



Dèanamh Ime

chan eil a shamhla ann –
tionndadh 's a' tionndadh a' ghilid òraich
am broinn dorcha na h-eanchainn
ag èisdeachd ri suirghe is
dealachadh is pòsadh
nan lid luasganach leaghtach
ag èisdeachd airson nam boinne
blàthaich a' sileadh air falbh o
ghramalas òrbhuidhe dàin

Aonghas MacNeacail (b.1942)

Making Butter

there's nothing like it –
turning and turning the golden whiteness
inside the darkness of the brain
listening to the wooings and
partings and weddings
of soluble tossed-about syllables
listening for the drops
of buttermilk trickling away from
the golden-yellow firmness of a poem

*translated from Scottish Gaelic
by the author*

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