

shelley

astray

in the south

sweeney





*sweeney*  
art sheena vallely

## shelley ΔSTRAY book two in the south

book two is dedicated by me sweeney  
to the memory of percy bysshe shelley  
who drowned when his boat sank in a storm at sea  
in 1822 off the coast of italy

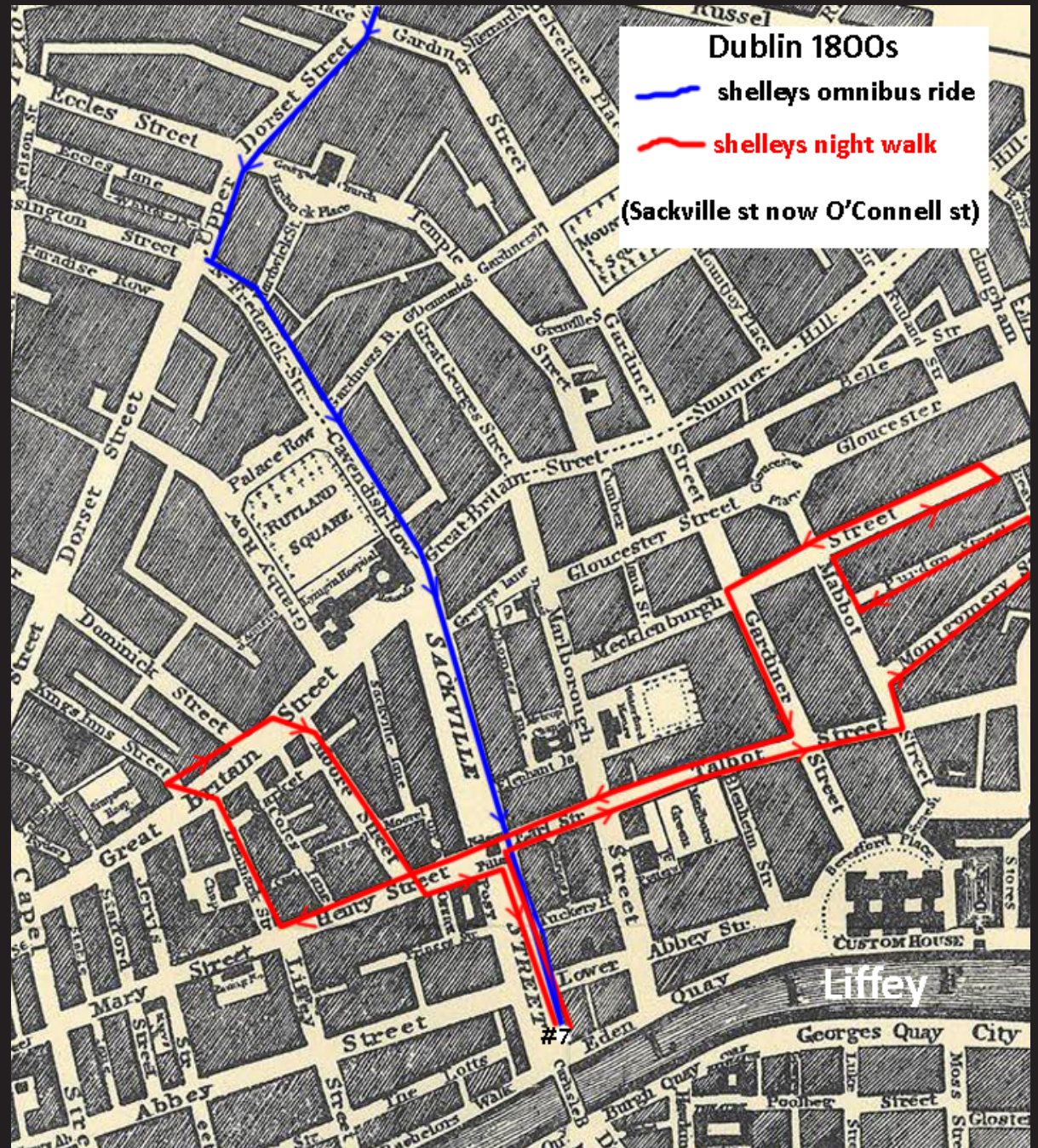
it is also dedicated to the memories  
of thirty thousand climate refugees  
who drowned like shelley in those same seas  
while cruise ships full of rich migrants  
and frequent flying rich itinerants  
criss crossed those seas in luxury

in 1812 shelley sailed to ireland  
where he stayed for six weeks  
to start a peaceful revolution  
book two is about the second day  
of his journey in the south to get to dublin  
with me sweeney as his guide



shelley and sweeney journey thru leinster

and dublin city





## Ambush

cú chulainn saw them safely thru  
the black pigs dyke but he knew  
that on the southern side his foes  
were waiting to deliver blows

he could read the signs smell their fear  
before they would themselves appear  
camouflaged with faces blackened  
weapons at the ready hidden

besides i flew above the dyke  
and spied what lay ahead was like  
gave cú chulainn timely warning  
of prospects most alarming

behind the bushes ambush planned  
all eyes on him his movements scanned  
then bursting out with no surprise  
attacking him with fearsome cries

cú chulainn laughs at their attempt  
to pin him down and with contempt  
he **slashes stabs and maims and hews**  
till they scatter and confuse

he's still only seventeen  
but a fighting fierce machine  
a serial killer since age six  
beheading **men** with hurley sticks



art j c leyendecker





## CONTRADICTION

far worse than me on battlefields  
a holy terror nothing shields  
his foes or friends from his assaults  
with all his feints and feats and vaults

why would shelley want to be  
in this killer's company?  
and him a sworn pacifist  
who thinks the best way to resist  
is from violence to desist

that's not his only contradiction  
shelley has a predilection  
for carrying a pistol gun  
for the girls and his protection

he knows his atheistic views  
make him a target to abuse  
by english governmental spies  
he's a danger in their eyes

now here he is in ire land  
when it is ruled by anger land  
crawling with spies to infiltrate  
conspiracies against the state

and since that state authority  
is based on godly sovereignty  
godless shelley is suspect  
showing royals no respect



# SLAYER

tho he preaches love and peace  
the threats to him they will not cease  
he'll use cú chuLáinn as a shield  
against spies and rustlers in the field

cú chuLáinn's tactics do impress  
as sniper cool and merciless  
with slingshot swift and accurate  
picks them off at a deadly rate  
guerilla strikes inveterate

so far cú chuLáinn's maybe slain  
a thousand? since he was a waen  
men and women foes and others  
even his own foster brothers

mass murderer? psychopath?  
warp spasm battle frenzy wrath  
all over what? a load of bull  
a connacht queen with envy full  
for her own husbands big white bull

*these irish are a fractious race  
thinks shelley always saving face  
by slaughter for the slightest slight  
ever itching for a fight*

*sure they have been treated badly  
by our english tyranny  
but look how bellicose they are  
among themselves so fond of war*



art louis le brocquy





art e wallcousins  
and k2 creative

## Love

their greatest epic hero  
is this butcher of ground zero  
who smashes peoples heads in  
when they try to waken him

a handsome butcher to be sure  
with flowing locks and looks demure  
a beardless boyish demi god  
with disposition of a sod

as achilles loved patroclus  
cú chuΔinn would surprise us  
with his passion for another  
περτοιαδ his foster brother

been fast friends since boyhood days  
knew each others wiles and ways  
trained together in brigades  
slept together as comrades

they ended up on different sides  
for bullish bullshit so divides  
they had to fight for four days straight  
wreaking wounds at a dreadful rate

but in the end cú chuΔinn kills  
by dint of his ζαε βολεζα skills  
he rams it up his good friend's rear  
eviscerates him with barbed spear  
then regrets and sheds a tear



## CURSE

a lovely fellow for a friend  
shafting him right in the end  
but who's to blame for all this strife  
cú chuΛainn crude or ΔιλιΛ's wife?

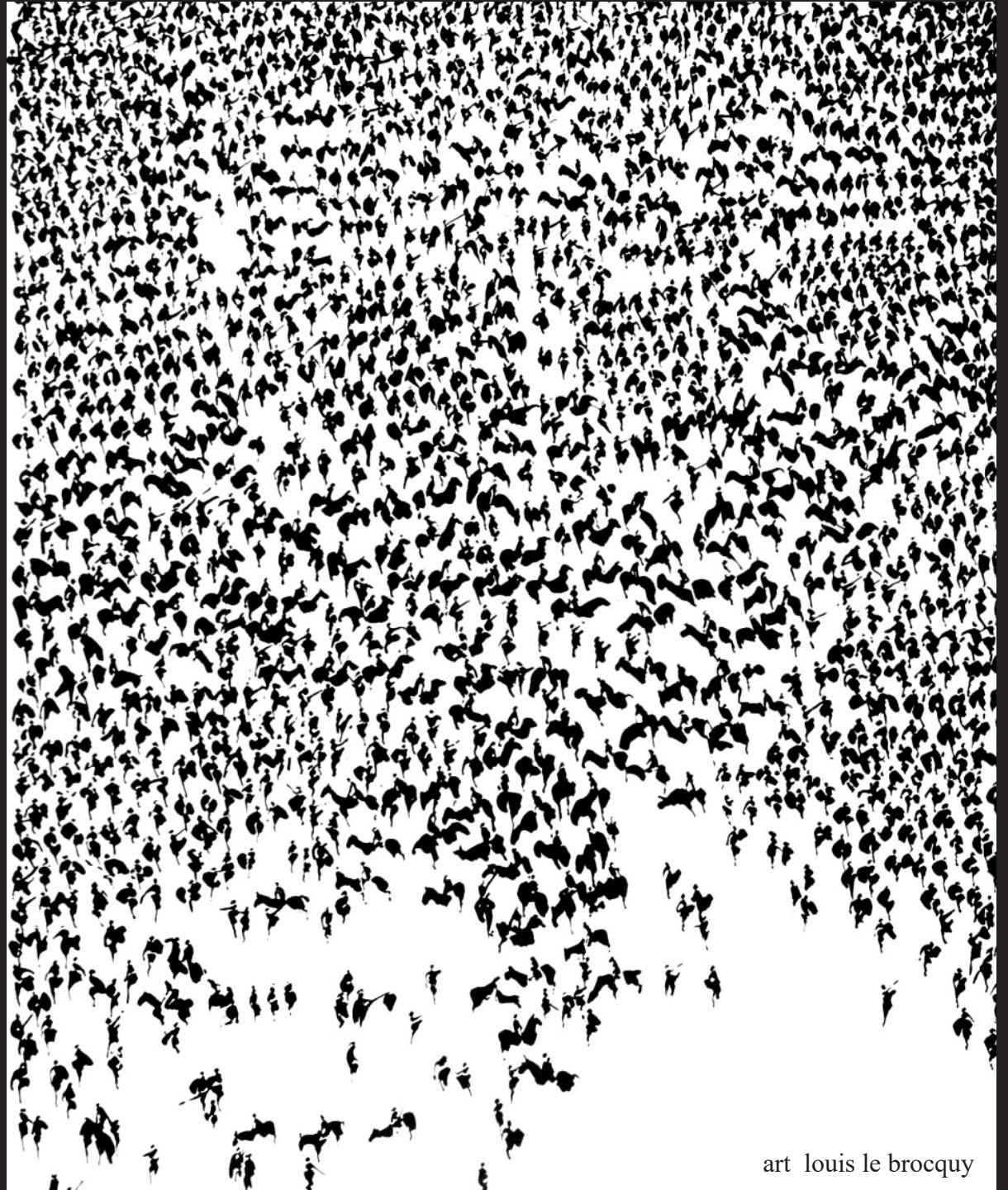
queen meοb's a piece of work all right  
she clearly started this bullfight  
if ulster won't the brown bull grant  
then she'll get tough and militant

ulster's problem is the pangs  
the hex that over them now hangs  
unable to defend by force  
paralysed by mαchΔ's curse  
of labour pains she makes them nurse

the only ulster man thats fit  
is this cú chuΛainn boy who'll pit  
himself against meοb's southern hordes  
single handed with slings spears swords  
and his ζαε βοΛζ too crude for words

