



Shades of Maharees

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Neart na Machairi Project

Béal Geal – sandy bay, sandy hair, feet and toes in bed,
soft and warm, coarse, cold and wet –
sand displaced from marram green dunes
lovingly protected by chestnut centurions.

Brambles reveal the stone remnants of old Maherabeg.
Ruins on dunes, the orange and black caterpillars curled
on yellow-green ragwort, paper-white cocoons.
From tall straw marram stalks, moths and larks ascend.

Sun falls behind Garrywilliam, every day it drops
but every day it's different.
Swallows chirp over Fahamore, swooping and climbing,
they signal an end to summer.

Wrinkling our noses against the tang of sunbaked seaweed,
journey under starling thronged telegraph wires and along gentle
laneways,
clamber down through the white-worn limestone rock
– melting and folded –
drift into crevasses and find the marks of deep time in Port a' Cathasaigh.

A sense of home, lonesome, sometimes.
Soaring cacophony; saltwater smell; constant, changing light.

Found home or temporary harbour? It's uncertain sometimes.
The fierce salt winds and soft light remould me.

Home from home – overwhelming sometimes.
The future is an echo of hard-fought resilience.