

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF IRELAND

*In these evil days,
when the old wound of Ulster is a disease
suppurating in the heart of Europe
and in the heart of every Gael
who knows that he is a Gael,
I have done nothing but see
in the National Museum of Ireland
the rusty red spot of blood,
rather dirty, on the shirt
that was once on the hero
who is dearest to me of them all
who stood against bullet or bayonet,
or tanks or cavalry,
or the bursting of frightful bombs:
the shirt that was on Connolly
in the General Post Office of Ireland
while he was preparing the sacrifice
that put himself up on a chair
that is holier than the Lia Fail
that is on the Hill of Tara in Ireland.*

*The great hero is still
sitting on the chair
fighting the battle in the Post Office
and cleaning streets in Edinburgh.*