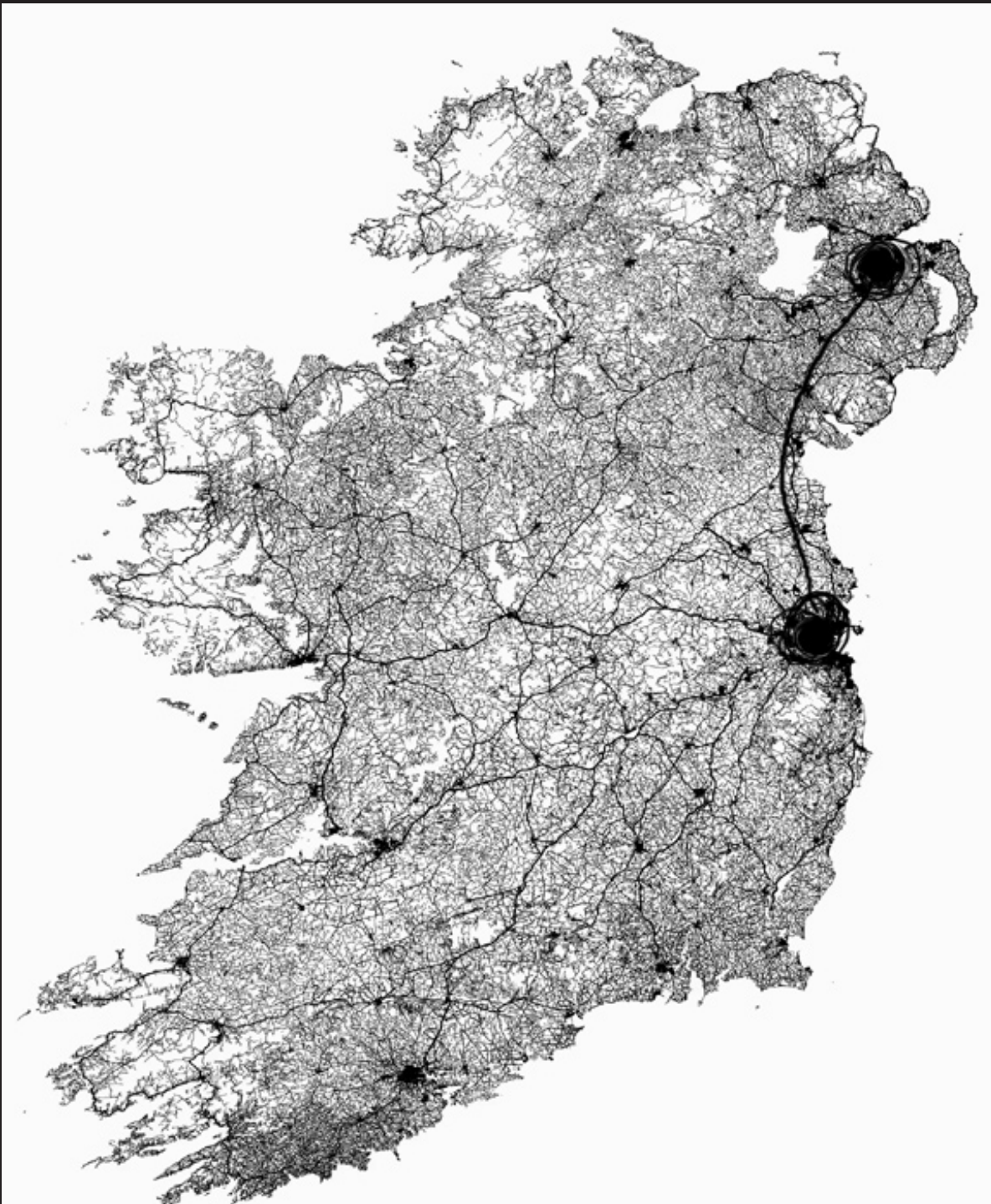
at least my curse means i can fly  
take in the action from the sky  
see meοb's armies on the move  
that connacht bull? i will disprove

you see them leinster scribes they lied  
*the book of leinster* vainly tried  
to blame a savage connacht queen  
but i espied a different scene



art louis le brocqy





## black holes

vast mobile armies from the south  
from Dubh Linn meath and louth  
driving north **not from the west**  
as those pale leinster scribes suggest

them leinster ligs are all cute hoors  
greedy gombeen jackeen boors  
who'd scrape the skin right off your fart  
in case a bull market it might start

thru its days its been the base  
from which invaders out would race  
to subjugate the tribes beyond  
their pale pecuniary *monde*  
at its heart a **black pool** pond

seen from my high vantage point  
ire land has twin black holes conjoint  
two dirty old towns north and south  
linked by the chariot road thru louth

all ways emerge from these black holes  
branching out arterioles  
tentacles of hardened tar  
invading hamlets near then far

with chariots of racing steel  
bloody gore on every wheel  
eliminating those who dare  
to cross their *high* ways unaware



## INVASION

machinate and automate  
lubricate and infiltrate  
assimilate penetrate  
appropriate subjugate

mutilate and liquidate  
assassinate obliterate  
devastate annihilate

**exterminate exterminate**

that's what the leinster lords will do  
they're the ones that *sold out* to  
Owl John Bull first and foremost  
McMurrough and his leinster host  
returning to the Irish coast

with his new allies Normans all  
bent on conquest leinster's fall  
***when at the creek of Baginbun  
Ire land was lost and won***

invasive species need a host  
and leinster would provide the most  
strategic base to start the raid  
that would the country wide invade

leading the charge would be the bull  
meabh herself her vehicle  
seven hundred horses strong  
roaring driving north headlong  
with lesser chariots in her throng







## vandalS

cú chuLainn hears her well before  
he sees her a distant roar  
betrays her presence and her mobs  
of volume rising thunder throbs

then he sees the crowded route  
four lanes deep they do commute  
around dundalk and heading north  
to cuailinge for all they're worth

thats where the brown bull is the stud  
with fifty heifers chewing cud  
he's the bull meob covets most  
so to her husband she can boast  
it's there shes charging with her host

the vandal host she leads and drives  
wear the badges of their tribes  
rovers rangers rogues and beamers  
bangers daleks bugs and hummers

jags jalopies jeeps and junkers  
mercs minis heaps and clunkers  
they follow her thru thick and thin  
car anarchy of fumes and din

meob's no rustic connacht queen  
shes a tara goddess death machine  
a war mongering morrigan  
a raging bull a hooligan  
a sheila na gigging harridan



## queen meob

always horny goring guts  
dealing death a thousand cuts  
crushing all no mercy shown  
heads and limbs blood and bone

whats a cú a hound to do?  
against her ruthless rampant crew  
but rip at her extremities  
her spinning shank obscenities

or like a matador get near  
then leap aside show no fear  
and let them crash into a sheugh  
or standing stone that he has stuck

or stone the charioteer  
with a slingshot to the ear  
and watch the pile up that explodes  
in fire and fury blocking roads

shelley and the girls aghast  
at chariots wrecked in fiery blast  
but thinking hrothgar should be here  
to see his beowulf appear

grendel woudn't stand a chance  
against cú chuΛΛιηηs dominance  
of monster muscle chariots  
meob's deadly dalek autobots







## thighs

one by one cú takes them out  
but this won't be a total rout  
for meob has thousands at her back  
of cannon fodder theres no lack

she doesn't give a tinkers damn  
how many cú will body slam  
for she has bards who spout satire  
to stir up hate and stoke the ire  
of fools she sends to face his fire

thats how she goaded ꝥERDIAÐ  
her bards satirized him bad  
told him lies about cú chuLAINN  
calling ꝥERDIAÐ a craven  
so he'd fight him to get even

she also offered him the prize  
of her own daughter's friendly thighs  
and her own thighs for his pleasure  
and all kinds of golden treasure

but ꝥERDIAÐ would never feel  
those friendly thighs for when the deal  
was done his boyhood friend had killed  
him off his blood and guts were spilled

ye see the power of the word?  
compelling men to wield the sword  
in boastful conflicts of revenge  
ready to kill their own best friends



## VICTORY

when bards in thrall to some base queen  
or king use their verses to demean  
and falsely slander friends or foes  
they don't deserve to more compose  
they should stick to leaden prose

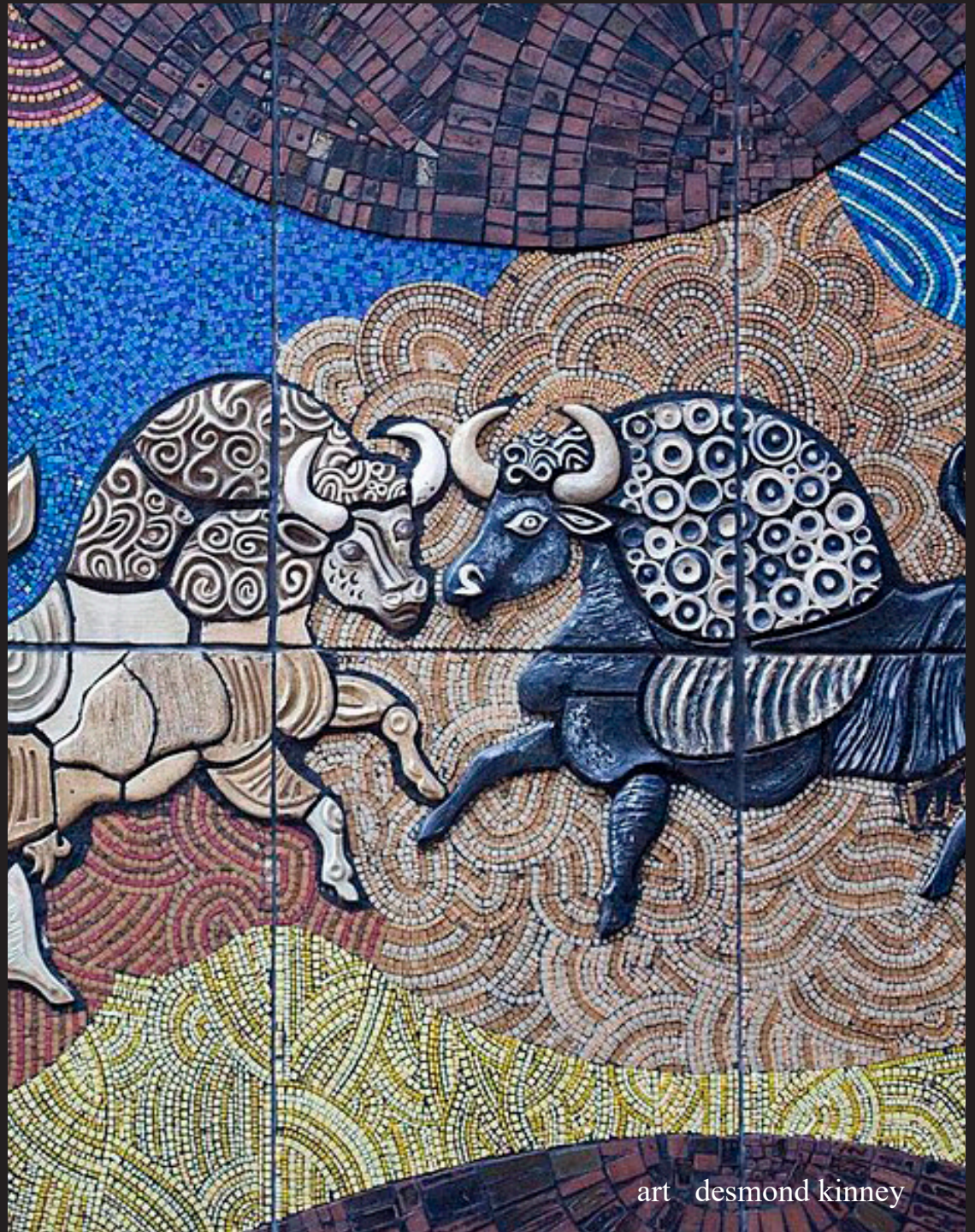
but this would be cú chulainn's last  
hard won victory he amassed  
for his wounds were most severe  
they'd almost end his war career

by the time he's killed  $\rho\epsilon\rho\theta\iota\alpha\theta$   
his tallys fifteen hundred dead  
give or take a score or two  
men women children he slew

tho so many lives he's sundered  
his days on earth are numbered  
and meob would win the great brown bull  
which then would crush the white bull's skull  
and she would have her triumph full

from here on in the die is cast  
meob's leinster grip on ire lands fast  
none escape her tendrils clasp  
her inroads reach her gombeen grasp

not only does she drive roughshod  
thru forest field and fertile sod  
thru man and beast without a care  
but spews her poisons in the air







art brendan kelly  
and chris wormell

## death

whats more meob's a carrier  
of germs a multiplier  
of virus and bacteria  
corona and hysteria

leinster is the breeding ground  
of all the bull that goes around  
infecting most the gullibull  
and even the half sensibull  
with bullshit reprehensibull

so now the shelleys must survive  
in this loathsome leinster dive  
without their shield cú chulainn  
whose latest wounds have done him in

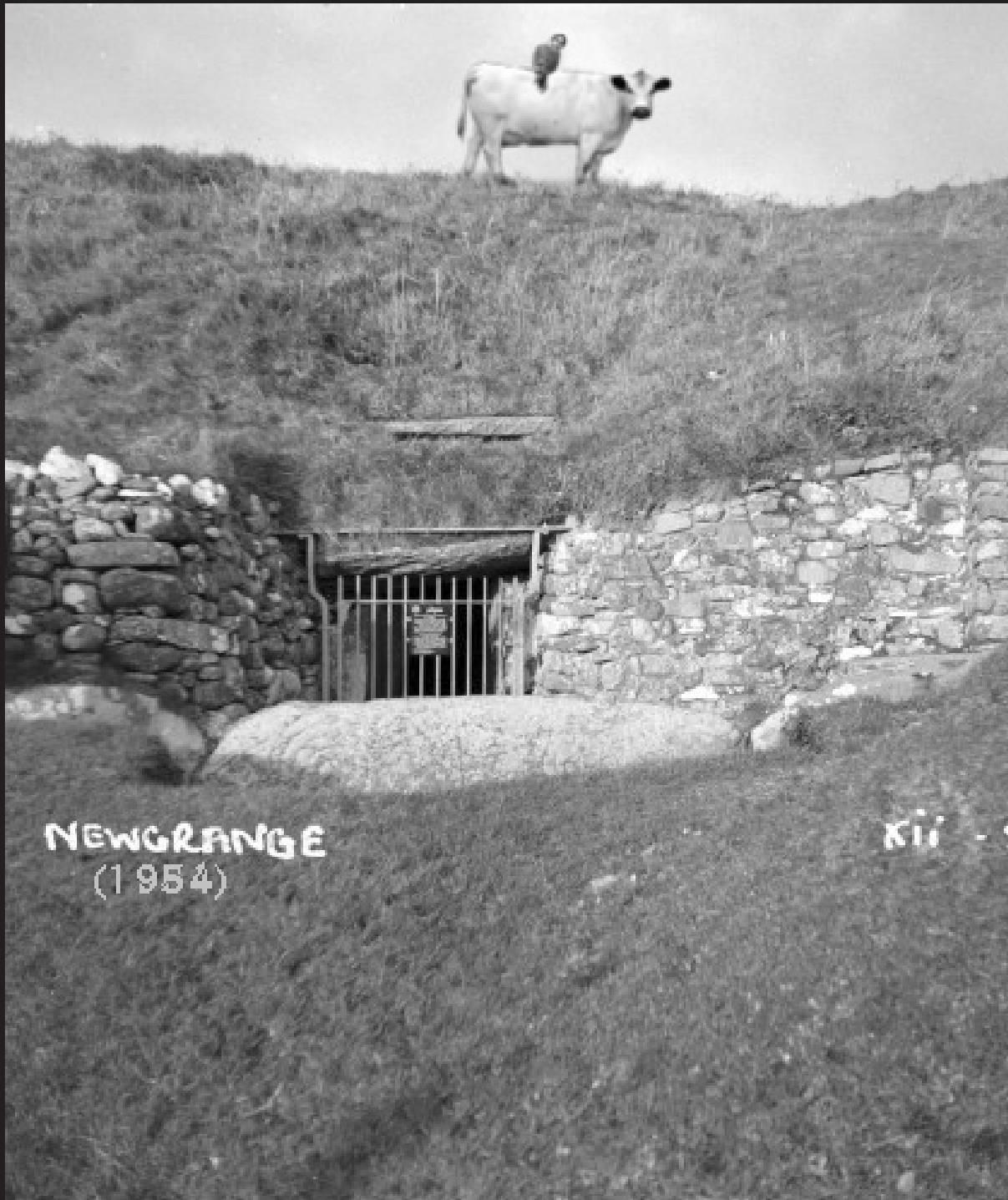
meob's leinster scribes say he was tied  
to a standing stone and died  
so he'd meet death not on his seat  
or lying down as in defeat

they also said a raven flew  
and landed on his shoulder too  
but that was me to say goodbye  
to our protector ere he die  
and thank him for his butchery









## CARNAGE

*carnage* is her stock and trade  
*chariots* her weapons grade  
her *carapace* an iron shell  
*carcinogens* her toxic smell

enough of meob for now for this  
was only on the fringes  
of her territory yet  
much more of her we'd soon get

Λαεξ cú chuΔainn's charioteer  
would take them further south from here  
a risky journey thru back roads  
avoiding leinsters heavy loads

without cú chuΔainn as a guard  
going farther would be hard  
but go they must right to the boyne  
where lore and history conjoin

for i told them i had flown there  
saw the bend from high in the air  
saw the mounds in order right  
knew it was a sacred site

on one mound i saw a cow  
grazing on its grassy brow  
i landed on her ample back  
and asked her what's the crack?



