

Is í an oíche mo bheansa

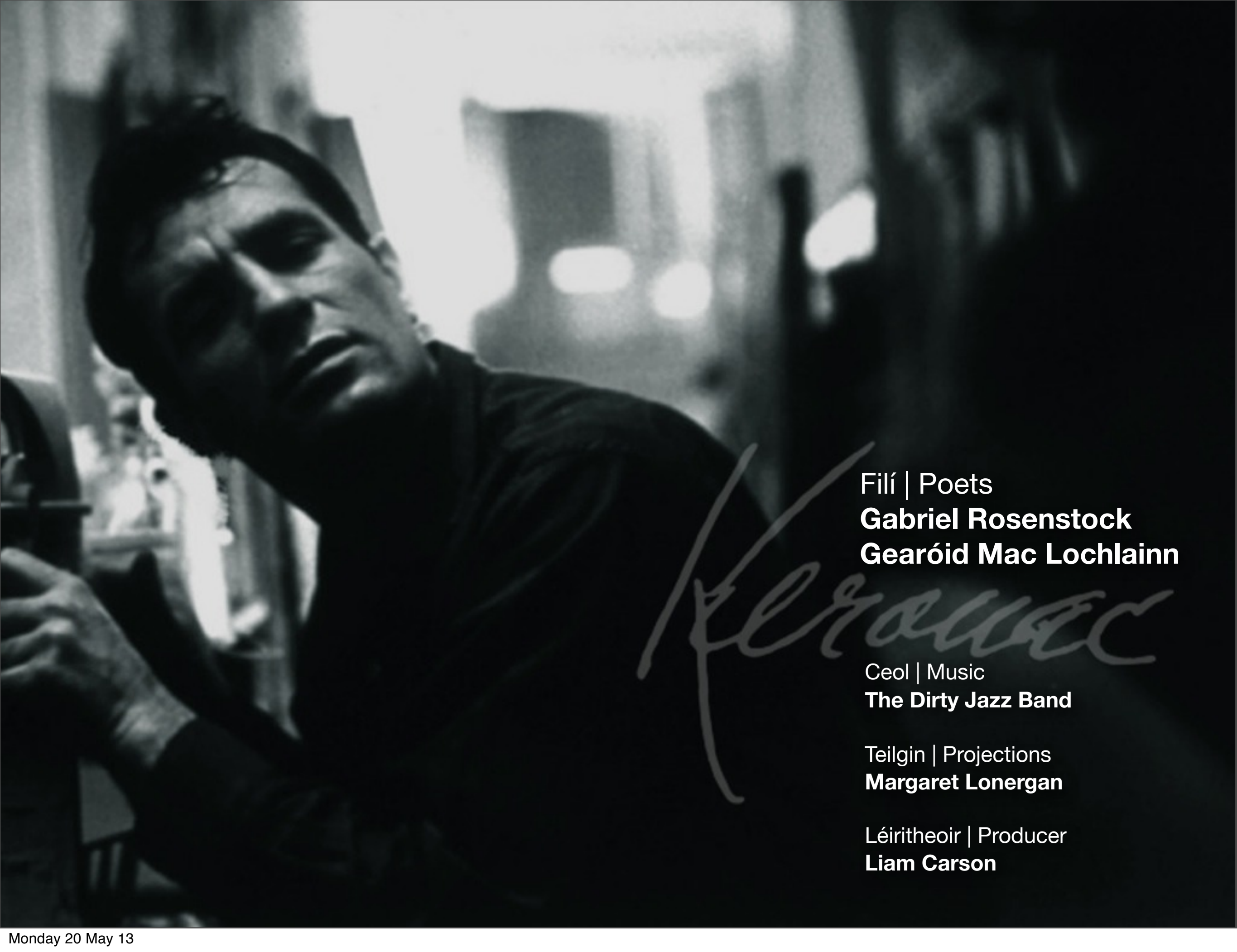
Jack Kerouac sa tóir
ar theanga agus ar fhéiniúlacht

Kerouac

La nuit est ma femme

Jack Kerouac's search
for a language and an identity

IMRAM
FÉILE LITRÍOCHTA GAEILGE
IRISH LANGUAGE LITERATURE FESTIVAL
A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY



Filí | Poets
Gabriel Rosenstock
Gearóid Mac Lochlainn

Ceol | Music
The Dirty Jazz Band

Teilgin | Projections
Margaret Lonergan

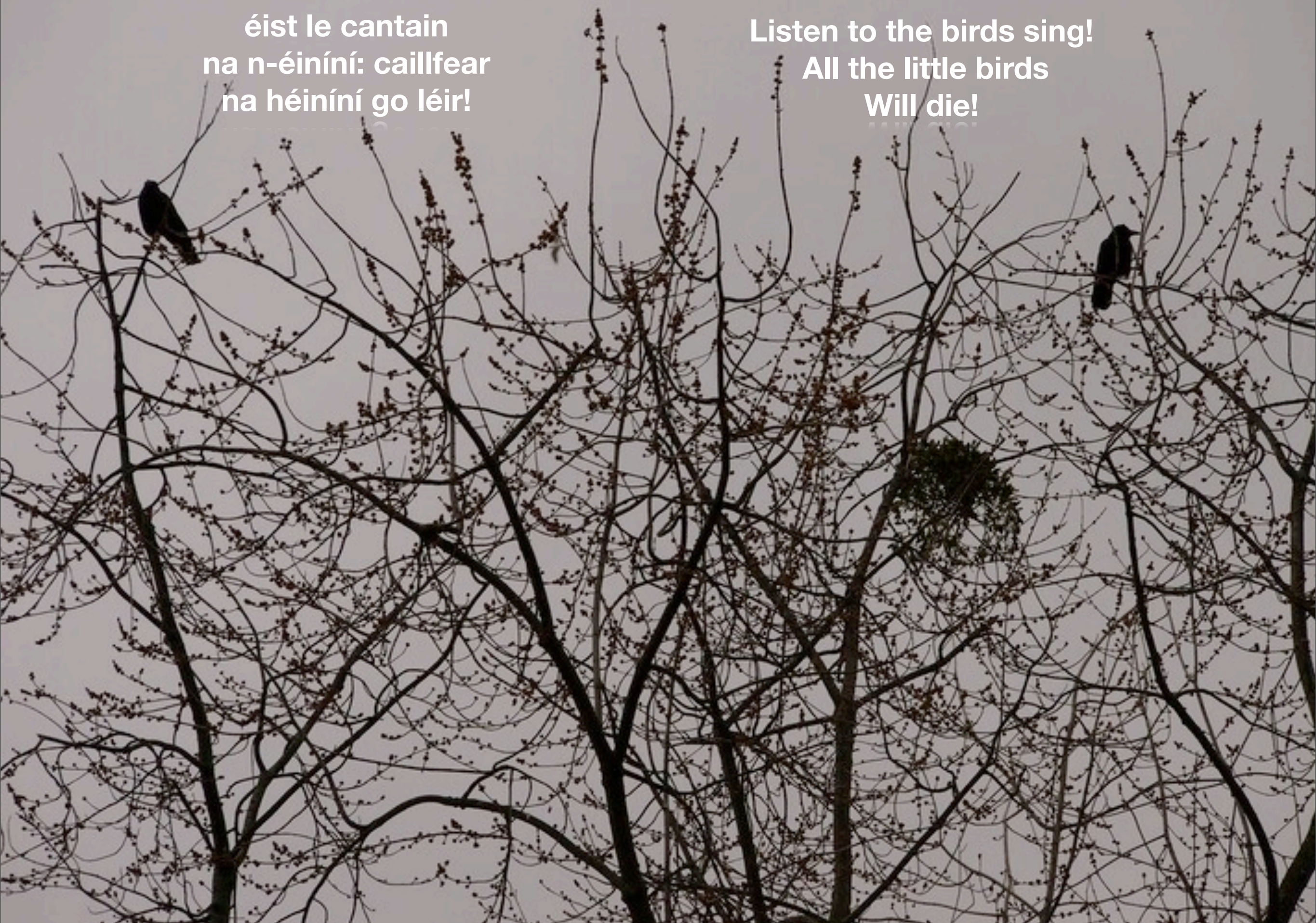
Léiritheoir | Producer
Liam Carson


éist le cantain
na n-éiníní: caillfear
na héiníní go léir!



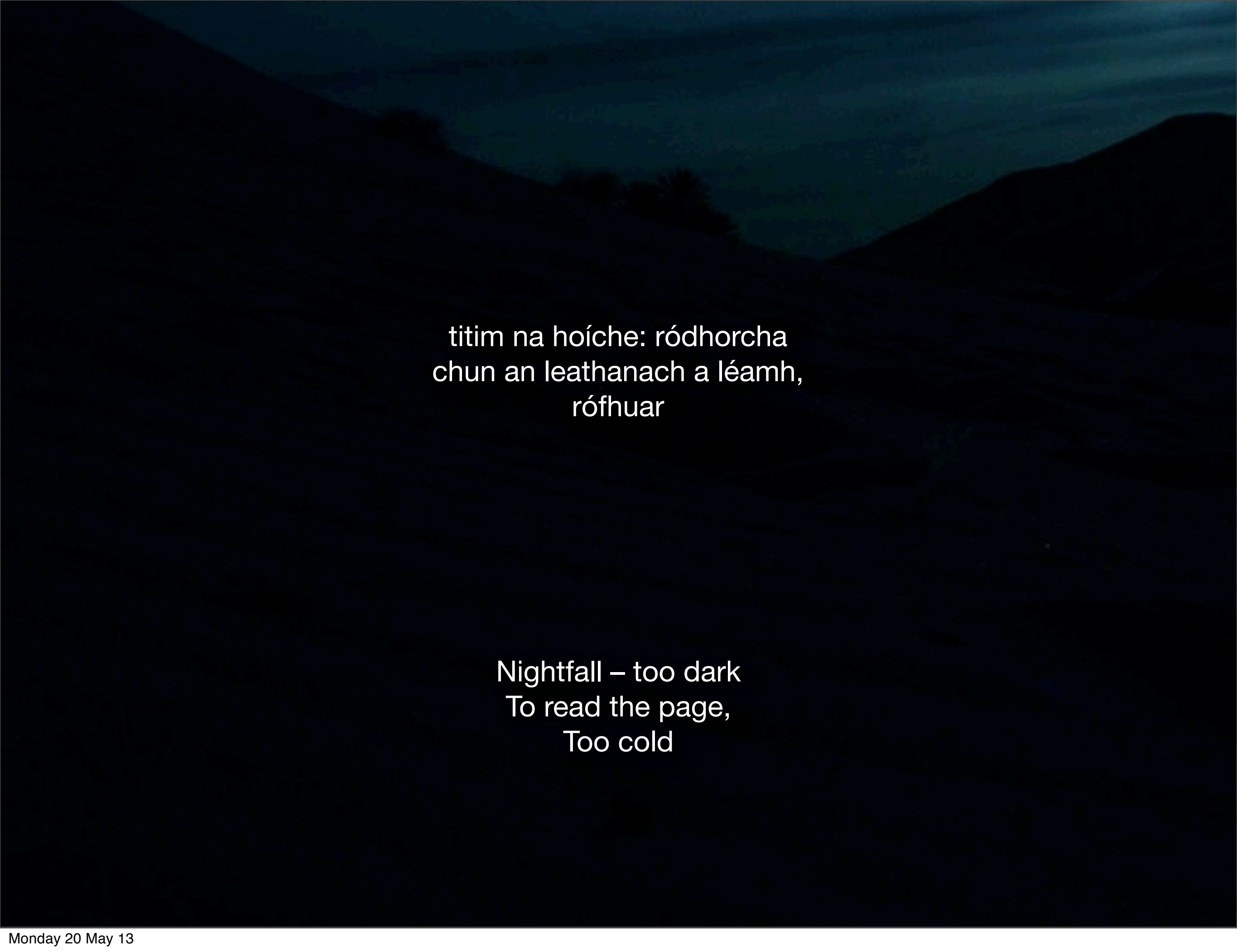
éist le cantain
na n-éiníní: caillfear
na héiníní go léir!

Listen to the birds sing!
All the little birds
Will die!



The background of the slide is a dark, atmospheric photograph of a landscape at night. It shows rolling hills or mountains under a dark, cloudy sky. The lighting is very low, creating a moody and mysterious feel. The text is centered in the middle of the image.

titim na hoíche: ródhorma
chun an leathanach a léamh,
rófhua

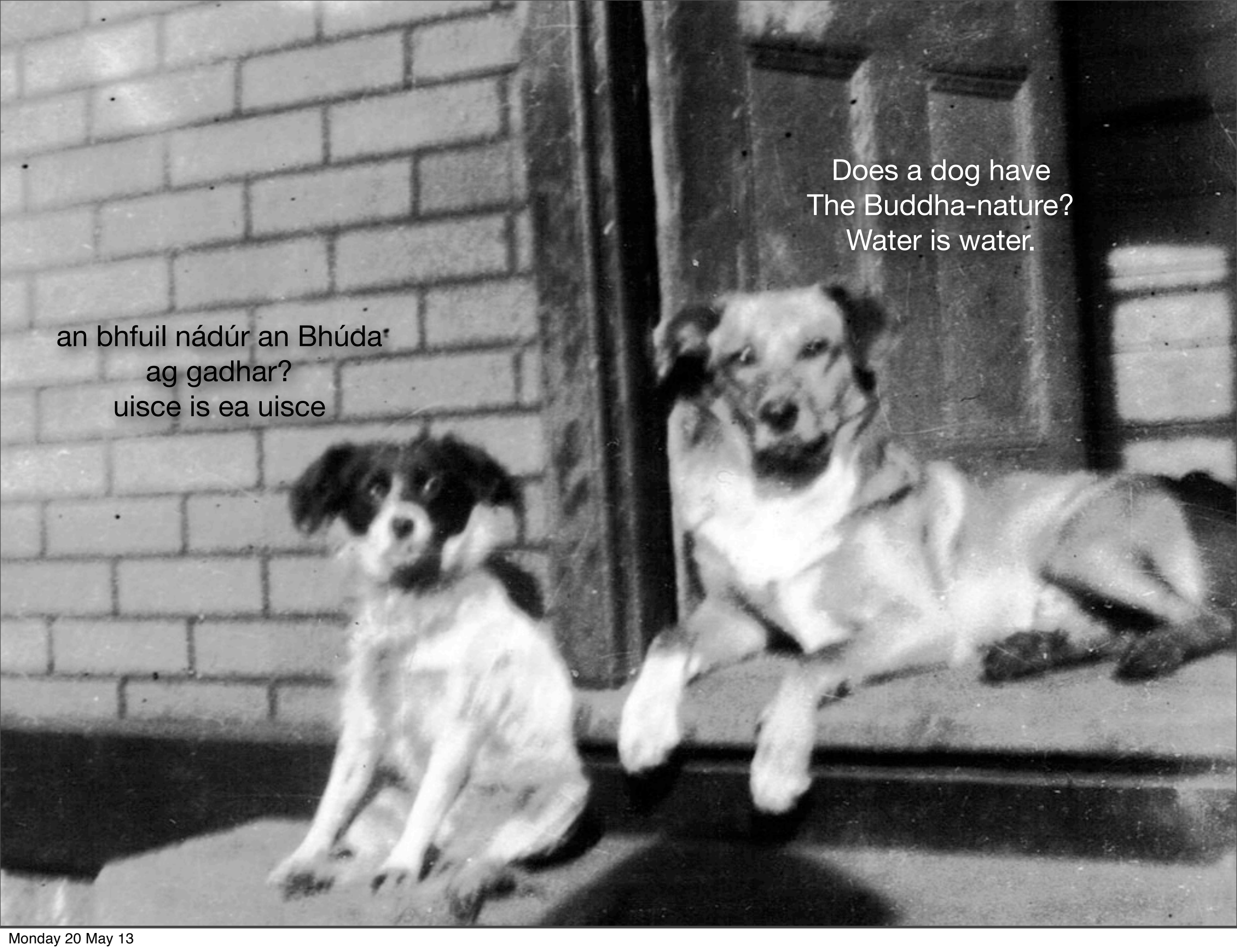


titim na hoíche: ródhorcha
chun an leathanach a léamh,
rófhuar

Nightfall – too dark
To read the page,
Too cold

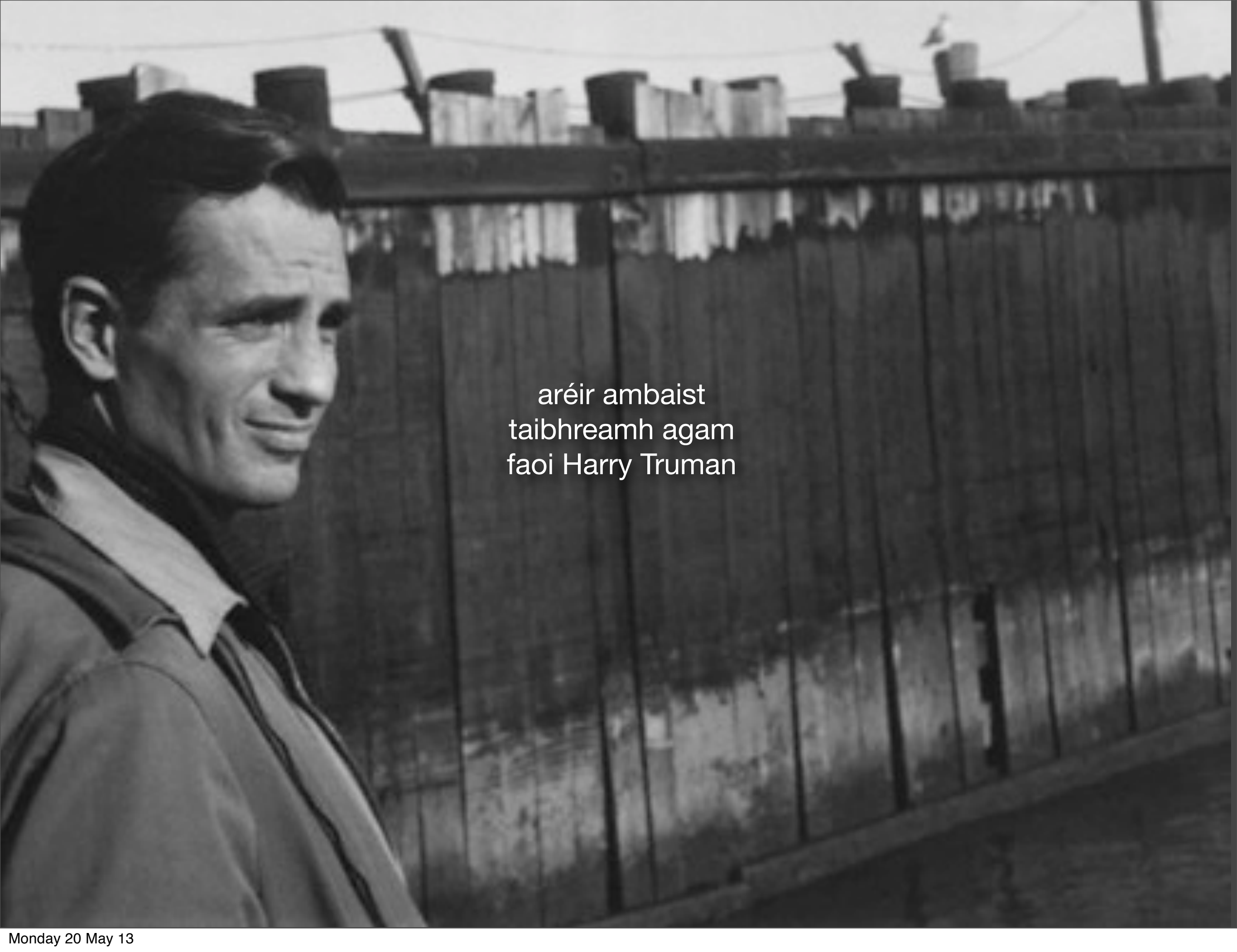
an bhfuil nádúr an Bhúda
ag gadhar?
uisce is ea uisce



