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## Focloir / Words

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## Marcella Gajek

### Fòclòir

Nìl fhìos agam, nìl fhìos agam ì cèn tèanga ag  
tnùth.

As Bèarla tá na foclóir maolaigh nuair an spèir ag scriob an gaoth  
Agus fág ì dhiaidh line aonair—  
Fìor sèimh trè bhliana.

Dùirt sè Pàidì O'Sè, "Is ainmhithe iad fìr Ciarraì...  
...sa leaba."

Anois is fìos agam cèn fáth.

Tá do chuimhne go-láidhìr, tá sè spreite ar mo leaba.

Tá sè mo blaincèad a ghlacadh chugat fèin.

Tá sè ag tomhais nòimèad ì mìlte agus is cuimhin liom,

Nìl an farraig ag mèanfach as Bèarla.

## Words

I don't know, I don't know  
What language to long in.  
In English, the words die away when the sky scrapes  
the wind

    And leaves a thin line alone—  
the horizon muted by years.

Paidi O'Se said, "Kerry men are animals... in bed."  
Now I know why.  
Your memory is so potent, it sprawls on my bed.  
It hogs my blanket.  
It measures miles out in moments until I remember

The sea doesn't yawn in English.