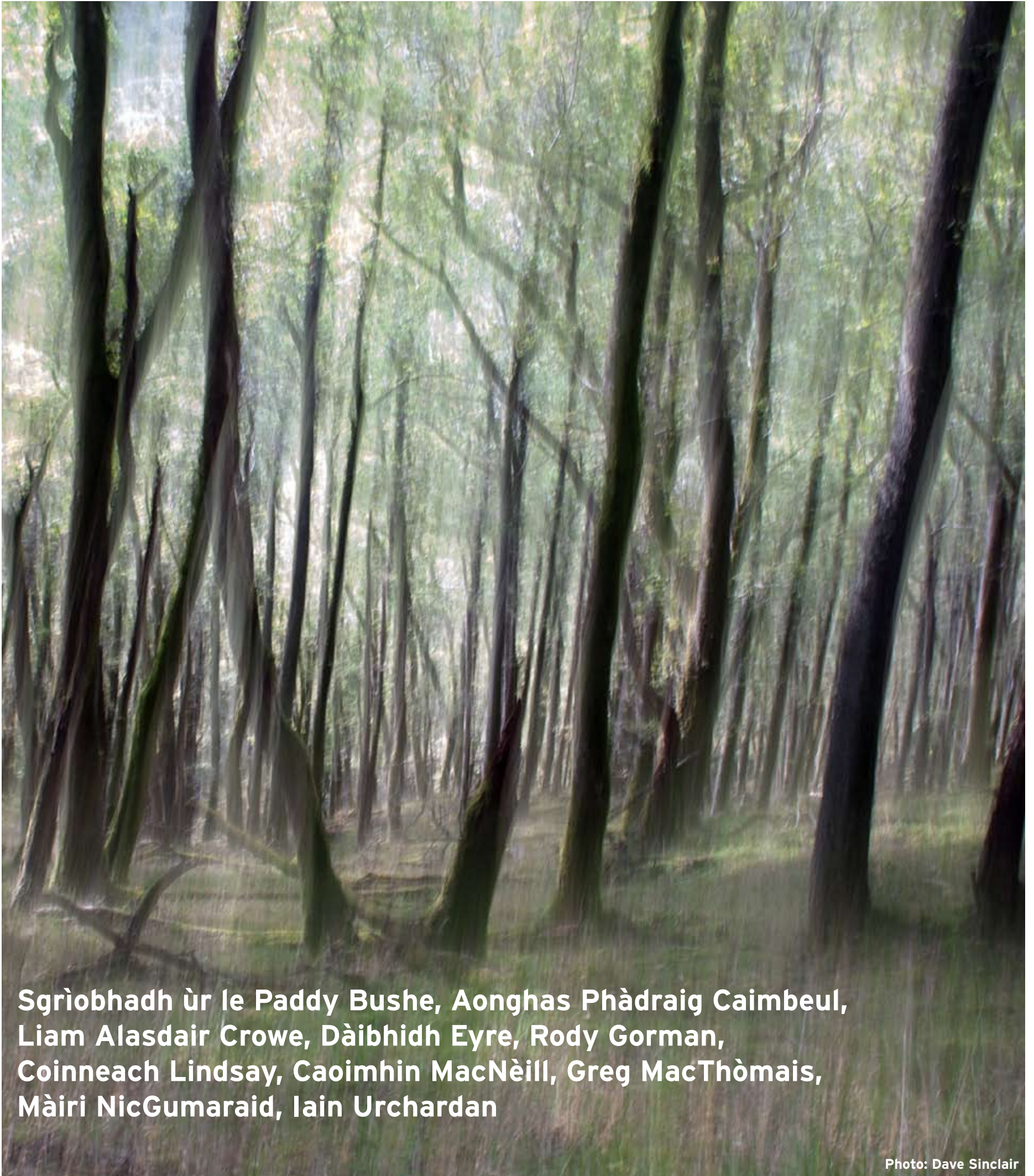


Tuath

Àireamh 2, Earrach 2018

Is treasa tuath na tighearna



**Sgrìobhadh ùr le Paddy Bushe, Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul,
Liam Alasdair Crowe, Dàibhidh Eyre, Rody Gorman,
Coinneach Lindsay, Caoimhin MacNèill, Greg MacThòmais,
Màiri NicGumaraid, Iain Urchardan**

Photo: Dave Sinclair

Dàin le Paddy Bushe, Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul, Liam Alasdair Crowe, Dàibhidh Eyre, Coinneach Lindsay

Sciurd faoi Screapadal

PADDY BUSHE

do Meg Bateman

Bhí fiolar ar thóir creiche dar dtionlacan,
Ar foluain os cionn na bhfothrach ciúin,

An lá niamhrach earraigh sin gur shiúlamar
Fad le Screapadal, ar lorg dán Shomhairle

Agus scáileanna Tharmaid is Eachainn Mhòir
Ag breathnú anonn ar Chomraich Ma Ruibhe.

Ach níor ardaigh aon tuiréad sleamhain dubh
É féin go bagarthach trí chrothloinnir na farraige,

Is níor bhodhraigh sianaíl aon scaird-bhuamaire
Méiligh na n-uan agus portaireacht na n-éan

Fad a dheineamar dán Shomhairle a reic,
Gàidhlig agus Gaeilge, os ard i measc tithé bánaithe.

I bhfianaise an tseanchaisleáin a thit le faill,
Agus Carraig na hEaglaise Bréige scoite ón dtalamh;

In ainneoin na gceannlínte ós na ceithre harda,
Sotal rachmasóirí agus slad an mhargaidh;

I bhfianaise na gcaorach caidéiseach ar fhallaí
Agus féile na gréine ar fhialí is ar fhásach;

In ainneoin bhréaginsint na scéalaithe
A scaipeann scéalta de réir toil na máistrí;

Ba bheag ná go gcreidfeá go raibh deireadh i ndán
Don tsaint, don chos-ar-bholg agus don gcreach.

Am Maraiche

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Sheòl e na seachd cuantan
a' faicinn na gréine
ag èirigh os cionn Beinn Fujiyama
air madainn shamhraidh.

Na sheann aois,
shuidh e air bogsa fiodha
aig ceann an taighe,
a shùilean air faire.