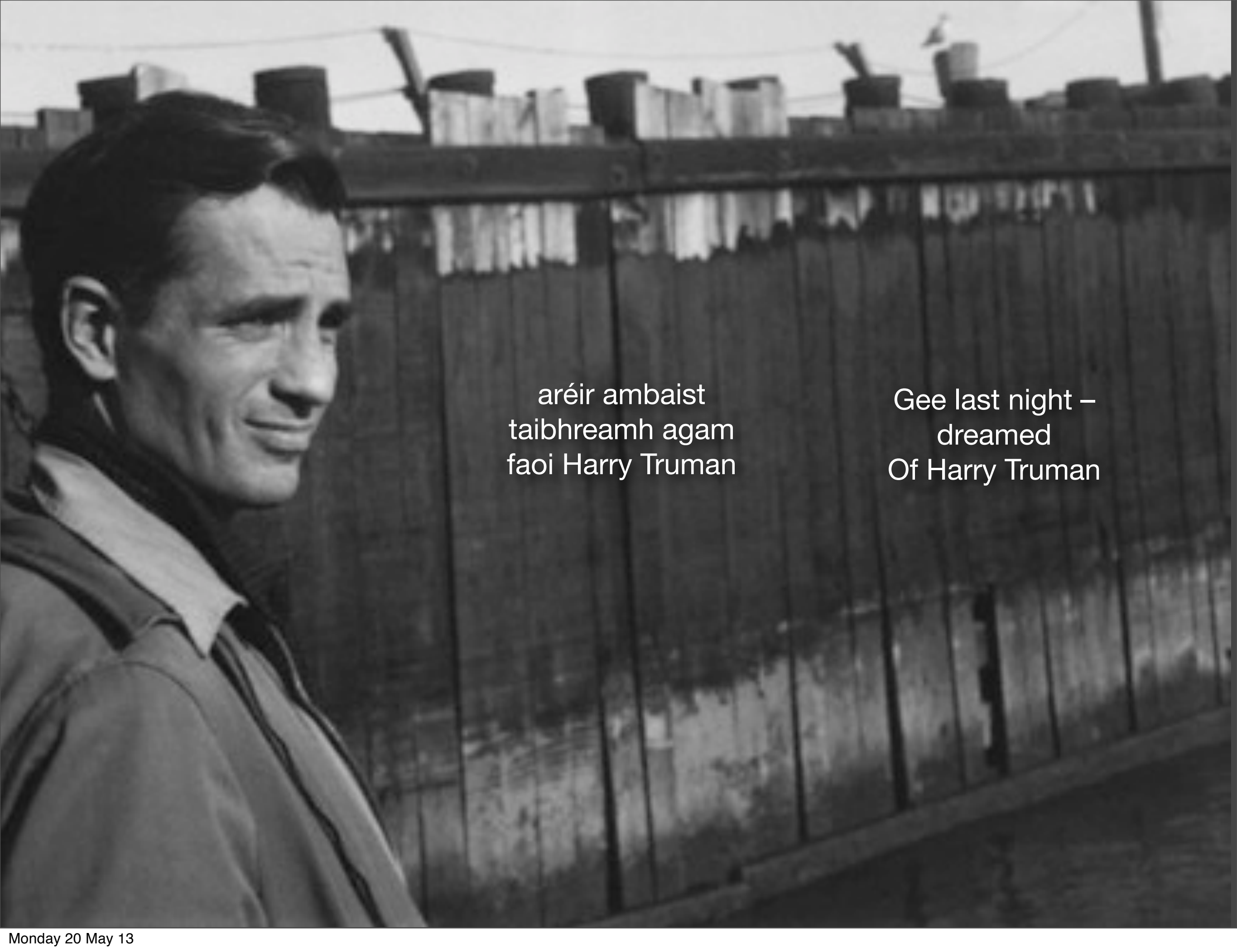


Does a dog have
The Buddha-nature?
Water is water.

an bhfuil nádúr an Bhúda
ag gadhar?
uisce is ea uisce

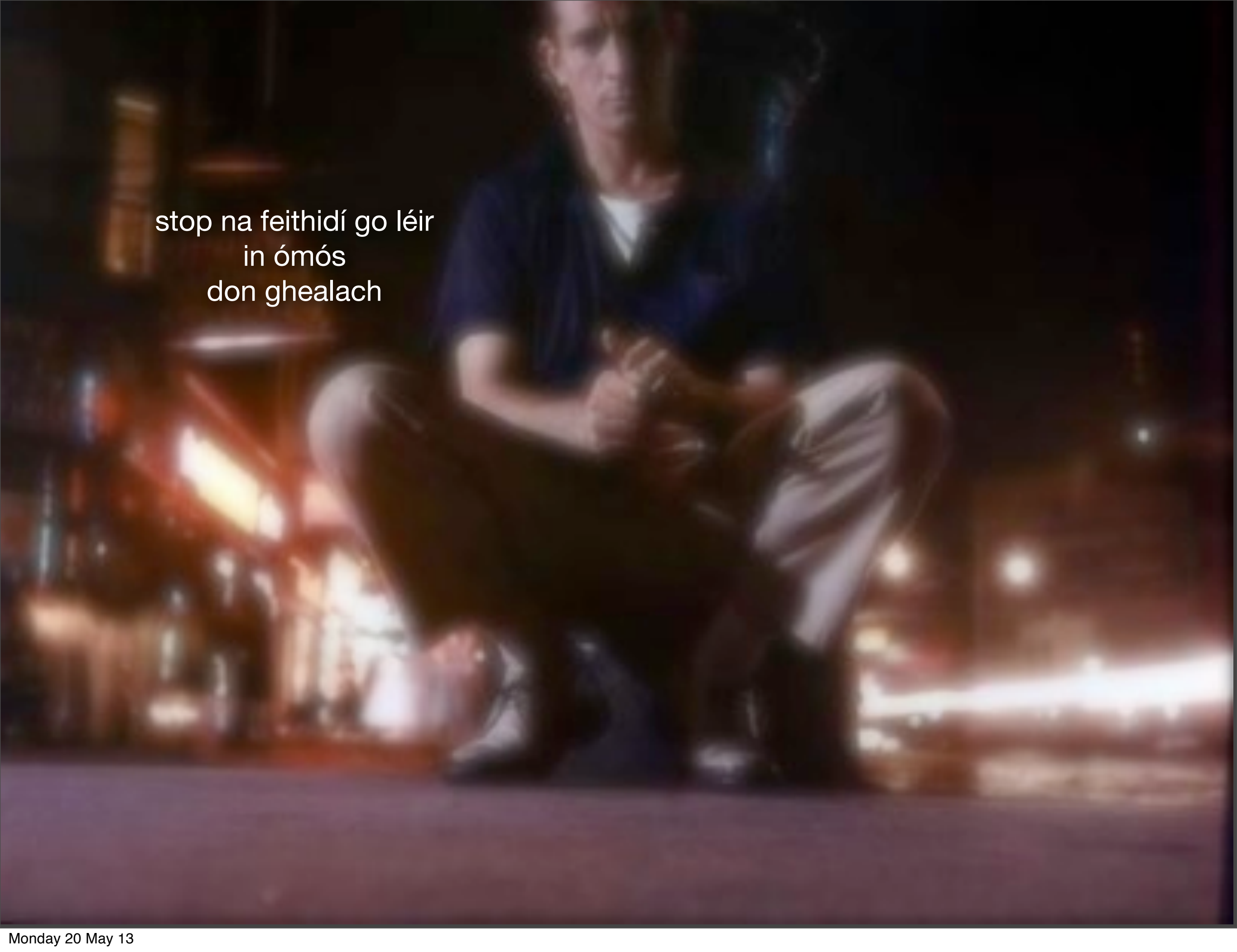


aréir ambaist
taibhreamh agam
faoi Harry Truman

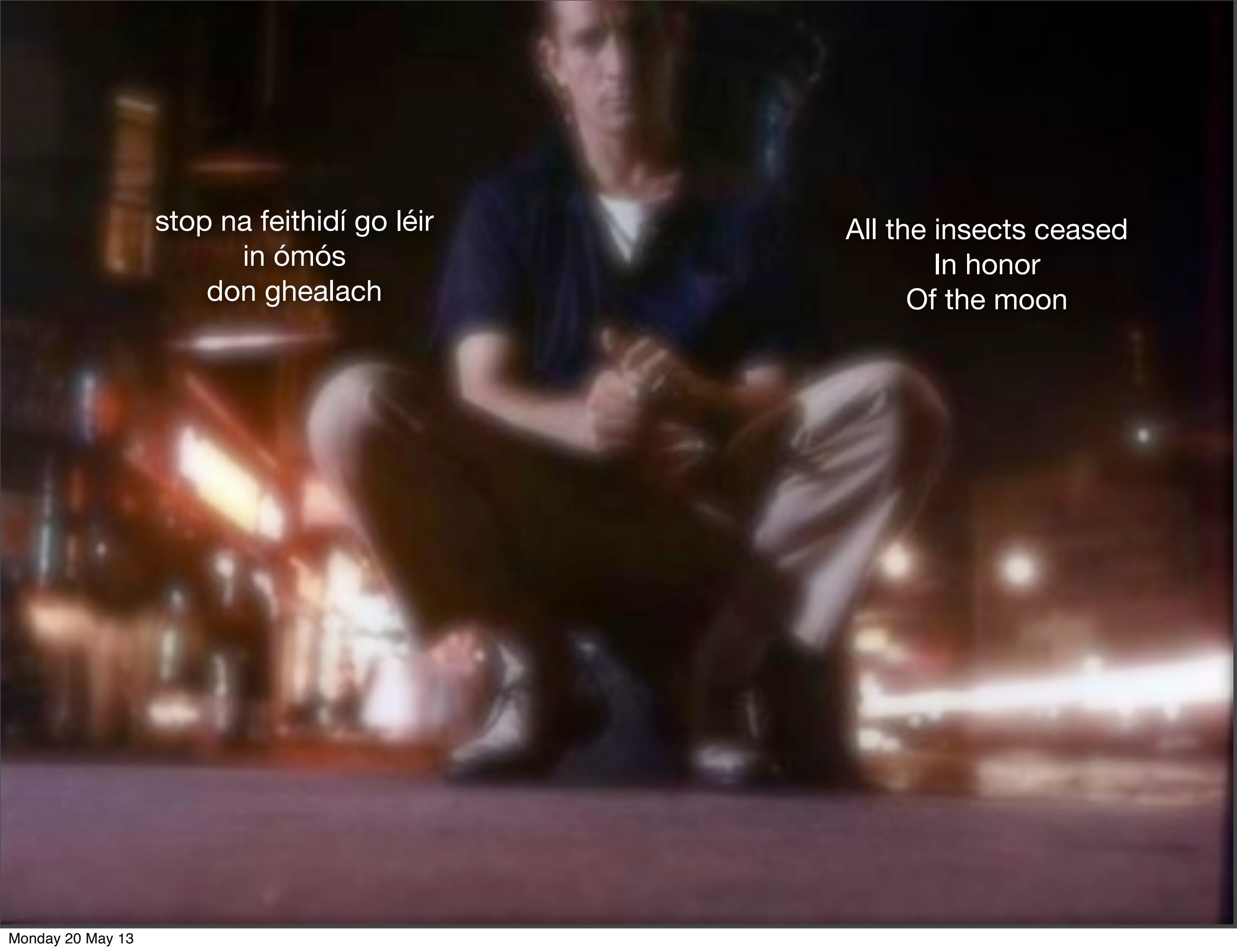


aréir ambaist
taibhreamh agam
faoi Harry Truman

Gee last night –
dreamed
Of Harry Truman



stop na feithidí go léir
in ómós
don ghealach



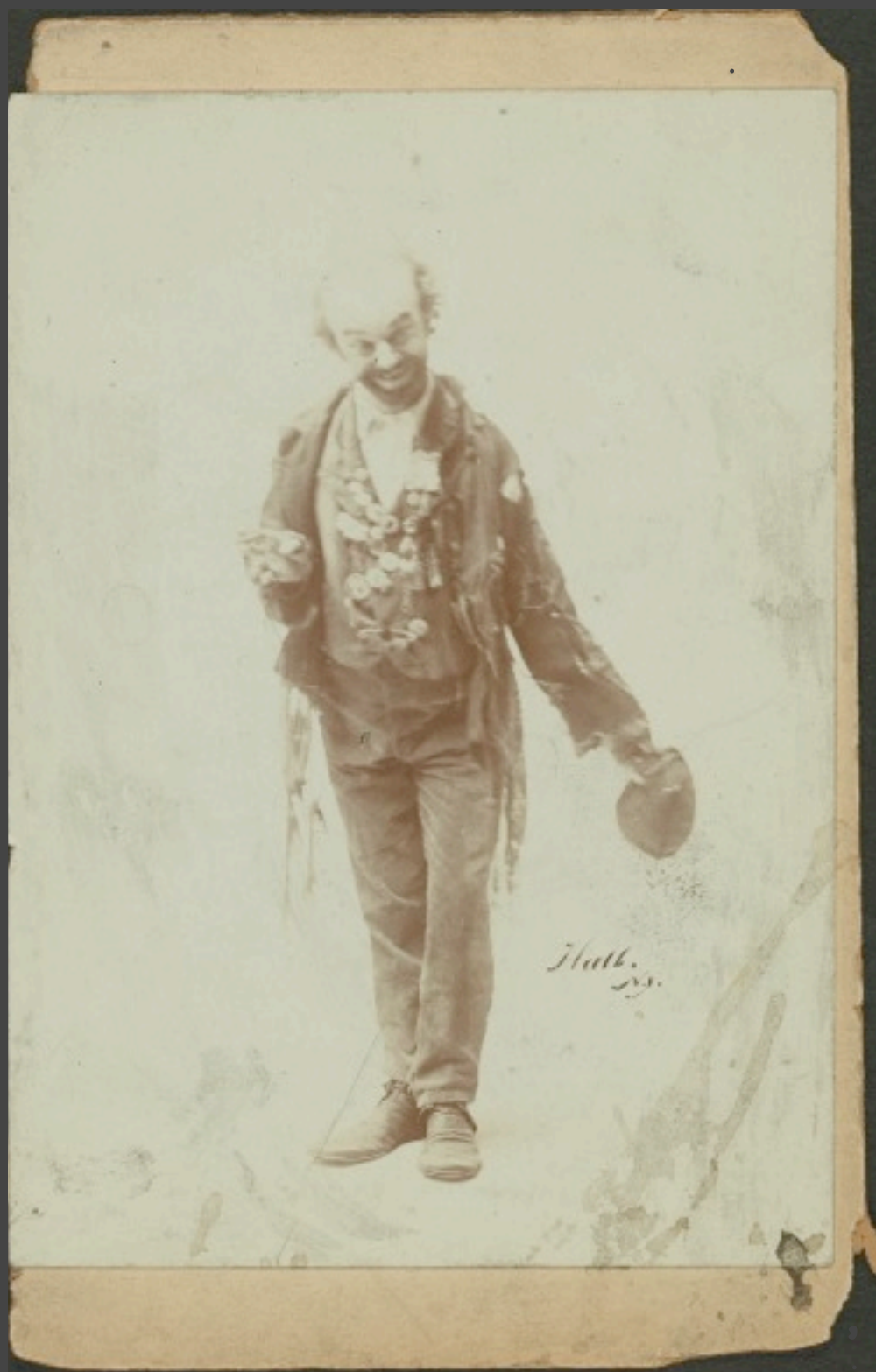
stop na feithidí go léir
in ómós
don ghealach

