

The Land League

The Geological Survey in Ireland

Hard to keep one history from another,
but he kept his head low, used simple tools:
notebook and pencil and a good pair of boots,
and a lunch prepared in the boarding house
if the landlady was willing, which they
usually were, this being official scientific business.

Today, day three at the Gweebarra Fault.
Moorlands; heather and moss; bold naked
granite bursting through. He took the path
along the widening lake to Glenbeagh,
learned from Mrs Adair about the last red
deer to leave Co. Donegal, not long back.

'Did you learn,' they'd ask him later in the pub,
'about Mr Adair, forcing out them families,
most now dead.' Hard to counter their talk
of agitation and freedom with limestone,
to explain how a glacier rolled down
this valley, flexured and folded the land.

Michael McKimm

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