Nuair bhruidhneadh e
bha cianalas na ghuth,
mar gun robh e cluinntinn dualchainnt Apainn
a-rithist, na dhùthaich fhèin.

The Mariner

He'd sailed the seven seas
seeing the sun rising
over Mount Fujiyama
on a June morning.

In his old age,
he sat on a wooden box
at the end of the house,
his eyes on the horizon.

When he spoke
there was homesickness in his voice,
as if he was hearing the Appin dialect
once more, in his native land.

Ann an dachaigh-chùraim

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Tha dà chailleach a' fighe,
cluich hopscotch
taobh muigh na sgoile.

'Seall – chaill thu stiòs'
mar gun robh a' chaileag eile
air leum a-mach às a' bhogsa,
's cha robh aig Seònaid a-nis
ach danns, gu cinnteach, gu ceann na cleas.

In the nursing home

Two old women are knitting,
playing hopscotch
in the school playground.

'Look – you've dropped a stitch'
as if the other lassie
had hopped out of the box
and all Jessie had to do now
was to dance, perfectly, to the cat's cradle.

Foghar

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Thig Foghar mar a thig i,
òr eadar uain' is geal.

Na strì 'son ràith eile
ach creid an t-seann fhìrinn

gun suidh gach mìos sìos mar chearc-ghuir,
gus am bris an là.

Autumn

Take Autumn as she comes,
gold between green and white.

Do not strive for another season
but believe the old truth

that every month will nestle down like a roosting-hen,
until the day breaks.

Sgoth

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Turas rinn mi sgoth
a-mach à pìos maide agus luideag.

Sheòl i sìos an t-sruth
gus an do ràinig i Canada.

Boat

I once made a boat
out of a stick of wood and a rag.

She sailed down the stream
till she arrived in Canada.

An Saighdear

Nuair a thill
an saighdear Gàidhealach
air ais dhachaigh on chogadh
bha dùil aig a h-uile duine
gun robh e fada marbh.

Thàinig e air a shocair fhèin,
gun ghuth,
tarsainn na mòintich,
suas seachad air Ceapal Bhrianain
agus a-null taobh
Loch an Dùin Mhòir
far an robh na bric cho pailt

agus na sheasamh àrd
air Creag na Cuthaige
chunnaic e am baile sgaoilte fodha,
ceò às na similearan
agus cuideigin a' feadaireachd
fad' às le cù mu shàilean.

Bha bhean
aig doras an taighe
le triùir chloinne mu casan
agus fear le bonaid ruadh
agus speal thairis a' ghuailne
a' coiseachd dhachaigh thuice

agus thionndaidh e air a shàilean
's tha iad ag ràdh nach do thill e riamh
à Canada.

The Soldier

When the
Highland soldier
returned from the war
everyone believed
him to be long dead.

He came quietly,
unannounced,
walking across the moor,

up past Brianan's Chapel
and over by
the Loch of the Big Fort
where the trout were plentiful

and standing high
on Cuckoo Rock
he saw the village spread below,
smoke from the chimneys
and someone whistling far off
with a dog at his heel.

His wife
was in the doorway
with three children about her feet
and a man with a brown bonnet
and a scythe over his shoulder
walking home towards her

so he turned on his heels
and they say he never came back
from Canada.

Duan na Fèinne

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Ge brith dè cho aosta 's a tha an sgeul,
chan innis tim fhèin i.

Bha mi eòlach air fear aig an robh sgeul
cho sean 's gun creideadh tu
gun innseadh na cnuic fhèin
an duan.

Ach bha iad nan tost.

Dh'innis iad dìreach
mu chaoraich 's mu fheur, 's mun uisge

's b' fheudar dhan bhodach a sgeul innse
dha na h-ainmhidhean 's dha na h-eòin

's nuair nach do dh'èist iadsan,
dha na creagan fhèin.

B' e sgeul na Fèinne a bh' aige,
's chan eil na thachair gu diofar.

B' e na ruitheaman a b' fhiach,
a bhiodh e caoin, a-muigh leis fhèin

gu socair air an t-sliabh. Ma dh'èisteadh
tu gu faiceallach saoilidh tu gun cluinn thu fhathast

an duan. Ach cha chluinn, oir 's e tha siud
ach crònan na gaoithe tron mhòintich.

Tha an seanchaidh
air falbh, 's chan eil air fhàgail ach fear

a chuala an sgeul air leth-chluais
fad' às, mar ghlòr nan eun.

The Fingalian Chant

No matter how old the tale,
time itself cannot tell it.

I knew a man whose story
was so old you could believe
the hills themselves
would speak it.

But they were silent.

They only told
of sheep and grass, and rain,

so the man told his story
to the beasts and to the birds

and when they didn't listen,
to the rocks themselves.

The tale was a Fingalian one
and the narrative was irrelevant.

What mattered were the rhythms
which he sang, out there on his own

silently on the moor. If you listen
carefully you think you can still hear

the song. But you don't, for what
you hear is the wind murmuring through the bog.

The master story-teller
has gone, and all that's left is someone

who half-heard the story in the air
far off, like the speech of birds.

Poca

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Nuair dh'fhaighnicheadh tu
do Iain Sheonaidh
an robh an sgeul seo aige
chanadh e
"O, cha tug mi leam idir i",
mar gun robh poca air a dhruim
làn mòna
'son losgadh air oidhche geamhraidh.

Sack

When you'd ask
Iain Sheonaidh
if he had a particular story
he'd say
"O, I didn't carry it with me"
as if he had a sack on his back
full of peat
for burning on a winter's night.

Uncail Dòmhnall

AONGHAS PHÀDRAIG CAIMBEUL

Bhiodh e seinn na chadal:
'An t-urram thar gach beinn aig Beinn Dòbhrain',
's nuair ghabhadh e smùid mhùineadh e a bhriogais
gus an èireadh ceò mar sgòth air Beinn a' Cheathaich.

Nuair phòs Maighread am balach à Lunnainn
thug iad cead dha tighinn chun na bainnse
fhad 's a chumadh e sòbair, sàmhach, agus glan.