## boann

to my surprise she answered me  
in softest sensuality  
*i am boann goddess of the cow  
and goddess of this river now*

tick talking thru the river boyne  
speaking thru this white bovine  
a kind of knowledge most divine  
that comes to light in bright sunshine

at brú na bóinne to be precise  
a river bend a paradise  
where countless generations  
lived and farmed round these locations

a good six thousand years  
its been a centre of the spheres  
of the sacred found in nature  
and its power to endure

tho far now from saint columb's rill  
its role the boyne will here fulfill  
wan drink from its majestic stream  
will topple too the time regime  
its tippie working like a dream

the past and present interlace  
revealing future time and space  
the gift of second sight it gives  
for this is where the salmon lives



art jim fitzpatrick





## salmon

the salmon of knowledge swims here  
on her last journey she'll appear  
to spawn and make the river teem  
with wisdom uisce most supreme

to eat the salmon's even more  
enriching so says the lore  
for when the salmon eats the nuts  
of hazel falling in it puts  
the deepest wisdom in the guts

but wisdom of the second sight  
can take you on a troubled flight  
to times and spaces where the right  
to life and limb is lost to might

no sooner do we sup a drink  
of boyne than we are on the brink  
of a slaughter without peer  
when roundheads take the most severe  
revenge for what passed far from here

eight years before papists rising  
in rebellion terrorizing  
planters massacring many  
cromwell thought it infamy

in drogheda he would wreak  
a bloody retribution bleak  
slaying thousands when his siege  
guns breach its walls with ease



# slaughter

the boyne running through the town  
would bear the brunt of what goes down  
in a sacking such as this  
with munitions gone amiss  
bloated bodies shite and piss

four miles downstream flow guts & gore  
for war has an impact to deplore  
from drogheda to tidal bore  
the sacred river is no more

four miles upstream another fight  
would lengthen boinne's bloody blight  
at a battlefield of yore  
where european powers war

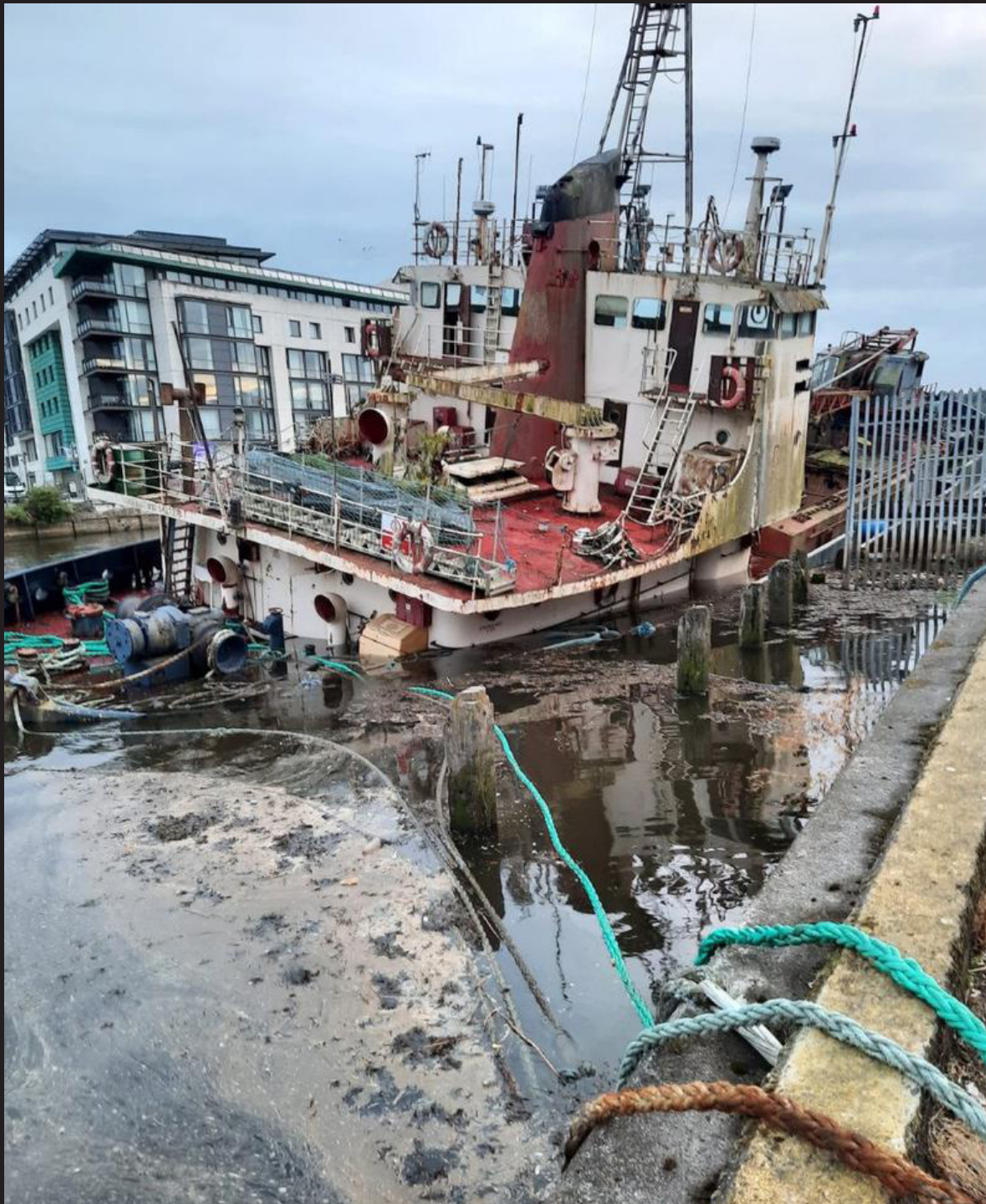
it's sixteen ninety once again  
and down the river there's a rain  
of cannonball on every side  
a great bombardment many died  
with bodies carried on the tide

thus the boyne's life giving water  
is fouled again by slaughter  
downstream from the battle site  
muskets explosives corpses shite  
all from what? sectarian spite?

sectarianism with a twist  
pope **opposing** james the papist  
when orange billy wins the fray  
**te deum** mass will laud the day







## foul

in the end the boyne's the loser  
its last eight miles become a sewer  
as drogheda expands with haste  
dumping in untreated waste

worse even than the liffey slime  
the boyne becomes since shelley's time  
the foulest river in the state  
the effluence of leinster's weight

two hundred and ten years pass  
and shelley sees the grim morass  
of a rust bucket dredger wreck  
leaking oily greasy dreck  
into the river without check

upstream a few more miles to west  
where we had supped its waters best  
the river is still pure but change  
is coming fast to this new grange

here was an ancient burial ground  
oriented so each huge mound  
of **newgrange** **dowth** and **knowth**  
has its passage bathed in light  
of equinox or solstice bright

like geordie's stones at beaghmore  
these massive tombs comprise the core  
of an even more massive clock  
the solar system makes it tock



# spirals

a culture centred on the sun  
sun worship? or just recognition  
of its fundamental role  
in life and death to make it whole?

no weapons found in these great tombs  
suggest a peaceful culture blooms  
in this richly fertile vale  
where the sun the people hail

spirals on an inner stone  
reveal a triple time cyclone  
three gyres tracing time recurring  
for those in these tombs interring

past present future interlock  
fitting together on the rock  
of ages indicating how  
past and future exist *now*

for those elites once buried here  
who hoped that they would reappear  
wished for human resurrection  
like solstice rebirth of the sun

two centuries on from shelley's time  
travelling people these sites climb  
to marvel at the monuments  
in numbers getting more immense



ANTHONY MURPHY  
WWW.MYTHICALIRELAND.COM







## GRAFT

still perched upon the white cow's back  
 i hear her gentle mooings speak  
 warning of the crowds below  
 changing how the boyne might flow

meob the mover motivates  
 these mobs to motor here at rates  
 far beyond the river's scope  
 or her capacity to cope

its good that many see these tombs  
 but pilgrims *walking* one assumes  
 would make them more appreciate  
 how the ancients venerate  
 some deserving potentate

by building massive chambered graves  
 maybe with hard graft of slaves  
 hauling many tons of quartzites  
 by boat or cart from distant sites

a monumental enterprise  
 surviving sixty centuries  
 older than the pyramids  
 and other major ancient builds

they banned boann from browsing here  
 not knowing *her* they should revere  
 or that she *is* the river boyne  
 and they should not her rights purloin



## goddess

the mounds the cow and river are  
all one as befits the avatar  
of poetry for boann is  
the goddess of this rhyming biz

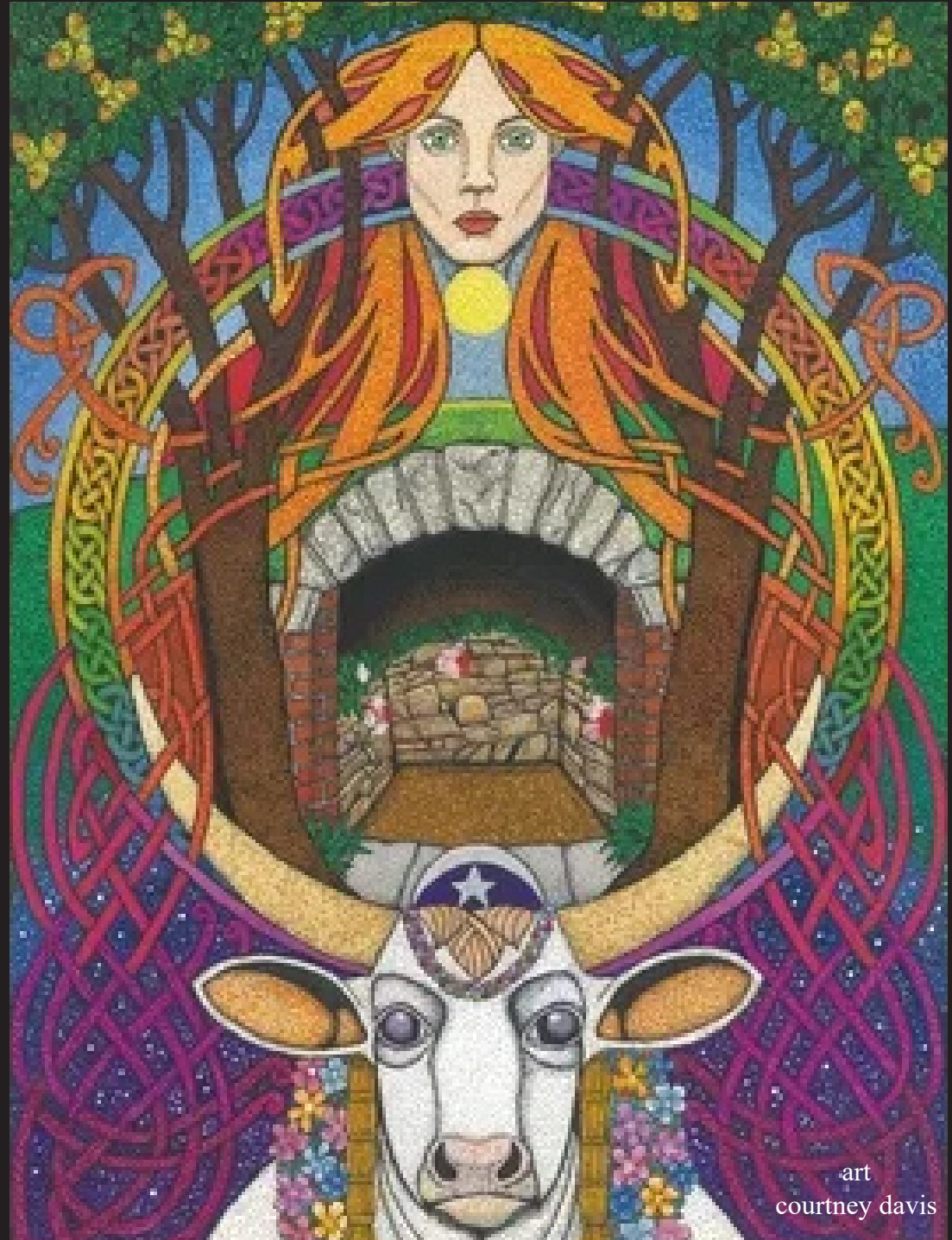
the mooing muse of poesy  
moving thru her milky way  
grandmother of the muses nine  
more motherly than *mnemosyne*

no wonder that this island scene  
so rich in rain and grasses green  
overflows with verse largesse  
courtesy of boyne's goddess

o boann boann keep these rhymes  
a flowing ringing tuneful chimes  
like your river round its bends  
where rippling lapping never ends

the sacred cow of india  
had sisters in hibernia  
till the boyne got so polluted  
boann's godliness refuted

the final straw in her demise  
would be the plan to utilize  
the river as a sewer  
for an abattoir's ordure







