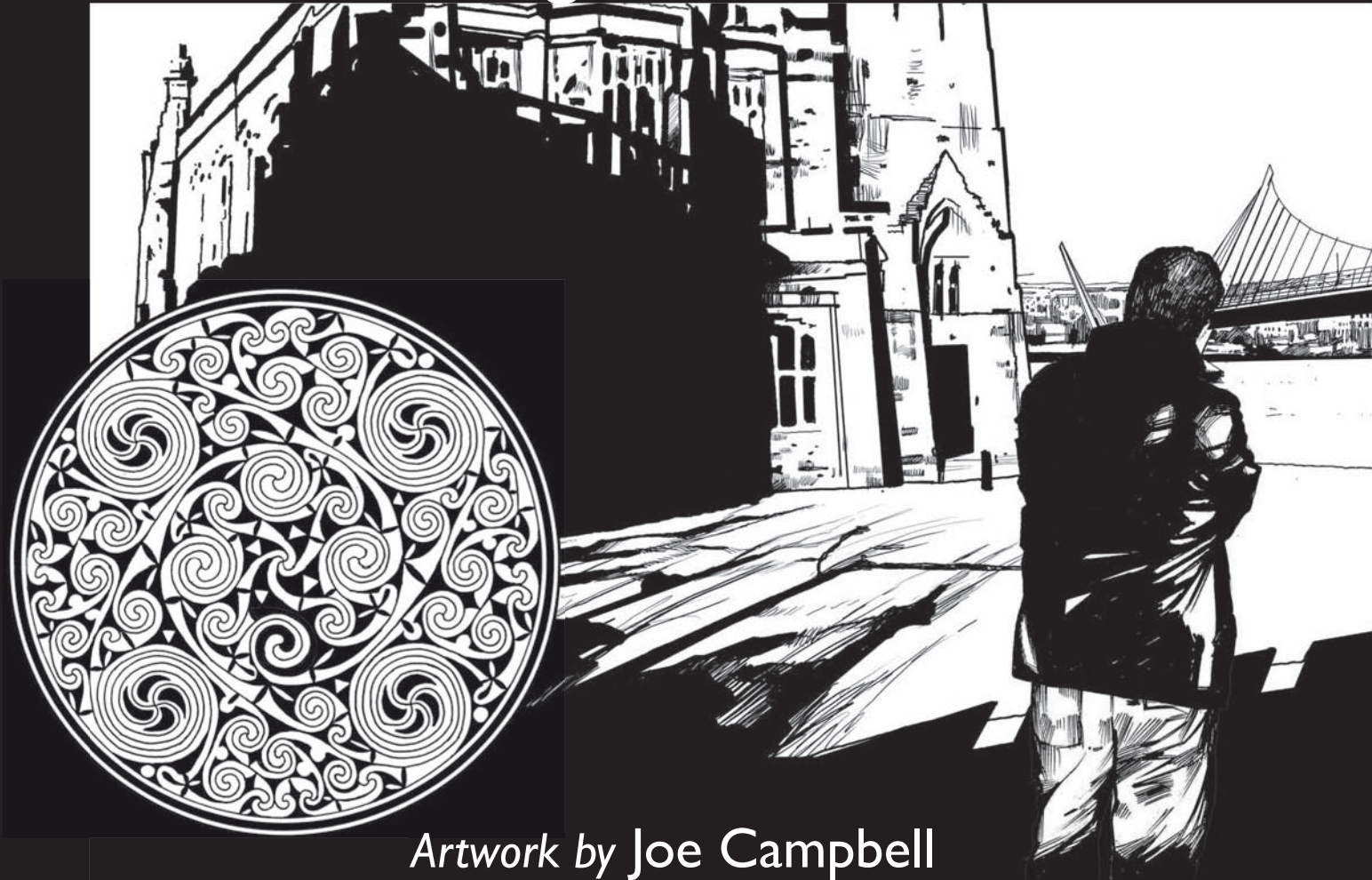


The Third Bridge *and other poems* Sam Burnside



Artwork by Joe Campbell



The Third Bridge *and other poems* by Sam Burnside

The Third Bridge	6
The City of Derry A Love Song	18
Amalgam	42
Champagne and Clods	45
On Having Made No Difference	46
The City of Derry, Part 2	48
Glossary	

Artwork by Joe Campbell



The Third Bridge¹

I

It is the day before Christmas.
Here I stand outside the city walls.
Waiting.
Looking. Listening.
Escaping.

There was a time,
people had leisure to tell fairy
stories²,
jim-jammed after nightfall, here
in this old ghost town
convulsed with dry
bleached bones, rattling.

Before me,
a bridge between two worlds. A ring, a ring o'
stone:³
round and round the city walls⁴
trots the Teddy bear.

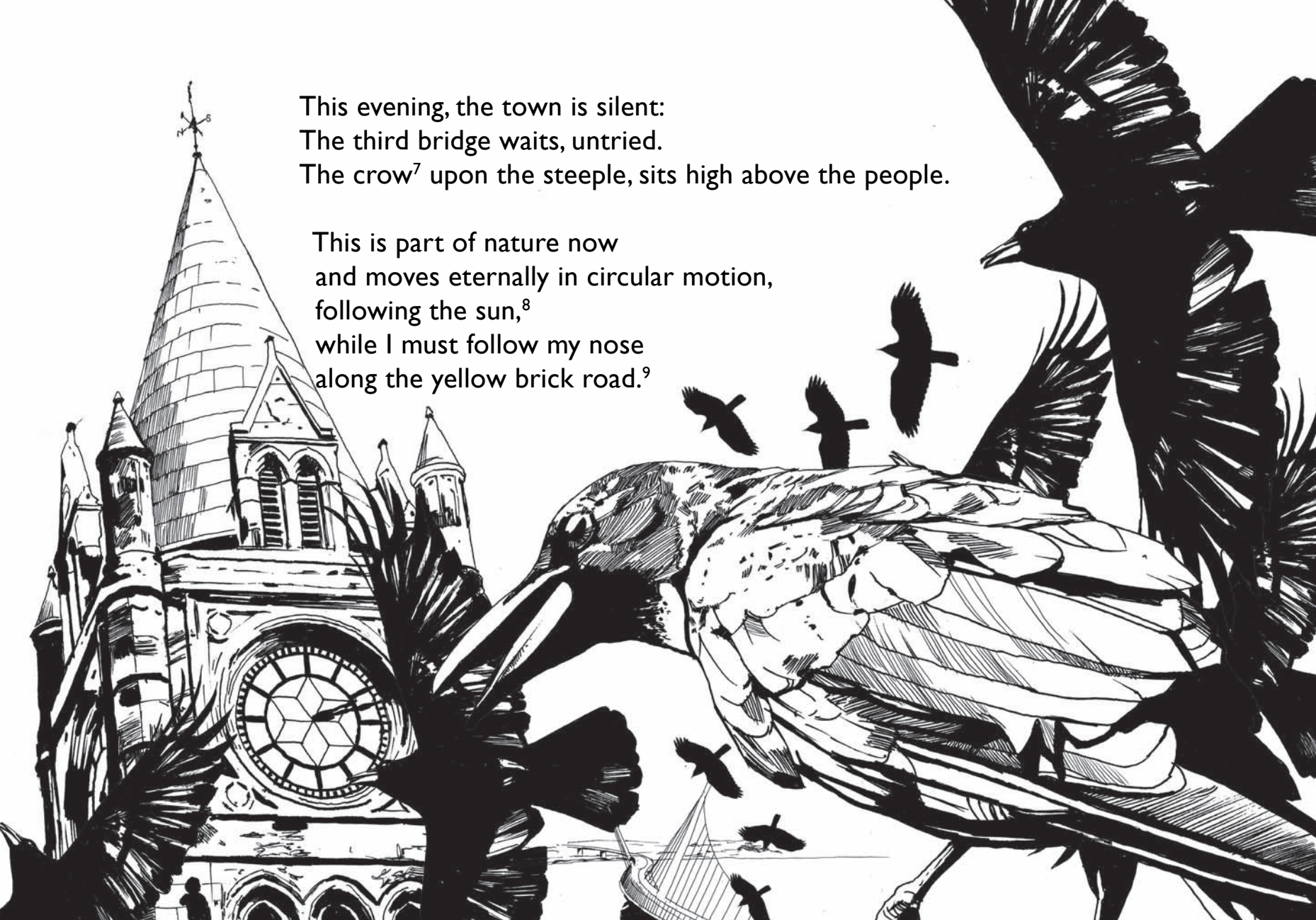
Or, perhaps,
round about there,
went a little hare.⁵