Agus air latha a' phòsaidh,
na sheann dheise clòimh' agus na lèine gheal
ghabh e tè mhòr

is leum na cnuic is dhanns na creagan
is dhòirt na h-aibhnichean nan tuil le bròn.

Uncle Donald

He'd sing in his sleep:
'An t-urram thar gach beinn aig Beinn Dòrain'
and when drunk he'd piss his trousers
till steam rose like a cloud on Beinn a' Cheathaich.

When Mairead married the boy from London
he was allowed to come to the wedding
on condition he remained sober, quiet, and clean.

And on the day of the marriage
in his old woollen suit and white shirt
he went on the spree

and the hills skipped and the rocks danced
and the rivers flowed in floods of grief.

An Runnach

LIAM ALASDAIR CROWE

Ciamar a dh'ionnsaichinn dhut am facal runnach
Gun a chomharrachadh aig oir Loch Chill Donnain,
Far an do dh'ionnsaich mi fhìn i
Agus mo nàbaidh ag innse sgeulachd a h-òige
Mu a màthair a' toirt rabhadh an Smeircleit
'na tig faisg air an runnaich?'

Ciamar a dh'ionnsaichinn dhut sùil-chruthaich
Às aonais mìneachadh Iain Iòsaiph
Gur e th'ann ach sùil dhan chruthaidheachd
A chì thu fhèin ma thig thu na comhair?

Nan ionnsaichinn dhut làthach,
An e ciall an taobh siar a dh'aisigeas mi –
Greim gainmheach a shluigeas tu sìos;
No ciall an taobh sear de pholl
Làn feamad, dhuilleag is eabar?

Agus ciamar a dh'ionnsaicheas mi dhut
Mar a thàinig am Prionnsa air tìr
Gun sealltainn dhut cuach a shàile air a' Choilleag,
Agus a' seinn 'moch sa mhadainn 's mi dùsgadh'
Ann an Dùthaich Chlann Raghnaill?

Ciamar a dh'ionnsaicheas mi dhut do dhileab
daonnda
Agus Gàidhlig nan Gàidheal,
Agus tu am baile mòr air Ghalltachd?

Gaol rònach

DÀIBHIDH EYRE

Tha e cunnartach an seo
ann an doimhneachd na mara
far am bi mi a' snàmh,
a' sealg d' àilleachd.
Ach tha e doirbh a shealg
ann am fuachd an uisge
agus tha m' fhalt a' tionndadh gu feamainn.

Is neamhnaid thusa,
paisgte ann an slige
a tha tiugh air m' fhiacalan,
garbh air mo theanga,
slige nach gabh a bristeadh
le fiacail neo facal,
agus, le sin, tha thu sàbhailte bhuam.

Is tha sin mar bu chòir -
thig d' fhosgladh leat fhèin,
air tràigh bhlàth làn solais
air latha socair ciùin,
latha nuair a chì iad
na chunnaic mise o chionn fhada,
iongantas àillidh do chumadh.

Agus chì iad mo cheann
air uachdar na mara,
falt a-nist na bian,
mo shùilean mòr' dubha,
agus chì iad an corp agam
na laighe air an uisge,
's e reamhar. Cho reamhar ri ròn.

An t-eilean is an tìr

DÀIBHIDH EYRE

Thug am bàt'-aiseig mi air falbh bhon eilean
a dh'ionnsaigh beanntan mòra na tìr'
agus thòisich mi a' coiseachd, le pian.

Agus chunnaic mi bho sgùrr, air bhioran,
nach robh san tìr mhòr ach eilean ciar.
Thug bàt'-aiseig eile mi air falbh bhon eilean.

Air an taobh thall, ann an dùthaich chèin,
thòisich mo thuigse a' tighinn gu ìre,
agus thòisich mi a' coiseachd, le pian.

Chan eil cuimhne a'm na h-uimhir de mhiltean
a dh'innis dhomh firinneachd na mòr-thìr' -
thug bàta mi air falbh, oir bha i na h-eilean.
Seòladh gun sgur air na h-uimhir de bhàtaichean
agus a' siubhal air mòr-thìrean eile, mas fhìor -
eileanan far an robh mi a' coiseachd, le pian.

Le ùine dh'fhàs mi sgèth is seann -
thill mi gu far an do thòisich mo bhuille-cridh'.
Thug an t-aiseag mi air ais dhan eilean
agus choisich mi dhachaigh, le pian.

Reifreann

ged nach eil ann an eiginne
chleachdamaid anns a' ghàidhlig

Saobh-chràbhadh

COINNEACH LINDSAY

Soirbhichidh gaol air saobh-chràbhadh,
Gabhaidh an t-àbhaisteach mìneachadh ùr
A thogas dùil bho gach rud làitheil
Sealltainn dàn an gach nì fo shùil.

Chan e eòin a tha sna h-eòin, no clach sa chlach:
Nach e manaidhean a th' annta, tighinn beò?
'S iad a' toirt eòlas dhuinn air na rudan ri teachd,
Dall 's a tha sinn gu comharraidhean dubh-bhròin.

Oir dè an fhios a th' againne ach creideas
Agus mac-meanmna air an àm ri teachd?
Is sinn a tha ath-chruthachadh, eadhon,
ar n-eachdraidh fhèin a rèir ar beachd.

Manaidhean, 's iad a tha nar tròcair,
Gar glasadh air fad an aintighearnas an dòchais

Cath nam Bàrd

COINNEACH LINDSAY

ESAN: Thoir dhomh bàrdachd a tha soilleir is dìoghrasach;
Thoir dhomh ealain a tha so-thuigse ach innleachdach.
Bruidhinn rinn uile ann an dòigh a tha pongail.
Innis dhuinn an fhìrinn is leig fios dhuinn gur e sin a th' ann.

ISE: Thoir dhomhsa bàrdachd làn fhuaim is chruadal,
Le spionnadh gun chiall a bhios caithte air na h-aineolaich.
Oir tha sinn uile beò ann an saoghal a tha faoin;
Ma nì thu ciall dhith, dh'innseadh tu breug.

