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## Ainimm-Eolchaire / Soul-Longing

Sharon Paice MacLeod  
*University of Massachusetts Amherst*

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# Sharon Paice MacLeod

## Ainimm-Eólchaire

Saigim in n-insi sciathánach  
arísi, 's gáeth glas ceódach  
Foluigi m'anim aníar anall  
Anís clocha gela ceólach.

Labraitir na h-uisci dom  
'S ro-cluiniur in son síde  
Ro-fetar maith ind áitt-siu nóib  
'S na scéla sinserda fíra.

Ad-ciu serrach forsín tracht  
Nom-berthar and, co cridiu-bláth  
A h-anál argat i niuil milsi  
Ní aisling, guidim, ní scáth.

I luing umae, do-tíag óendis  
Do-biur dánu (mo senchassom fadéin)  
Ibiu ón loch agus ad-ciu íarum  
Noí mná rundae, ro-amrae 's ro-féith.

Foilsigid mo delba, a rígni aidche -  
Am gréine 's rétla, éisce 's torann;  
A-t-chiid! Cana inna dúili i mbethaid!  
Am aball 's aiteann 's daur indossa.

Do tuitim i teimel, do-fuismiu mé  
I tír ildathach maissiu oldó  
Nom-derntar i broinn coire mór inna ndée  
Ó nathraigaib, fruích agus bréo.

## Soul-Longing

I seek the winged isle  
Once more, and a green-grey misty wind  
Engulfs my soul from the west, from beyond,  
From beneath bright melodious stones.

The waters speak to me,  
And I hear the sound of peace  
It's well I know this sacred place  
And the true ancestral stories.

I see a colt upon the shore  
I am carried there, with blossoming heart  
Its silver breath in sweet clouds  
No dream, I pray, nor shadow.

In a ship of copper, I come alone  
I bring gifts (my own tradition)  
I drink from the lake and then I see  
Nine mysterious women, most wonderful and calm.

Reveal my forms, O Queens of Night –  
I am sun and star, moon and thunder;  
Watch! I will sing the elements into being!  
Now I am apple tree, gorse and oak

I fall into darkness, I create myself  
In a many-coloured land more beautiful than I  
I am made in the belly of the great cauldron of the Gods  
From serpents and heather and flame.