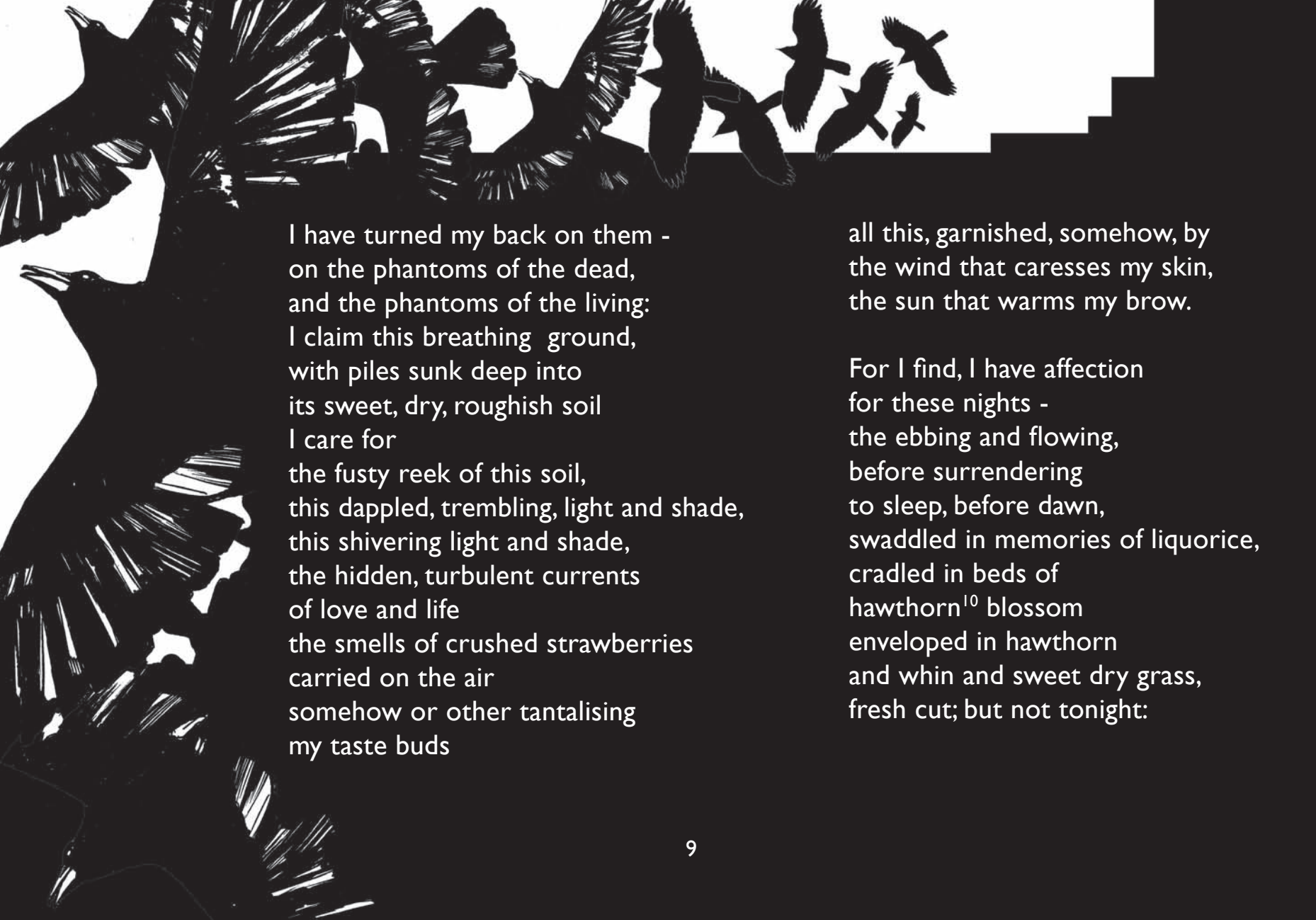
While,
bang, bang, bang, bang goes the bad man's gun
run, hare; run, hare; run, hare; run, run, run.⁶



This evening, the town is silent:
The third bridge waits, untried.
The crow⁷ upon the steeple, sits high above the people.

This is part of nature now
and moves eternally in circular motion,
following the sun,⁸
while I must follow my nose
along the yellow brick road.⁹





I have turned my back on them -
on the phantoms of the dead,
and the phantoms of the living:
I claim this breathing ground,
with piles sunk deep into
its sweet, dry, roughish soil
I care for
the fusty reek of this soil,
this dappled, trembling, light and shade,
this shivering light and shade,
the hidden, turbulent currents
of love and life
the smells of crushed strawberries
carried on the air
somehow or other tantalising
my taste buds

all this, garnished, somehow, by
the wind that caresses my skin,
the sun that warms my brow.

For I find, I have affection
for these nights -
the ebbing and flowing,
before surrendering
to sleep, before dawn,
swaddled in memories of liquorice,
cradled in beds of
hawthorn¹⁰ blossom
enveloped in hawthorn
and whin and sweet dry grass,
fresh cut; but not tonight:



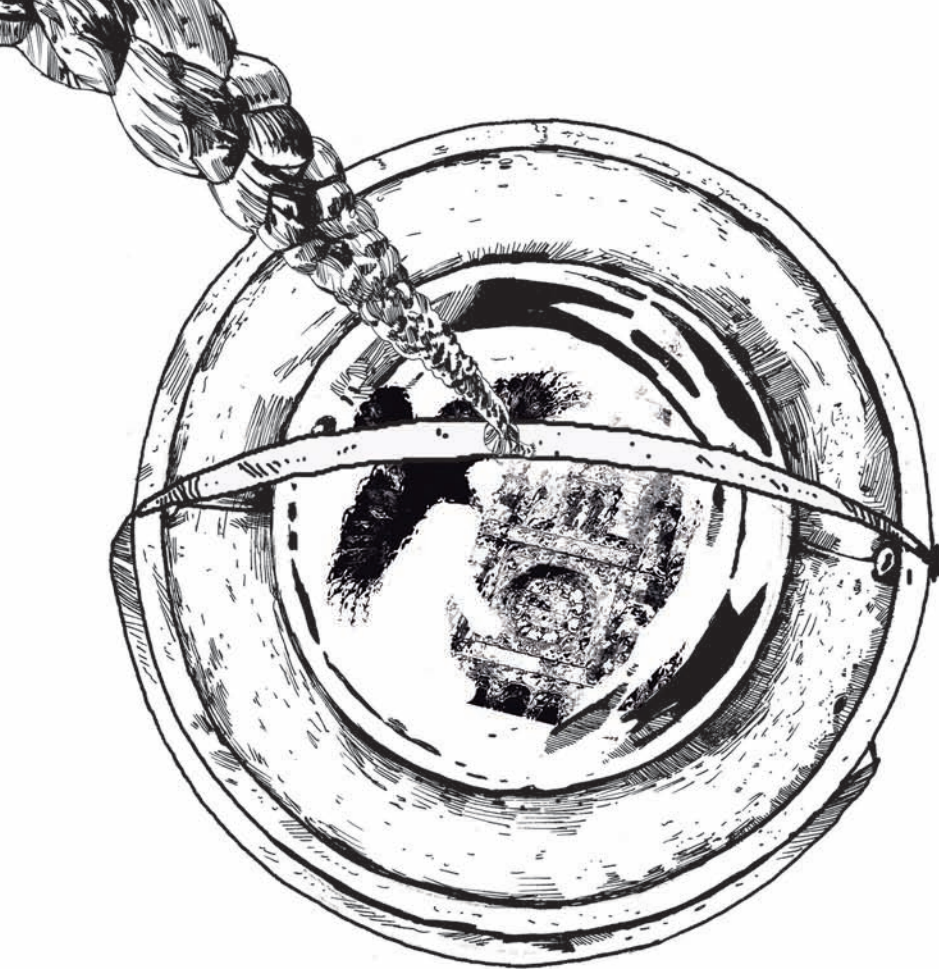
tonight
I stand again on the cusp
of another burgeoning season,
serpentine¹¹ tension
running under my feet;
above me, ready sails are
poised;
beneath me, what so lately
was a stranger's flinty road¹²
lies Foyle, tonight
soft as a kitten
lapping at sweet milk.¹³





Outside the world of men, between sea-lane and air-lane,
where exile and trespasser meet and grey ghost ships float
I rest on this aspiration this union of forearm locked to forearm;¹⁴
above me, great wings rise; on this backbone,¹⁵ I stand, listening to
such a communion of birdsong as would melt hearts of stone.