Dlighe

COINNEACH LINDSAY

A' chiad thuras a thug thu gaol dhomh,
Às dèidh dhomh coiseachd dhad ionnsaigh
Ann an spiorad;

Fosgailte, so-leònte, deiseil 'son creideamh
A' tuiteam nam dheann-ruith tro do shùilean
Dha do chridhe.

Cha do dh'fhidir mi am bacadh a bh' ann:
Carson a bhithinn-sa dligheach ort,
'S mi gun airgead?

Ag Òl Cofaidh anns a' Chathadh

CAOIMHIN MACNÈILL

Tha mi nam sheasamh anns a' chathadh,
's na bleideagan a' plumadh sìos dha mo chofaidh.
Bha mi saobh, uaireigin, saobh-sgeulach,
saobh-mhiannach. Bha mi a' gabhail cofaidh
le siùcar, le ruma. Soraidh leis a' mhilseachd;
soraidh leis a' phuinnsean. Chan iarr mi air
a' bheatha seo ach maitheanas a thoirt dhomh
's mi nam sheasamh an seo sa chathadh àlainn.

The Blizzard

CAOIMHIN MACNÈILL

I stand in the blizzard.
Snowflakes whirl into my coffee.
I was once mad, false tongued,
craving vain things. I drank coffee
with sugar, with rum. Farewell, sweetness.
Farewell, poison. I ask only forgiveness.
I stand in the lovely blizzard.

nuair a bhios mi aonaranach

(le misuzu kaneko)

CAOIMHIN MACNÈILL

nuair a bhios mi aonaranach
cha bhi fios aig coigrich

nuair a bhios mi aonaranach
bidh mo chàirdean ri gàireachdaich

nuair a bhios mi aonaranach
bidh mo mhàthair coibhneil

nuair a bhios mi aonaranach
bidh am Buddha Mòr aonaranach

“**B**IDH BÀS ANN agus bidh breith ann.” Cha tuirt i ach sin agus a guth fann a’ briseadh air ceann eile a’ fòn. Thug seachas mo mhàthar orm stad. Cha robh ach beagan is trì seachdainean air a dhol seachad bhon a chaill sinn m’ athair. Ciamar nach bitheadh i a’ beachdachadh air a’ bhreith gu feallsanachail? Bha comas aice a ràdh ann am beagan na bha air a bhith a’ goil nam inntinn-sa fad mìos bhon a chaidh a thoirt a-nall gu h-obann on eilean don ospadal cheudna, gun dòchas sam bith gum fàgadh e an t-àite.

Is iomadh uair a bhios breith agus bàs a’ tighinn le chèile. Thachair e iomadh turas sa bhaile againne, nar teaghlach fhèin turas no dhà, mas math mo chuimhne. A rèir mar a dh’innseadh mo sheanmhair dhomh, rugadh m’ athair-sa agus a chàraid, Seonaidh Ailean, air an dearbh latha a dh’eug an seanair. Cha robh ann ach co-thuiteamasan ach aig a’ cheart àm bha e iongantach mar a bhiodh an dà cheann de bheatha a’ feuchainn ri greimeachadh air càch a chèile.

Bha mi nam sheasamh leis am fòn-làimhe faisg air casad is ceò nan smocairean taobh a-muigh an dorais-aghaidh. Bha a’ mhadainn puinnseanta fuar. Thug mi sùil air ais thar mo ghualine. ‘S ann shuas an sin air an t-seachdamh làr a dh’fhàg an deò m’ athair, mac mo sheanmhar, seanair mo mhic-sa a bha dìreach air ùr-bhreith. Shaoil mi fad diog car faoin an robh beagan de a spiorad-san air a bhith a’ feitheamh mun àite seo gus an cuireadh a shinnsearan fàilte air an leanaban ach cha robh an sin ach buaidh mo mhàthar a bha dualtach a bhith a’ tarraing air creideamh os-nàdarrach mar sin. Bha leth-chas aice-se a-riamh ann an saoghal eile nach fhaca mise o làithean m’ òige. Bha cus reusain agam a-nis airson a leithid a chreidsinn an da-rìribh. ‘S ann bho thaobh m’ athar a fhuair mi sin gu cinnteach.

Thèid a’ Chuibhle mun Cuairt

SGEULACHD LE GREG MAC THÒMAIS



Theab mi a ràdh rithe gum biodh Dad air a bhith toilichte air mo shon ach chuir mi stad orm fhèin is shaoil mi nach b’ e mo chuid-sa innse dhi-se na bhiodh a chèile dà fhichead bliadhna a’ faireachdainn. “Tha thu ceart, Mam,” arsa mi fhèin. Sin uile a bh’ annam, sin uile a b’ urrainn dhomh canail rithe. Dè eile a bha ri ràdh? Bha mise air m’ athair-sa a chall ach bha beatha ùr agam fhèin agus aig Donna ri àrach a-nis. Bha bàs m’ athar air a bhith cràiteach gu dearbh, gu h-àraid aig àm nuair a bha iomadh seòrsa faireachdainn air am fighe an lùib a chèile ach bha dleasanasan ùra agam airson mo shlaodadh-sa tron phian. Bha ise na h-aonar a-nis, a ceathrar chloinne air tìr-mòr no thall thairis, a duine air bàsachadh is i air a cuairteachadh le croitean bàna is taighean-samhradh, cuimhneachain is coigrich.

Bha mo phàrantan cho diofraichte nan cuid ùidhean is chreideamhan. Bha m’ athair na chomhairliche agus na èildear is rachadh e air a h-uile comataidh is buidheann a bha a’ dol. Bha cliù aige agus urram ga shealltainn dha sa choimhearsnachd, cha b’ ann air sàillibh a chuid dhleasanasan ach air sgàth mar a bhiodh e ga ghiùlan fhèin. Thigeadh daoine thuige airson a chuid comhairle. B’ esan an aon duine air na buidhnean sin a bhuineadh don àite. Bha e mar cheangal do na làithean a dh’aom. ‘S e fear dìreach a bh’ann on taobh a-muigh, caran gruamach na choltas airson an fhìrinn innse ach bha a chridhe blàth agus nan robh eòlas agad air chitheadh tu gun lùbadh e riaghailtean is gun rachadh e an aghaidh ùghdarrais

sam bith airson cuideigin a bh’ ann an staing a chuideachadh.