All the insects ceased
In honor
Of the moon

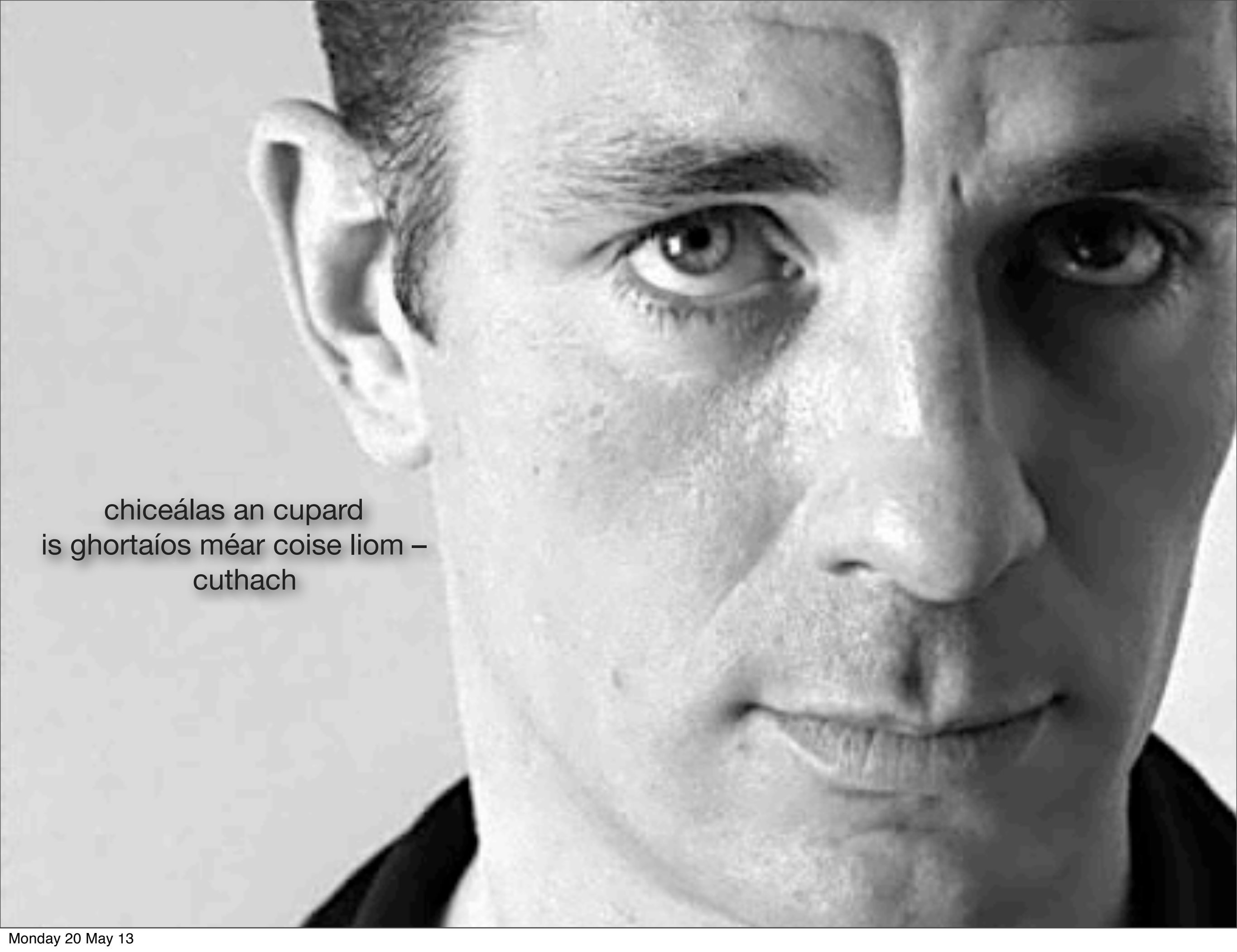
Nat Wills, bacach bóthair
- Meiriceá
1905




Nat Wills, bacach bóthair
- Meiriceá
1905



Nat Wills, a tramp
- America
In 1905



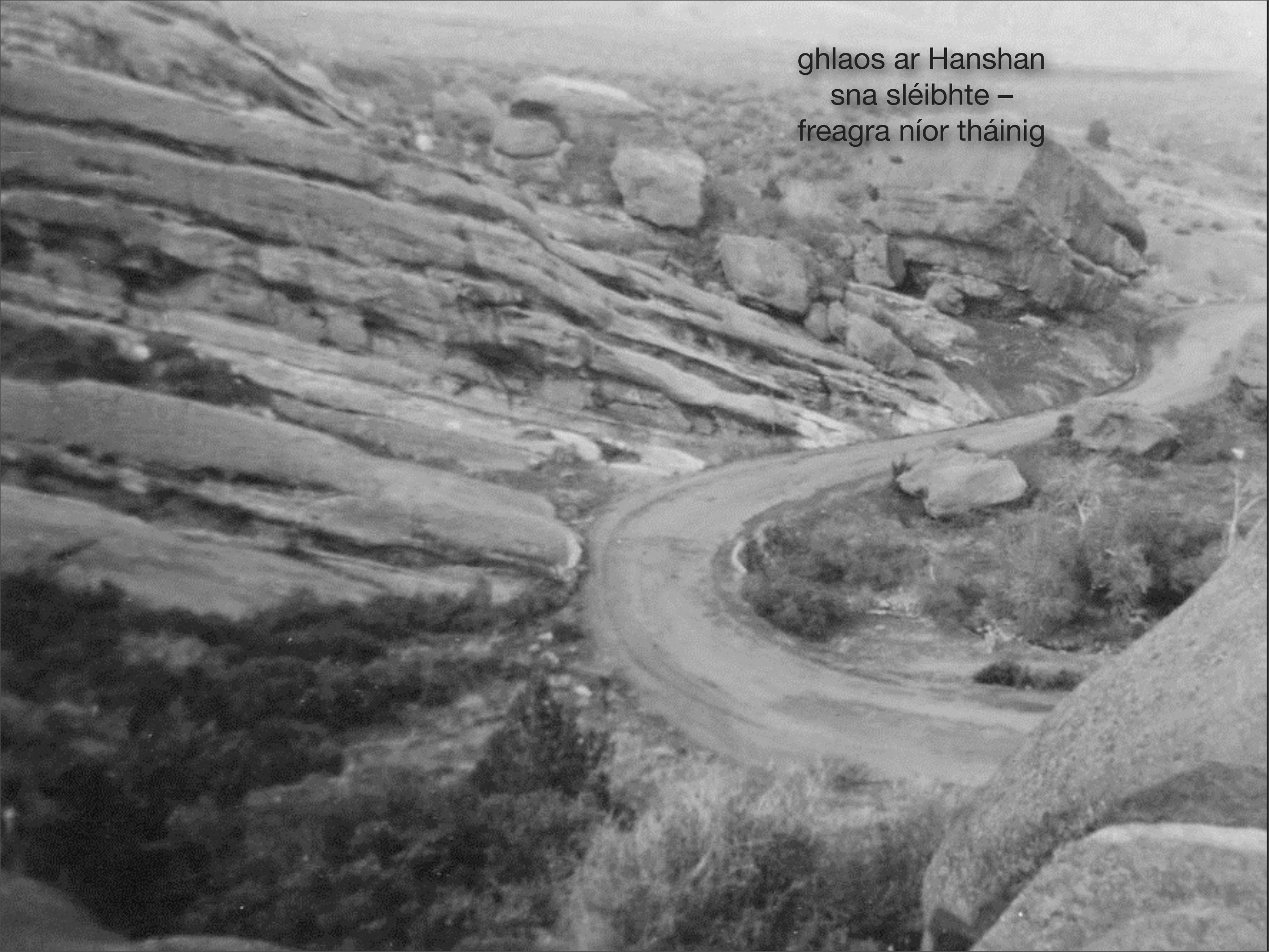
chiceálas an cupard
is ghortaíos méar coise liom –
cuthach

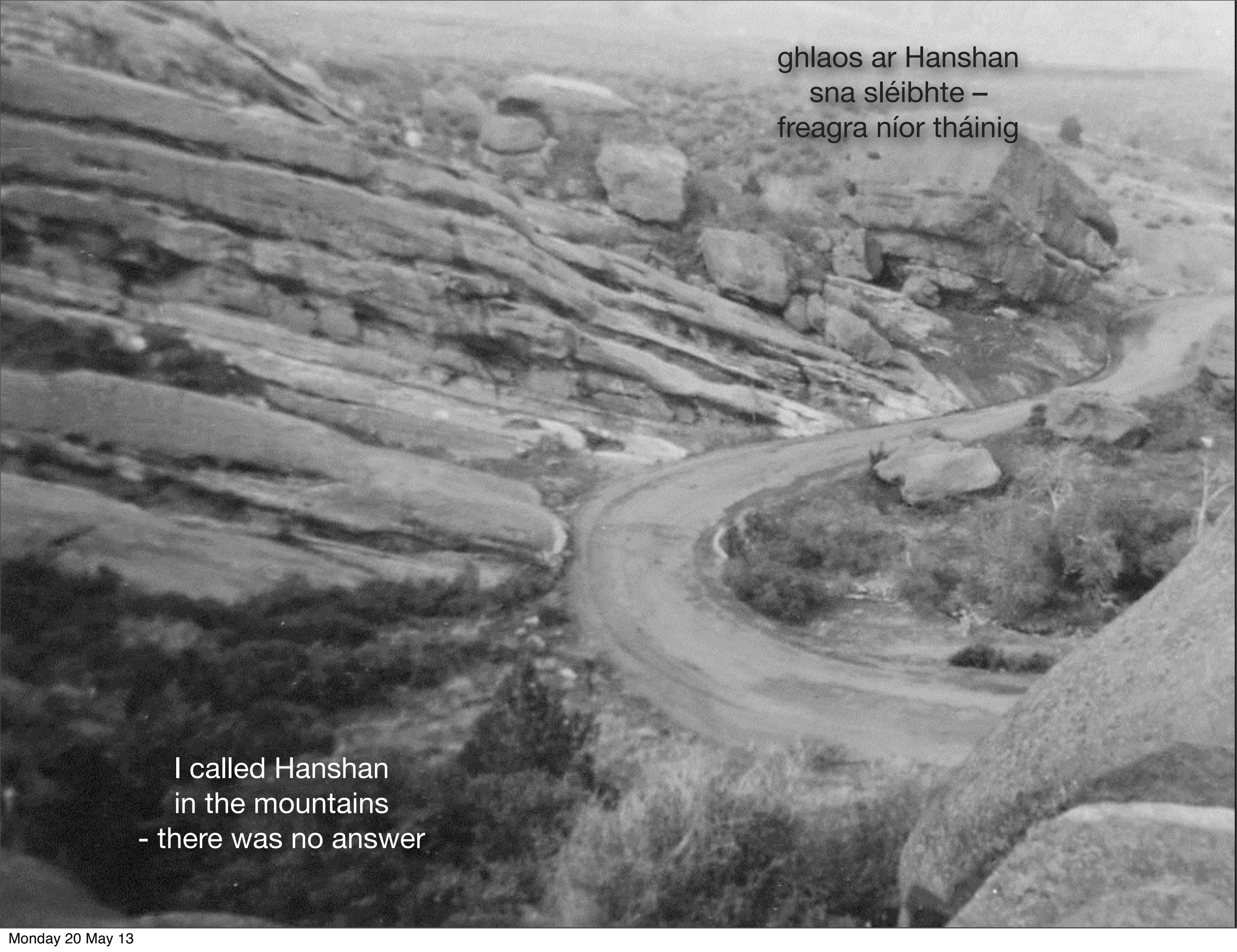


chiceálas an cupard
is ghortaíos méar coise liom –
cuthach

Kicked the cupboard
and hurt my toe
- Rage


ghlaos ar Hanshan
sna sléibhte –
freagra níor tháinig






ghlaos ar Hanshan
sna sléibhte –
freagra níor tháinig

I called Hanshan
in the mountains
- there was no answer



ghlaos ar Hanshan
sa cheo,
ciúnas! an freagra

[Hanshan, “Sliabh Fuar”, file Síneach ón 9ú haois]:




ghlaos ar Hanshan
sa cheo,
ciúnas! an freagra

I called Hanshan
in the fog –
Silence, it said

[Hanshan, “Sliabh Fuar”, file Síneach ón 9ú haois]:

síoc maidine
coiscéim mhall
an chait



sioc maidine
coiscéim mhall
an chait

In the morning frost
the cat
Steps slowly

muilté gaoithe Oklahoma
ag breathnú
i ngach treo



muilté gaoithe Oklahoma
ag breathnú
i ngach treo

The windmills of
Oklahoma look
In every direction



sa bhaile i m'aonar
ag léamh Yoka Daishi
ag ól tae



[Yoka Daishi (665-713): Máistir Síneach]

sa bhaile i m'aonar
ag léamh Yoka Daishi
ag ól tae



At home reading
Yoka Daishi,
Drinking tea

[Yoka Daishi (665-713): Máistir Síneach]

sa chófra cógas
cuileog gheimhridh
a cailleadh de sheanaois



sa chófra cógas
cuileog gheimhridh
a cailleadh de sheanaois



In my medicine cabinet
the winter fly
Has died of old age

bláthanna buí na luathmhaidine –
smaoiním
ar dhruncaeirí Mheicsiceo



bláthanna buí na luathmhaidine –
smaoiním
ar dhruncaeirí Mheicsiceo



Early morning yellow flowers
- Thinking about
The drunkards of Mexico

a bheach, cén fáth
a bhfuil tú ag stánadh orm?
ní bláth mé



a bheach, cén fáth
a bhfuil tú ag stánadh orm?
ní bláth mé



Bee, why are you
Staring at me?
I'm not a flower!




bhuaileas cic iomraill
ar dhoras an chuisneora
dhún sé mar sin féin




bhuaileas cic iomraill
ar dhoras an chuisneora
dhún sé mar sin féin

Missing a kick
at the icebox door
It closed anyway

A large frog, possibly a Common Frog (Rana lessonae), is sitting on a light-colored concrete slab. The frog has a mottled pattern of dark and light brown on its back and sides. Its mouth is slightly open, and it is looking towards the left. The surrounding area is covered with dry grass, small leaves, and some green foliage. The overall scene is in a natural, outdoor setting.

tráthnóna i mí Iúil
frog mór
ar leac an dorais

A black and white photograph of a large frog, possibly a Common Frog (Rana lessonae), sitting on a light-colored, textured surface that appears to be a concrete or stone ledge. The frog is facing left, with its head slightly turned towards the camera. Its skin is mottled with dark spots and streaks. Behind the frog, there is a pile of dry, brown grass and some small, round leaves. The overall scene is outdoors, likely near a building entrance as suggested by the text.