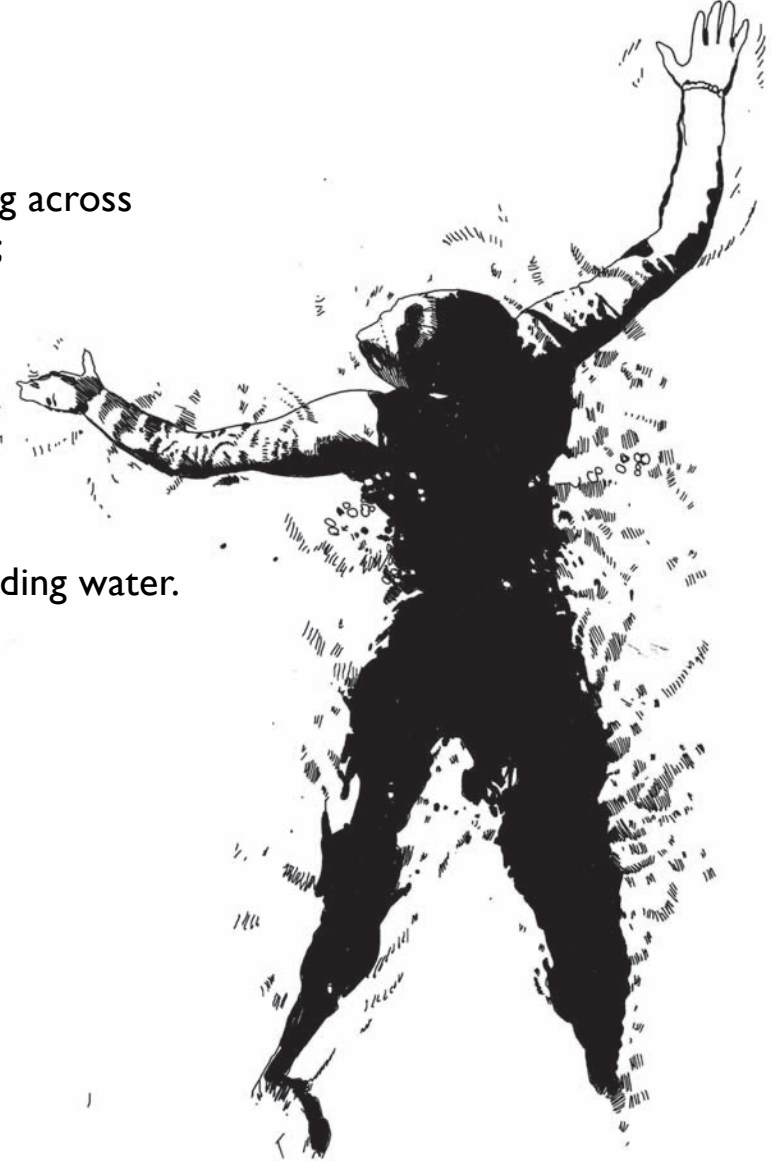


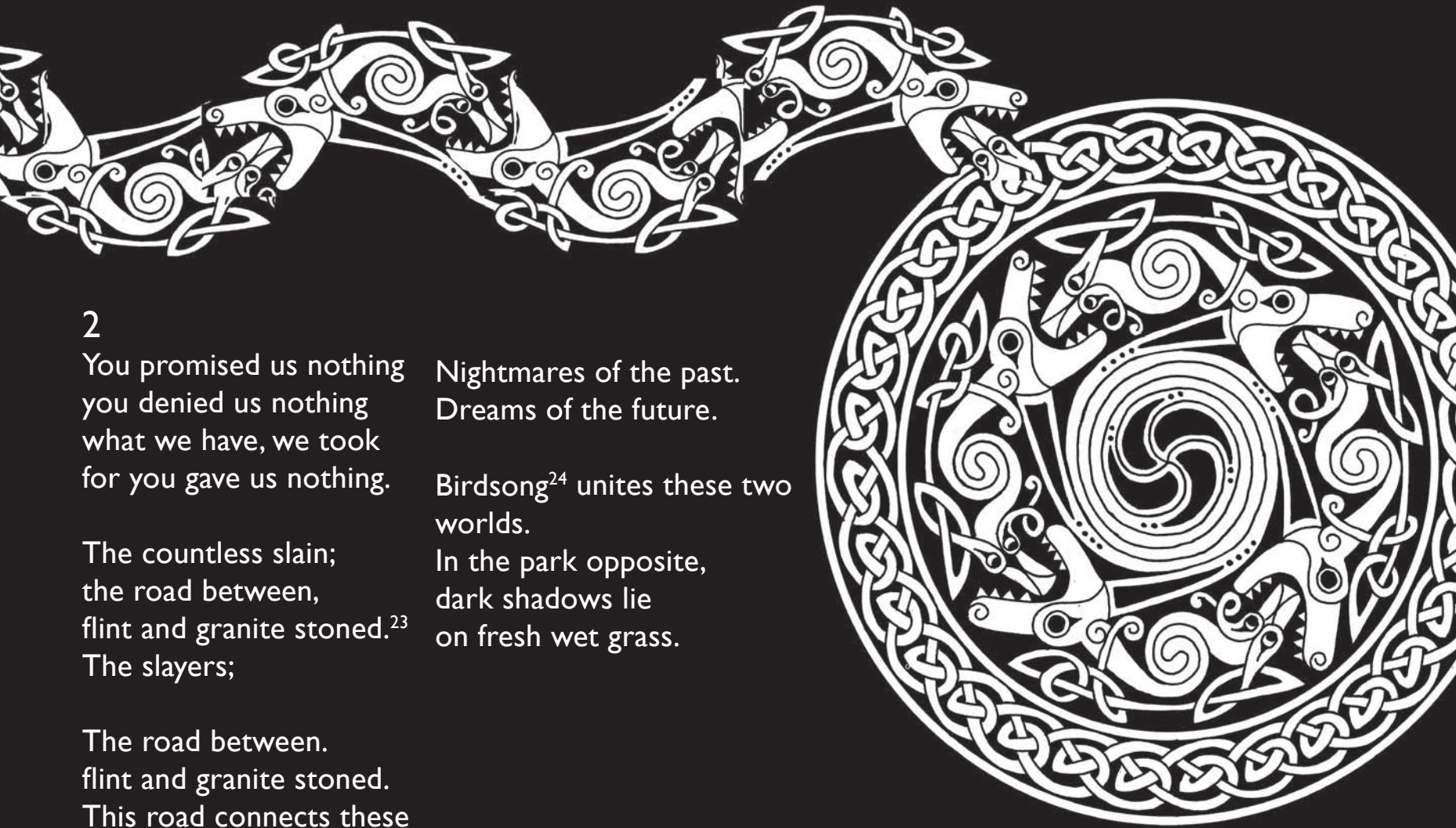


By way of
this bridge¹⁶
this alchemy of nuts and
bolts
and edgy belief;
I hope, some day,
to cross the roughcast
water¹⁷
from west to east,
then to re-cross
from east to west;
here
on this high hard way
I stop
I look
through geometric tracery
into the mysterious
I lower my bucket,¹⁸
this creel of dreams,
I catch up its fill of water

I hear water splashing
my leaking vessel
I look to the water's surface
through the warp and weft¹⁹
of dreams²⁰
there
I see that bird
on the Guildhall clock tower
below
I see a girl²¹
slender and trim
naked and slim;
I raise her up,
out of that watery domain,
Foyle drenched,
water straining
through such hair:
such golden threads,

streaming droplets;
so many pearls spilling across
coral and ivory fields;
her mud-kissed feet;
shedding the jewels
that adorn
her parchment skin.²²
I fear her otherness.
Her reflection bends,
buckling away on bending water.





2

You promised us nothing
you denied us nothing
what we have, we took
for you gave us nothing.

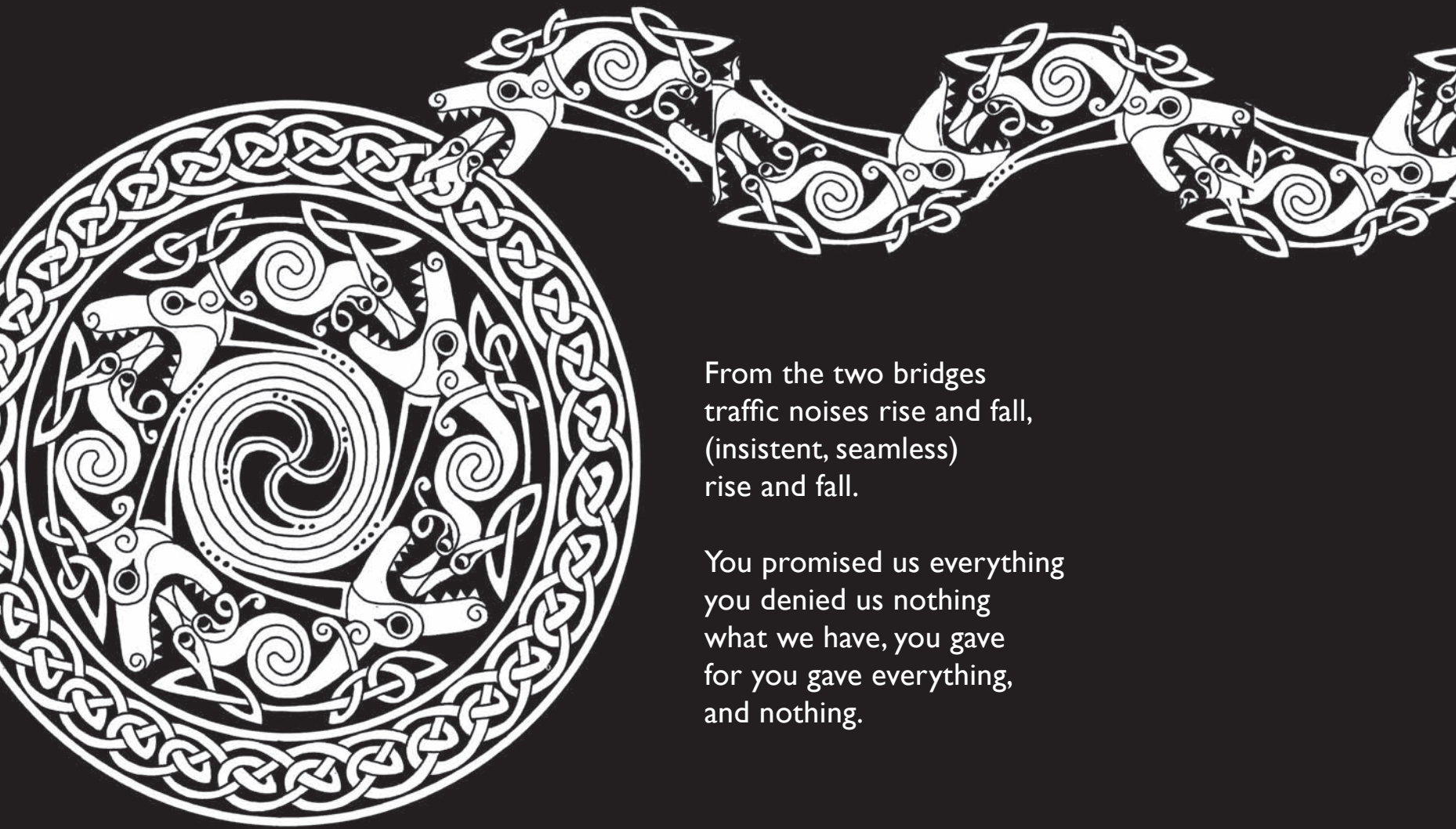
The countless slain;
the road between,
flint and granite stoned.²³
The slayers;

The road between.
flint and granite stoned.
This road connects these
two:

Nightmares of the past.
Dreams of the future.

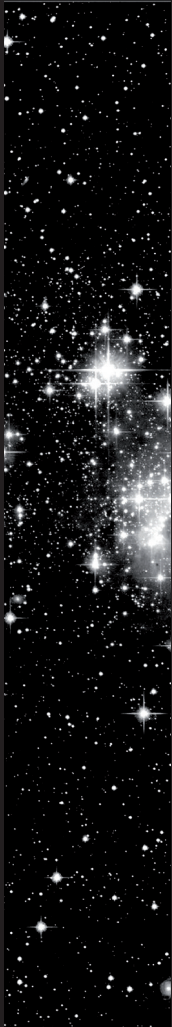
Birdsong²⁴ unites these two
worlds.

In the park opposite,
dark shadows lie
on fresh wet grass.



From the two bridges
traffic noises rise and fall,
(insistent, seamless)
rise and fall.

You promised us everything
you denied us nothing
what we have, you gave
for you gave everything,
and nothing.



3

Enabled,

now I stand outside the flux; now I step this arch, this enchanted bow of steel
and concrete, this covenant of honour, this inverted cradle, while below the threads
of hidden currents and undercurrents flow swiftly through their dark, secretive domain.