B’ i mo mhàthair an croitear bho is cuimhne leamsa. B’ ise a rachadh a-mach don mhòintich a thrusadh nan caorach, b’ ise a spothadh nan uan, b’ ise a bheireadh tacsas do na bà-laoigh nuair a bhiodh iad a’ breith agus b’ ise a thiodhlaicadh iad nuair a gheibheadh iad bàs. Cha robh cothrom air, bhiodh m’ athair anns an oifis no ann an coinneamhan o mhoch gu dubh agus cò eile a dhèanadh an obair chroitearachd? Sheas i a-mach o bhoireannaich eile a’ bhaile air sgàth sin, ged a bha buntanas aice a shìn air ais na linntean mòra. Rachadh i don eaglais ceart gu leòr gach Sàbaid ach cha robh ùine aice airson nan coinneamhan ùrnaigh a bhiodh ann a h-uile oidhche. Bhiodh i air a h-uabhasachadh nan abradh tu a leithid ach bha mi a-riamh a’ smaoinichadh gum faca i an eaglais mar dhleasan, gun robh creideamh na bu shine aice, na bu nàdarra, na bu shaoire nach robh air a cheangal le ginealaichean is linntean de riaghailtean agus deas-ghnàthan.

Bhruidhneadh Mam gun sgur nan leiginn leatha, ach lean an tosd seo eadarainn air a’ fòn fad diogan fada a dh’fhairich annasach. ‘S iomadh uair a shuidheadh an dithis againn sa chidsin aca air ais san eilean nuair a thillinn as t-samhradh is sinn a’ ceartachadh cùisean mòra an t-saoghail fhad ‘s a chluinneamaid Dad a’ brunndail air ar cùlaibh ag easaontachadh, mar bu dual dha. Cha robh e na chleachdadh dhi a bhith cho sàmhach, trom-inntinneach.

Mu dheireadh thall bhris mi fhèin an sàmhach. “Ruairidh Ailean a bheir sinn air.” Bha Donna den aon bheachd ‘s a bha mi fhèin gun robh e cudromach gun cumadh sinn ainmean nan teaghaichean againn a’ dol agus chuir sinn romhainn nuair a fhuair sinn a-mach gur e gille a bhiodh againn gun cuireamaid ainmean m’ athar agus mo sheanar air.

“Tha sin snog,” fhreagair mo mhàthair gu sèimh. Cha tuirt i gu robh i toilichte air ar son. Airson an fhìrinn innse chan eil fhios agam an robh. “Chòrdadh sin ri Seanair.” Cha b’ urrainn dhi fiù ‘s Dad ainmeachadh. Bha i briste.

“Ok, Mam,” arsa mise agus blàths m’ anail-sa a’ measgachadh le toit an luchd-smocaidh. “Feumaidh mi a dhol a-steach a-rithist. Thoir an aire a-nis. Thig sinn a-null cho luath ‘s as urrainn dhuinn.”

Chuir mi dheth am fòn is air ais nam phòcaid. Leig na dorsan dealanach leam mo chùl a chur ri fuachd na maidne.

‘S e faireachdainn neònach a bh’ ann nuair a bh’ agam ri tilleadh do uàrd nan leanabhan, na màthraichean claoidhte, na h-athraichean moiteil, balùnaichean pinc is gorm, an t-àite sin làn sonais is dòchais an dèidh còmhradh stadach, pianail le boireannach is a saoghal air a thighinn gu crìch.

Cha robh Ruairidh Ailean ach bliadhna gu leth a dh’aois agus Donna dìreach air faighinn a-mach gun robh i trom leis an dàrna leanabh againn nuair a fhuair sinn fios gun do lorg nàbaidh mo mhàthair na suidhe na tosd anns a’ ghàrradh, ann an cathair m’ athar, a’ coimhead a-mach air an loch. Bha a cridhe air a briseadh aig a’ cheann-thall ach bha i còmhla ris a-rithist. Cumaidh a’ chuibhle oirre, a’ cur nan caran. Bidh bàs ann agus bidh breith ann. ■

Dà Chraoibh-chaorainn air Monadh Chamas Chros

Craobh-chaorainn lom
A dh’fhàg fichead geamhradh cam, lùbte
Crodh Dhonnchaidh
Ag ionaltradh mu na feannagan
A bha torrach uair
An dèidh saothair iomadh glùn
An cuid todhair, an cuid feamad
A bhris cnàmh agus spiorad
Air an giùlan on tràigh
Agus a-nis tha an t-sùil-chruthaich
Gan coimhead le sannt
A’ sùghadh uidh air n-uidh

Dh’fhàg mi spaid uair sa pholl-mhòna ud thall
Faisg air a’ chrodh
Ach chùim i a gleus
Dh’fhàg tìm craobh eile sa bhoglaich sìnte
Reòtht’ mar a thuit fad mìle bliadhna is còrr
Agus gheàrr mi tro fhàd a’ chaorain
Agus troimhe-se
Le gleus sìth-bheò.

Haiku

Earrach Baoghlach,
Currag air a’ mhachair -
Raon rocaid air faire.

Chaochail neach-dàimh.
Rùchdail mu Allt Dhuisdeil,
Uisg’ nan seachd sìan.

Caorann de dheirge
Nach fhacas o linn nan laoch:
Tha las na bilean.

Sultain Shlèiteach.
Làmhnan dubha làn sùgh,
Toradh driseach air a gnùis.

Lon-dubh is liath-truisg
Am boile a’ goid dhearcan:
Dh’fhalbh i an-dè.

Caorann seasgach air
Cnoc na Buaille Càrnaich -
Sannt air an rùda.

Dàin le Greg MacThòmais

Thill a’ chearc-choille -
Liath-reothadh mun bhruaich
Air a’ bhrat chrìon.

Sgread na cailliche
On bhad fèarna mun allt:
Bhèineas a’ brath falbh.