## offal

from a slaughterhouse near slane  
where sacred cows are daily slain  
dawn meats want to build a pipeline  
four miles long to reach the boyne

they'll pump the waste they say they treat  
into the river clean complete  
almost half a million litres  
every day into those waters

it means the waste will flow right by  
the brú na bóinne mounds that lie  
just downstream from where the line  
would spew its effluence malign

if their waste water is so clean  
fit for the boyne it's so pristine  
why is it not recycled then  
to wash the carcass once again  
of slaughtered cow and pig and hen?

shelley's second sight foresees  
boann's future foul disease  
and as a vegetarian  
thinks eating beasts vulgarian

shelley's views in verse are clear  
he thinks that human woes appear  
when they consume as carnivores  
they turn to violence and wars



## Living things

not only does he not eat meat  
but shelley's pantheism's complete  
he thinks *all* living things have souls  
and play their own essential roles

*How strange is human pride!  
I tell thee that those living things,  
To whom the fragile blade of grass,  
That springeth in the morn  
And perisheth ere noon  
Is an unbounded world;  
I tell thee that those viewless beings,  
Whose mansion is the smallest particle  
Of the impassive atmosphere,  
Think, feel and live like man;  
That their affections and antipathies,  
Like his, produce the laws  
Ruling their moral state;  
And the minutest throb  
That through their frame diffuses  
The slightest, faintest motion,  
Is fixed and indispensable  
As the majestic laws  
That rule yon rolling orbs.*

from *queen mab*







## horseRace

all this goddess talk now over  
 it's time for matters sober  
 they'll have to cross the bendy boyne  
 by thon big bridge and traffic join

on Λαεξ's chariot such a feat  
 will be a risk unless they cheat  
 for horse drawn cars are not allowed  
 on such a high horsepower road

but λιατη μαχαδ cú's best horse  
 has had a drink of boyne of course  
 he'll outspeed meob's mob with ease  
 over mary mcaleese

on her bridge meob's gang is shocked  
 at how Λαεξ's chariot is clocked  
 at how their high horsepower fails  
 how his war horse right by them sails

he drops them on the southern side  
 bids them well on their next ride  
 tells them *stick to back roads still*  
*for mebd's machines are out to kill*

cú chuΛιιηη's trusted charioteer  
 must now go back and leave them here  
 to find a mode of transport south  
 thru royal meath beyond louth



## joe

the sun is low as they depart  
when they spy a horse and cart  
loaded up with household things  
table chairs other furnishings

the driver of the cart calls out  
an ulster man without a doubt  
*wud yous lek a lift at all*  
*before the dark of night wull fall?*

at first they think the cart's too full  
but he assures them that he *wull*  
*find some room to fit yous in*  
*sure all three of yous is thin*

the driver is a big strong chap  
who lifts them up wan right on tap  
makes sure they're safe and feel secure  
for this their next to final tour

**joepatmatha** is his name  
of ballinascreen from whence he came  
down here to start his life anew  
with his wife and children too

he too is on a final trip  
with their effects to now equip  
their new farm in fleenstown great  
not far from toubh Linn county gate







## nelly

the horse that hauls the haycart load  
is nelly the mare form corick road  
a hundred miles to journey's end  
with wan night's rest in crossmaglen

i land on nelly's good strong back  
and ask her too what is the crack?  
says she *it's neigh too bad at all  
despite this long and heavy haul*

*as long as joe ties on the bag  
of corn i'm a happy workin nag  
tho that wan night in crossmaglen  
made me nervous as a hen*

*they're always fightin at the cross  
lek stallions sortin who's the boss  
all horny nippin kickin  
even chargin tramplin killin*

*but here in the south it's the grass  
that gives me that extra gas  
so rich and thick and juicy sweet  
no wonder horses here are fleet*

*this is horse country down here  
all thoroughbred and cavalier  
where every horse is a horse's ass  
and every ass has a touch of class*



## horsesense

*where every sport's a sport of kings  
and every king sports crowns and rings  
but i'm a solid workhorse type  
no horsin round or high horse hype*

*at fairyhouse near where we're bound  
great horsepower can be found  
but none could do what i have done  
the ballinascreen to fleenstown run  
haulin stuff that weighs a ton*

*that includes a turmit shredder  
big cast iron no weight deader  
you couldn't baet that for a load  
trailin down the rocky road*

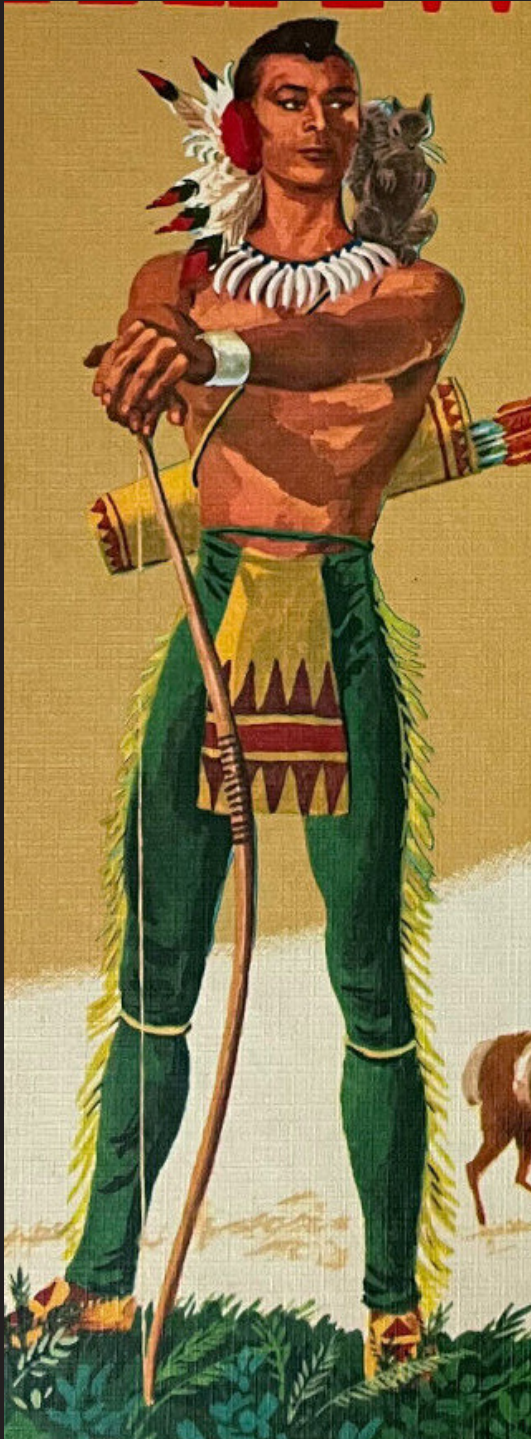
harriet and nelly hit it off  
so she will often walk it off  
alongside nelly's noble head  
listening to what nelly said  
a wee bit uninhibited

the bit between her teeth she chewed  
with clicks & clinks & tongueings shrewd  
it made horsesense to harriet  
especially about the chariot

*i hate chariots roarin past me  
their speed abd thunder effen blast me  
make me shy and buckin start  
high horse rampant cowps my cart*







## brothers

on the rocky road to dublin  
never so rocky has it been  
as shelley sits upon the throne  
a chair on top there on his own  
the girls below tight squeezed in prone

altho the going's slow enough  
on that rocky road so rough  
time stands still when joepatmatha  
shape shifts into hiawatha

from six counties to six nations  
time and space drive transformations  
form corick road to hill of tara  
from the forth to onondaga

hiawatha's on a mission  
acting for his tribal nation  
to usher in an age of peace  
and with brothers warring cease

joepatmatha's near the same  
but on a family scale his aim  
to unite brothers south and north  
on farming ventures going forth

there will be trouble for them both  
some brothers balk and are loath  
to join any federation  
wanting their own tribal nation



both are tillers of the soil  
farming men who know hard toil  
but know too that for success  
there must be peace to make progress

## ᵀᵀᵀᵀᵀ

*wud yous lek to go to ᵀᵀᵀᵀᵀ?  
say their chauffeur joepatmatha  
i hear it was a royal place  
where kings got crowned to lead our race*

*it's even in a place called scrín  
so for me it's a homely scene  
from one scrín to another  
to join forces with my brother*

tho the day is nearly spent  
the shelleys are quite content  
to let joe take them where he wants  
they might not get another chance  
to see ᵀᵀᵀᵀᵀ'S inheritance

and shelley knows a thing or two  
about such ancient sites that grew  
in civilizations long dead  
leaving ruins in their stead

***My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.***







stone photo anthony murphy

## LIA FÁIL

on tara hill it isn't sand  
that stretches out across the land  
but grass and trees and bogs abound  
beyond the buried ruins round

all that's left of **TARA'S** might  
are circle mounds in figure eight  
with a standing stone on high  
on which i light to keep an eye

for i have flown over these  
and seen the great antiquities  
below the surface of the hill  
as second sight such details fill

and shelley too can see beneath  
his present landscape of the heath  
for second sight reveals the past  
as well as future fates forecast

as they're walking round the rings  
they hear the sounds of plucked harp strings  
and joepatmatha starts to hum  
the song the phantom harpers strum

he doesn't know the words too well  
but snatches of it cast a spell  
***the harp that once through tara's halls  
the soul of music shed  
now hangs as mute on tara's walls  
as if the soul were fled***



## ARO RÍ

they find themselves within one hall  
from which the soul's not fled at all  
but rings with celebration's din  
installing of the new high king

*my name is ʔLΔnn high king of kings*  
he chants above the din and sings  
*the standing stone of destiny*  
*cries out that it has chosen me*

i could light atop this cock  
this phallic stone this lingam rock  
but it was hard for any king  
to sit up on thon big high thing

getting shafted up the rear  
by **ΛΔ ʔΔIL** is the fear  
of the regicide of most  
high kings when they gain that post  
hunted by the succession host

## sheeLΔgh

on their way out past the church  
another standing stone they search  
for a figure hard to see  
a goddess of fertility  
to fit the stone of destiny

in sunset light she does appear  
a sheeLΔgh nΔ ʒIS tho not clear  
showing off her great regalia  
her giant genitalia







who is she this brazen strumpet  
flaunting her come hither crumpet?  
could this be meob the leinster queen  
intoxicatingly obscene?

for shelley a familiar dame  
tho his queen mab's not near the same  
his mab is all ethereal  
even her car's celestial

***Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!  
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;  
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,  
And stop obedient to the reins of light;***

meob's no tiny wispy fairy  
but a raging bull contrary  
leading thousands into battle  
stampeding her obedient cattle

meob's a woman of this world  
her chariot is wildly hurled  
at every living thing on earth  
charging round for all she's worth

according to those leinster scribes  
meob is from them leinster tribes  
born in tara as a princess  
a mighty sovereign goddess  
famed for her licentiousness

## high ways

it's not her sexy peccadilloes  
her need to flagrantly expose  
herself that makes her such a hoor  
it's her chariots and their spoor  
that render her a brutish boor

as we get close to toubh linn town  
meob mad motors double down  
meob one meob two meob fifty roar  
meob high ways invade the country's core

shelley and me foresee a time  
when high way men commit the crime  
of digging up the CARA site  
destroying part of it despite  
strong protests that they have no right

meob doesn't give a dublin damn  
about heritage or history  
her minions must have meob high ways  
so they can through the country blaze

the juggernauts that blaze her trails  
rip the hedges hills and vales  
destroying dwindling old growth stands  
of trees and ancient farming lands

a buried henge of oaken posts  
much larger than stonehenge boasts  
an observatory of note  
is partly wrecked by idiot  
decrees of planning board remote







meob's automan empire strikes  
again it does what it likes  
nothing can stop it waging war  
on nature and culture so far

meob *is* intoxicating  
her honeyed name is mead enticing  
she sucks men in with glam and speed  
and women too to her pay heed

meob gets the royal carpet treat  
not red but blackstuff and concrete  
to make her progress fast and smooth  
& help rich migrants bad nerves soothe

## **fleenstown great**

before they get to ough Linn gate  
one last stop in *fleenstown great*  
to meet the joepatmatha tribe  
and their good strong tae imbibe

preparing them for what's to come  
for they can hear the distant thrum  
of meob's great hosting of her ranks  
of chariots and airborne tanks

the only wan at home this day  
of all the mathas family  
is brother tommy at his farm  
a mighty man of good strong arm

## brothers

tom was a boxer in his day  
pro fighting in amerikay  
sparring with the best of those  
who pugilistic ring craft chose  
to parry and deliver blows

now they own adjoining farms  
they often share them muscled arms  
along with tools they had to wield  
in order to increase the yield  
of crops and cattle in the field

nelly the mare does work for both  
a stalwart steed never a sloth  
a friend to each without reserve  
until the tractor comes to serve

if the workload isn't fair  
there could be rows when tempers flare  
and all the tools they'd often share  
would be returned until the air  
was cleared and words exchanged with care

both big men and fighting fit  
and when off they didn't hit it  
they might get tough and put up dukes  
to spoil each others handsome looks







