only 48 miles—So we shall leave one of our knapsacks here at Donaghadee, take our immediate wants, and be back in a week, when we shall proceed to the County of Ayr. In the Packet yesterday we heard some ballads from two old men—One was a Romance which seemed very poor—then there was "The Battle of the Boyne," then "Robin Hood," as they call him—"Before the King you shall go, go, go; before the King you shall go."

letter from john keats to his brother tom keats sent
from stranraer scotland July 9th 1818

We stopped very little in Ireland, and that you may not have leisure to marvel at our speedy return to Port Patrick, I will tell you that it is as dear living in Ireland as at the Hummums—thrice the expense of Scotland—it would have cost us £15 before our return; moreover we found those 48 miles to be Irish ones, which reach to 70 English—so having walked to Belfast one day, and back to Donaghadee the next, we left Ireland with a fair breeze. We slept last night at Port Patrick, when I was gratified by a letter from you. On our walk in Ireland, we had too much opportunity to see the worse than nakedness, the rags, the dirt and misery, of the poor common Irish—A Scotch cottage, though in that sometimes the smoke has no exit but at the door, is a palace to an Irish one. We could observe that impetuosity in Man and Woman—We had the pleasure of finding our way through a Peat-bog, three miles long at least—dreary, flat, dank, black, and spongy—here and there were poor dirty Creatures, and a few strong men cutting or carting Peat—We heard on passing into Belfast through a most wretched suburb, that most disgusting of all noises, worse than the Bagpipes—the laugh of a Monkey—the chatter of women—the scream of a Macaw—I mean the sound of the Shuttle. What a tremendous difficulty is the improvement of such people. I cannot conceive how a mind “with child” of philanthropy could grasp at its possibility—with me it is absolute despair—

At a miserable house of entertainment, half-way between Donaghadee and Belfast, were two men sitting at Whisky—one a labourer, and the other I took to be a drunken weaver—the labourer took me to be a Frenchman, and the other hinted at bounty-money; saying he was ready to take it—On calling for the letters at Port Patrick, the man snapped out “what Regiment?” On our return from Belfast we met a sedan—the Duchess of Dunghill. It is no laughing matter though. Imagine the worst dog kennel you ever saw, placed upon two poles from a mouldy fencing—In such a wretched thing sat a squalid old woman, squat like an ape half-starved, from a scarcity of biscuit in its passage from Madagascar to the Cape, with a pipe in her mouth, and looking out with a round-eyed skinny-lidded inanity; with a sort of horizontal idiotic movement of her head—Squat and lean she sat, and puffed out the smoke, while two ragged tattered girls carried her along. What a thing would be a history of her life and sensations; I shall endeavour when I have thought a little more, to give you my idea of the difference between the Scotch and Irish—The two Irishmen I mentioned were speaking of their treatment in England, when the weaver said—“Ah you were a civil man, but I was a drinker.”

Till further notice you must direct to Inverness.

*Your most affectionate Brother
John.*

bugiography

an irish eye gerry adams
betsy gray or *hearts of down* w g lyttle
dúngal *a study of his life and works* julia warnes
eugene onegin alexander pushkin (trans charles johnston)
from eternity to here sean carroll
gerry adams bio malachi o doherty
john keats bio andrew motion
john keats the complete poems ed john barnard
john keats bio nicholas roe
john keats bio r s white
john keats selected poems + letters ed susan j wolfson
the age of wonder richard holmes
the ancestors tale richard dawkins
the chronicles of narnia c s jack lewis
the kellys and the o kellys anthony trollope
topographia hibernica giraldus cambrensis
words from a cell gerry kelly

immages

k2creative eugene deblaas liam o neill w-a bougeureau
joseph severn maurice harron david lewis alexy pendle
wikipedia pinterest alamy shutterstock belfast telly
bill brandt harry allens *donaghadee*
map of keats north tour carol kyros walker
map of keats ards walk taylor +skinner 1777 maps of ireland

beemuses

dark rosaleen tyronto tonto the loan arranger
john clare van the man the zimmer man sheenannigan
graham mawhinney the hegartys and the cochranes
the kellys and the o kellys julia shannon sativa looloo
quercus rubra fontaines d c jeremy dutcher mnemosyne
betula acer euarthropoda