And so,

far, far away and yet so near,

another star bursts and dies:²⁵

yesterday and today and tomorrow,

the heavens turn over, ease themselves

groaning a little in their cosmic womb,

in that harbour of possibilities,

and so, there:

there my brothers are born;

there my sisters are born

their dust is already in my eye

and in my ear

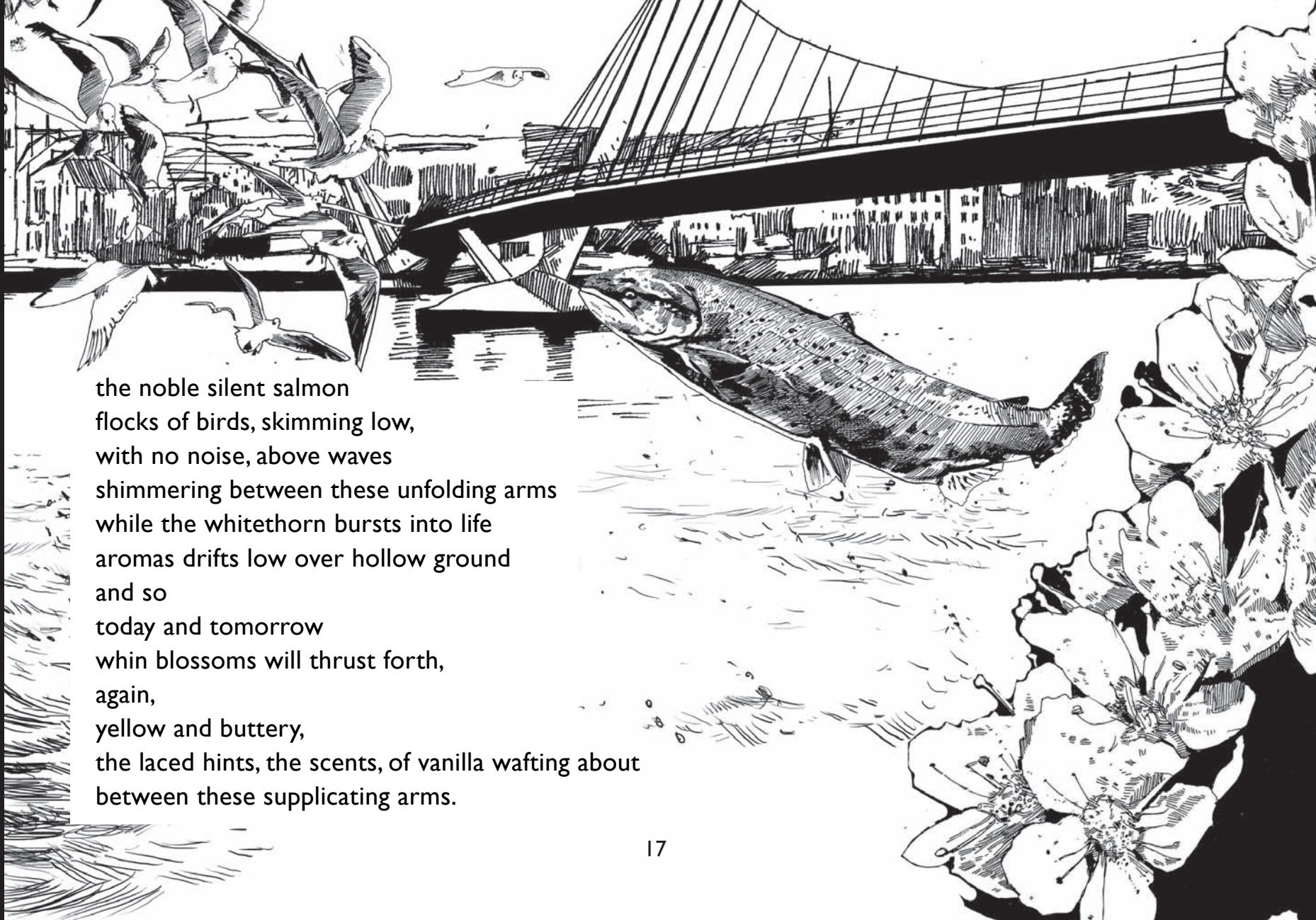
and mine in theirs,

while,

here, now,

the sleekit brown river trout and the swift sea trout, slippery, and





the noble silent salmon
flocks of birds, skimming low,
with no noise, above waves
shimmering between these unfolding arms
while the whitethorn bursts into life
aromas drifts low over hollow ground
and so
today and tomorrow
whin blossoms will thrust forth,
again,
yellow and buttery,
the laced hints, the scents, of vanilla wafting about
between these supplicating arms.

The background of the page is a solid black silhouette of a city skyline. On the right side, two prominent clock towers are visible, each with a circular clock face. The rest of the skyline consists of various building shapes and spires. The text is overlaid on this background.

The City of Derry A Love Song


Seeking you out, I walked through the streets of Derry city and the wind in my face was the wind that blew here before the birth of Christ. The walls were puzzling the wind's progress and it followed me, for guidance, to New Gate, where it left my side. I last saw it flinging cloud shadows across the waters of the Foyle.

*Behind its glass face,
The Guildhall clock
Goes, tick-tock, tick-tock.*

I met a man on Palace Street and again on Society Street and again in Free School Lane. He was without tongue. He had eyes of silvered glass. He hurried on and did not give me a glance, for which I was grateful.

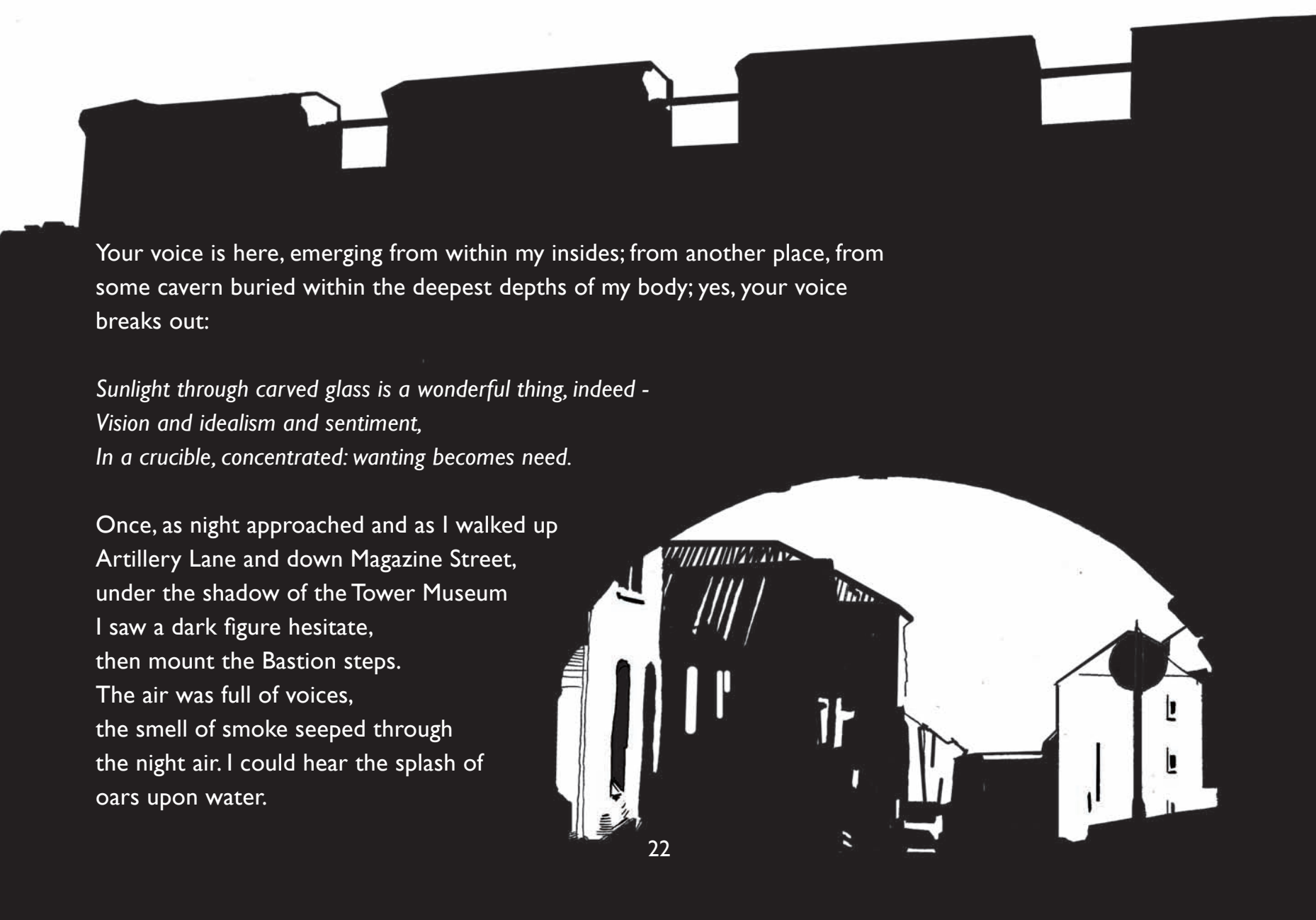






Your words had taken root, they bloomed in my mind:
*We live in such a world, in such an age of optics and of mirrored swords.
Behind the City walls you may stumble upon Alice,
Or the White Rabbit, using dangerous, seditious words.*

It was Saturday morning and the town was full of shoppers. They were happy, busily playing their part, filling the market's insatiable, open-jawed mouth. The Richmond Centre spewed a crop of white plastic bags, stuffed with weekend messages; yet, they appeared to be upholding people, the upright, decent people. In the Diamond, Bishop Berkeley stood on a soapbox preaching mentality. Nobody paid him the slightest bit of heed and I saw a pigeon fly through his hat before his head dissolved away, his words buried beneath the sounds of an approaching marching band.



Your voice is here, emerging from within my insides; from another place, from some cavern buried within the deepest depths of my body; yes, your voice breaks out:

*Sunlight through carved glass is a wonderful thing, indeed -
Vision and idealism and sentiment,
In a crucible, concentrated: wanting becomes need.*

Once, as night approached and as I walked up
Artillery Lane and down Magazine Street,
under the shadow of the Tower Museum
I saw a dark figure hesitate,
then mount the Bastion steps.
The air was full of voices,
the smell of smoke seeped through
the night air. I could hear the splash of
oars upon water.

I could hear the creaking of old, wet wood splashing against water. And then the lull was broken by one cry, and then a bugle call, and then the roar of a gun, unfamiliar to my ear, heavy and slow, and I could see on the walls, against the night sky, little flashes of gunpowder and the cartoon outline of a cannon as it danced to the stinging baton of a lighted rush.

You are speaking:

We live in a mathematical age,

An age of tit-tat, tit-tat:

This is no place for passion or rage.

