

Marcas Mac an Tuairneir

Fàidh

Nì dùd do chàir
sgapadh eun is fhiadh
's iad fo iomagain crònan cuibhl'.
Tha brag do dhorais
mar sgàl nan trombaid is drum'.
Ò, nach buidhe dhuinn 's tu còmhla ruinn?

Bha i beò
ro do theachd anns an sgìr',
ach 's an tìr bheir dhi deò a-rithist.

Tha a freumh
anns an fhearann 's sna glinn.
B' iad a tèarmann o là nan linn.

Ach, 's tu tha cinnteach
às do mhodhan is dòighean.
Ach, an èist tu ris a' bhuille-chridhe?

Cùm do chluas rithe.
'S i bha maireann tro thìm,
mus do nochd am fàidh ùr air tìr.

Taigh geal air mhàl,
bha cho falamh fad bliadhn',
gun ach tadhail taibhse air an lèan.
Àit' ùr air thogail
air clachan-bhuinn an taighe-dhuibh,
nì falach fhianais eadar sinn is leus.

'S aithne dhomh
gur mòr d' fhoghlam is fios,
ach, an èist thu ris ar guthan fhèin?

Chan e do leabhar
bheir dhuinn comhairle is stiùir,
ach a ghlèidheadh gliocas an t-sluaigh.

Ach, 's tu tha cinnteach
às do mhodhan is dòighean,
gun diù èisteachd ri buille-chridhe.

Cho bodhar roimhpe.
B' fheàrr leat na th' agad ri ràdh,
a chur ron chuideachd, fhàidh ùir air tìr.

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Prophet

The horn of your car
scatters birds and deer,
perturbed by the groaning wheel.
The bang of your door,
like trumpet fanfare and drums.
Aren't we lucky to have you with us?

She has lived
long before your arrival here,
but her spark of life is the soil's to give.

Her root
is in the plains and the glens,
which were her haven since the dawn of time.

You are certain
of your methods and manners,
but do you listen to the heartbeat?

Keep your ear to it.
It has lasted through time,
before the new prophet washed ashore.

A white house for rent,
which has been empty all year,
but for the ghost that haunts the meadow.
A new place, built
on black-house foundations
yet all evidence hidden on the horizon.

I know
of your great education and knowledge,
but do you listen to our voices?

Your book
is not what must advise us or lead,
yet might preserve the wisdom of a community.

But you are certain
of your methods and manners,
don't care to listen to a heartbeat.

You are deaf to it.
Prefer to put your own words before
those gathered, new prophet, washed ashore.