tráthnóna i mí Iúil
frog mór
ar leac an dorais

This July evening,
A large frog
On my doorsill

turtar ag seoladh leis
ar lomán
agus a cheann in airde

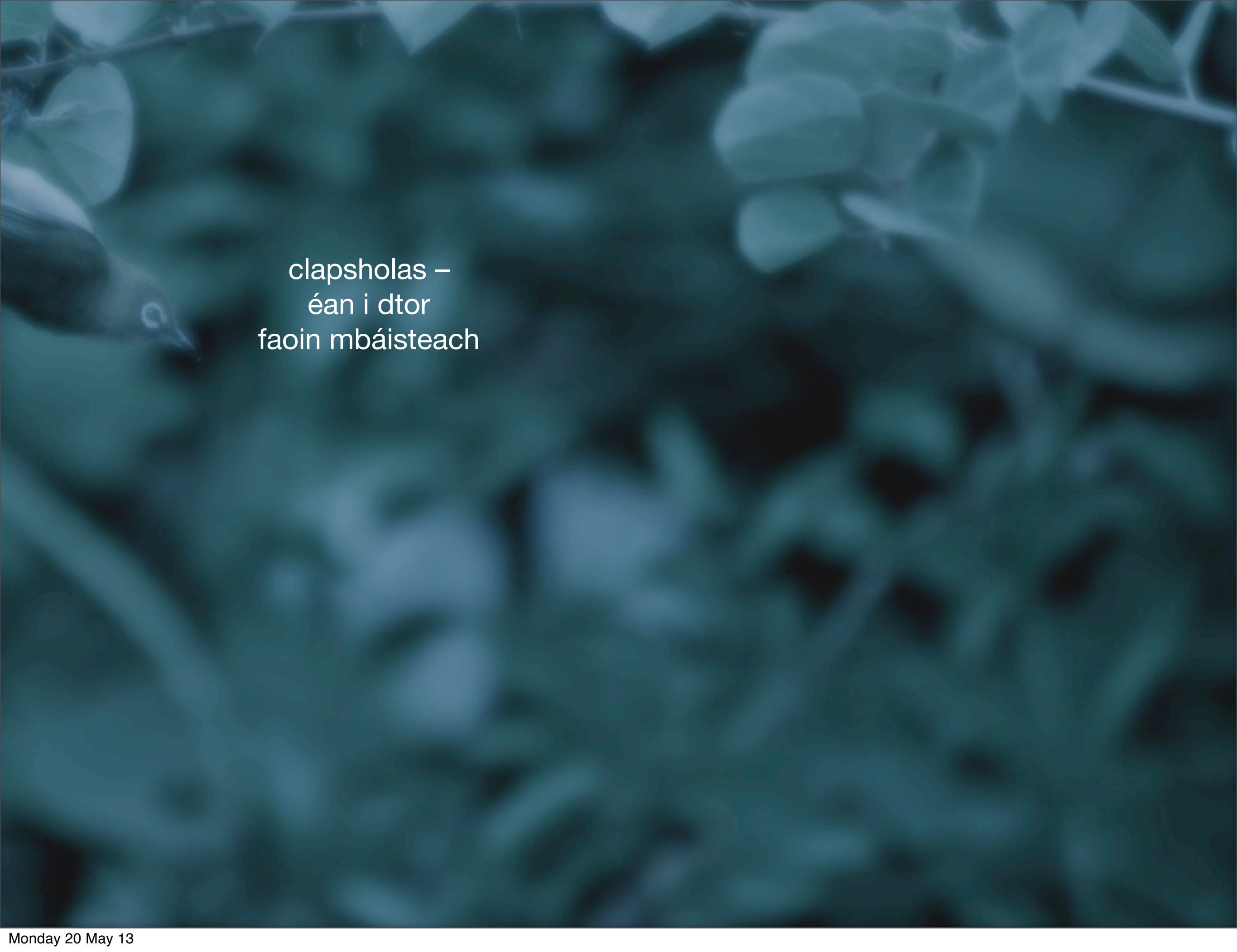


turtar ag seoladh leis
ar lomán
agus a cheann in airde

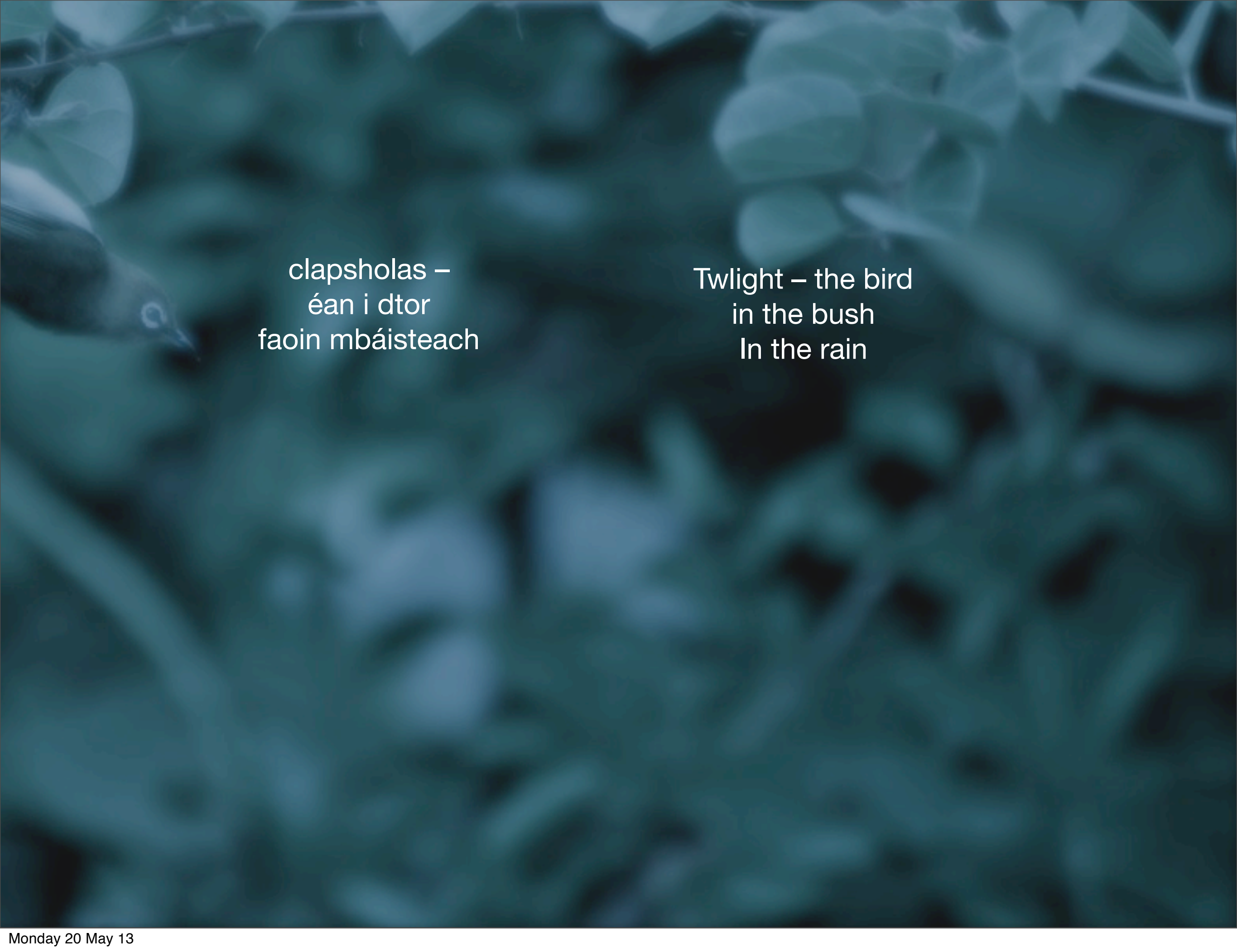
東陽
北窗
畫



A turtle sailing along
on a log,
Head up



clapsholas –
éan i dtor
faoin mbáisteach



clapsholas –
éan i dtor
faoin mbáisteach

Twilight – the bird
in the bush
In the rain



an cat
ag ithe as an sásar –
gealach an Earraigh



an cat
ag ithe as an sásar –
gealach an Earraigh

My cat eating
at his saucer
- Spring moon

cróntráth – buachaill
ag bascadh caisearbhán
lena bhata

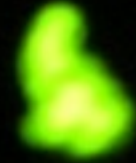


cróntráth – buachaill
ag bascadh caisearbhán
lena bhata

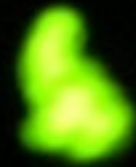
Dusk – boy
smashing dandelions
With a stick



Lampróg ina codladh
ar bhláth:
tá do sholas ar lasadh!



Lampróg ina codladh
ar bhláth:
tá do sholas ar lasadh!



Glow worm sleeping
On this flower,
Your light's on!

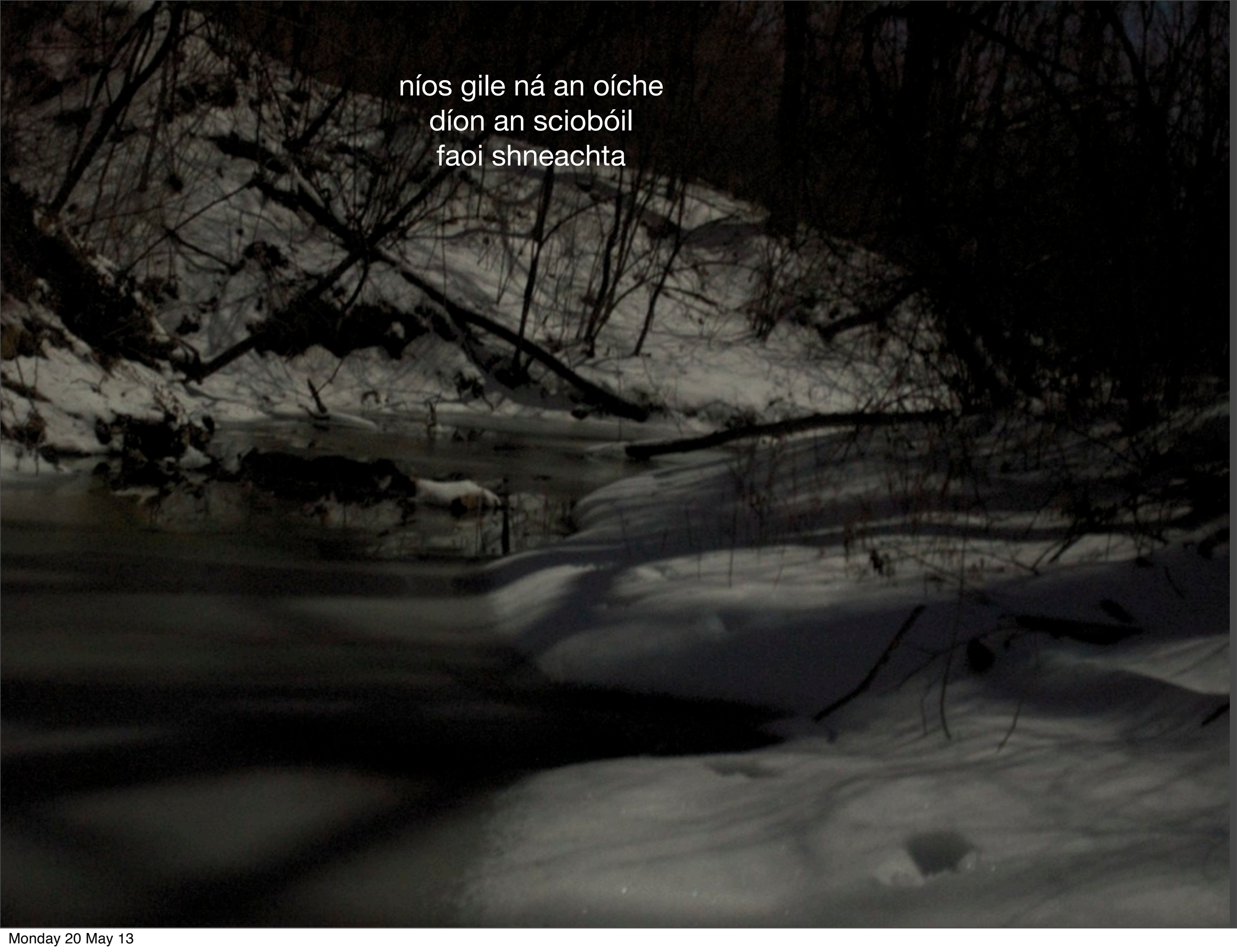
chomh hólta le píobaire
litreacha á scríobh agam –
stoirm thoirní



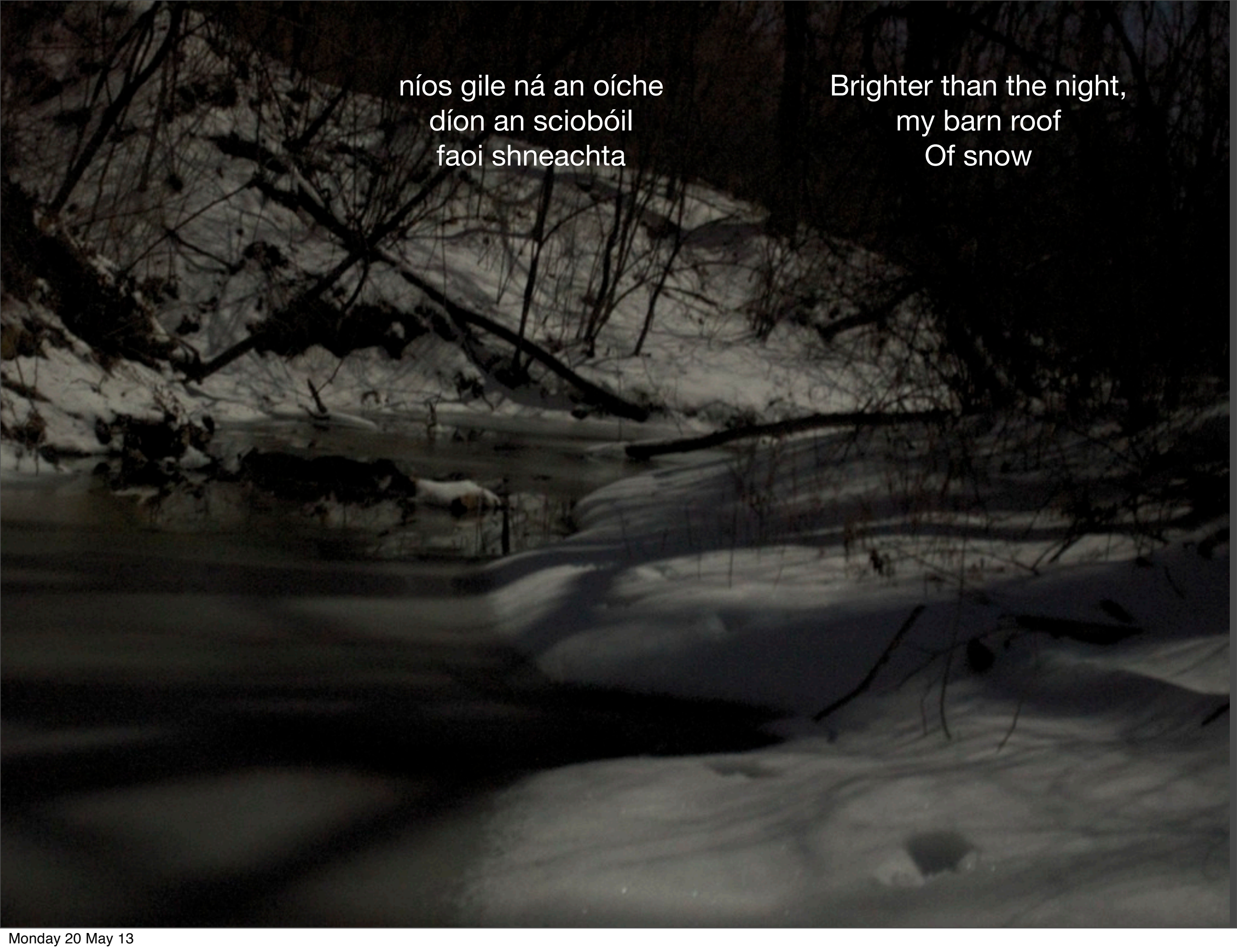
chomh hólta le píobaire
litreacha á scríobh agam –
stoirm thoirní



Drunk as a hoot howl
writing letters
By thunderstorm


A dark, atmospheric photograph of a winter scene. The foreground and middle ground are covered in a thick layer of snow, with some dark, bare tree branches and shrubs visible. A stream or river flows through the scene, its surface partially frozen and reflecting the dim light. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting a dense forest or wooded area. The overall mood is cold and quiet.

níos gile ná an oíche
díon an sciobóil
faoi shneachta


A dark, atmospheric photograph of a winter scene. The ground is covered in a thick layer of snow, with some dark patches visible. Bare, dark tree branches and shrubs are scattered throughout the scene, some leaning over the snow. The lighting is very low, creating a moody and somber atmosphere. The text is overlaid in the upper left and right areas.