Bonn Cruinn Òr

An dèidh tilleadh às Èirinn thug mi m’ iomlaid às mo phòca
Am measg ìomhaighean dar ban-mhòrachd rìoghail
Bha bonn cruinn òr nach do thaitinn leis a’ chòrr
Buailte air dealbh na h-Eòrpa
An latha a chuir sinn cùl rithe
Air ceann thall a’ bhuintinn cruic nam filidh
A’ chlàrsach Èireannach dèante an Ceann Tìre
Samhlaidhean nan slighe eadar dà sheann tìr
Gach ceangal snìomhte nar fèithean nar ceòl
A dh’aindeoin cò theireadh e
Cha bhris inntinnean dùinte bannan buan

Gaelic Offcuts

MARY MONTGOMERY

Nàbaidhean

UNFORTUNATELY, I DON'T possess a copy of MacAlpine's Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary which Dwelly, under his listing for "nàbaidh" (plural "nàbaidhean") draws upon to state that *nàbaidh* is "a neighbour" in the *North*, and "a *North Highlander*" in the *West*".

I expect that the Western Isles might, at the time Mr MacAlpine was collating his Dictionary, have leaned towards the 'Western' meaning. But, then, the stretch of water known as the Minch might have had some socio-geographic bearing on the meaning of the term, if adopted in the Western Isles. Perhaps *nàbaidh* in the *North Highlander* sense was not a neighbour if a stretch of water like the Minch lay between you and the North Highlands!

Dwelly doesn't dwell (forgive the sense of pun) a great deal on the word "nàbaidh" – whilst in other instances he expands and expounds on meanings and examples and connotations, taking the trouble to provide much enlightenment, enjoyment, and sometimes even entertainment.

He does, however, provide a related, or derived, adjective: *nàbachail*; he indicates *nàbachas* (like *nàbaidh* itself) is in Number singular, and in masculine noun form. He gives the possessive of the noun, or genitive case, ending in *-ais*, and provides no plural for *nàbaidheachd*.

As well as 'neighbourhood', he offers up 'vicinity' and 'neighbourliness' as alternative translations. He states *nàbachd* is a provincial form of *nàbaidheachd* which is an indeclinable (meaning that the word doesn't change form in different grammatical tenses) feminine noun (where the adjective following, for example "mòr", would remain in that same "mòr" form for *nàbachd*, but would alter its leading consonant sound with feminine Noun *nàbaidheachd*, becoming "mhòr").

Again, the English forms for *nàbachd*, are the same as those given for *nàbaidheachd*: 'neighbourhood', 'vicinity', also 'neighbourliness'. One alternative he does give is the *-uidh* ending, in place of *-aidh*, which in my view is fairly inconsequential.

In our 'pre-Gaelic-exclusion' days, we had one very significant element in our immediate neighbourhood, our immediate vicinity: that was the local village school, so, naturally, it seemed to me, the children grew to look forward, and anticipate quite eagerly, the time when they would be able to attend the school, which happened to be not just in the vicinity of our home, but in close proximity to it.

Their father even built a safe access route for them to go to and from the school in order to avoid what we, as their parents, perceived as dangers on the busy main road, situated just outside our home.

Sadly, even despite the fact that Donald and John were not permitted to remain in Balallan School, in its role as a school, a place of education – which I naturally assumed my children would be entitled to receive – the building itself no longer functions as a school.

It may have other functions, I expect it does.

Mar sin, tha Sgoil Bhaile Ailein, sgoil na nàbaidheachd/an nàbachais, air a dhol à bith mar sgoil oideachaidh. Mar a tha sgoiltean iomadaidh baile eile feadh nan eileanan siar, agus air am beàrnan fhèin fhàgail gu tric, thairis air dìreach trusadh thogalaichean, anns gach nàbaidheachd dom buineadh iad aig aon àm.

Na mo bheachd sa, se call tha sin air gach nàbaidheachd, oir bha ciall is ceangal de sheòrsa shònraichte an cois brìgh, bith, is beatha sgoil, agus taigh-sgoile, ann am baile.

Co-dhiù, dh'fhalbh 's cha till.

Dè eile air am faodar suathadh a thoirt an cois cùisean nàbaidheachd?

Againne tha talla baile cuideachd – agus tha sin fhathast air a chumail a' dol.

Agus na togalaichean taighe a tha gun teagamh nam pàirt den nàbaidheachd.

Na nàbaidhean fhèin cuideachd – gu sònraichte an fheadhainn dhiubh aig a bheil an seòrsa suim do nàbaidheachd ('neighbourhood', if I may) agus nàbachas ('neighbourliness', if I may) a tha faisg, thaobh tuigse is ciall, eadhon ged a bhiodh beachdan, mar bhlasan cainnt is

eile aig amannan eadar-dhealaichte, agus fada, bho chèile.

Chleachd taighean-coinneimh a bhi san nàbaidheachd againn cuideachd – àiteachan don tigeadh sluagh a' bhaile còmhladh gu adhradh Dhè.

Dwelly's provides the same spelling as *Thomson* in "adhradh", but provides the alternative, "aoradh" also, and lists "Ag aoradh dha" as 'worshipping him' [sic]. Interestingly, he also lists "aoradh fèin-thoil" and gives English 'will-worship' as an equivalent, though I haven't yet been able to locate 'will-worship' in an English dictionary. Elsewhere, Dwelly lists "fèin-thoil" as a noun, singular, feminine, and provides 'arbitrament' as a translation, along with 'self-will' which he drew from Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary (of the region Mid Perthshire). MacAlpine's, I should have said, locates chiefly in Islay and neighbourhood.

Islay and neighbourhood.

Clearly, then, Islay's island status encompassed 'a neighbourhood'.

Perhaps the Western Isles might yet too.

Speech and Drama (1)

I CAN SCARCELY envisage a time when the full range of what Gaelic has to offer would be used in language arts, such as Speech and Drama.

Still, I guess there is no harm in exploring some, at least, of the less used possibilities which might be re-cycled for what has, in my view, become virtually an art form in its own right i.e. the language itself: a' Ghàidhlig i fèin mar eigse-cainnt, na fìor-ealain.

Gaelic absorbs features of other art forms, of course, as I mentioned, for instance, Speech and Drama.