## SCRAP

joepatmatha had to fight  
a few times just to keep things right  
as hiawatha had to do  
when atotarho he'd subdue  
if tribal brother tensions grew

in wan such fraternal scrap  
the yank experienced boxing champ  
was well and truly knocked about  
by his north brother twas no rout

peace would then return again  
brotherly love relieves the strain  
and as their families grew the waens  
would share the crack that entertains  
with fun and laughter when peace reigns

north and south thus reconcile  
a brave example for an isle  
so riven by the black pig's dyke  
that brothers will each other strike

not exactly cain and abel  
more living in a state unstable  
where civil wars are not forgot  
owl foes with memories fraught

## WRITERS

wan waen of joepatmatha's  
or was it hiawatha's?  
will be living in toronto  
by the name six nations tonto

the tonto private library  
of poetry and history  
of great literary worth  
the best in turtle island north  
or maybe even planet earth

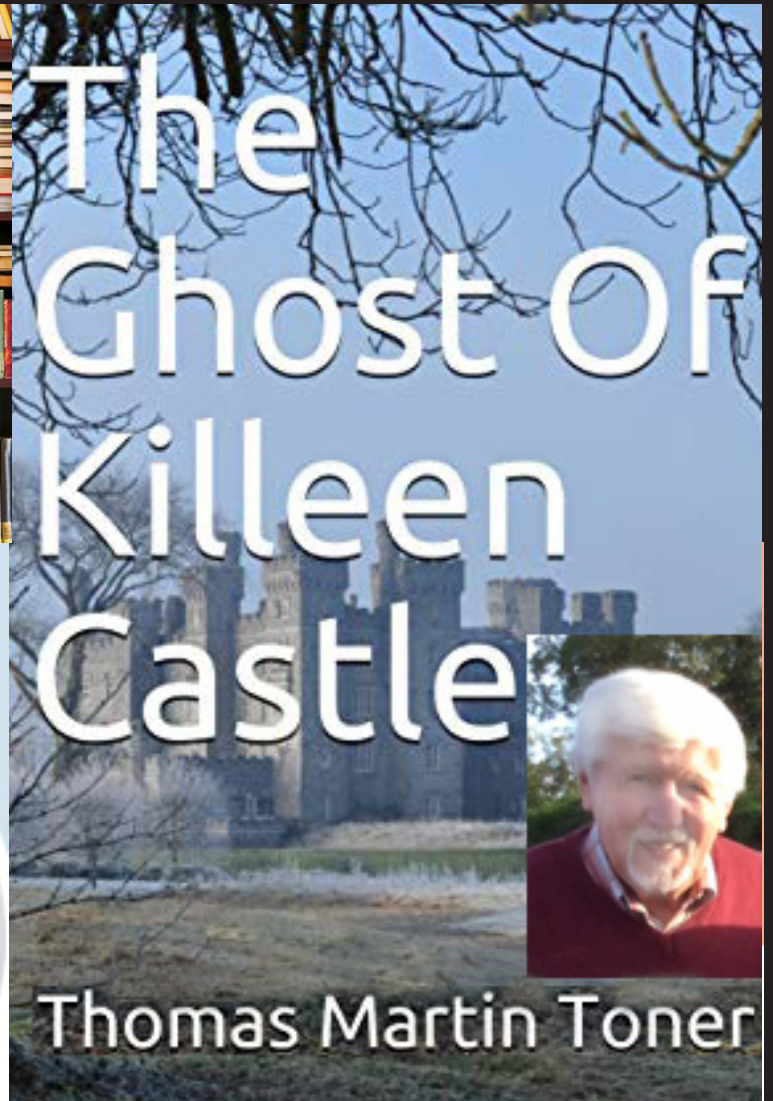
back here near fleenstown great  
another joepatmatha trait  
comes thru in thomas the writer  
local historiographer  
and dunshaughlin chronicler  
of stories of *the great hunger*

from a whole new generation  
their sister mary has a son  
joe patmatha lake has won  
a writers reputation  
as climate risk economist  
and worldwide traveled columnist

shelley is delighted with  
all this writing talent depth  
thinking he has found a key  
to ire land's literary legacy



**Joseph Lake**   
[@EconomistLake](#)



**Managing Director,  
Climate Risk at The economist**





## AIRWAYS

but now it's time to flee town leave  
and face the onslaught we perceive  
round the wildest portal yet seen  
for frequent flying air machine

they bid the mathas **sLán leac**  
tho joe still carts them on a bit  
as far as he can safely go  
with nervous nelly giving tow

for nelly has a thing about  
the kind of loud and vicious lout  
who thinks a horse should not be on  
a busy road but should be gone  
to knacker's yard oblivion

nearing santry medb's roar explodes  
with monster birds above the roads  
that almost suck me into shreds  
as i fly over massive sheds  
full of flighty fat airheads

i thought derry's portal fierce  
but here the screeching raptors pierce  
the air fouled by their breaking winds  
from a hundred times more engines  
daily revving up and down their dins  
their vapour trails like nets that trap  
the heat and all their toxic crap

## Revenge

high ways air ways here combined  
to form a roaring screaming grind  
winging off for trade or sun  
over santry swords and ballymun

we birds aren't welcome in this place  
you say we trespass in air space  
get sucked into your screaming maws  
and ripped apart by engine jaws

how many of us meet this fate?  
it's hard to tell and numerate  
a hundred thousand every day?  
across the globe you flyers flay  
our tiny bodies blown away

now and again we get revenge  
our guts and bones will so derange  
your engineering that it dies  
and you plummet from our skies

your people die when that occurs  
a tragedy for travelers  
so **we** must be eliminated  
as pests exterminated

of course it's not deliberate  
making your jets disintegrate  
unlike the war now being waged  
on us slaughter unacknowledged  
by frequent flyers so engaged







## RUINAIR

you scare us off with sonic blasts  
 a futile ploy that never lasts  
 then shoot or poison us in hopes  
 we'll learn how aviation copes  
 with us intrusive bird brain dopes

spare a thought for poor wee golfers  
 the *forest little* club gophers  
 who have to thole the noise of *ruinair*  
 and breathe its choking toxic air  
 from that new north runway there

not to mention schools and homes  
 and playing fields these aerodromes  
 impact when golfers (*rich* migrants)  
 fly to costas del golfos distant

## oubh Linn

joepatmatha's seen enough  
 of high ways run ways all that stuff  
 so he lets us off and bids us  
 take the oubh Linn omnibus  
 we thank him for transporting us  
 and being tara generous

as the omnibus goes down  
 drumcondra road and into town  
 the night is closing in and they  
 must find the rooms where they will stay





the streets are dark and threatening  
until they reach the lightening  
of sackville street's wide thoroughfare  
at number seven stopping there

a second honeymoon of sorts  
for harriet and bysshe to escort  
his brave young wife around the town  
one of europe's most renowned  
or so he hopes that's what they've found

## moonlight

they rent two rooms at that address  
glad to rest now from the stress  
of travel thru meob's speed domain  
with all its time warps loss and gain

but shelley finds it hard to rest  
he's fired up on curious zest  
to see the city now by night  
in the misty pale moonlight

the girls already are abed  
they're half asleep so tired dead  
but caution him to take good care  
as he rushes down the stair  
into ough linn's misty air

sackville street's still going strong  
it might be bustling all night long  
so shelley tries cathedral street  
not knowing what surprise he'll meet







the moon is all he has to guide  
him thru streets unidentified  
until he finds he's lost afraid  
into a maze of alleys strayed

you might think i disappeared  
that oubh linn's hectic pace i feared  
but no i'm up on nelson's head  
with vision near unlimited  
of places shelley has been led

## **VIRGIN**

tho when he's in the alleyways  
i have to get a closer gaze  
so i light upon the virgin's head  
on the pro cathedral instead

the virgin's looking to the east  
where virgin numbers are the least  
hands outstretched in supplication  
or lek verging on frustration  
to that dive that needs salvation

the virgin may look meek and mild  
but she has legions undefiled  
which she may have to soon let loose  
to damn that dive and cook its goose

that dive is shelley's present spot  
he seems confused and overwrought  
his prospects looking rather dim  
so i fly down to rescue him

## shanahans

i lead him out from alleys tight  
to a pub where there's some light  
at mabbot and montgomery street  
that's shanahan's where he will meet  
a few of òubh Linn's reb elite

tho time of course has shifted on  
from shelley's eighteen twelve long gone  
to nineteen sixteen's *rising* year  
when òubh Linn's trials are severe

all heads turn when shelley enters  
as they always do for strangers  
and when he speaks it's clear to all  
that he's english and has the gall

to come into this safe house bar  
where rebels go to take their jar  
but phil shanahan welcomes him  
and fills a glass up to the brim  
with porter and its head of cream

now porter is a portal dark  
transporting punters on an arc  
that bends the time round thru the past  
or future smoothly not too fast

*tis on the house* says shanahan  
*you look like you need medicine*  
so sláinte mháire *and all the best*  
*your good health you are our guest*







## **A pint of plain**

*a pint of plain is your only man  
says a boozer next to him called p̄l̄ann  
who tells young bysshe he's frum straban  
which shelley cannot understand*

***A pint of plain is your only man  
says p̄l̄ann again as on he ran  
When things go wrong  
and will not come right,  
Though you do the best you can,  
When life looks black as the hour of night  
A pint of plain is your only man.***

***When money's tight and hard to get  
And your horse is also ran,  
When all you have is a heap of debt  
A pint of plain is your only man.***

***When health is bad  
and your heart feels strange,  
And your face is pale and wan,  
When doctors say you need a change,  
A pint of plain is your only man***

***In time of trouble and lousey strife,  
You have still got a darlint plan  
You still can turn to a brighter life –  
A pint of plain is your only man.***

## RISING

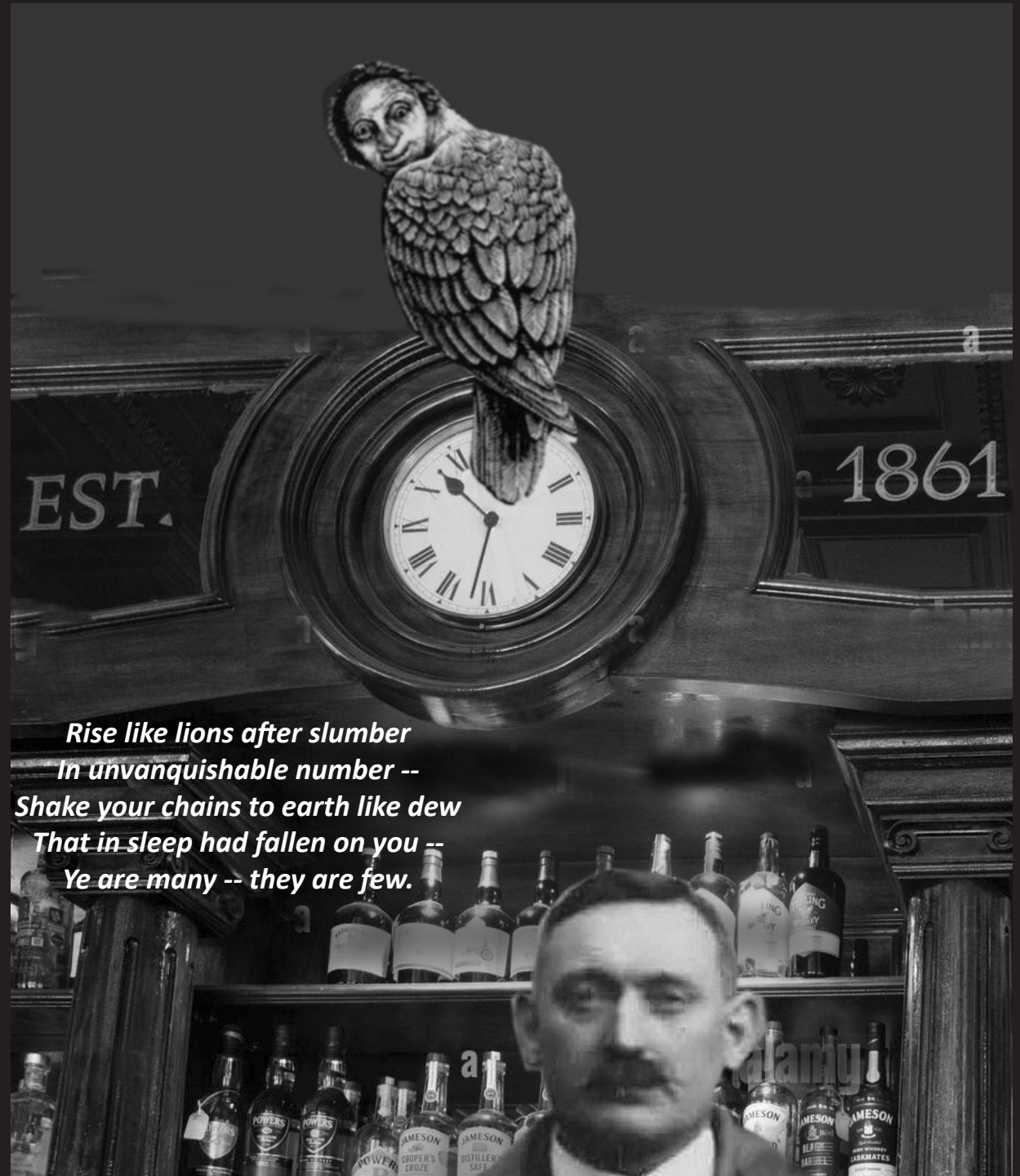
says shanahan to shelley  
*that owl bird who led you here*  
*i know him well tho mighty queer*  
*he tells me you are not a spy*  
*that you are only here to try*  
*to start **your own** rising on the sly*

shanahan had let me in  
his safe house bar as if i'd been  
a special guest so i search  
till i find the perfect perch  
upon his clock without a lurch

shelley thanks him for the stout  
and for the trust he's not a tout  
*here's to the rising then* says he  
*rise up rise up till ire land's free*