níos gile ná an oíche
díon an sciobóil
faoi shneachta

Brighter than the night,
my barn roof
Of snow



gealach dhéanach
ag éirí
sioc ar an bhféar



gealach dhéanach
ag éirí
sioc ar an bhféar

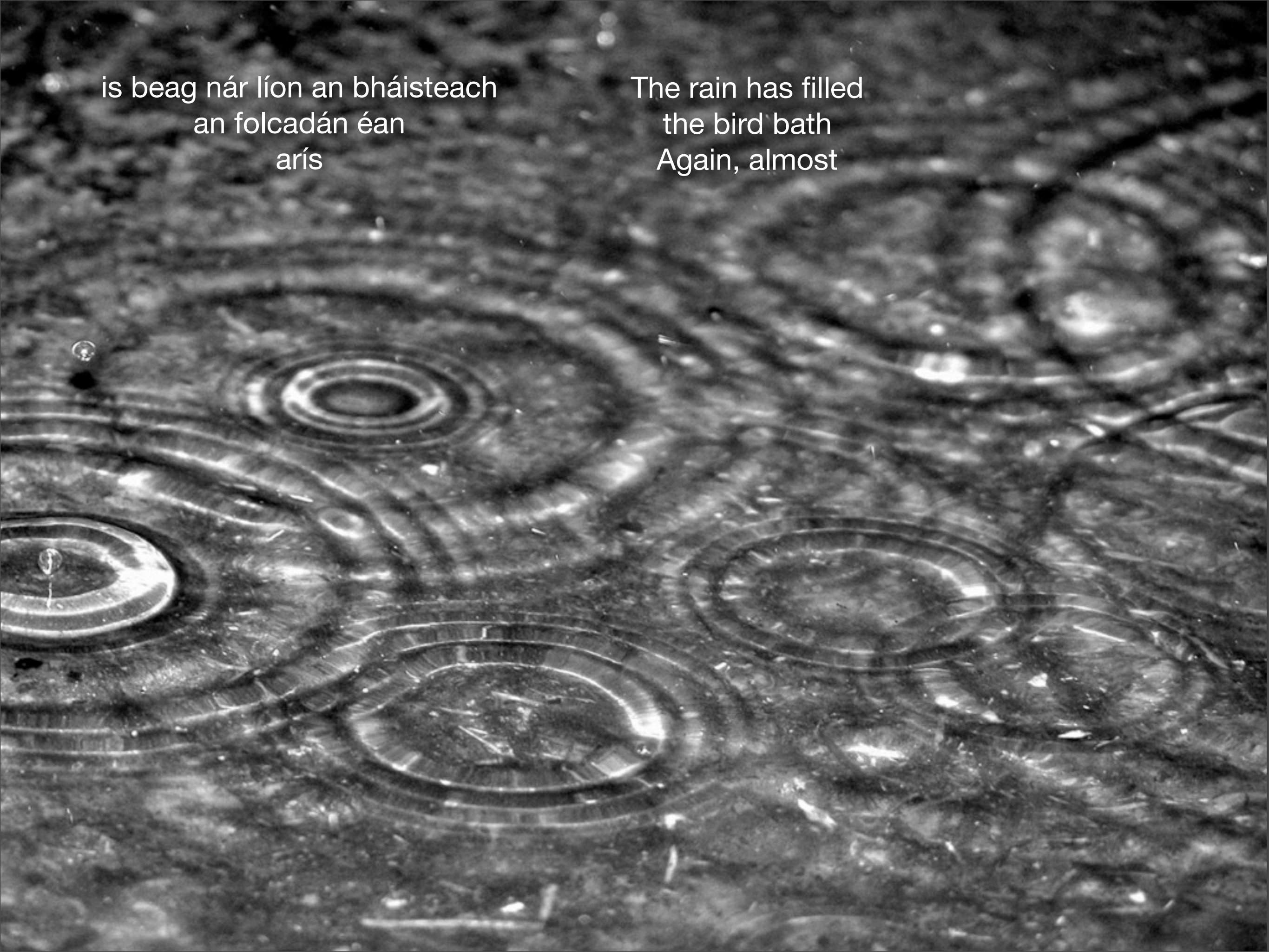
Late moon rising
- Frost
On the grass


is beag nár líon an bháisteach
an folcadán éan
arís




is beag nár líon an bháisteach
an folcadán éan
arís

The rain has filled
the bird bath
Again, almost






oíche álainn shamhraidh
chomh gleoite le róbaí
Íosa




oíche álainn shamhraidh
chomh gleoite le róbaí
Íosa

Beautiful summer night
gorgeous as the robes
Of Jesus

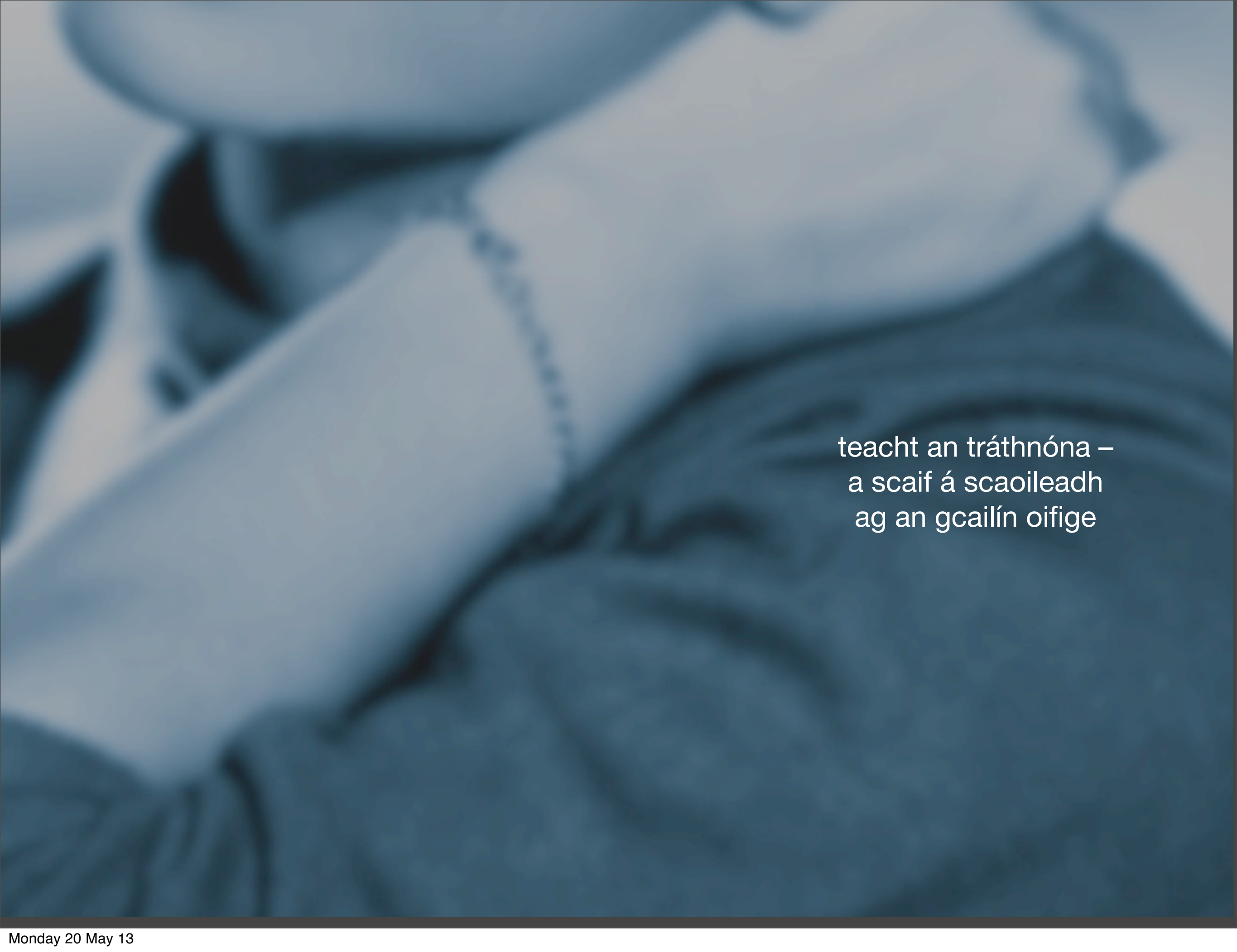


domhan ársa ársa –
sciortaí teanna
taobh leis an ngluaisteán nua

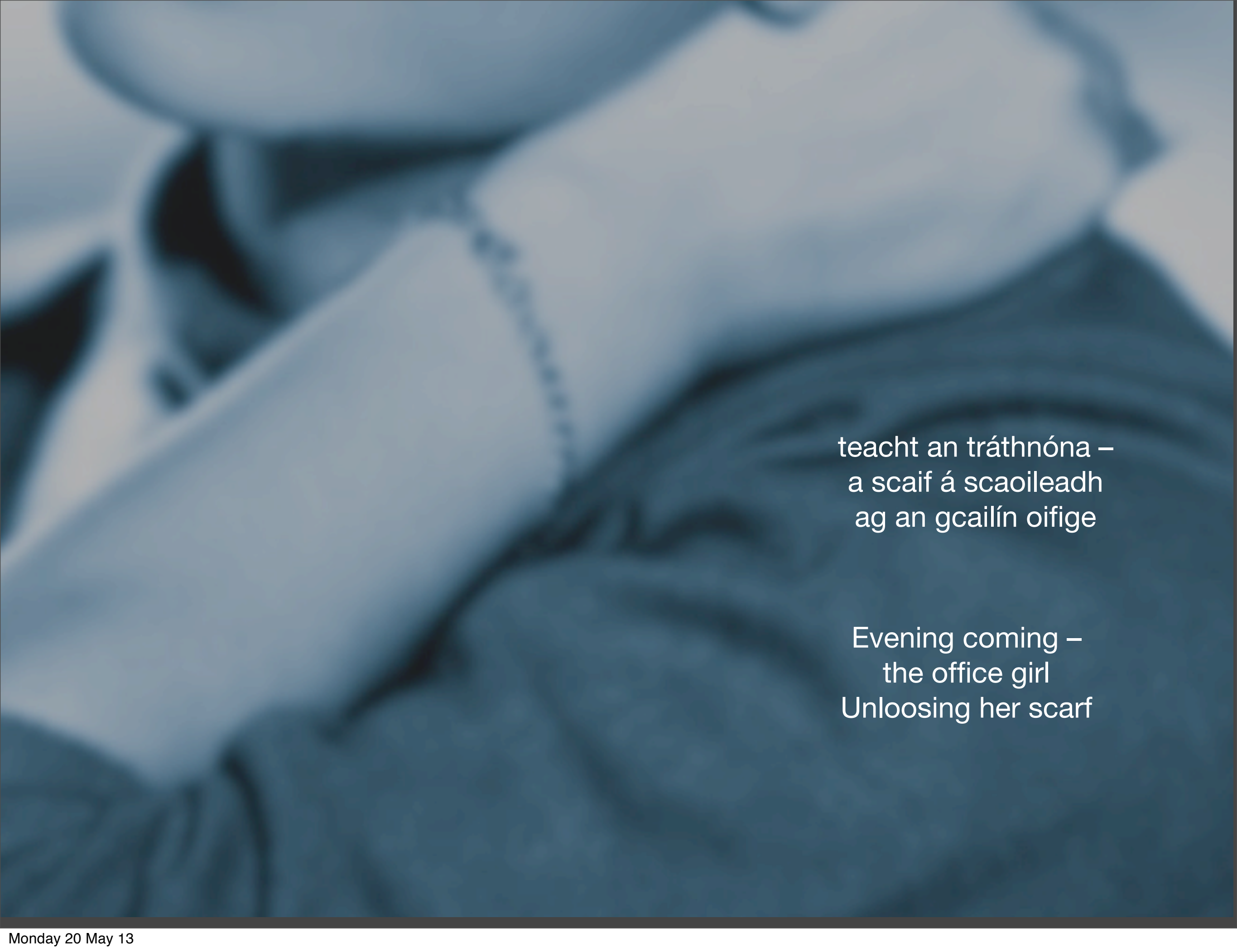


domhan ársa ársa –
sciortaí teanna
taobh leis an ngluaisteán nua

Ancient ancient world
- tight skirts
By the new car

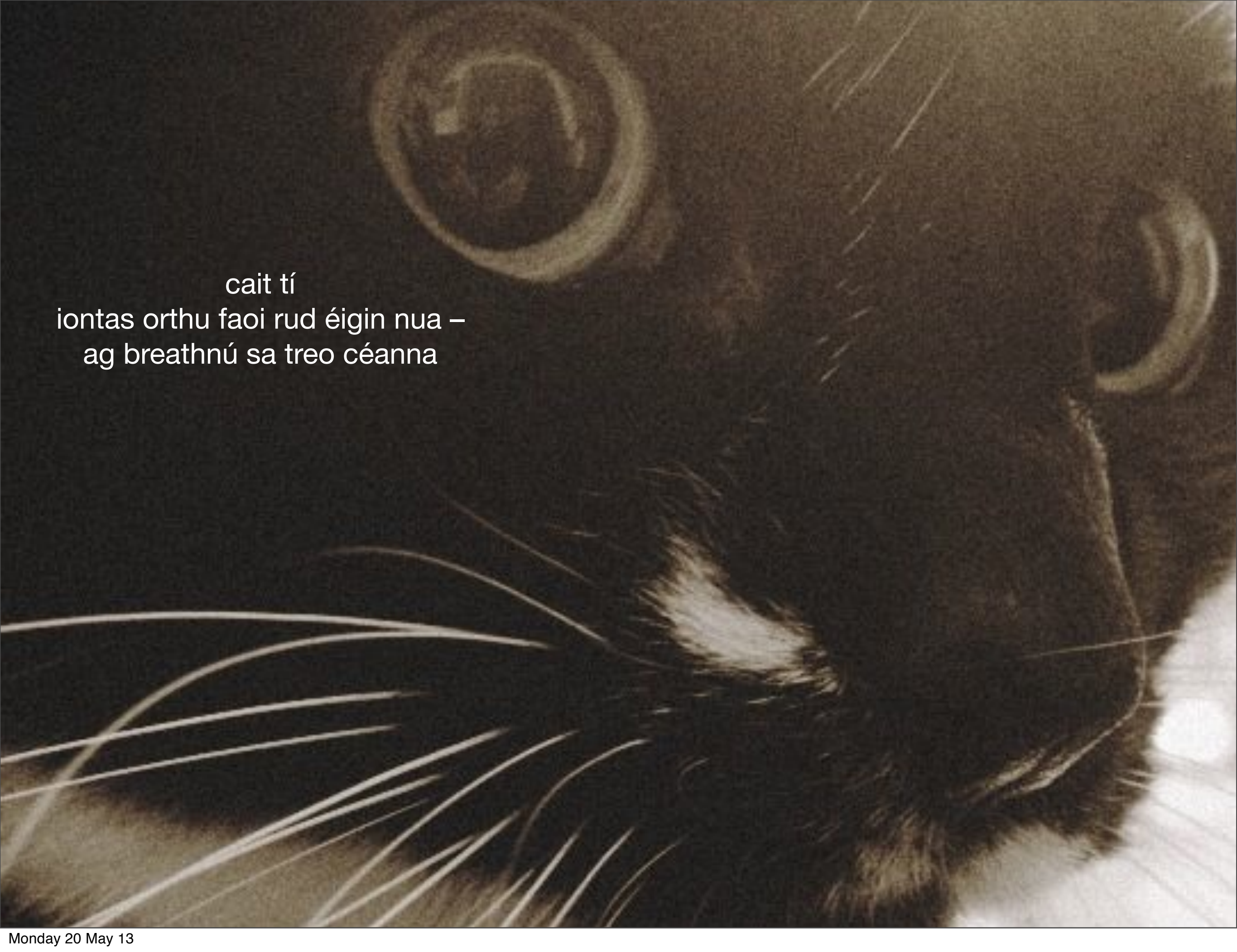


teacht an tráthnóna –
a scaif á scaoileadh
ag an gcailín oifige

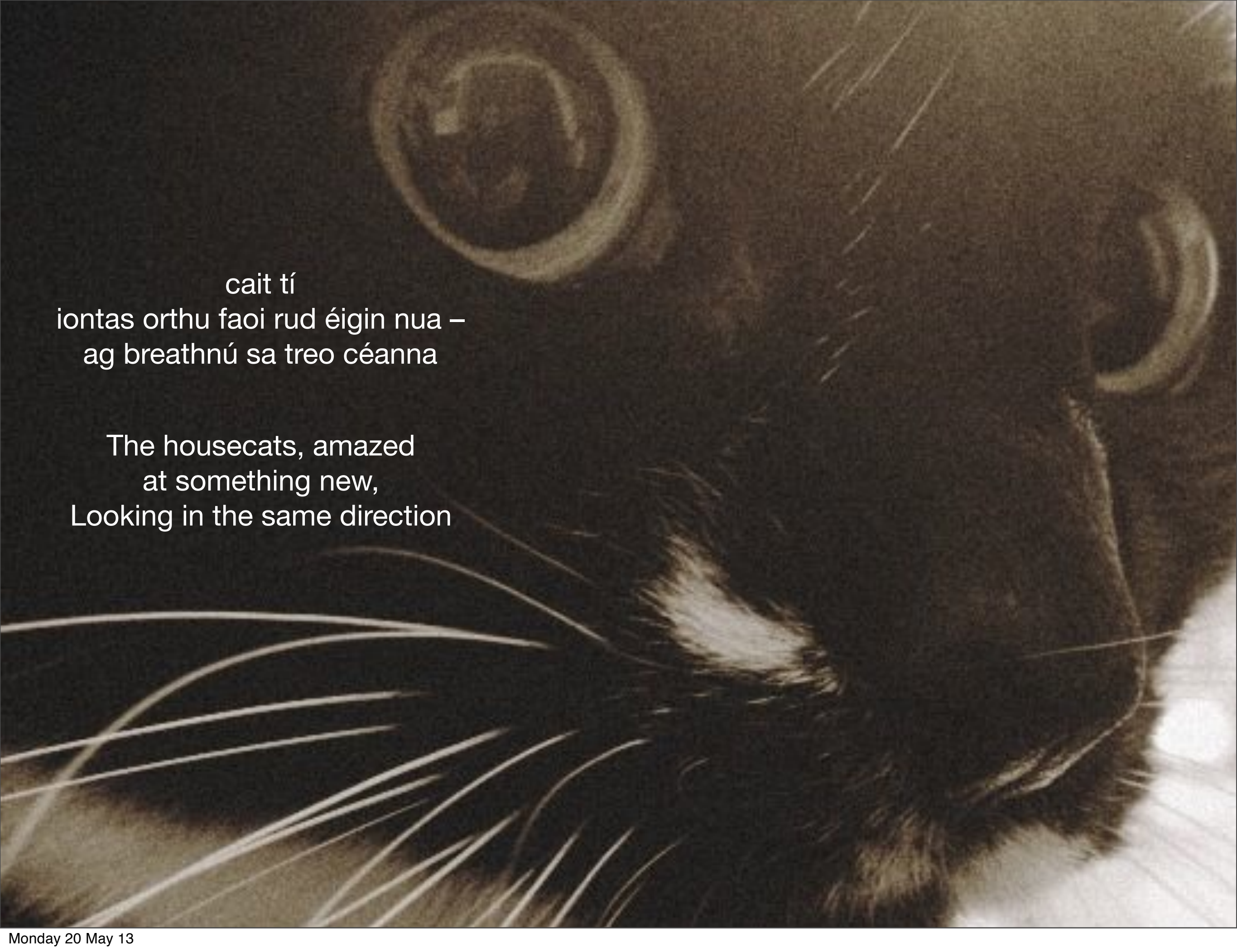


teacht an tráthnóna –
a scaif á scaoileadh
ag an gcailín oifige

Evening coming –
the office girl
Unloosing her scarf




cait tí
iontas orthu faoi rud éigin nua –
ag breathnú sa treo céanna

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a cat's face, focusing on the eyes and whiskers. The cat's fur is dark, and its eyes are large and light-colored. The whiskers are long and white, extending from the sides of the face. The background is dark and out of focus.