Yes

There is among us one

Whose skin was tanned under moonlight

Who does not know a starling's eggs are blue


Whose two-chambered heart is both red and black

Who has the use of two voices:

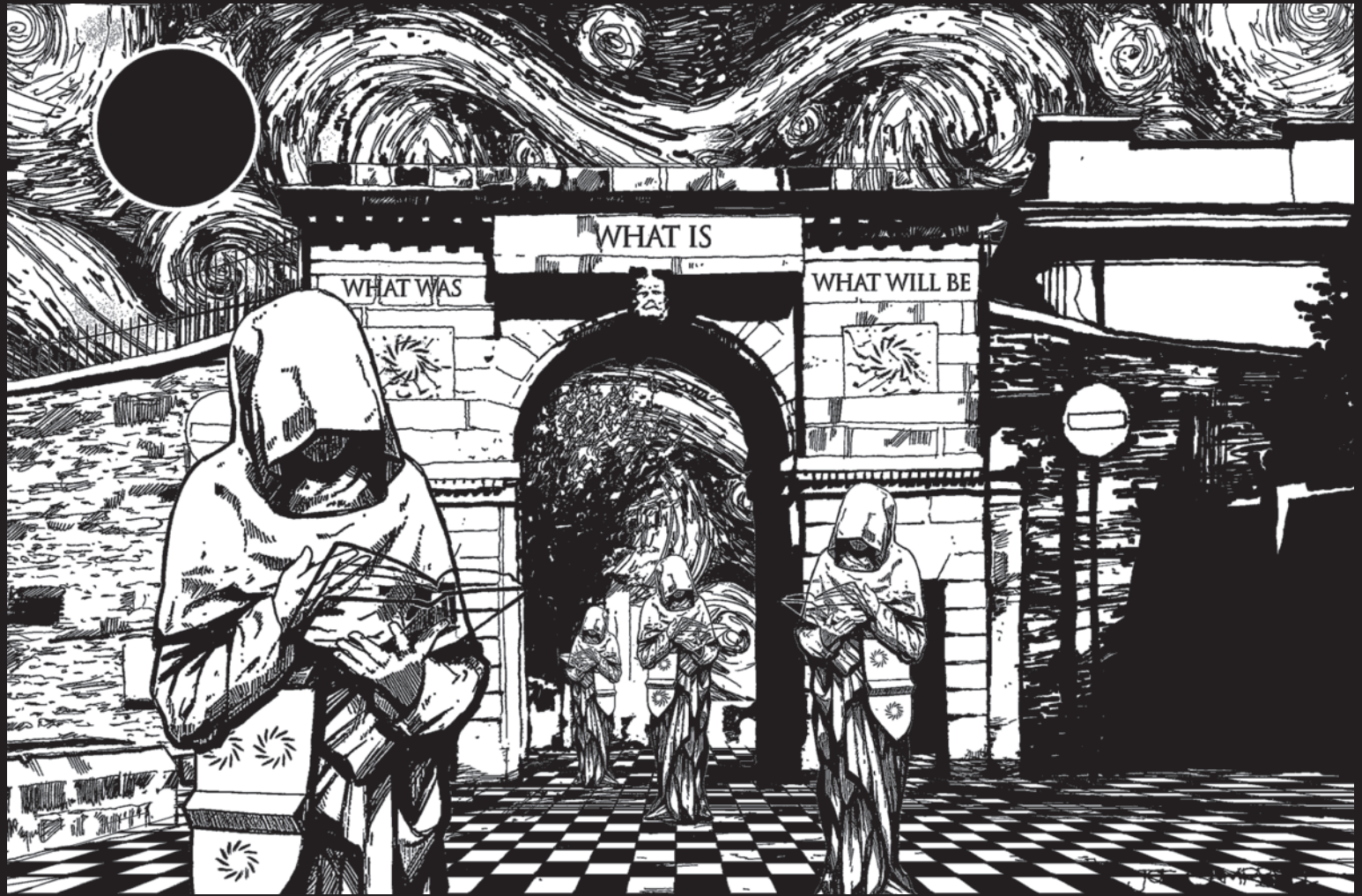
We can only lip-read and guess at,

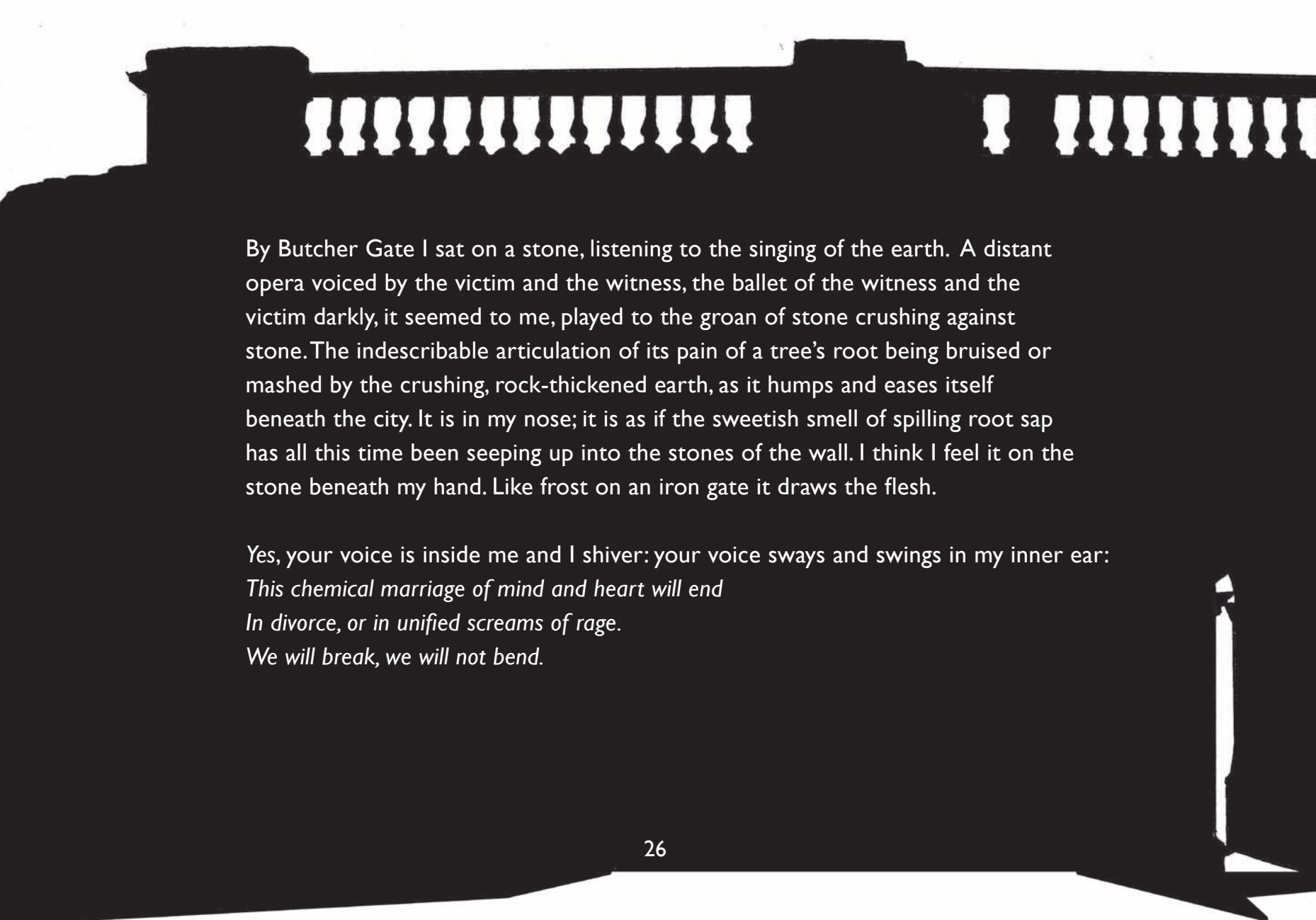
What is being spoken.



The image features a white background with black silhouettes of buildings. On the left, there is a tall, multi-tiered structure resembling a pagoda or a temple tower. To its right, there are several other buildings of varying heights and shapes, including a prominent one with a wide, flat roof. The silhouettes are solid black and create a stark contrast against the white background.

And another one there is among us
Who carries a glass book
It is his whole estate and
He reads from it continually;
In it, he can see clearly what is
And what was, not what might be, or could be.
All set allotments, apportionments, meedings and quotas
Are cast there, meanings in beauty-rationed etchings netted.
It is a thing he will be not without; it goes where he goes
It is his only guide.





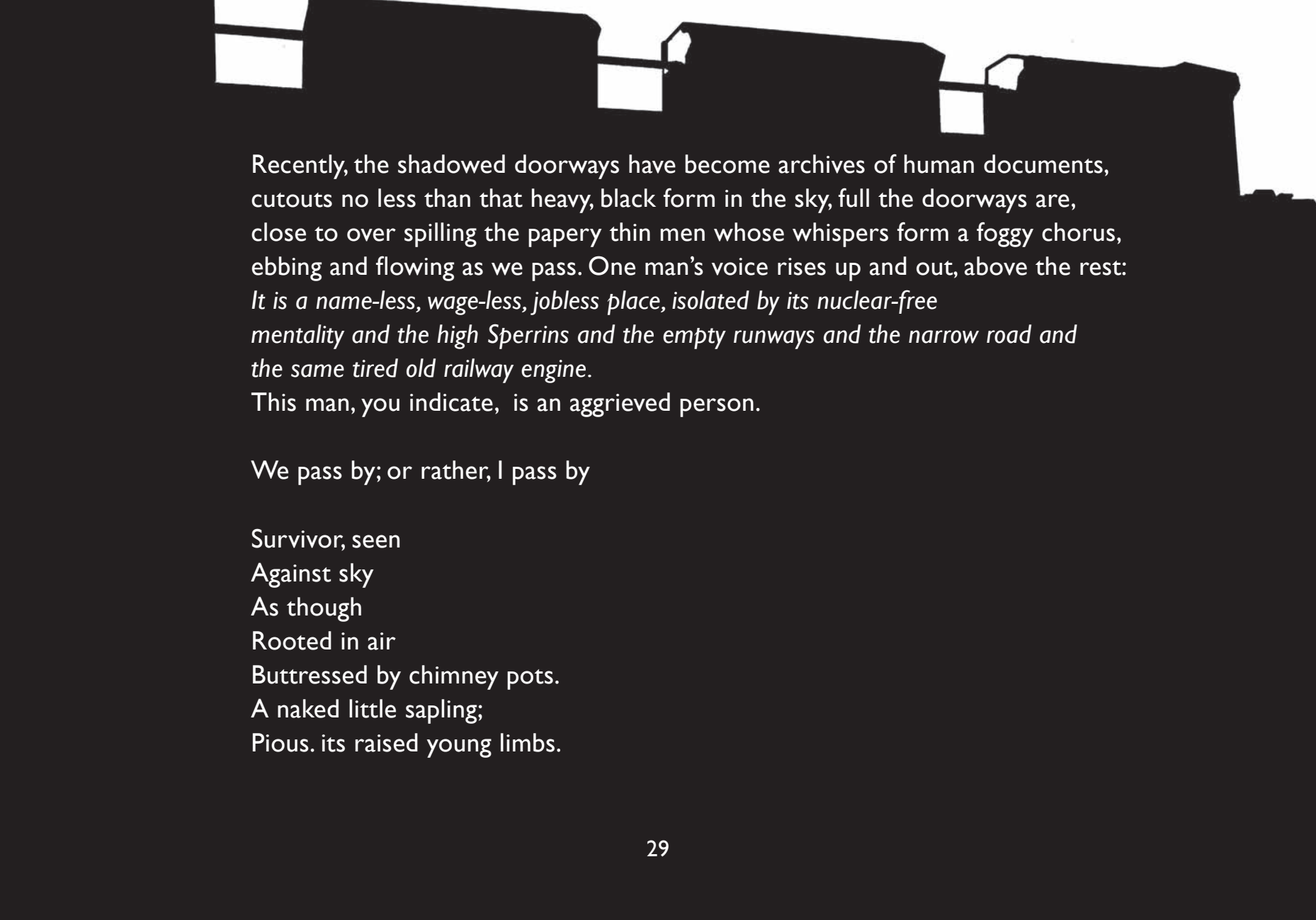
By Butcher Gate I sat on a stone, listening to the singing of the earth. A distant opera voiced by the victim and the witness, the ballet of the witness and the victim darkly, it seemed to me, played to the groan of stone crushing against stone. The indescribable articulation of its pain of a tree's root being bruised or mashed by the crushing, rock-thickened earth, as it humps and eases itself beneath the city. It is in my nose; it is as if the sweetish smell of spilling root sap has all this time been seeping up into the stones of the wall. I think I feel it on the stone beneath my hand. Like frost on an iron gate it draws the flesh.

