

She To Whom I Gave...

She to whom I gave all love
gave me no love in return;
though my agony was for her sake,
she did not understand the shame at all.

But often in the thoughts of night
when my mind is a dim wood
a breeze of memory comes stirring the foliage,
putting the wood's assuagement to unrest.

And from the depths of my body's wood,
from sap-filled root and slender branching,
there will be the heavy cry: why was her beauty
like a horizon opening the door to day?

An Te Dh'an Tug Mi ...

An té dh' an rug mi uile ghaol
cha tug i gaol dhomh air a shon;
ged a chiurradh mise air a sailleabh
cha do thuig i 'n tamailt idir.

Ach trie an smuaintean na h-oidhch'
an uair bhios m' aigne 'na coille chiair,
thig osag chuimhne 'g gluasad duillich,
ag cur a furtachd gu luasgan.

Agus bho dhoimhne coille ehuim,
o fhriamhach snodhaich 's meangach meanbh,
bidh eubha throm: carson bha h-aille
mar fhosgladh faire ri latha?