cait tí
iontas orthu faoi rud éigin nua –
ag breathnú sa treo céanna


The housecats, amazed
at something new,
Looking in the same direction



cloigne éisc á n-ithe ag an gcat
- a liacht sin súil
faoi sholas na réaltaí

cloigne éisc á n-ithe ag an gcat
- a liacht sin súil
faoi sholas na réaltaí

Cat eating fish heads
- All those eyes
In the starlight




cloigne éisc á n-ithe ag an gcat
- a liacht sin súil
faoi sholas na réaltaí

Cat eating fish heads
- All those eyes
In the starlight

cloigne éisc á n-ithe ag an gcat
- a liacht sin súil
faoi sholas na réaltaí


Cat eating fish heads
- All those eyes
In the starlight

seacht n-éan i gcrann
is iad ag breathnú
i ngach aon treo baill




seacht n-éan i gcrann
is iad ag breathnú
i ngach aon treo baill

Seven birds in a tree,
looking
In every direction



Iorgaíos haiku
ar Albert Saijo,
ní dúirt sé faic

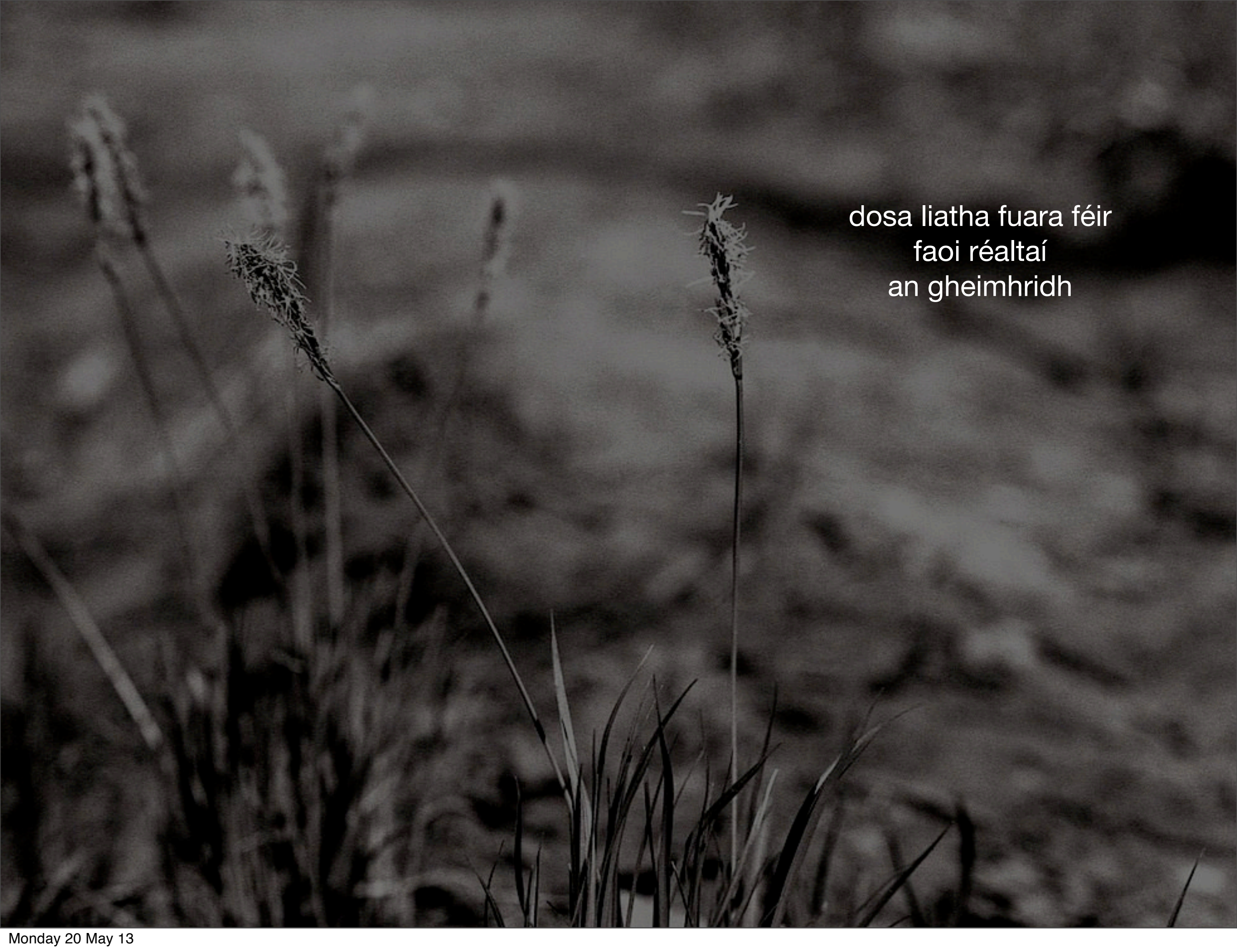
[Albert Saijo: 1926-2011, file Meiriceánach-Áiseach]




Iorgaíos haiku
ar Albert Saijo,
ní dúirt sé faic

Asking Albert Saijo
for a haiku,
He said nothing

[Albert Saijo: 1926-2011, file Meiriceánach-Áiseach]



dosa liatha fuara féir
faoi réaltaí
an gheimhridh

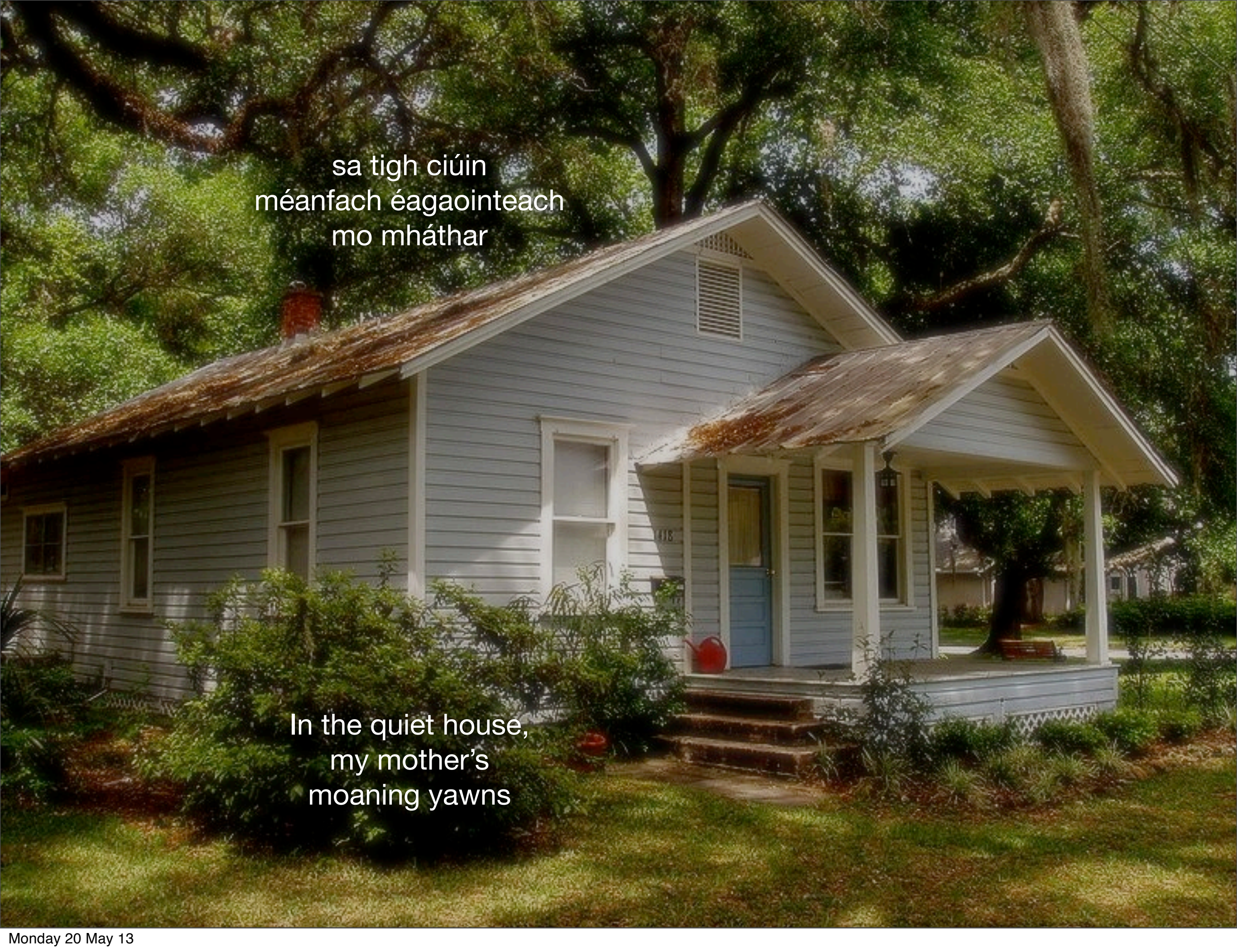


dosa liatha fuara féir
faoi réaltaí
an gheimhridh

Cold gray tufts
of winter grass
Under the stars


sa tigh ciúin
méanfach éagointeach
mo mháthar






sa tigh ciúin
méanfach éagointeach
mo mháthar

In the quiet house,
my mother's
moaning yawns

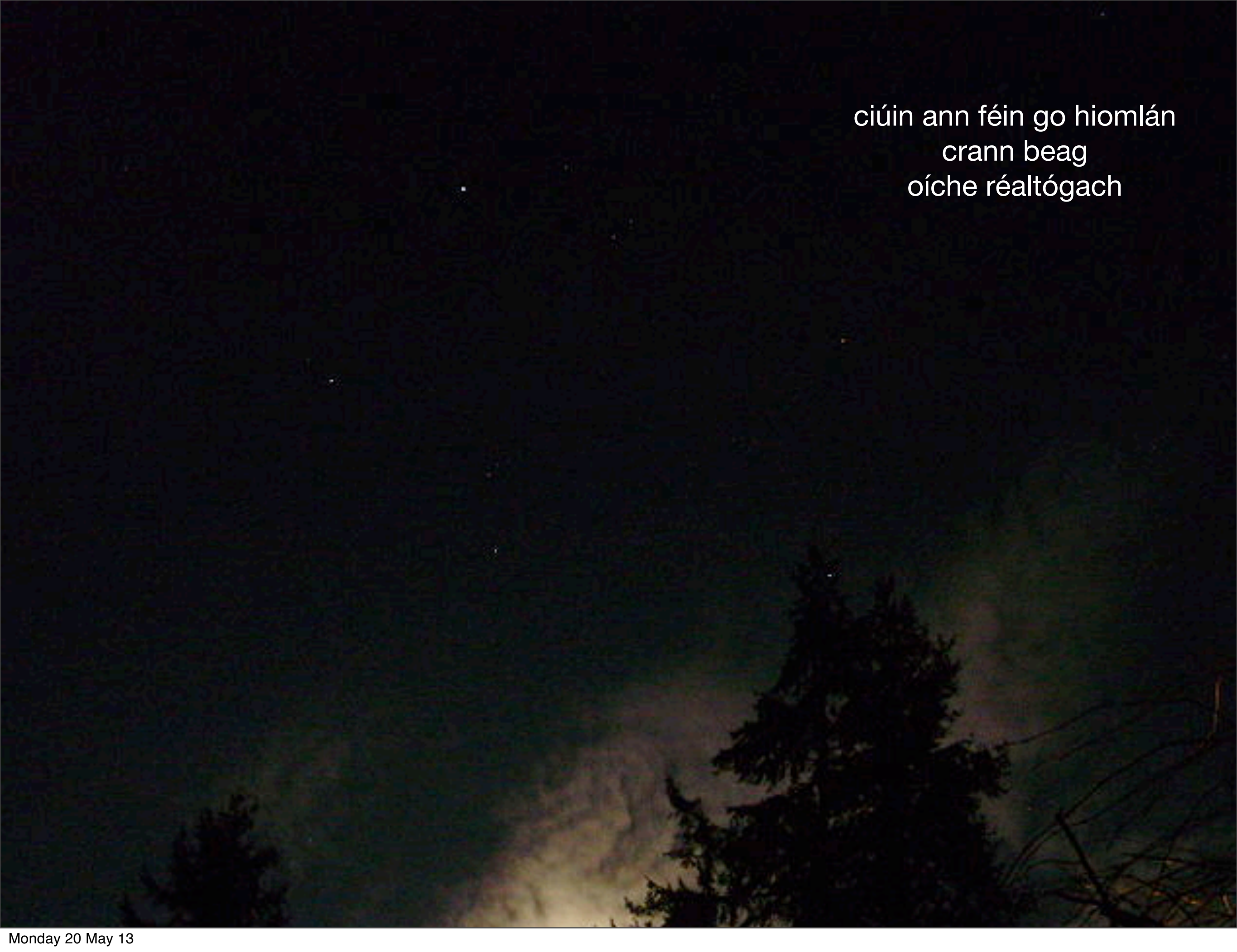
The background image is a misty, teal-toned landscape. On the left side, there is a dark, silhouetted forest of trees. The foreground is a calm body of water, reflecting the misty atmosphere. The overall scene is serene and atmospheric.

cróntráth – ceileann
an síobadh sneachta gach aon ní
fiú an oíche

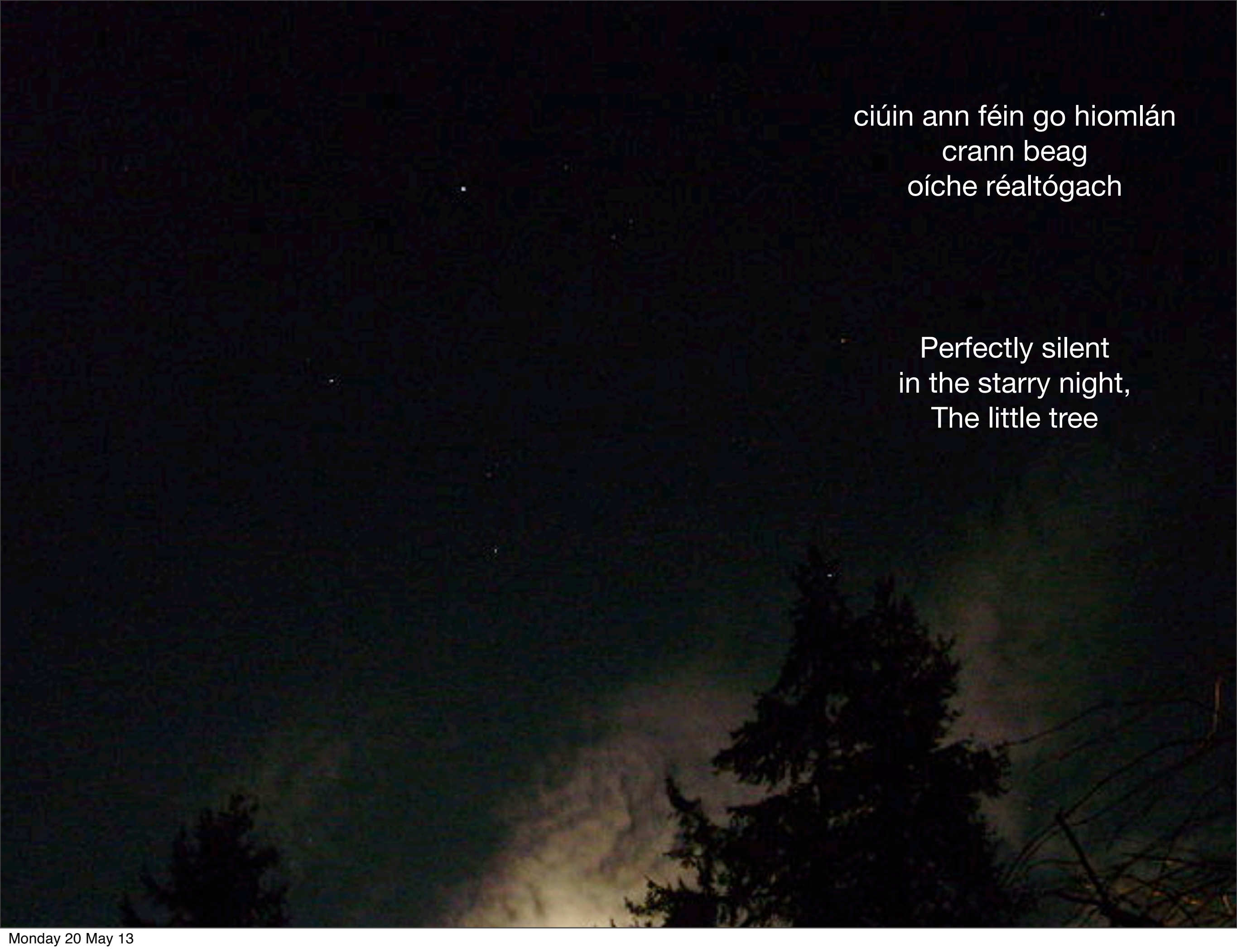


cróntráth – ceileann
an síobadh sneachta gach aon ní
fiú an oíche

Dusk – The blizzard
hides everything,
Even the night



ciúin ann féin go hiomlán
crann beag
oíche réaltógach



ciúin ann féin go hiomlán
crann beag
oíche réaltógach

Perfectly silent
in the starry night,
The little tree

sa tóir ar an gcat
i measc fiailí
tháinig mé ar fhéileacán



sa tóir ar an gcat
i measc fiailí
tháinig mé ar fhéileacán



Looking for my cat
in the weeds,
I found a butterfly



茶詩集
卷一
一


ré lán Dheireadh Fómhair
mí-abha beag
an phiscín



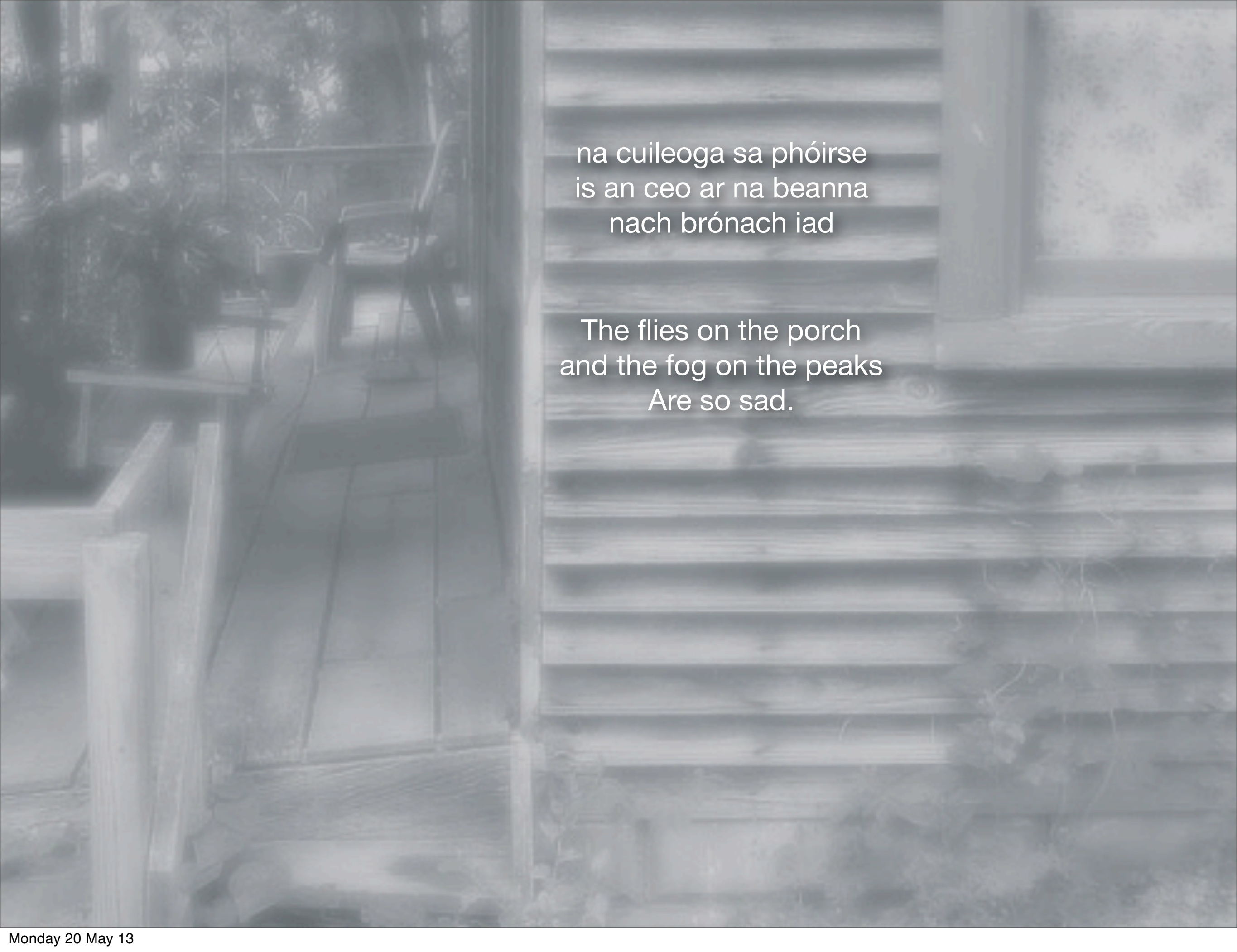
ré lán Dheireadh Fómhair
mí-abha beag
an phiscín

Full moon of October
- The tiny mew
of the Kitty





na cuileoga sa phóirse
is an ceo ar na beanna
nach brónach iad



na cuileoga sa phóirse
is an ceo ar na beanna
nach brónach iad

The flies on the porch
and the fog on the peaks
Are so sad.