Yes, your voice is inside me and I shiver: your voice sways and swings in my inner ear:
This chemical marriage of mind and heart will end
In divorce, or in unified screams of rage.
We will break, we will not bend.



It was the darkest of nights, with the largest of moons. As I recall it, you and I walked quickly, for it was cold. The odd echoing drone of a single aircraft filled the sky. I remember how we raised our eyes skywards; we watched its cardboard cutout form progress as, so slowly, it crossed the moon's face. I can see it now. Its elongated shadow creeps across Guildhall Square, slides on the water's surface and makes its bumpy way over the vacant railway tracks; on, on, on it proceeds to where an airdrome lies, beyond the new bridge, in a sea of tumbled houses, waiting, hopefully, in darkness for sunrise.



The background of the page features a dark silhouette of an industrial facility, possibly a power plant or refinery, with several large rectangular buildings and a network of pipes or walkways. The sky is a stark, bright white, creating a high-contrast scene. The text is overlaid on the lower portion of this image.

Recently, the shadowed doorways have become archives of human documents,
cutouts no less than that heavy, black form in the sky, full the doorways are,
close to over spilling the papery thin men whose whispers form a foggy chorus,
ebbing and flowing as we pass. One man's voice rises up and out, above the rest:
*It is a name-less, wage-less, jobless place, isolated by its nuclear-free
mentality and the high Sperrins and the empty runways and the narrow road and
the same tired old railway engine.*

This man, you indicate, is an aggrieved person.

We pass by; or rather, I pass by

Survivor, seen
Against sky
As though
Rooted in air
Buttressed by chimney pots.
A naked little sapling;
Pious. its raised young limbs.



On Castle Street the evening is thick with brown and deferential Mechanics' voices, like dusty, aged velvet their murmuring voices rest on the evening air, the Institute's windows being thrown wide open; and thence to the town square where dried leaves, like so many gold and bronze bodies cast like pepper on the air, like so many souls cruelly and carelessly defenestrated by a higher authority, drift endlessly earthwards.

On the corner of Pump Street and London Street two men stand, back to back.
They converse, but with difficulty, awkwardly, each mouthing over his shoulder to the other.

No, I feel nervous. No...I am jittery. Yes... that is it. I feel jittery. Why? Any reason or reasons? / Oh yes, a few. / Name one, or perhaps more. / Global warming, for one. The global economy, for another. And there is no money in my pocket. And even if I had a quid, food is not cheap. / Why? The fields are empty. The factories are even emptier! / Yes, indeed, but let us return to the land. / Yes...or...no, the fields are not empty: they are full of willow trees. The back-alley workshops and the pork stores are empty. Listen, to me! There are no chickens or cabbages in the back gardens. Even the Brock Man is long-gone and even if he were here, there are no pigs left to eat what he had to offer. / The global economy's tentacles reach even here; it is a fat bloated elephant whose long trunk sucks cash out and away, like magic it is. It is. Certainly, things have become more expensive. And less of them. / And the cost of petrol. The cost of living, indeed. / That too. / And the size of the rates. And water charges, coming, they say. I have heard that said.../ Aye, you're right enough, there's no living. / Ah well, while there's life there's hope...

I pass on. We pass on; you and I, we pass on. But...







I stop. I look up. You say,

Brave new world; the cutout aeroplane is long gone through the vacancy that was left after it was cut out must exist, somewhere. Must it? Must it not?

I fail to discover an answer.

I delay in London Street; I find myself peering down into this dark, dry wormhole, this puncture in time, this Siege Well. Behind its stone-lined sides I know there is a beautiful, mind-less science at work, I know how its richly diverse microbial society is busy engineering the earth's earthly life.

The bell tower; the choir room; the siege mound; your voice emerges lightly out of darkness, recalling me to the passing moment:

Rather, this may be it, it may be this:

*This is what art does; it may seek out new places to inhabit,
It may seek out and conquer emptiness.*



I ask:

By emptiness do you mean nothingness?

Silence.

I ask:

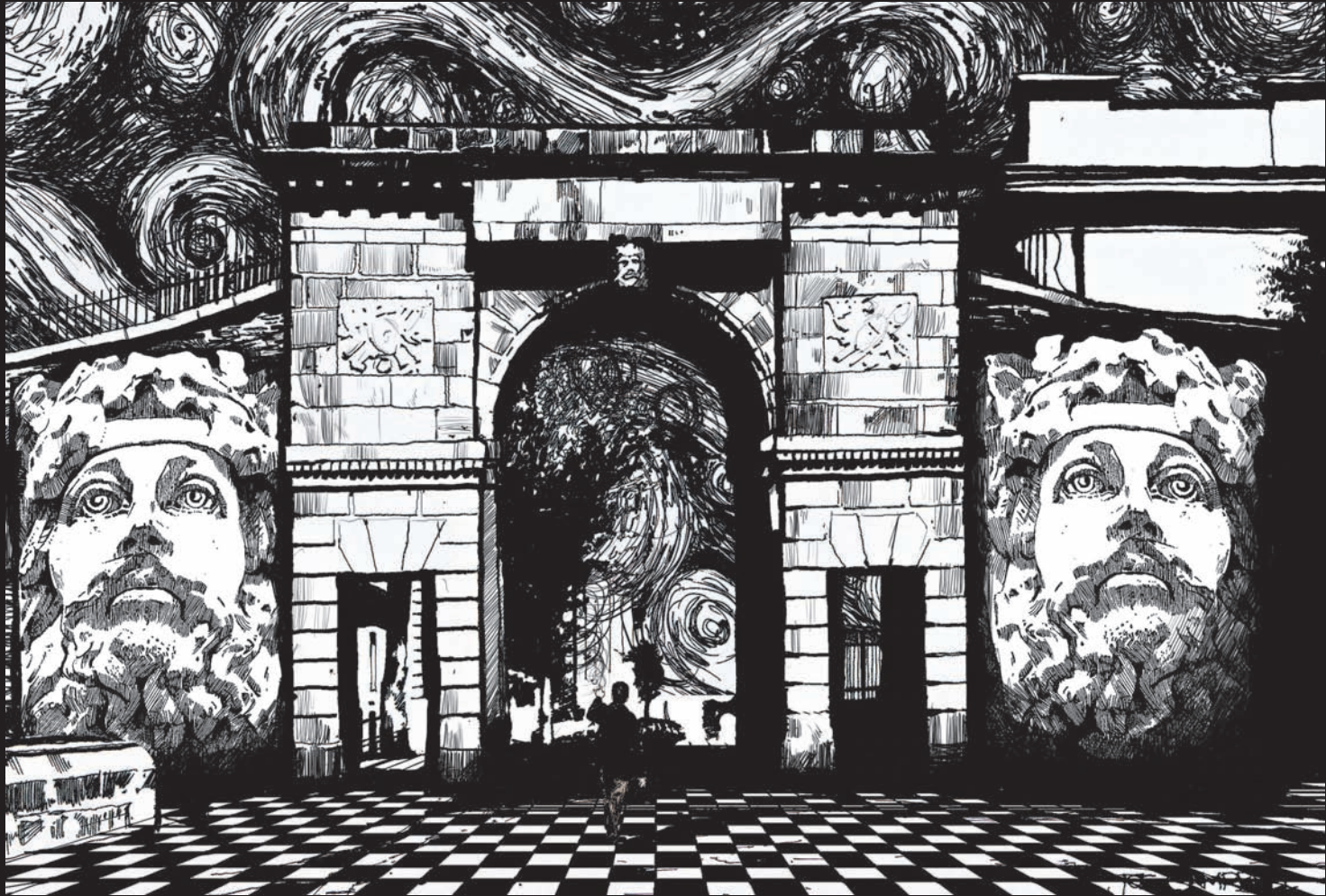
Is art all there is?

Silence.

Another night; another day. Black clouds are massing. Look, the bridge is closed; a man stands, silhouetted by its iron railings, staring out towards Culmore, shadowy Boom Hall lies at his feet; a high wind blows and the water is choppy, with white scuds running, going and coming.