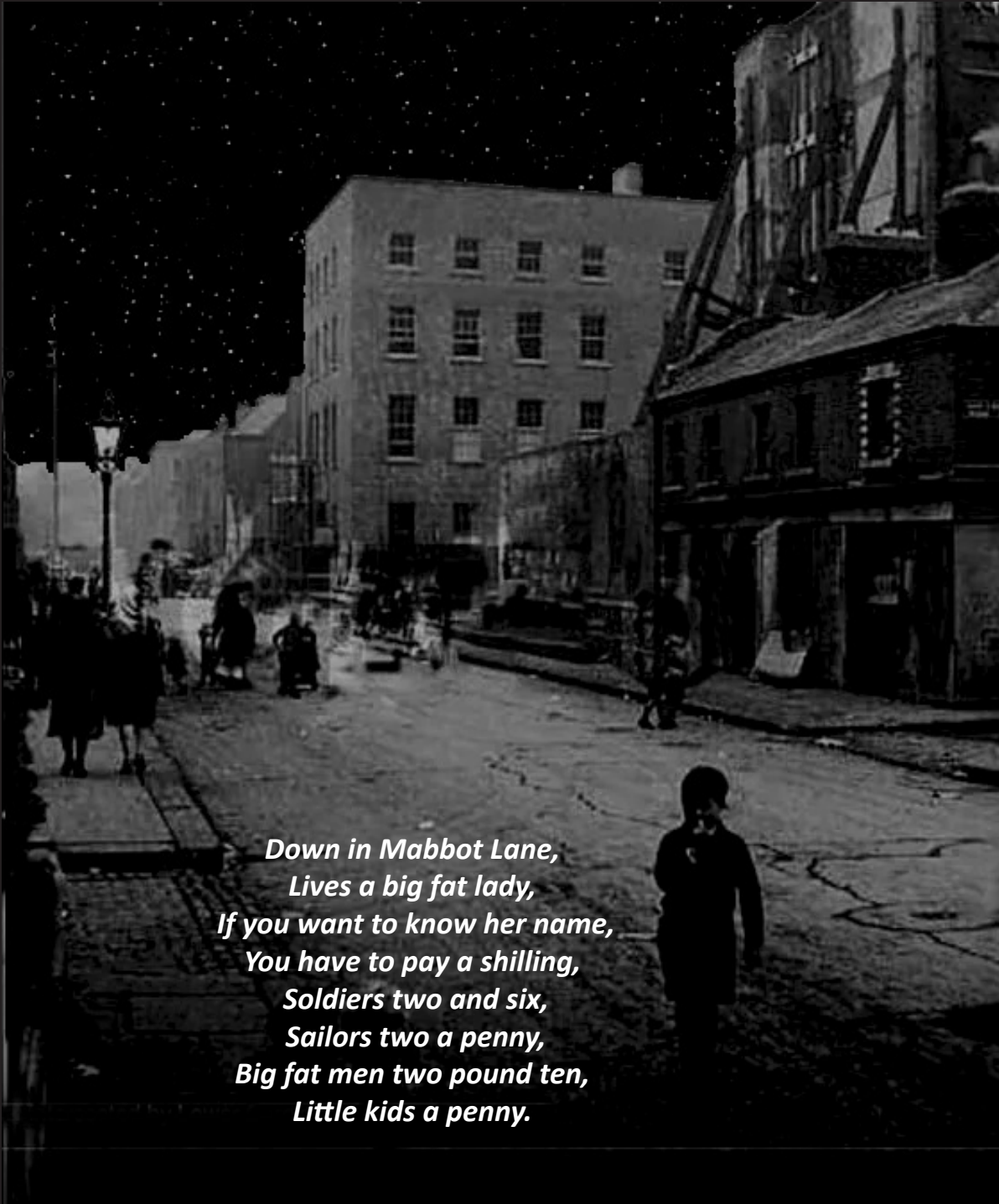
→  
*the whole damn place goes crazy twice*  
*once for the devil once for christ*  
all raise their glasses and salute  
this shelley boy's a rare recruit

shelley's feeling fairly settled  
not so nervous nelly rattled  
when in the door there comes a maid  
who looks like she is in the trade



*Rise like lions after slumber*  
*In unvanquishable number --*  
*Shake your chains to earth like dew*  
*That in sleep had fallen on you --*  
*Ye are many -- they are few.*





*Down in Mabbot Lane,  
Lives a big fat lady,  
If you want to know her name,  
You have to pay a shilling,  
Soldiers two and six,  
Sailors two a penny,  
Big fat men two pound ten,  
Little kids a penny.*

## monto

the trade that he has lately seen  
on full display in alleys mean  
in this part of town called monto  
where sheelaḡh na ḡḡs are on show  
along the footpaths as you go

as he had walked up mabbot lane  
he'd met a cocky little waen  
who sang a song them urchins sing  
round these streets lek advertising

*Down in Mabbot Lane,  
Lives a big fat lady ...*

shelley's been in soho's night town  
but monto has much more renown  
the biggest red light zone in europe  
where any bawd will stiff you up

shelley's view of prostitution  
is one of utter detestation  
*love shouldn't be a base transaction  
or just for his sex satisfaction*

*love should be transcendental  
unspoiled by exchange financial  
where soul meets soul on lovers' lips  
not sought and sold in soulless kips*

## RIDE

that bawd who entered shanahan's  
has just serviced black and tans  
& nicked their guns while they lay drunk  
a crime requiring loads of spunk  
for tans inspire fearsome funk

she gives the guns to shanahan  
as discreetly as she can  
she then sits down by shelley's side  
and asks him *wud ye lek a ride?*

he's not too sure just what she means  
but her broad smile says this colleen's  
a working girl and he's a john  
the scene is set for carry on

shelley has some serious doubts  
how this engagement might turn out  
since he believes in real free love  
tho harriet does not approve

up close he sees a street wise dame  
tho innocence is still aflame  
in spite of her rough trade in life  
near fresh as his young trusting wife







236C

it may all be an artful act  
better clients to attract  
but shelley's smitten with her smarts  
as well as her come hither arts

## bride

bride kelly's seen the worst  
of monto's brutal street life cursed  
a derry girl whose life has been  
in strumpet city's scene obscene  
since the age of just thirteen  
when she was sick and could not work  
her pimp a tough sadistic berk  
threw her on the streets to die  
but she got sent to the laundry  
where she recovered finally

but laundry life was not for her  
she's feeling like a prisoner  
so she escapes in the laundry van  
with friendly delivery man

shelley's taken with her story  
telling it she's in her glory  
*it's my patriotic duty  
to sell my bawdy's beauty  
and bag some british booty*

he did not plan on being here  
but shelley now where bawds appear  
he might as well advantage take  
since harriet for hygiene's sake  
that time of month must not love make

bride seems a decent soul  
who plays a more romantic role  
than most of her benighted mates  
disarming charming empathetic  
erotic and aesthetic



## big fella

while they sit and drink and talk  
into the bar a gent will walk  
sharply dressed in bankers suit  
tall handsome man of some repute

the cycling clips on his pressed pants  
slightly strain the elegance  
but being there he casts a spell  
his name? this bridie bawd might tell

*big fella callin in? he's smart  
but ruthless he'll rip ye apart  
if he thinks ye are complyin  
with the castle or worse spyin*

*he rides his bike around the town  
all business like and buttoned down  
droppin in on castle spies  
our rebels' wile worst enemies  
& blows their brains out thru their eyes*

*they're lukkin for him high and low  
in case he lands another blow  
they let him go wan time before  
this time they want him in his gore*







## kinch and lynch

shelley finishes his porter  
and bridie? he will escort her  
but time has swiftly shifted back  
so they may never hit the sack

instead he finds himself outside  
on mabbot street without a guide  
till two young bucks go strolling by  
somewhat drunk tho merrily  
one spouting latin liturgy

***Vidi aquam egredientem  
de templo a latere dextro.  
Alleluia.***

shelley follows them on a hunch  
listening to the one called kinch  
talking to his school friend lynch

just then ***An elderly bawd  
With famished snaggetusks odd  
Protruding from a doorway  
Whispers huskily*** to say ...

***Sst! Come here till tell you.  
Maidenhead inside. Sst! Fresh new***  
while she lifts up her filthy frock  
showing off her cuckold clock

kinch ignores her bawdy bum  
and says (*Altius aliquantulum*)  
*Et omnes at quos prevenit*  
*aqua ista.* like a jesuit

the bawd after covering her quim  
*Spits in their trail her jet of venom*  
*Trinity medicals. Fallopian tube.*  
*All prick and no pence.*

## houno

as he trails the student pair  
he hears footsteps at his rear  
hurrying in urgent haste  
with mutterings to match the pace

he turns and sees a stocky male  
bowler hatted on his tail  
followed by a stray hungry dog  
begging for a bit of hog

the gent holds wrapped in paper  
a pig's crubeen and sheep's trotter  
his own favourite organ treats  
he often with great relish eats

*the dog begs wriggling obscenely*  
till he drops the crubeens cleanly  
*my good wife molly loves crubeens*  
says he who knows what he means?







but now he's giving them away  
to this mangy starving stray  
as if it's cerberus the guard  
of some infernal region charred

## **blooms day**

while the hound devours the feet  
shelley will the doggy donor greet  
and ask him for this day's date  
*june sixteenth but getting late*

*and the year?* at this he'll pause  
thinking shelley's a lost cause  
*nineteen hundred and four* he says  
twelve years back from rising days

when shelley tells him who he is  
he thinks he's coddin that his  
leg is being pulled in jest  
or that maybe he's a ghost

*shelley the poet? that's your claim?*  
*yes that's true and what's your name?*  
*bloom leopold bloom wandering jew*  
*may accompany you?*  
*by all means says shelley please do*  
*for all this to me is new*

## maḡoalene

by now i'm on the roof peak  
of an institution bleak  
a laundry on gloucester street  
overlooking monto indiscreet

where see all the action  
every meeting and transaction  
my surveillance is complete  
and that's not avian conceit  
nothing from me can you secrete

it's the same below me here  
this laundry is a jail severe  
for fallen women like the ones  
in monto now slaves of nuns

this is where young bridie kelly  
found a refuge tho not freely  
when she escaped she hadn't far  
to go to revive her repertoire

nuns watch them closely day and night  
where security is tight  
and morals must be strictly right  
no loose women here excite

they spend their days at washing sheets  
from hospitals prisons and elites  
like bishops judges presidents  
for no pay not even pence  
cleansing their sins in penitence







art toulouse lautrec

## streetwalk

the laundry's back gate opens  
on **tyrone street** where bella cohen's  
a well known brothel rendezvous  
stands at number eighty two

it's there that bloom and shelley  
go thru streets tight and smelly  
madams pimps and harlots vie  
for horny punters passing by

on the way they're offered teat  
at every door on **mabbot** street  
and **beaver** street so apt a name  
**montgomery purdon mabbot lane**  
till **tyrone** they finally gain

**Singly, coupled, shawled, cheap whores,  
Disheveled, call from lanes and doors.**

***Are you going far, queer fellow?***

***How's your middle leg?***

***Got a match on ye? Eh?***

***Come here and I'll stiffen it for ye.***

for the wealthy there's flash houses  
for the plebs there's shilling houses  
kips slums speakeasies and shebeens  
for profit prostitute colleens

## Lily

one respite from this dark squalor  
is the presence of a singer  
singing a song both sad and sweet  
under a lamp on tyrone street

***Lily of the Lamplight*** says bloom  
*she certainly relieves the gloom*  
*a harlot with a heart of gold*  
*love's old sweet song for leopold*

in the shade near lamplight's glow  
kinch and lynch enjoy the show  
as they join in that old sweet song  
with kinch's tender tenor strong

***Underneath the lamplight***  
***by the laundry gate***  
***Darling I remember***  
***the way you had to wait***

the two young bucks are now joined  
by a third buck whose name's so coined

***Stately plump Buck Mulligan***  
a scholar surgeon hooligan

a caustic wit and raconteur  
a blueshirt sympathising boor  
who bestows nicknames on his friend  
like ***Kinch the Dante of Dublin*** and  
limericks him from start to end







*There is a young fellow named Joyce  
Who possesses a sweet tenor voice  
He goes down to the Kips,  
With a psalm on his lips,  
And biddeth the harlots rejoice*

## **BRIDIE**

before they get to bella's house  
one old bawd at a shilling house  
seizes bloom's sleeve and hisses  
in his ear with sticky kisses

*Ten shillings a maidenhead.  
Fresh thing was never touched, she said  
Fifteen. There's none in it only  
her old father that's dead drunk.*

*(She points. In the gap of her dark  
den, furtive, rain bedraggled, stark  
Bridie Kelly stands.)* and says resigned  
*Hatch Street. Any good on your mind?*

shelley recognizes her  
tho here she's twelve years younger  
an innocent just starting out  
in this rough trade that she's about  
to be apprenticed in no doubt

she sees him dimly in the shade  
but shows no sign that she has made  
his acquaintance at some stage  
as they'll meet in a future age

## pleasure

bloom meanwhile avoids her eyes  
for she was the one who'd organize  
his losing his virginity  
while mocking his virility

*(With a squeak she flaps her bat shawl  
and runs. A burly rough pursues his doll  
with booted strides. He stumbles  
on the steps. Recovers. Plunges  
into gloom. Weak squeaks of laughter  
are heard, weaker.)* silence after

*The old bawd her wolfeyes shining  
He's getting his pleasure, she's laughing  
You won't get a virgin willing  
in the flash houses. Ten shilling.*

*Don't be all night before the polis  
in plainclothes catch on and see us  
Sixty seven is a bitch.*  
says the wicked wise old witch

when they get to bella cohen's  
they hear bedsprings squeal and moan  
from many customers at play  
getting whores in the family way  
when family planning goes astray







## cohens

to kinch and lynch to buck and bloom  
bella's is a family room  
familiar girls familial  
Zoe Kitty Florry and Nell  
tho shelley thinks he's entered hell

but no one seems to give a damn  
when **Paddy Dignam's** hollow gram  
begins to hover in their midst  
and him just buried died well pissed

other phantoms make their presence  
felt many dubh linn residents  
of cemeteries the walking dead  
minus any sense of dread  
for they all seem daft off their head

at least two hundred shades pass thru  
bella cohen's parlour view  
all shadows of their former selves  
alive or dead? who too deep delves?