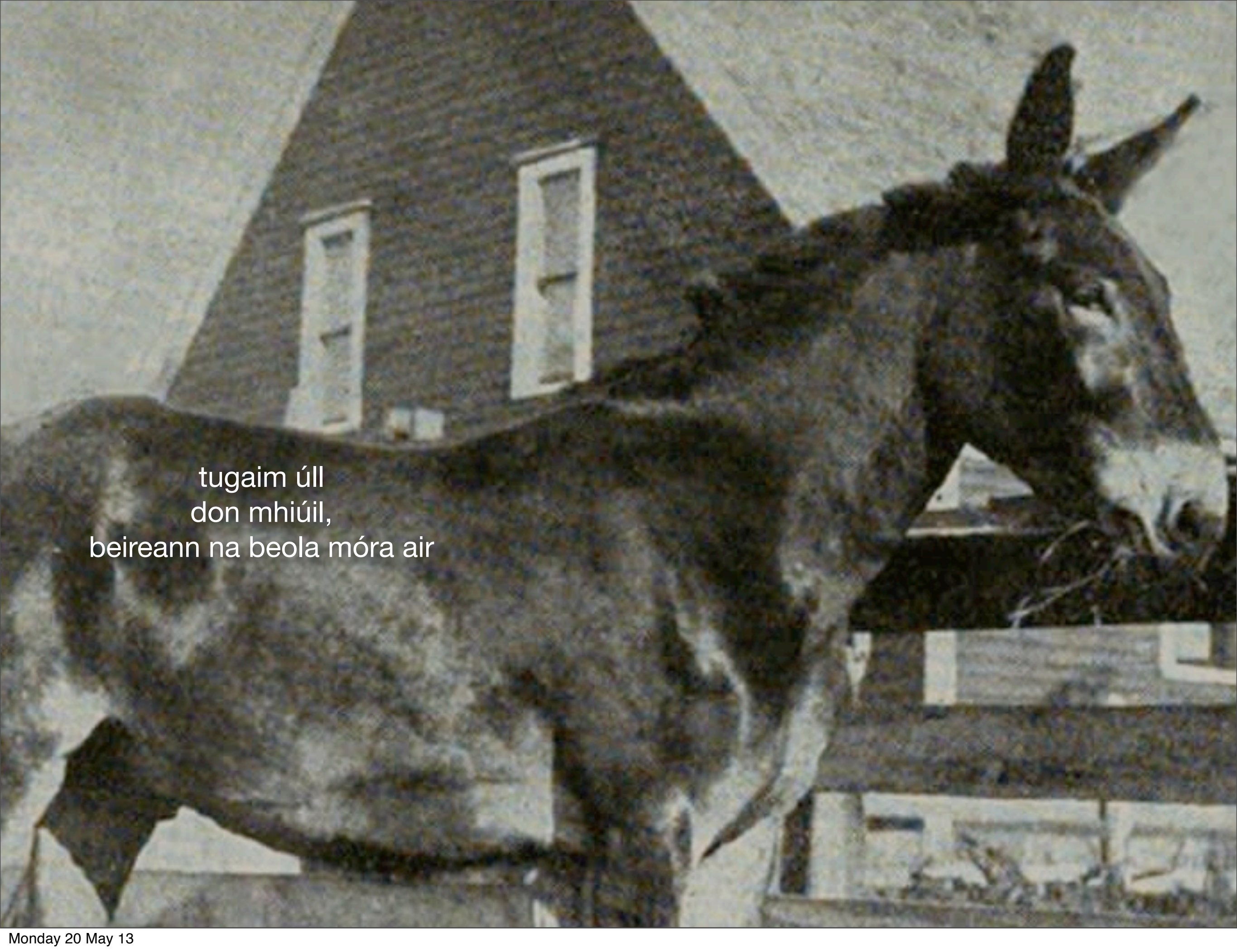
aighneas
faoi chloch phéitseoirge –
scréachóga gorma sna toir



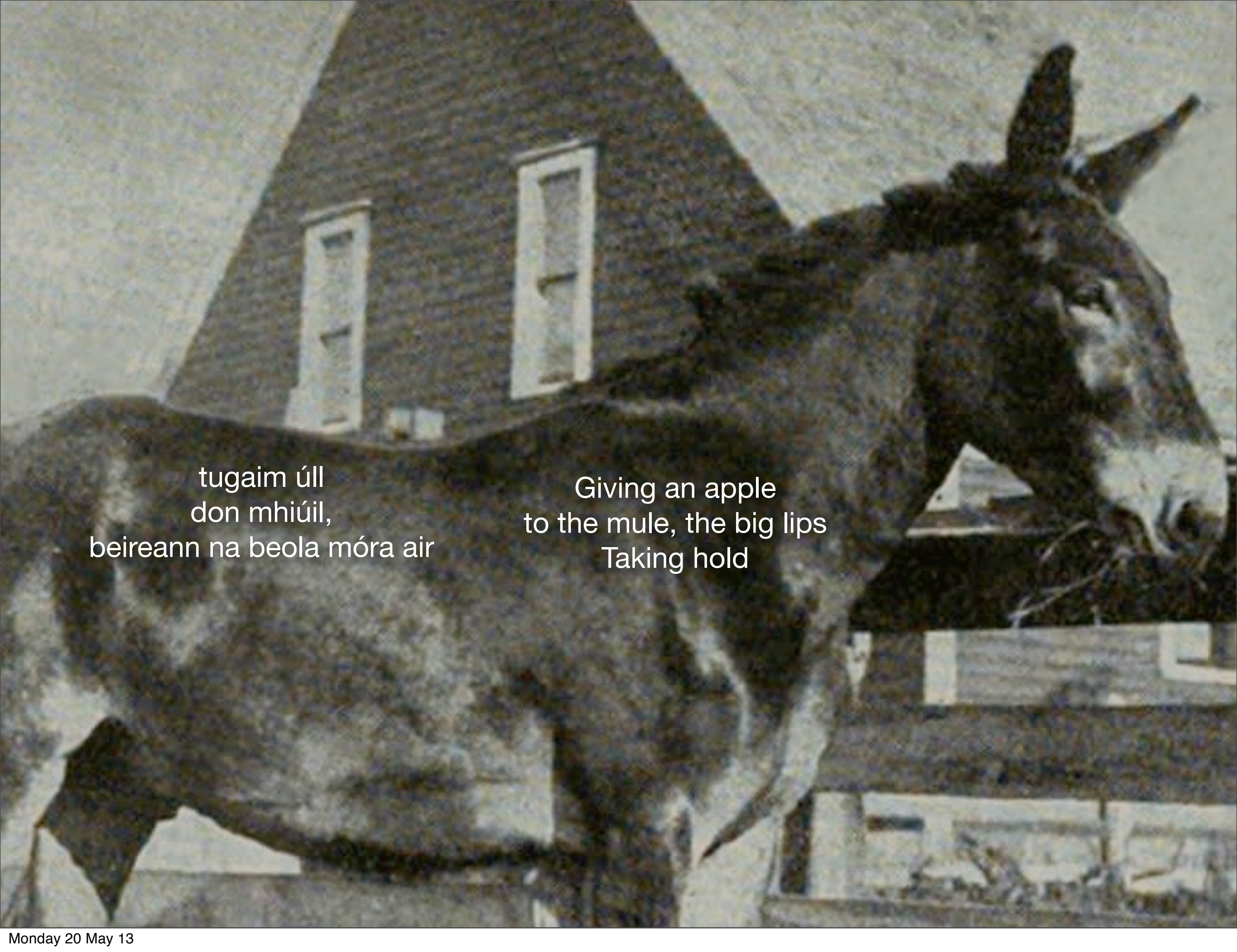
aighneas
faoi chloch phéitseoirge –
scréachóga gorma sna toir

Fighting over a peach
stone, bluejays
In the bushes




A large, grey donkey with a white blaze on its face and a white patch on its chest stands in the foreground. Behind it is a stone building with a steep, dark roof. Two small, white-framed windows are visible on the upper part of the building. The donkey is looking towards the right. The image has a slightly grainy, vintage quality.

tugaim úll
don mhiúil,
beireann na beola móra air




tugaim úll
don mhiúil,
beireann na beola móra air

Giving an apple
to the mule, the big lips
Taking hold


A close-up, sepia-toned photograph of a hand pouring coffee from a silver kettle into a white cup. The kettle is tilted, and a stream of dark liquid is visible falling into the cup. The hand holding the cup is visible on the left side. The background is dark and out of focus.

caife á dhoirteadh
go ciúin san iarnóin
nach taitneamhach!

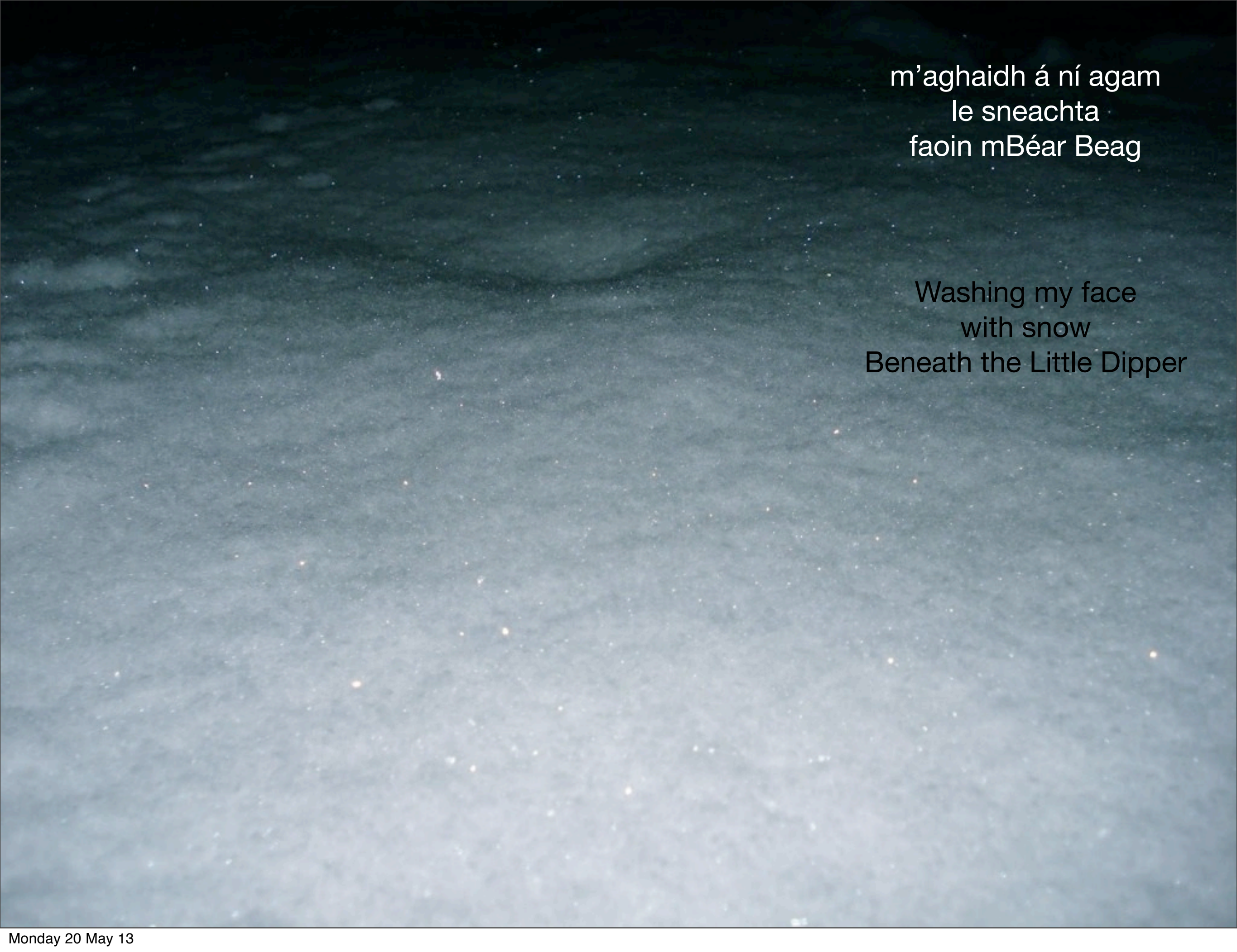
A sepia-toned photograph showing a hand holding a silver kettle, pouring coffee into a white cup. The coffee is dark and the cup is partially filled. The background is dark and out of focus.

caife á dhoirteadh
go ciúin san iarnóin
nach taitneamhach!

Quietly pouring coffee
in the afternoon,
How pleasant!




m'aghaidh á ní agam
le sneachta
faoin mBéar Beag



m'aghaidh á ní agam
le sneachta
faoin mBéar Beag


Washing my face
with snow
Beneath the Little Dipper

lá gréine – lorg na n-éan
& lorg na gcat
sa sneachta

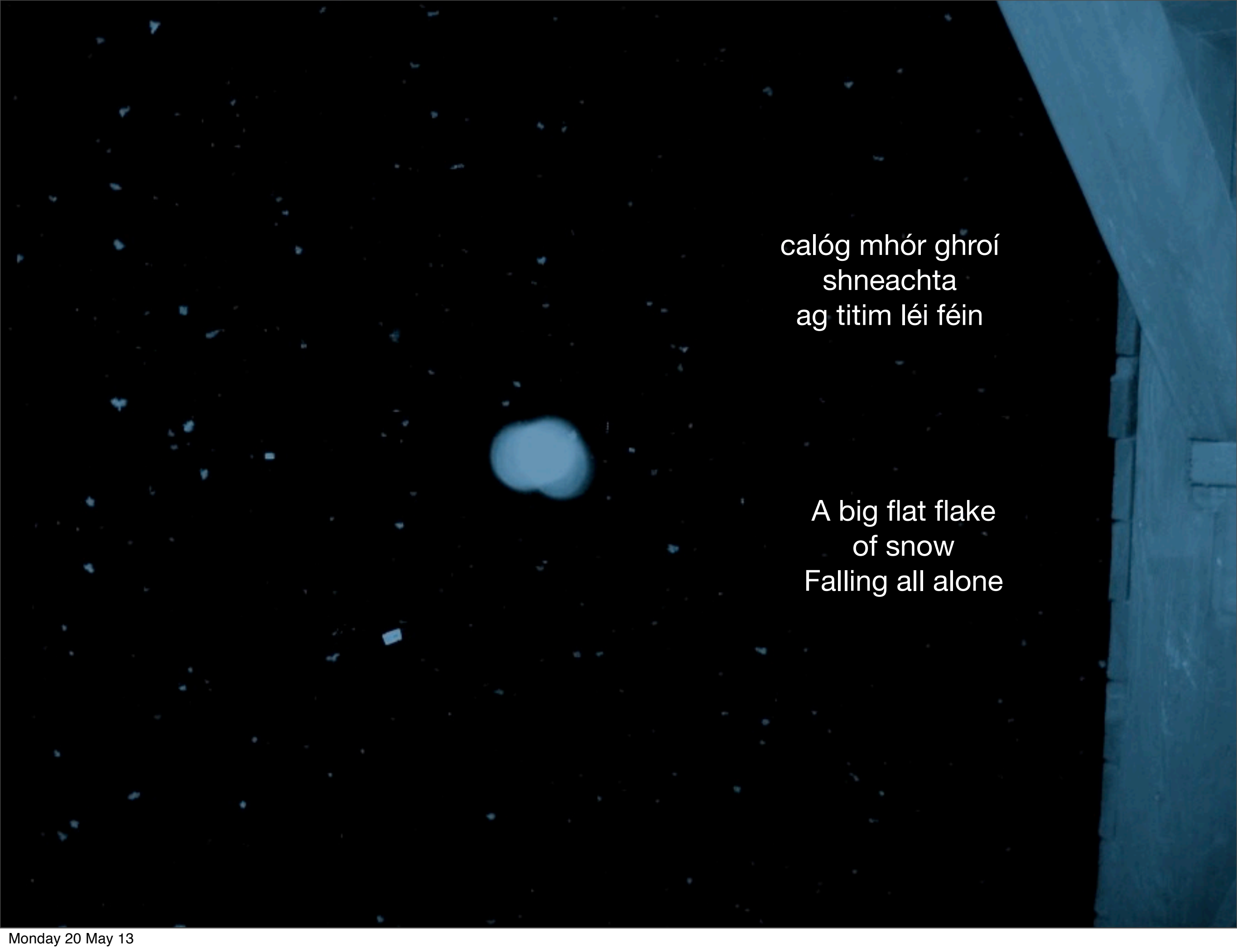


lá gréine – lorg na n-éan
& lorg na gcat
sa sneachta

Sunny day – bird tracks
& cat tracks
In the snow


A night sky filled with numerous small, distant stars. In the center of the frame, there is a larger, bright, and somewhat blurry object, possibly a planet or a star. On the right side of the image, a portion of a stone wall is visible, showing the texture of the masonry.