I turn away

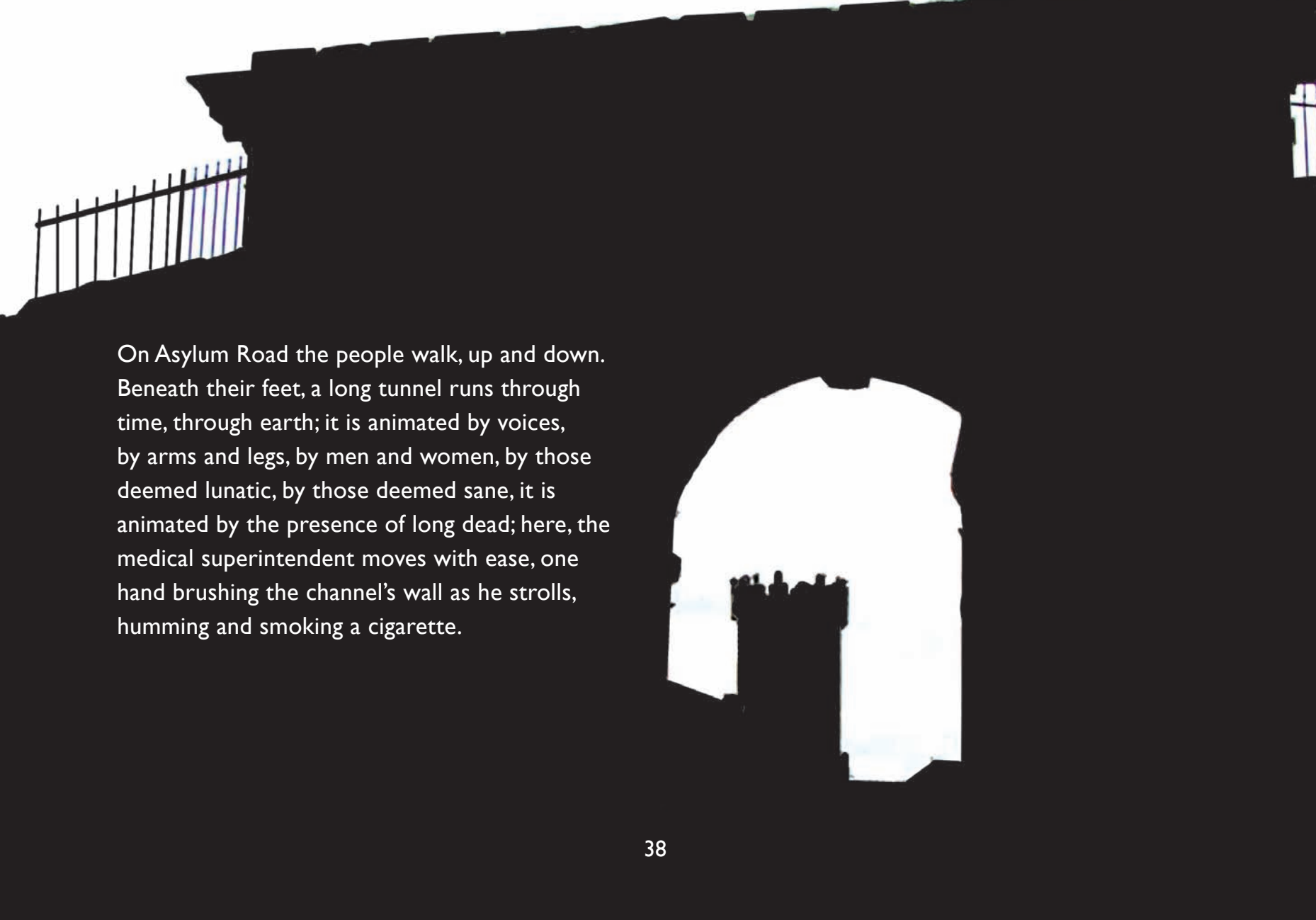




On the approach road electric screens divert even the most determined traveller. Stone sentinels stand guard on every path into the city. Their electric words warn the wary traveller, *Walled City*; be alert; be wary.

These gated walls offered sanctuary, of a sort; the city's gateways lie open in vain glory; on Bishop Street Without, the gaol gates swing and creak and clang in the wind; I listen to the groan of metal on metal; rust falls gently into puddles and grass, yellowed and toughened by decades of time, survives stubbornly between stones.

The doorways now are empty; there are no men left, alive; the spaces those bodies inhabited once must exist still - the atmosphere must remain bent to their shape and forms, as does the imprint of their boots on the frosted earth.



On Asylum Road the people walk, up and down.
Beneath their feet, a long tunnel runs through
time, through earth; it is animated by voices,
by arms and legs, by men and women, by those
deemed lunatic, by those deemed sane, it is
animated by the presence of long dead; here, the
medical superintendent moves with ease, one
hand brushing the channel's wall as he strolls,
humming and smoking a cigarette.



The porous earthen walls are peppered with broken white clay pipes, with bits of old crockery, an old padlock; broken bottles; there is the rusted skeleton of a single-bladed dagger, here, the dark-cured roots of apple trees, long since departed. I dig a finger behind the leather sole of an old boot; I prize it away; I observe the shallow indentation that remains.

History is to be caught here, grasped in clumsy fists, for those so inclined, for those so driven.



The walls stand, stone resting on stone. The bridge runs, proud and true.
You know where you are, with a stonewall, with a good stout bridge.
This earth is a bridge, you said to me: A bridge between two worlds.
Life is a bridge, you said to me: A bridge between birth and death.
Love is a bridge, you said to me:
Step off it, and where are you?

I am alone.
Speak to me. My child.
My parent.
My body's soul
Wherever my thoughts are, there you are.

END

Other Poems



Amalgam



Dusk, midnight, dawn, noon;

it was then I reached for gold the most precious stuff I could find
(no friend of rust, malleable, brilliant and precise in every way)

I took it, for its virtues, to stand for everything there was.

Noon, dusk, midnight, dawn:

I watched the sun rise: I watched its reach widen.

I observed coming in being of frosted trees, of white hills.

Wanting more, I took my gold - to it I wedded the purest of white silver,
silver chosen for its sweetness of face and tongue, its stateliness and its eloquence.



Dawn, noon, dusk, midnight:

In the depth of night I wanted more. I wanted invisible stitches, seamless intimacies.
to where the moon will be. I reached for mercury. My quick-fingered tailor married together my gold and my silver.

Then, I found my god un-chainable, he had come and gone.
Now, I have no mercury, no gold, no silver.

Midnight, dawn, noon, dusk:

It is the hour of coming shades. I find myself benumbed between the lights,
between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon.
The blackbird's sharp, repeated warnings work to stem the appetite of cancerous darkness;
its alarms carve up and portion out the gloaming. Greys become manifest.
Enlightenment clarifies the whites of the eyes.



Champagne and Clods

The walls are of undressed stone.
The floor is made of glass.
The roof was once black-slated.
I step inside.

Looking up, I see as though placed there, as in a
frame, the meshed twigs and branches of an ash tree,
drawn in black and grey charcoal
on a field of white clouds fixed upon a wintery sky.

The walls glisten.
The floor is a sheet of ice, thick and furred
a lattice-work of what was rain-water
now fixed between cobbled stones.
Yet, here and there it mirrors
a hoary filigree of twig and branch.

The sketchy remains of a doorframe hangs there:
the years have stripped away
coats of red and coats of green paint;
time has raped its soft, wood:
spilling a cancer of decay.

The frost's breath commingle:
These desires to become firm friends, I find shocking.
From here, I observe:
Against a screen
Set between dished door-stone and sagging lintel
I watch
I watch the sun ascend;
I name it: silent, stern, seductive.
I see its fingering diamonds out of frosted clods.
I discover it husbanded champagne bubbling up,
out of hard, hoar-frosted grass.

On Having Made No Difference

(for Harry McMahon)

I was dreaming it was night
I was on a beach yet, the sea made no sound
and as I walked I found myself walking backwards
I knew time was present
I knew that time was all about me
surrounding me, yet also inside my head
in the way the sound of the sea and the wind
surrounds one's being and yet is inside
a part of the mind
a part of the body
there was sand
there was water
there was time
and I knew time was going backwards
also its numbers were names running
on a clock I could not see
but knew was present
twenty-o-four, nineteen-sixty-nine
my feet were well shod
my hands were gloved
(though it was neither hot nor cold)
one foot was in the water

one foot was on the sand
and to the left of me and to the right of me
was sand and sea
the sand was a desert
the sea was an ocean
and above me the heavens
lay somewhere behind a tented sky that was
without moon or star or cloud or colour
across the dark water dark shapes sped towards me
against the sky sped bird shapes lured by the shadows
they travelled backwards, head following tail
movement without sound
action without purpose
the shadows ran through the gloved cage of my
cupping hands
I made each hand into a fist
I buried my fists in salt water and sand
what could I do.



The City of Derry

Part 2

I am a poor cottar-man, caught up in the entermeedle that is mens' affairs and in the tumult and turmoil of time. I came here to find myself among strangers and was quickly set to, to help in the building of twenty-six birch and oak houses, together with others bigger, with brick chimneys and slate roofs but now, before these latter could be finished, I am sent westwards, away from this ferment of activity known to some hereabouts as Ferny Corner, known to others as New Town Coleraine¹ a sword in one hand and an axe in the other; my companion - of we two, he considers himself the head-bummer - hurries after the setting sun, so I tread in his footsteps.

I am a Scots, he is from near to London and believes himself superior in this business to me, for he is a man desiring to gain some wealth - although already he has more than I - in want of land to call his own - being only the younger son of a gentleman, previously from Somerset, and long-hoping for more - while I, to be truthful, had only my dreams of a few shillings, easy made and fast, brought thither by my being in early danger of eviction from my land and come here, like my companion, solely driven by hopes of betterment.² Hopes! At home all was become confusion; but here too I find much confusion and through-otherness and muddle. Our destination, Derry, sent there in search of nails, for which Coleraine's want is great, our traik led us through much scrubby woodland, a few ancient woods of oak and thick thorny woods with hazel and Elder, too numerous to count.

By our right hand, through breaks in the trees, we can see the flash of the Foyle whose waters we had been

told turn silver when the tides are right and the waters teem with fish. The land too has much to offer, with pelts and timber and rivers and lakes filled, we are told, with fish. It was now our second day on this pad; we set off early, having spent the night buried deep in a clump of thick bushes, for the kern hereabouts are said to be ill-favoured towards such as we and the place said to be in a state of chronic disorder.

Yesterday, the setting sun ran before us; darkness falling fast about our heels; ahead, black pools lay tongueless among the forests of trees. This morning, the sun having risen at our backs, is drawing sheets of mist up off the humps and hollows that adorn this land; the sides of the track are largely covered in swathes of brambles, with the fruits just ripening; much nettle and thistle and great banks of fern lead to the wooded slopes and here and there slae-berry blooms, lighting up the darkness and causing me to recall my home.

It was mid-morning and I, for onced, had gone on ahead when I heard a sharp cry and turning saw my companion lying far below, at my feet, spread out at the foot of a sheer face of rock, his head among the rough stones that adorned the stream, red ribbons flowing away, carried on the water, his countenance that previously I had privately considered to be decidedly sleekit, twisted into a fearful girn.

