

## **Tráigh Gheimhridh**

**Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill**

**Tá an tráigh folamh an dtaca seo ‘bhliain**

Comh sciomartha, scuabtha le leac tairseann

sobal I dtaobh thuas di go line barra taoide

Is tíosach an bhean níocháin í an sáile.

Camóga, miongán capaill na sliogáin muirín

Ní baileann liom mo chamrothar

Ach fad mo radharc uaim amuigh ar an dtoinn

comhairím ocht gcinn de géanna giúrainn

**Snámhann said go mómhar, an cuid eile dhínn**

**Fanfaimid tamall eile leis an mbiaiste**

**Le tráigheanna rabharta maisithe le trilseáin**

**Eireabaill mhadraí rua, sceana mara agus sagairtíní**

## **Winter Beachhead**

**Translated by Medbh McGuckian**

**This is the starkest hour of the shore**

**when it's purged and cleansed as a Sabbath door.**

**There's a brim of lather when the tide's in**

**as the waves go on with their day's washing.**

No valved or spiralled or saucered whelk,

no mussel or scallop quiets my walk;

but I make my count, as they cease from sight,

of a head of barnacle geese, a cell of eight.

**They sail in their glory; we have to bide our time**

**and hold out for the fullness to come—**

**for spring sands merry with foxes' tails,**

**or kelp tresses, for clam and cowrie shells.**