Facets of Speech which have been defined and preserved in aspects of language no longer used in functional everyday life, but which are concerned with areas of human interchange and experience can still, in my view, be available to explore within a range of different disciplines e.g. etymologically, and in relation to etymology, literally, and in relation to literature, historically, and in relation to history; in terms of

evolving classical language status; in artistic application.

It was with the latter in mind, and in anticipation of drawing upon these in seeking to establish what I've suspected for some time – that Gaelic suffers no dearth of possibility as regards catering for alternative perceptions of ways of learning – that I compiled the following.

Tha grunnan mhodhan-cainnte san taghadh.

Mar eisimpleir:

bith-chainnt : babblement, senseless ill-timed prate
cainnt bhallsdach : burlesque
cainnt gun sgòd : language without affectation
cainnt sgaiteach : cutting language
cros-chainnt : antithesis
cùl-chainnt : backbiting, slandering
deagh-chainnt ; eloquence
dual-chainnt : dialect, branch of a language
fachainnt ; scoffing, derision, ridicule
sìth-chainnt : words of peace, peaceful language
tàir-chaint : reproachful speech

Tha grunnan shuidheachaidhean ann. Mar eisimpleir:

ais-innseadh : telling, rehearsing, repeating
aisneis : rehearsing, tattle, very exaggerated account of an incident
alla-ghlòir : gibberish, jargon
badhsгаireachd : nonsensical talking, blustering
bith-labhairt : perpetual talking
blagaireachd ; boasting
borbhan ; murmuring
faoin-chòmhradh : vain talk, babbling
cas-bhàrdachd : satire, invective
cron-seanchais : anachronism, error in words
daitheasg : eloquence, remonstrance
deas-labhairt : fluency of speech
duailbhearta : dialect
duibhearach : vernacular
dùrdan : murmuring
fad-labhairt : loquacity
taidheam : meaning, import
taisg-ghuthachd : mellowness of voice
taitheasg : repartee
tapag : blunder in speech, slip of the tongue

A grammatical mix consisting of some nouns, some present participles of verbs, also verbal nouns, and adjectives, refers to Speech and begins to suggest possible connections with Drama:

brìodal : language and manner of lovers
car shaclach : quibbling
coimheachas : sourness of disposition
coimheachas an teanga : the strangeness of their tongue
eallach : gregarious
ag earaileach : urging
faclach : wordy, full of words
sgeilmeil : tattling, impudently garrulous
sgeultach : female gossip
sgiorr-shaclach : using random expression, committing errors of speech
siubhlach : fluent
a' tagradh : pleading

Speech and Drama (2)

GAELIC PROVIDES A number of key words which lead one towards visual activity and stage drama.

Cleasaiche, or **dealbh-chluicheadair**, is familiar as stage player or actor, of course; **cuirmeair** less familiar as entertainer. **Cuirm** itself may be taken as entertainment.

Less used Drama-related terms are perhaps :

cidhis : mask, disguise
luchd-cidhis : masqueraders
cidhisearachd : masquerade

Play we know as **dealbh-chluich**, of course; **dàn-chluich** is a dramatic poem. Poet we know most commonly, I think as **bàrd**, but also **cliar**. The **Cliar Sheanachain** was a mythic bardic company which travelled around. **Cuanal**, however, is also a company, or a band of singers, or a choir.

The act of (im)personating is **a' taisealbhadh** and **taisealbh** is to personate or represent.

Basdalachd is showiness or gaiety, and **maise sgèimh an caoin-shruth** : the exquisite beauty of their fair forms.

Ròghalachd is a romantic disposition, **mèinn** an expression of countenance, **sgeilmear** a neatly-dressed person, whilst **bonnie** rather than graceful is **bòidheachd 's chan ann dàicheil**. Walking with a stately step would be **le ceum dàicheil**. However, of someone with a lady's gait, **tha gluasad mnà uaisle aice** would be said. Ruggedness of manner, on the other hand, would be **bodachas**.

Long-limbed striding would be **sith-fhad**, but walking unsteadily would be **coiseachd creubhach**. Exotic is **deòranta** and amorous is **deothasach**.

Cronadair is reprover, critic, one who finds fault and it may be accurate to suggest **"Is fheàrr an cumadair na 'n cronadair"** (the maker is better than the critic); it might also be true to say, 'premier-wise' **"is e do chliù do cheud alladh"** (the estimate of you goes according to the first report of you). Certainly, **chuir e sgriotal (sgriothail) dheth** : he spoke a

great many words with little substance to them, and **Cha tug mi taidheam as a chaint** (I did not comprehend his meaning) would be unfavourable judgements. With **deasachd** (aptitude), more positive in tone would be **'S ann is làidir a gheibhear thu** : you act surprisingly well, and better than **Tha e cho daoidh (daobhaidh) 's ged bu phàiste** : he is as difficult to coax as a child would be.

Whilst for a keen performer it might be said **Is e sgios a' chosnaich a bhith na thàmh** : it fatigues the good worker to be idle, the word **easaraich** might best suit the critic, referring to *the state of requiring much attendance and service without moving from your seat!*

A number of other states, or character insights, are conveyed as follows:

biorsadh : eager impatience
earbsadh : confiding, trusting
dalbachd : impudence, pertness, forwardness
làn-bheachdail : confident
làn-fhiosrach : fully assured or certain
sigianta : cheerful
sith-aigheach : peaceful, conciliatory

Agus mu dheireadh, trusadh fhaclan lùib coltas is gluasad a dh'fhaodte nochdadh an cois dràma is cleasaireachd:

ag aithneadh : commanding, ordering
briosg : start, leap, jerk or move suddenly
brùilligeachd : clumsiness, awkwardness of gait or movement
a' deasachadh : act of preparing or dressing
deas-ghluasad : proper gestures
dul-chaoin : wailing
easgaidheachd : nimbleness
gu faite : timidly
falbhan : moving about, easy walking
fannadh : fainting
meanbh-chrith : trembling from fear or cowardice
rolaiseach : slip-shod
rongach : lounging idly
ròpach : slovenly
sgàthadh : act of hurting or injuring
sgeunach : skittish, easily frightened
sgiab : start or move suddenly
gun sgiorrachd gun thubaist : without slip or mishap
sgrub : act in a niggardly manner
sgudachd : sweeping gait, nimble motion
siolp : dè tha thu a' siolpadh? what are you sneaking off with?
spailpeadh : strutting, act of strutting
stalcadh : stiffening