I approached him by clambering down the steep side of the gully. He was dead; his head gashed open on a sharp stone and still spilling blood. I pulled him to the bank, no easy task for he was a man of goodly girth, and there on the bank I pondered then covered his body with branches, weighed down by stones, and there I left him.

I had taken the pouch he habitually wore at his belt and when I next stopped to rest I looked inside to find a piece of bread and this:

“To my friend Singleton a doblet, and to his wief a gowne. To Elizabeth Smalpage a gowne. To my sonne Thomas the salte which I claim of Mr. Radcliffe, or that which shall be gotten or given in consideration of it, and these parcelles to

stand for his sole porcon of my goodes without any more dividinge with my daughter and wief. I will that my wief have her third parte, and Anne my daughter and other third parte which by lawe belongeth to her brother and her, and what remaineth of my parte to be divided betwixte my wief and my daughter, and I make my wief my executor and garden to my children, also I desire my sonne Tempeste to be good to my daughter Anne.”

It was nearly nightfall when I approached Derry; a new moon stood over the river, its shadow at its feet while the blankets of foliage and vegetation seemed overlaid by a green lawn that ran to the water's edge. I approached and soon crossed the Foyle by boat to the west bank where a score or more of men were busily engaged - through shadows lay all about them - in the laying of a foundations for clay and stone ramparts; I could see the structure was shaped like the face of a clock. Shaped rather, as I drew nearer in the form of a big gruel bowl, being made ready, as I was soon to learn, for the great necklace of stone that was to be raised up there.

The whole, embraced in the crook of an elbow formed by the bend of the river: something that grew familiar and dear to me. The printed book of conditions not yet being to hand and all was still in great confusion and - I soon learned - much mismanagement. I soon forgot why I had been sent here and so, I am shamed to say, was tempted to deposit my companion's letter in the river and got employment quickly enough as an artisan and thus declined to return to Ferny Corner.

Out of disorder given the application of hard labour comes order: in time, there rose a defensive brindle of stone, broken only by four great openings, each defended by a drawbridge or, in some cases by a gate and within four broad, straight roads; in the centre, a town square.

In time, this place became my home. I helped build up the walls and I helped build a house in London Street and another in Silver Street. And I helped dig a well, down there, where the orchards were already being planted. I remember if memory is where it is to be found digging deeper and deeper, into the silent earth: then,

without warning, the sounds of the mool³ spilling in on my head and the closing darkness, the disappearance of light, together with the absence of air, and the sudden great noise quickly giving way to the greater enduring silence. Yes we tried to take time by the forelock⁴: we were shades only, engaged in a series of plantations, great experimenters working among the ghosts of Vikings, Norsemen, Normans; we tried to take time by the forelock with Old and New Meritorious Irish, Old and New English and Huguenots and landlocked Spanish sailors; peasants and unwashed, impatient, hungry, settlers; Old Proprietors and Tennants at will; Presbyterians and Puritans; Episcopalians and Gaelic and Scots and English; with Servitors and Undertakers and Tenants and Landlords and Catholics and Others, Torries and Rebels and Spies and Turncoats and Freeholders, rich and poor, those who worked and those who neither wanted nor worked. The Planters and the Planted and the Meritorious Irish.

Even now, I can see them, trembling shadows, all about me. We tried to take time by the forelock, for we were members of the human race, after all, so each of us enforced, according to his ability, conformity; each one guiding, by his own conscience's harsh rule, the birth of a new order.

While deep at the heart of man's dealing with man something moved: noisy idealists combined with violent contraversionalists; all about us, the soft old bartering economy submitted to the clink. Clink clink of coin passing coin; the spores of greed and avarice were carried on the winds that swept across Europe⁵.

We tried to take time by the forelock but time was not to be taken thus - being behind us and before us, being within and without, being above and below us. We created time and tamed time but became the prisoners of time: thus we tumble through time's netted strings...

Glossary

The Third Bridge

¹ Nightmare of trespass (unwanted planters in Ireland; me in Derry)

² Myths, fairytales, religion?

³ Children's song re black death/London

⁴ The image of city walls round, seasons round, ring of stone, round

⁵ Hare-important in Irish myth.

⁶ Foster and Allen song

⁷ Crow-the Morrigan, the Irish god of renewal; complex-often depicted as a crow scavenging the dead on battlefields.

(crow = birds = trad song re birds above people on steeple.)

⁸ Celtic notion-always move with the sun never against, ie to right, clockwise

⁹ The image of the road myth-eg American, journey to new world, freedom, dream, etc; the hard road in biblical terms with seed (of faith) falling on it and failing; roads to reconciliation in Ireland, Middle East, etc

¹⁰ Hawthorn associated with sexual licence of Beltaine due to the overpowering scent of its blossom; associated with outdoors (nature) and never taken indoors.

¹¹ A winding path, or line; also, torturous course; also, an antidote to poison; also, form of new bridge.

¹² Image from an Irish myth of the Foyle

¹³ Notion that nature progresses in a circular form, while humanity progresses in linear fashion (old

Celtic notion): notion that the essence is everything, but

¹⁴ Refers to the design of the new foot bridge: also, to an older greeting; also, to what these symbols mean-an inbuilt and surviving human need to make contact, need to communicate with others.

¹⁵ A central strut; courage

¹⁶ Relationships within the North, between North and South and between Ireland and Britain.- the three aspect for way forward proposed by John Hume. Also refers directly to new peace bridge, the “third” bridge.

¹⁷

¹⁸ See song re ring a ring o roses

¹⁹ Cloths: canonicals/sacred; also, Yeats see below

²⁰ Yeats poem re Cloths of Heaven

²¹ Re Iranian poem I heard once about found girl on riverbank; also, many references invest this image. Including the otherworld, said to exist under Lough Foyle, with doorway...

²² The rhyme was first collected in Britain in the 1940s. Since Teddy Bears did not come into vogue until the twentieth century it is unlikely to be any older, but Iona and Peter Opie speculated that it might be a version of an older folk rhyme, “Round about there, went a little hare...”

²³ “Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me” / Tennyson.

²⁴ Birdsong-allusion to war novel of same name; allusion to nature.

²⁵ Stellar death is a process crucial for understanding the origin of the chemical elements in the Universe, a precursor necessary ultimately to the formation of planets and life. / According to co-

author Peter Tuthill of the University of Sydney in Australia, “Observing Mira in the infrared is like staring straight down the barrel of one of the brightest searchlights in the galaxy. It came as a real revelation to see this faint mote of dust, harbouring all the new possibilities of new worlds in formation, against the hostile environment of the red giant.”

The City of Derry Part 2

¹ Sir John Davis, an eyewitness, memorably drew a classical allusion having observed building work at Coleraine during the summer of 1610. Commenting on the “ferment of activity”, Davis compared the scene to the building of Carthage in Virgil’s ancient classic, *The Aeneid*. The Agreement reached with the crown required the London company to build a town of 60 houses at Derry and one of 40 at Coleraine. The grant of lands to the London company was the whole of the county of Coleraine, with the barony of Loughinsolin, containing the great woods of Glenconkeyne and Killetragh, and areas west of the Foyle near Derry and east of the Bann near Coleraine, thus creating the present county of Londonderry. The lands allocated to the Vintners, Drapers and Salters lay in South Derry, with present day towns having such names as Draperstown and Saltersland. The lands of the Grocers and Goldsmiths lay to the east of the City of Derry. The Haberdashers’ estates had its centre in the northern part of Derry where a castle was built at Ballycastle and occupied by Sir Robert McClelland. Across the River Roe in the direction of Derry city were the fishmongers, whose centre was Dungiven, where the former Castle of the O’Cahans was occupied by a Mr Dodington. The lands of Magilligan was occupied by the Clothworkers stretching into Killowen. Next to this came the estates of the Merchant tailors, whose centre was at Macosquin. Farther south still were the ironmongers

whose estates were in the Aghadowey and Garvagh districts.

² During the summer of 1610 pamphlets were issued to encourage British Protestants to take part in this great colonising enterprise. The large scale migration began, drawn from every class of British society: younger sons of gentlemen - such as Chichester himself - eager for lands to call their own; Scottish noblemen like the Earl of Abercorn; relatives, neighbours, artisans and dependants of servitors; rack-rented and evicted Lowland farmers; and fugitives from justice from the Borders. The English had more capital but the Scots were the most determined planters.

³ Mool/moul; mould; soil of a grave; dry, crumbly soil.

⁴ Chichester, Davis and Ridgeway; said of them see E. Hull.

⁵ Plantation altered this gradual shift from a bartering economy to a money-based one into an overnight transformation. Now it became profitable to rack-rent tenants, since the foodstuffs which they still paid as rent could be sold in the new market towns for export - or traditional tenants might be displaced to make way for more agriculturally productive outsiders. Even Gaelic chiefs who retained some lands had to change their ways or go bankrupt, while some were reduced to leasing summer pastures from new planters, to camp there all the year round with their creaghts. The breakneck speed of this social transformation accounts for the traumatic grief and shock expressed in Gaelic literature of this period as much as the actual change in landownership. The mushrooming of towns and fenced-off lands, the end of assemblies on hills with their sport and music, and the feasts of

the lords, are all mourned.

Up to that time the lack of market towns in the area put a limit to the amount of rents Gaelic lords could extract from their tenants, because rent was paid in foodstuffs, which had to be consumed immediately by the lord and his followers or rot away - as Sir John Davis noted in 1607. In the last decades before the plantation, there were signs that Ulster lords were feeling their way towards a market economy, and the collection of money rents. This would enable them to accumulate a surplus - to buy fine clothes and build larger castles at their tenants expense and in war-time to pay for the troops. O'Neill, O'Donnell and their sub-chiefs obtained royal licences to hold weekly markets at their chief residences, and both Shane O'Neill and Hugh O'Neill, the Great Earl of Tyrone, encouraged Anglo-Irish tenants from the Dundalk area to settle on their underpopulated lands. Hugh O'Neill replaced a patchwork of varying tributes and taxes from his Irish tenants with a single charge of one shilling per quarter year for every cow in their herds, to be collected by the leaders of the creaghts, who kept back a quarter of the sum as their salary. This yielded Tyrone an income of over €2,539/£1,631 a year, eight or ten times the revenue of McCarthy Mór in south-west Munster.