they come and go and make their case  
for bloom's distinction or disgrace  
crowning him with titles high  
or damning him for cuckoldry

from politicians priests and whores  
to doctors bishops and old bores  
they sing his praises as a saint  
or his reputation taint



# here comes everybody

*Paddy Leonard Nosey Flynn  
Pisser Burke and Davy Byrne  
Docs Dixon Madden Crothers  
Doc Punch Costello and others*

*Father Dolan Father Farley  
Brother Buzz and Father Coffey  
Archbishop of Armagh Primate  
Cardinal Michael Logue Primate  
Mrs Breen Mrs Bellingham  
Mina Purefoy Mrs Cunningham*

bloom's late papa *Rudolph Virag*  
rails at him about the slag  
his errant son has now become  
spurning the god of abraham  
on such matters he can't shtay shtum

kinch's mother *beastly dead*  
haunts her son for the life he's led  
bringing damnation on his head  
*O Sacred Heart of Jesus*  
*have mercy on him. and save us*

*Elijah Shakespeare* and lord mayors  
each one his her opinion airs  
bloom's a hero or a lecher  
kinch a drunkard or professor







## bella

but now the madam's on the scene  
Bella Cohen whoremistress queen  
moustachioed a butch colleen  
**Bella? Bello?** maybe trans  
**massive heavy sweaty she stands**  
**flirting a black horn fan** she fans

**My word! I'm all of a mucksweat**  
**She glances round her** eyes soon set  
**On Bloom with hard insistence**  
he feels her huge magnificence

is this queen meob in manly guise?  
bloom grovels at his boots and tries  
to humour him in girly mode  
crawling like a slavish toad

bello calls bloom degrading names  
shooting her down in searing flames  
**Adulterous rump adorer!**  
**Hound of dishonour! Dung devourer!**

bloom replies to all such insult  
with **Empress! Hugeness!** like a cult  
**Exuberant female! Immense**  
**Powerful being! Eminence!**



## bello

as all can see it's not bloom's day  
disgraced and crushed by this display  
of gender roles reversed in shame  
was he herself the one to blame  
not standing up to this big dame?

bello rides her round the room  
squats on her face farts on bloom  
piling on humiliation  
pumping up her wild elation

it's then he sees the two of us  
shelley and me incredulous  
trying not to draw attention  
from his mocking domination

*and who is this young pretty boy  
a stranger to our house of joy?  
and who's this birdman looking on  
at our little celebration?*

bello lifts his mighty rump  
off bloom's face and with a thump  
bounds across to where i stand  
upon the pianola grand  
where kinch is playing one man band

he's singing too ***love's old sweet song***  
to zoe who sweetly sings along  
but bello being a buffoon  
coarsely interrupts the tune







## bellow

kinch is having none of it  
getting drunker by the minute  
and haunted by his mother's shade  
abruptly stops his serenade

he lashes out with his ash plant  
and knocks a chandelier aslant  
enraging bella who demands  
he pay the price that it commands  
*I want ten shillings in my hands*

bloom by now is on his feet  
he won't let bella young kinch cheat  
no more bullshit will he stand  
from this bully woman manned

***the damage to the lamp shade's small  
it's not worth sixpence not at all***  
says bloom defying her at last  
dragging kinch beyond her fast  
leaving a shilling going past

***I'll call the polis*** bella roars  
as kinch and bloom run out the doors  
to total pandemonium  
on tyrone street a right scrum

i fly out and shelly follows  
to witness monto's sleepy hollows  
with shades in even more profusion  
than bella's house of prostitution



## more shades

as well as all the harlots late  
like *Biddy the Clap* and *Cunty Kate*  
there's *Parnell* and *the Citizen*  
*O'Connell* and *Lord Tennyson*

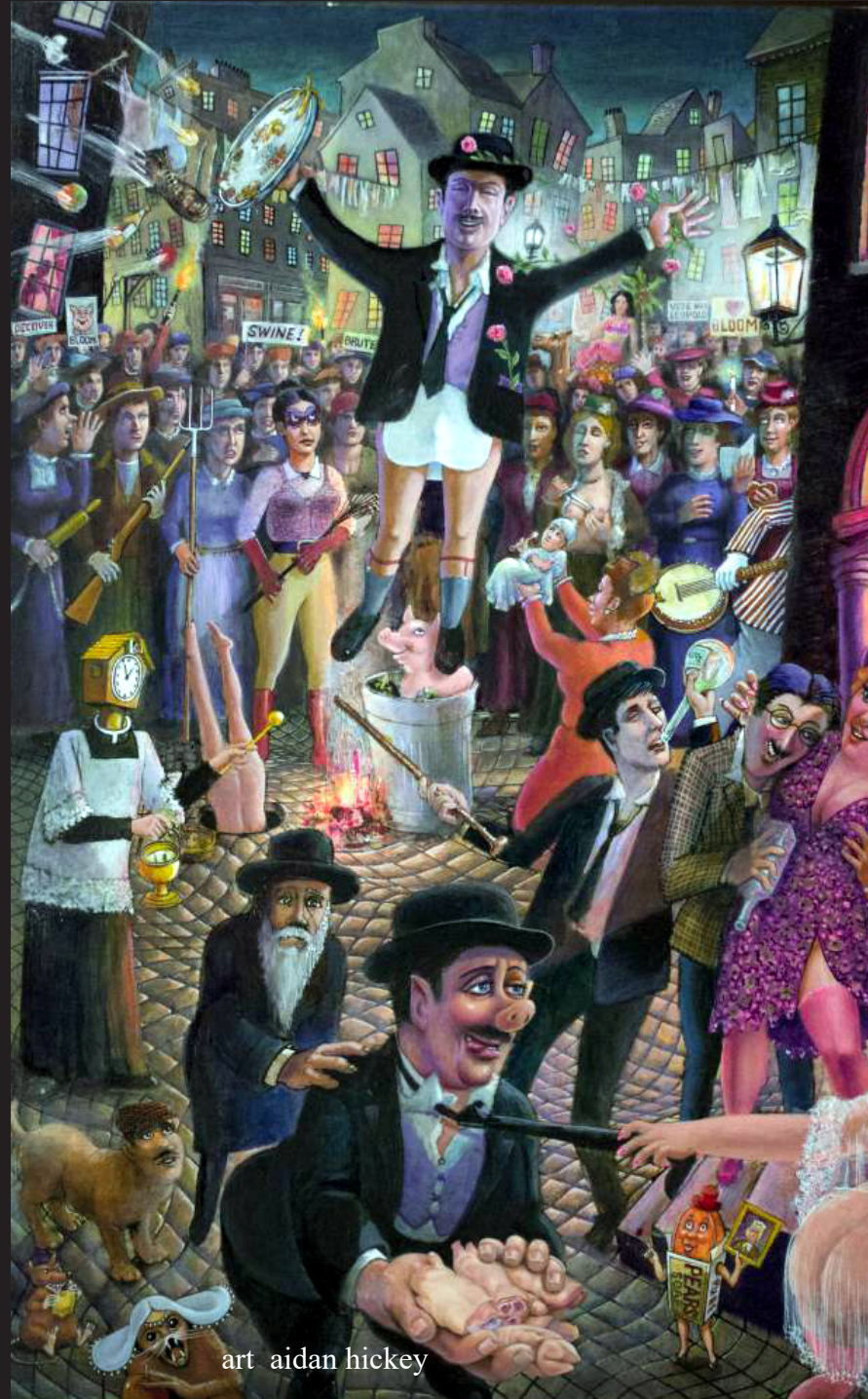
*Private Compton* *Private Carr*  
still alive just out of a bar  
*Gummy Granny* *Arthur Griffiths*  
*Wolfe Tone* and *Edward the Seventh*

edward the seventh? in monto?  
o aye that's where he'd gone to  
as prince of wales his virginity  
was lost in this vicinity

tho little's said about the king  
Privates Carr and Compton fling  
at kinch all kinds of dire warnings  
of knacker kicks and jaw bashing  
*if he insults our fucking kings*

*I'll wring the neck* says Private Carr  
*of any bugger* in a bar  
*who says a word against my*  
*fucking king do him in the eye*

*So help me fucking Christ* says Carr  
*I'll wring the bastard fucker's*  
*bleeding blasted fucking windpipe*  
*Rushing at Kinch* he lands a swipe



art aidan hickey







## Legions

*Kinch totters collapses falls stunned  
lies prone face up to the sky* canned  
bloom tries to help him up but no  
he's knocked senseless by the blow  
and him so blooming blotto

and that's when time collapses too  
for me and shelley some time new  
two decades onward more or less  
but at the same monto address  
near beaver street a time of stress

from those madcap night town scenes  
of brothels slums and owl shebeens  
to polis raids and mass arrests  
of working girls and client guests

all instigated by the legion  
of that pro cathedral virgin  
on whose head i'd sometimes perch  
to observe survey and search

the legions of mary working hard  
to get the polis to regard  
this notorious paradise  
as a demonic den of vice

the polis raids would rid the place  
of prostitution for a space  
but they'd return there for some years  
until it finally disappears  
and elsewhere then its head uprears

## Tommys

and what does shelley think of this  
first taste of the metropolis  
that ends in drunken violence  
of british tommy truculence?

*why did clerics and the law  
turn a blind eye to what they saw  
for fifty years on monto streets  
where polis men were on their beats?*

*them tommys were the reason why  
they needed servicing says i  
aware of what young shelley thinks  
of soldiers and their sex high jinks*

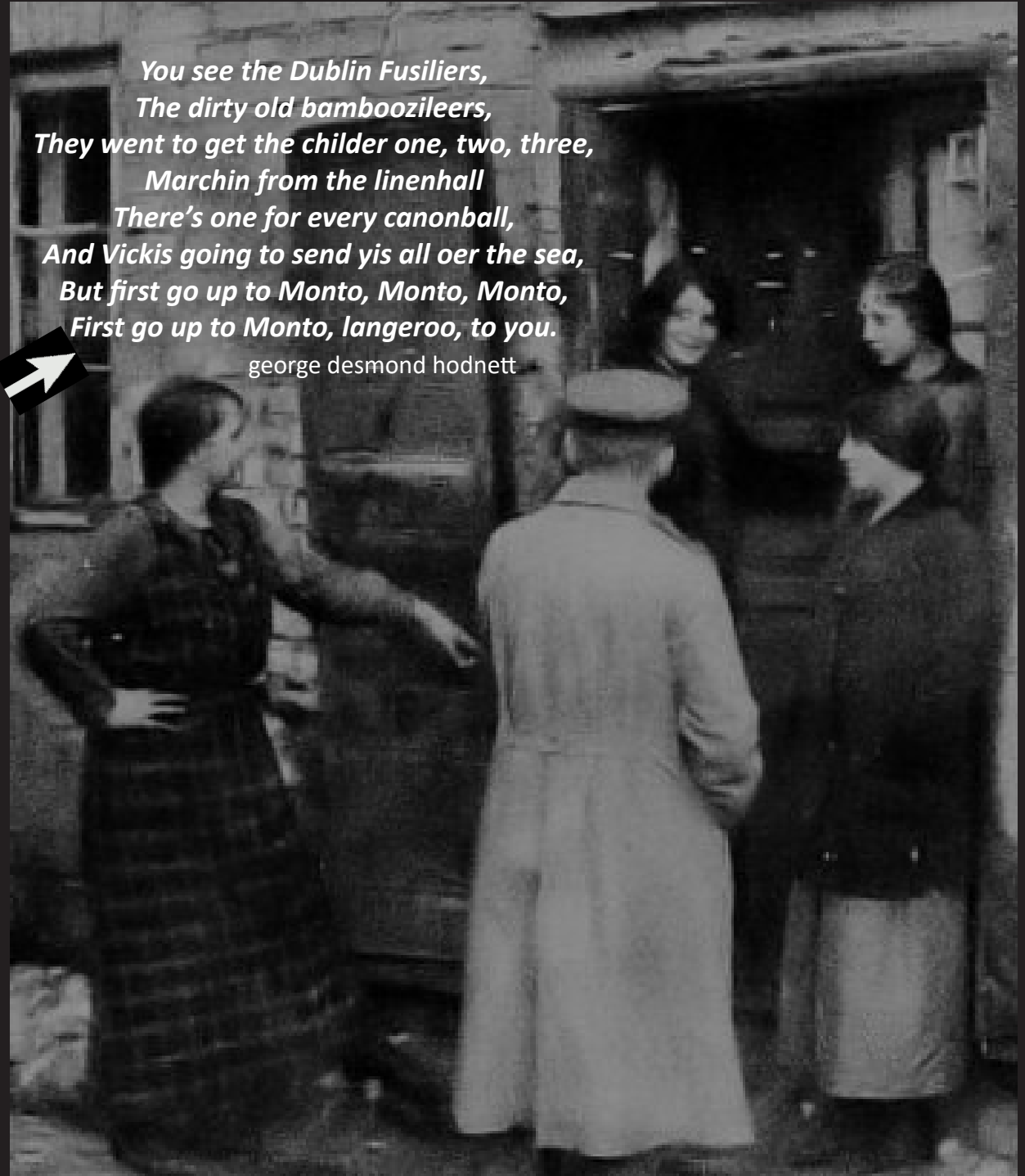
*if they didn't have that outlet  
they'd be raping every girl they met  
british soldiers were the core  
of monto's market of the whore*

*he hasn't time to think it thru  
for now he's on his own anew  
except for me still keeping watch  
he doesn't a good thumping catch*

*for time has moved on yet again  
beyond when monto was the main  
address for services of that kind  
to when it further had declined*