A thaobh nan cleasairean, bhithte an dòchas gum biodh iad ag iomairt an làmhnan a chèile (that they understand each other, that there is collusion between them) 's an dùil gun clodhaich (draw close together) iad fo shaothair a tha dealbh-inntinneach (ideal) agus air aon sgeul (united). ■

Mar Aon

MÀIRI NICGUMARAID

Mar aon neo 'n uile sgapte
 Nar leantainneachd nam buadh
 On thug ar leasachadh a rac
 Gun èireamaid nar stuadh

Bu dàn do dh'ionnsaigh teachdaire
 Chaidh feallsanachd nan nàmh
 On dh'fhidreadh dhaibh a bhuile neirt
 Leag rèisimeid na tàmh

Mar aon neo 'n uile sgapte
 Nar comhlaireachd gun dhìth
 On fhuair ar n-aideachadh a lèir
 Bu cheadaicht' bràth dhuinn sìth

Inuksuk 's Innunguaq

IAIN URCHARDAN

Sheas *Inuksuk*,
 mar fhianais dhuinne,
 cho cruaidh ri creag
 san fhuachd ghuineach.

Cairt-iùil cloiche
 a' comharrachadh càite;
 toiseach slighe,
 a' sònrachadh àite:

àite seilg,
 àite iasgaich,
 àite còmhnaidh,
 àite biadhaidh,

àite adhruidh,
 àite seòlaidh;
 is taigh-spadaidh
 charibou feòla.

Càrn nan daoine:
Inupiat is *Inuit*,
 Crìoch-àit' tro ùine
Yupik is *Kalaallit*.

Sheas *innunguaq*
 "an coltas duine"
 cho cruaidh ri creag
 san fhuachd ghuineach ...

Dà fhacal a bhuineas do thùsanaich Chanada a tuath:
 Inuksuk = comharra cloiche a tha dèanta de dhiofar chlachan.
 Innunguaq = fear dhiubh a tha na "dhuine mas fhior": le ceann, gàirdeanan is casan.

Sreath le Rody Gorman

Là Buidhe Bealltainn

Là Buidhe Bealltainn 's an t-sòbhrag a' fàs
anns a' bhruaich air Bruach Sheumais,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

on May day the primroses are wildernessgrowing in the bank at Bruach Sheumais whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

Là Fèill Brìghde 's a' ghealag-làir a' fàs
air a' Chruard san t-sneachda fo mo chois,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

on the first day of spring the snowdrops are wildernessgrowing in Cruard in the snow beneath my feet whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

Ius an aisig air ais a' fàs
madainn as t-earrach air a' Chreig Ghlais,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

daffodils wildernessgrowing a morning in spring on the rock at Creag Ghlas whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

creamh-na-muice-fiadhaich a' fàs
air feadh an làir an Tobhta Sheumais,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

wild garlic wildernessgrowing on the centreground in the ruins of Tobhta Sheumais whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

och, bròg-na-cuthaig' a' dol bàs
air a' Chruard ach nach tig i air ais,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às?

och bluebells dying in Cruard but won't they come back whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not?

na neòineanan air a' Chruard a' fàs
mas mall mu dheireadh thall 's a-bhos,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

the common daisies in Cruard wildernessgrowing however late at long last whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

tonn-a'-chladaich shìos bhuam a' fàs
air mo shiubhal dhomh 'n Òb Chamas Chros,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

sea pink down there wildernessgrowing as I deathseekwalk in Camuscross Bay whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

an t-seileastair-bhuidhe bhuam a' fàs,
an cois na Clachaig Chlachaig ann am fras,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

the yellow iris wildernessgrowing legbeside the shore at Clachaig in a drizzle whther there's a Scotland or Great Britain, or not

an raineach-ruadh a' cinntinn 's a' dol bàs
air a' Chruard taobh ris a' chlais,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

the bracken growing and dying in Cruard beside the ditch whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

anns a' bhruaich an luachair-bhog a' fàs
agus Allt Tarsainn a' ruith seachad gu bras,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

on the bank the common rush wildernessgrows and the burn of Allt Tarsainn flows on past fast whether there's a Scotland and Great Britain or not

an claisean an Camas Chros, othaisg an sàs –
thig i às no thèid i bàs,
Alba 's a' Bhreatann Mhòr ann no às

in a wee draingutterfurrowditch in Camuscross a simpletoneweteg distress-stuckfast – she'll come out of or she'll die whether there's a Scotland or a Great Britain or not

Paddy Bushe A' fuireach ann an Ciarraighe. Na bhall de Aos Dána.

Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul À Uibhist a Deas. An sàs ann an iomadh seòrsa sgrìobhaidh.

Liam Alastair Crowe A' fuireach ann an Uibhist a Deas. An sàs ann an iris *Dána*.

Dàibhidh Eyre À Siorrachd Lannraig a Tuath. Bàrd na Fèise aig Fèis Stanza am-bliadhna. Nobhail *Glainne*.

Coinneach Lindsay A' fuireach ann an Slèite. Cleasaiche. Nobhail *A' Choille Fhiadhaich* 2017.

Rugadh is thogadh **Caoimhin MacNèill** ann an Leòdhas.

Tha e na òraidiche aig Oilthigh Shruighlea. Tha e air bàrdachd, nobhailean, dealbhan-cluiche agus fiolmaichean a sgrìobhadh. Am measg nan leabhraichean aige tha 'The Brilliant & Forever' agus 'The Diary of Archie the Alpaca'.

Greg MacThòmais A' fuireach ann an Slèite. Fhuair e Duais bho Urras Leabhraichean na

h-Alba bliadhna no dhà air ais. Stuth leis ann an *Cabhsair*, *Gutter* agus an leithid.

Màiri Nic Gumaraid / Mary Montgomery Às na Lochan. Cruinneachaidhean leithid *Eadar Mi 's a' Bhreug*.

Iain Urchardan Às na Hearadh. Thug e a-mach nobhail *Breab Breab Breab* ann an 2017.