*You see the Dublin Fusiliers,  
The dirty old bamboozileers,  
They went to get the childer one, two, three,  
Marchin from the linenhall  
There's one for every canonball,  
And Vickis going to send yis all oer the sea,  
But first go up to Monto, Monto, Monto,  
First go up to Monto, langeroo, to you.*

george desmond hodnett







## change

shelley sees how things have changed  
 with streets and alleys all renamed  
 boarded houses where red lights shone  
 even shanahan's is gone

*gloucester to sean mcdermott street*  
*montgomery to foley street*  
*tyrone to mecklenburg to railway*  
 some alleys closed erased away  
 hiding monto's shameful day

but lights are bright now everywhere  
 as we leave monto for the glare  
 of streets illuminated  
 where fear of darkness dominated

instead of harlots selling sex  
 it's smack addicted wasted wrecks  
 who haunt the night town alleyways  
*chasing dragons* in a haze  
 beneath the dealers heartless gaze

shelley nearing sackville street  
 hears a distant rhythmic beat  
 from the darklands to the west  
 beyond the main drags busyness

a slow and stately rhythm first  
 a chorus in its joyce well versed  
 to mark the end of his *bloomsday*  
 after midnight on our way



## **DARKLANDS**

*There's always fuckin rain  
and it's always dark*

*When you were at the gate soaked through*

*Let's not say a word if it isn't true*

*Bloomsday Bloomsday*

*Bloomsday Bloomsday*

to reach the source of this clear voice  
that often drops the name of joyce  
we must move further to the west  
to the **darklands** to hear it best

it's there we feel the strongest blast  
of decibels high unsurpassed  
while bloomsday fades it mellow sound  
**hurricane laughter** rocks the ground

he's never heard such music wild  
loud primal thumping throbbing style  
that makes the very ground vibrate  
beneath his boots to stimulate  
his aching feet and weary gait

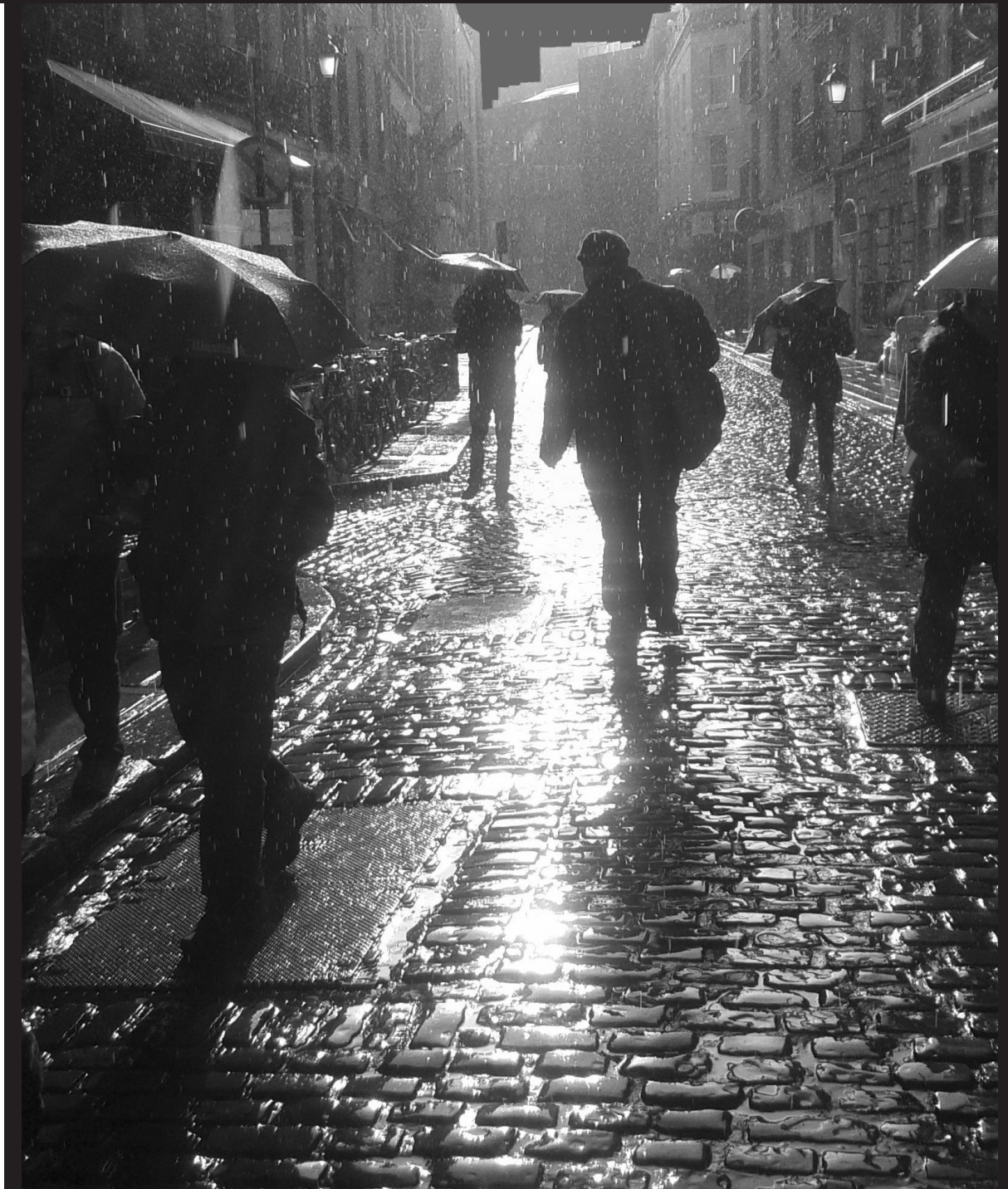
*I was toweled up to the waist while you were*

*fresh from the confession*

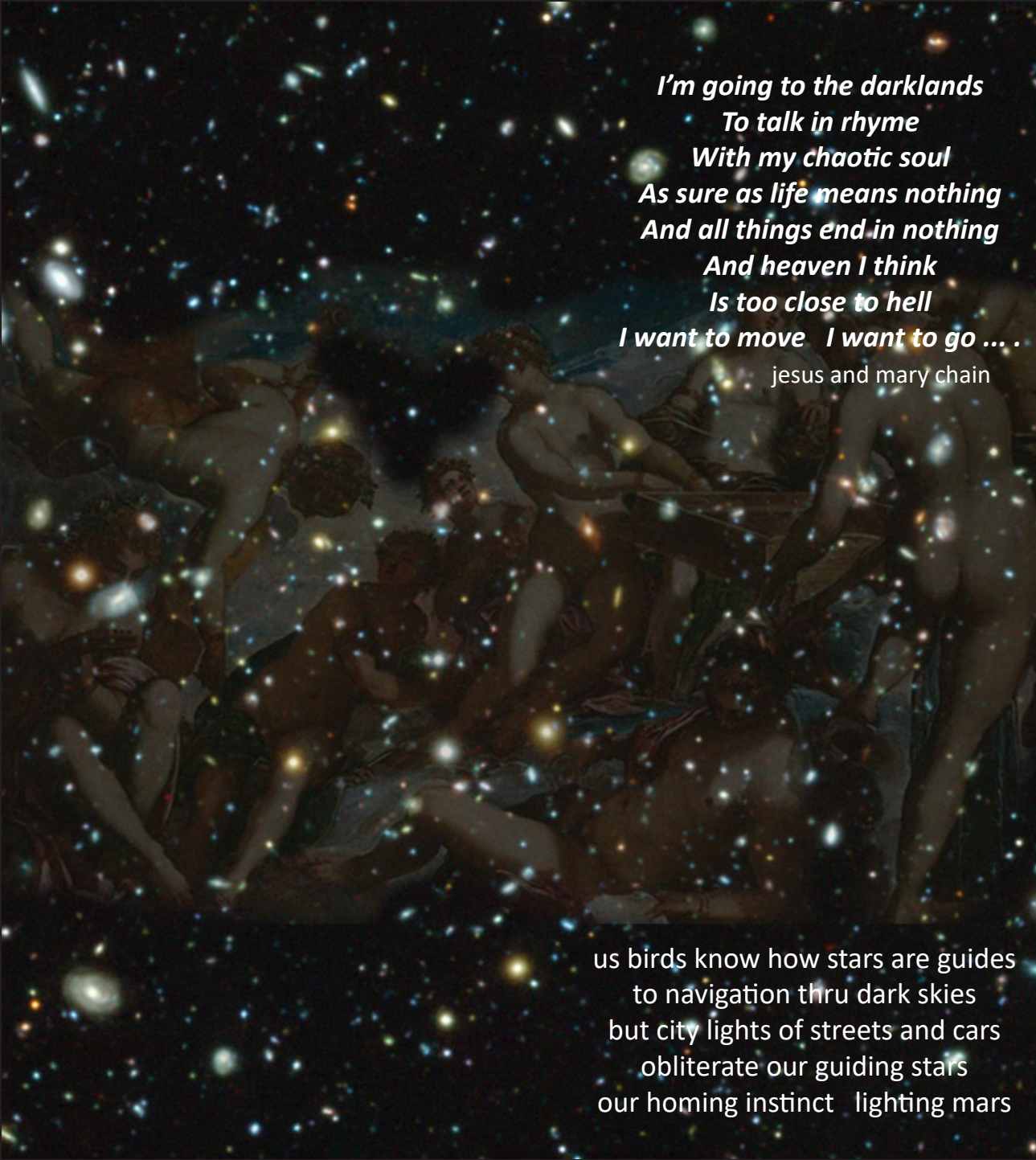
*The angry streets, they twisted up  
and billowed with the laughter*

*Hurricane laughter Hurricane laughter*

*Hurricane laughter Hurricane laughter*







*I'm going to the darklands  
To talk in rhyme  
With my chaotic soul  
As sure as life means nothing  
And all things end in nothing  
And heaven I think  
Is too close to hell  
I want to move I want to go ...  
jesus and mary chain*

us birds know how stars are guides  
to navigation thru dark skies  
but city lights of streets and cars  
obliterate our guiding stars  
our homing instinct lighting mars

## ← DARK SKIES

on king's inn street the dark descends  
to deepest dark the darklands lends  
to the dark side of the street  
to pitch black heart of darkness beat  
a door into the dark retreat

darkness has the reputation  
of and evil combination  
of what is lurking in the shadows  
and how death inhabits those

but darkness as benign as light  
reveals the stars to earthly sight  
inviting in the universe  
to look thru time as in reverse  
right to the edge of multiverse

dark is where the muses hide  
in oubh linn's darkest torch side  
in darker shades of black abide  
where the nine goddesses reside  
near **anna livia's** waters wide

shelley finds his time will fly  
where darkness is in short supply  
blazing light now floods the streets  
the dark we need such light deletes

←

**big**

shelley's homing instinct too  
tho not as strong as you know who  
sends him back towards sackville street  
he needs sleep for he's dead beat

on henry street the tempo jumps  
with marching drum that fairly pumps  
a snarling bragging ranting rhyme  
in key of e and lively time

for he's been on the town all night  
and seeing now dawn's early light  
turning into moore street lane  
there's a strutting cocky waen  
chanting in the mizzling rain

***Dublin in the rain is mine  
pregnant city with a catholic mind  
Slick little boy with a mind of Ritz  
Pulling that thread for the next big fix***

the boy is moving thru the carts  
and stalls of bustling moore street marts  
sometimes walking sometimes running  
flinging up his arms and winging

like a young bird that wants to fly  
looking forward to the high  
of being up above it all  
like me but ready for the fall



*My childhood was small  
My childhood was small  
But I'm gonna be BIG  
But I'm gonna be BIG*

*But I'm gonna be  
**BIG***





photo ana modrego pascual

## bye bye b1R01E

even when he ends his song  
there's still a rhythm throbbing strong  
and that same voice still ringing loud  
around the markets bustling crowd

*The January markets  
filled the cold air with the sound  
The boys all full of laughter  
and their pocket with the pound  
And in the foggy dew  
I saw you throwing shapes around  
It was underneath the waking  
of a Dublin City sky.*

as he approaches number seven  
sackville street and the heaven  
of harriet's warm embrace  
shelley's visions of time and space  
dawn's early light will soon erase  
it's time for me to say goodbye  
to him (& you) for i must southward fly  
to meet the fate set out for me  
while he sets holy ire land free

i witnessed none of what occurred  
in his six weeks stay but a wee bird  
told me he sowed a seed you see  
in bloom in joyce yeats and o'casey  
shaw heaney and fontaines dc





I don't know what got into me. 3-1-23



sweeney art  
sheena vallely



## sweeney SCRIPTS (FOR book 2)

*a history of ireland* jonathan bardon  
*a world on the wing* scott wiedensaul  
*buile suibhne* trans james g o'keeffe  
*dogrel and skinty fia* lyrics fontaines dc  
*from eternity to here* sean carroll  
*percy bysshe shelley a biography* james bieri  
*percy bysshe shelley the major works*  
(editors zach leader & michael o'neill)  
*red shelley* paul foot  
*shelley and revolutionary ireland* paul o'brien  
*shelley the pursuit* richard holmes  
*sweeney astray & opened ground* seamus heaney  
*sweeney's flight* rachel giese & heaney  
*the mask of anarchy* p b shelley  
*the song of the earth* jonathan bate  
*the tain* trans. ciaran carson  
*the tain* trans. thomas kinsella  
*the value of a whale* adrienne buller  
*ulysses* james joyce

## sweeney scenes

sweeney birdman images pages i, 13,15,31,43,46 chris wormell  
sweeney images pages i and p 72 sheena vallely  
p 3,16 jim fitzpatrick p 4,6,9 louis le brocquy  
tara and boyne images p 20,31.33 anthony murphy  
p 10,11,72 artists unknown all the rest public domain  
shelley portrait (cover) by alfred klimt after amelia curran  
apologies for changes to images on cover & p 6,20,21,23,71  
wikipedia pinterest alamy istock getty images youtube

## sweeney LEANAN SÍOHE

tonto the loan arranger tyronto graham m roisin buí  
quercus betula acer the valley & the vallylys pushkin k2 creative  
*skinty fia* sativa sacred threads sheenanigan strawdog