calóg mhór ghroí
shneachta
ag titim léi féin




calóg mhór ghroí
shneachta
ag titim léi féin

A big flat flake
of snow
Falling all alone

A black and white cat is walking across a snowy, rocky landscape. The cat is positioned in the lower center of the frame, facing left. The ground is covered in a layer of snow, with some rocks and small patches of vegetation visible. In the background, there are dense, snow-covered bushes and trees. The overall scene is a winter or late autumn setting.

fáinne an lae – an fearchat
ag brostú abhaile
is a ruball faoi

A black and white tomcat is walking through a snowy, wooded area. The cat is facing left, with its tail down. The ground is covered in snow, and there are bare trees and branches in the background.

fáinne an lae – an fearchat
ag brostú abhaile
is a ruball faoi

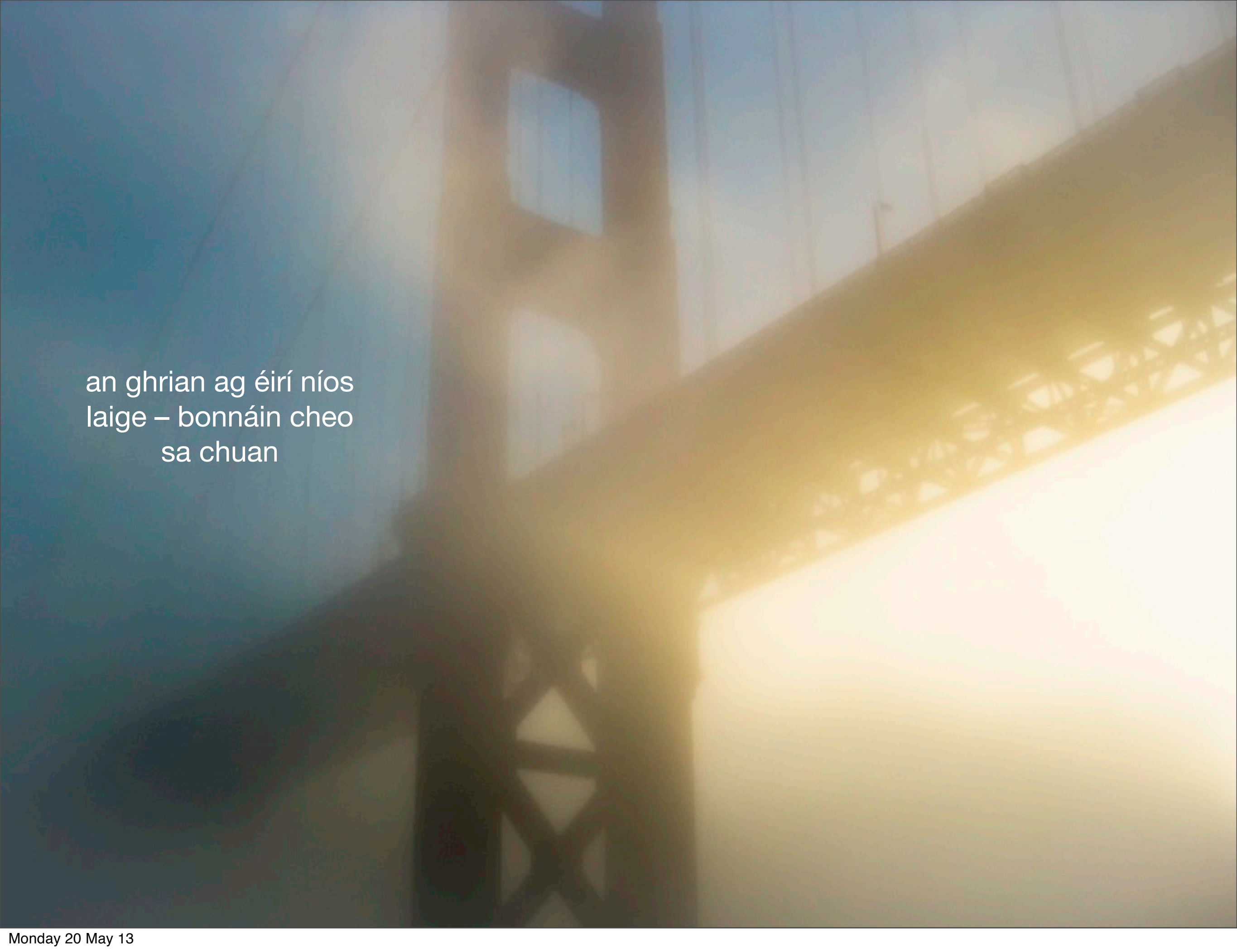
Dawn – the tomcat
hurrying home
With his tail down

tar éis an tsuipéir
na lapaí trasna a chéile aige
cat ag machnamh

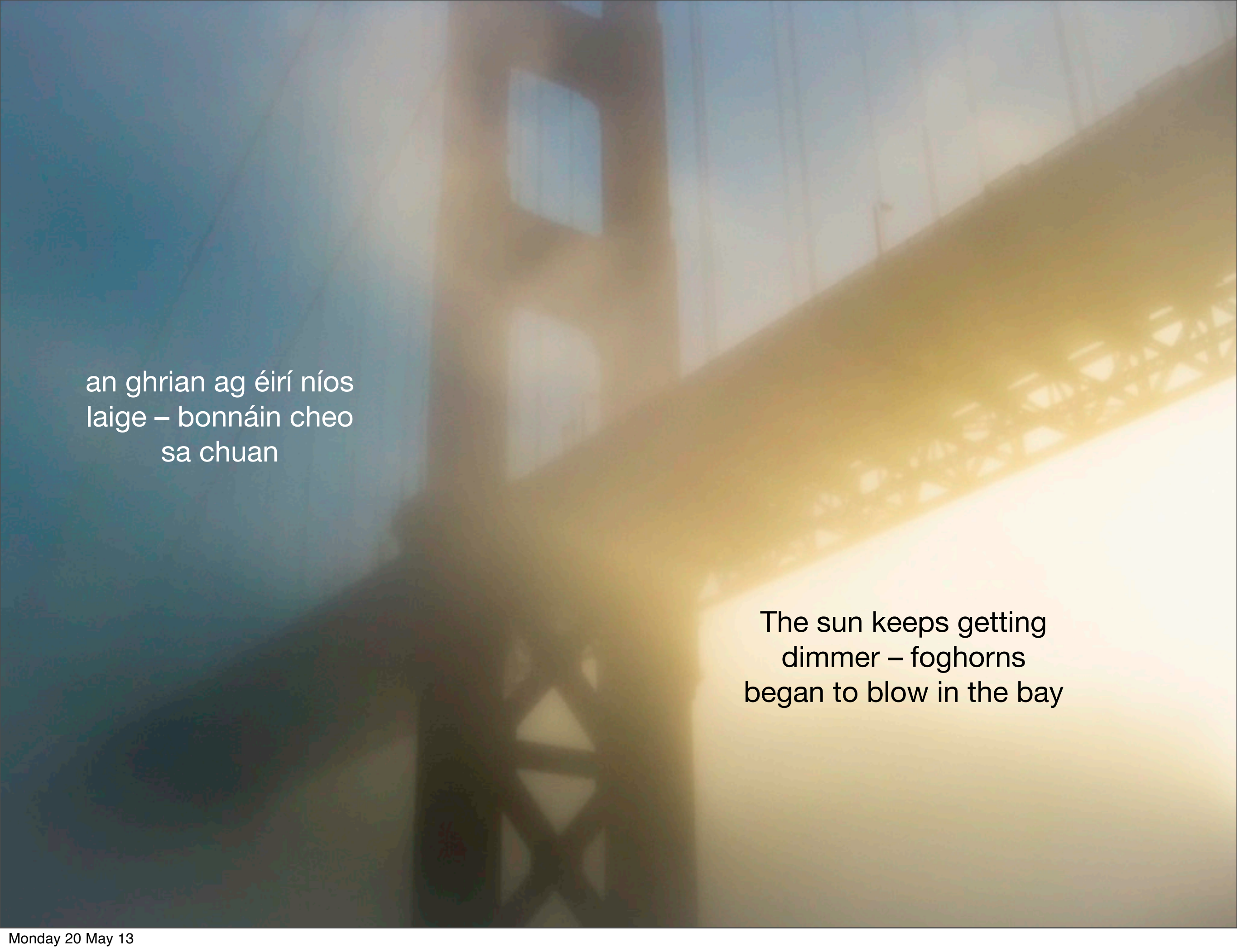
tar éis an tsuipéir
na lapaí trasna a chéile aige
cat ag machnamh

After supper
on crossed paws,
The cat meditates

HAIKU NÁR CNUASAÍODH



an ghrian ag éirí níos
laige – bonnáin cheo
sa chuan




an ghrian ag éirí níos
laige – bonnáin cheo
sa chuan

The sun keeps getting
dimmer – foghorns
began to blow in the bay

sciatháin an fhéileacáin
faoin ngrian
mar fhuinneog eaglaise

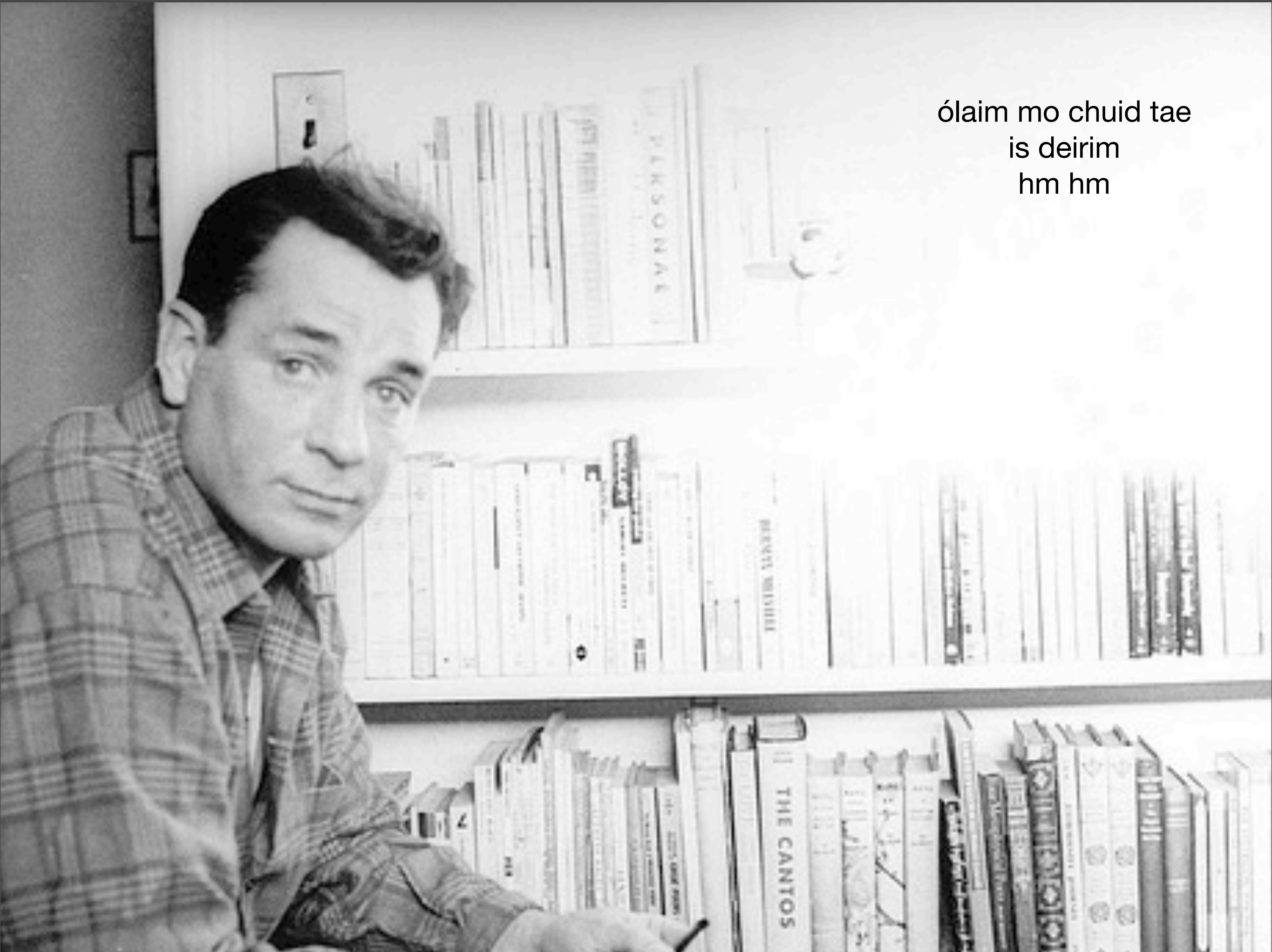


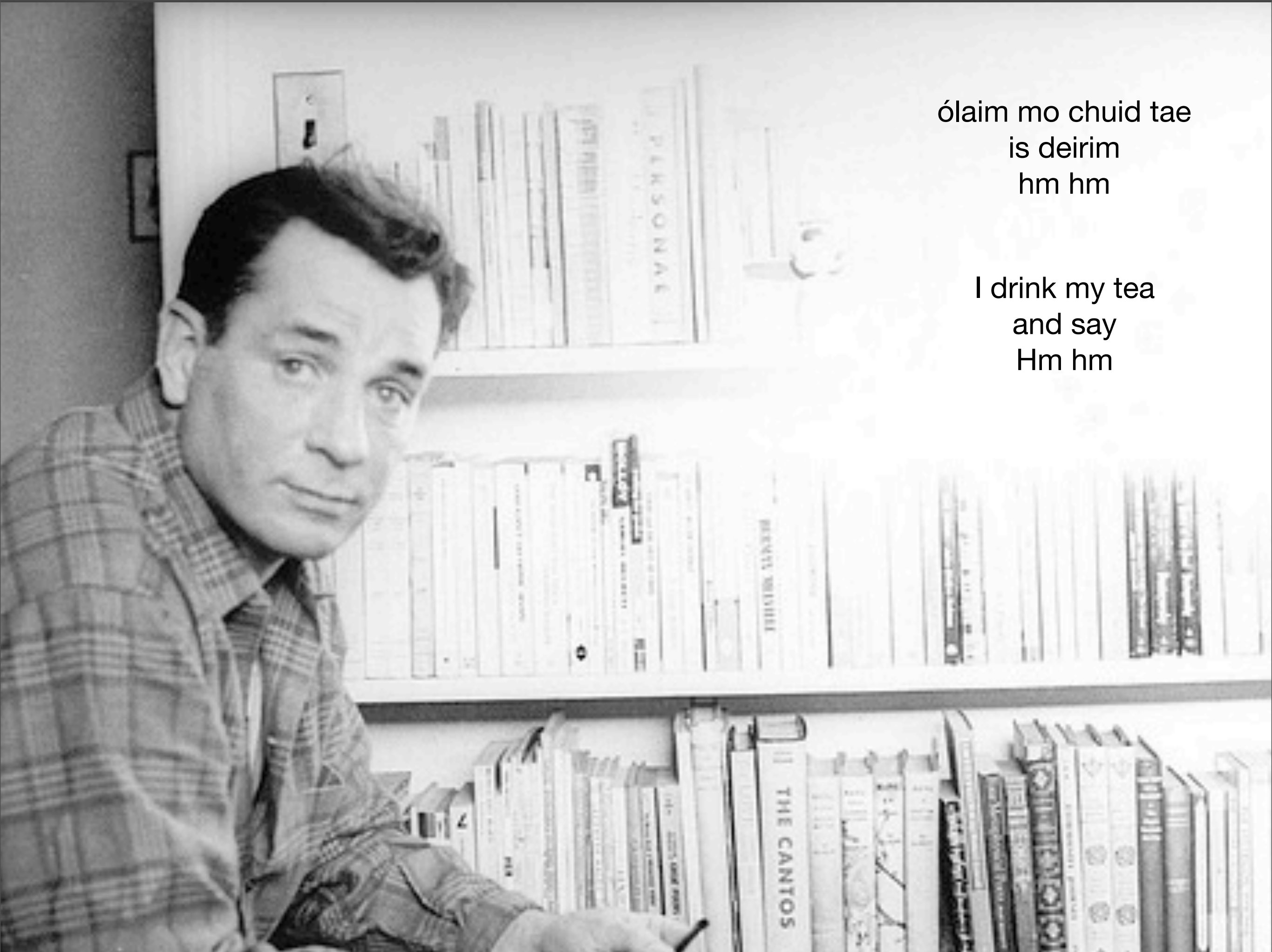
A close-up photograph of a butterfly with yellow and brown wings, resting on a wooden surface. The butterfly's wings are spread, showing intricate patterns of brown lines and spots on a yellow background. The wooden surface has a warm, textured appearance with visible grain and some small holes. The lighting is soft, casting a gentle shadow of the butterfly onto the wood.

sciatháin an fhéileacáin
faoi ngrian
mar fhuinneog eaglaise

In the sun
the butterfly wings
Like a church window

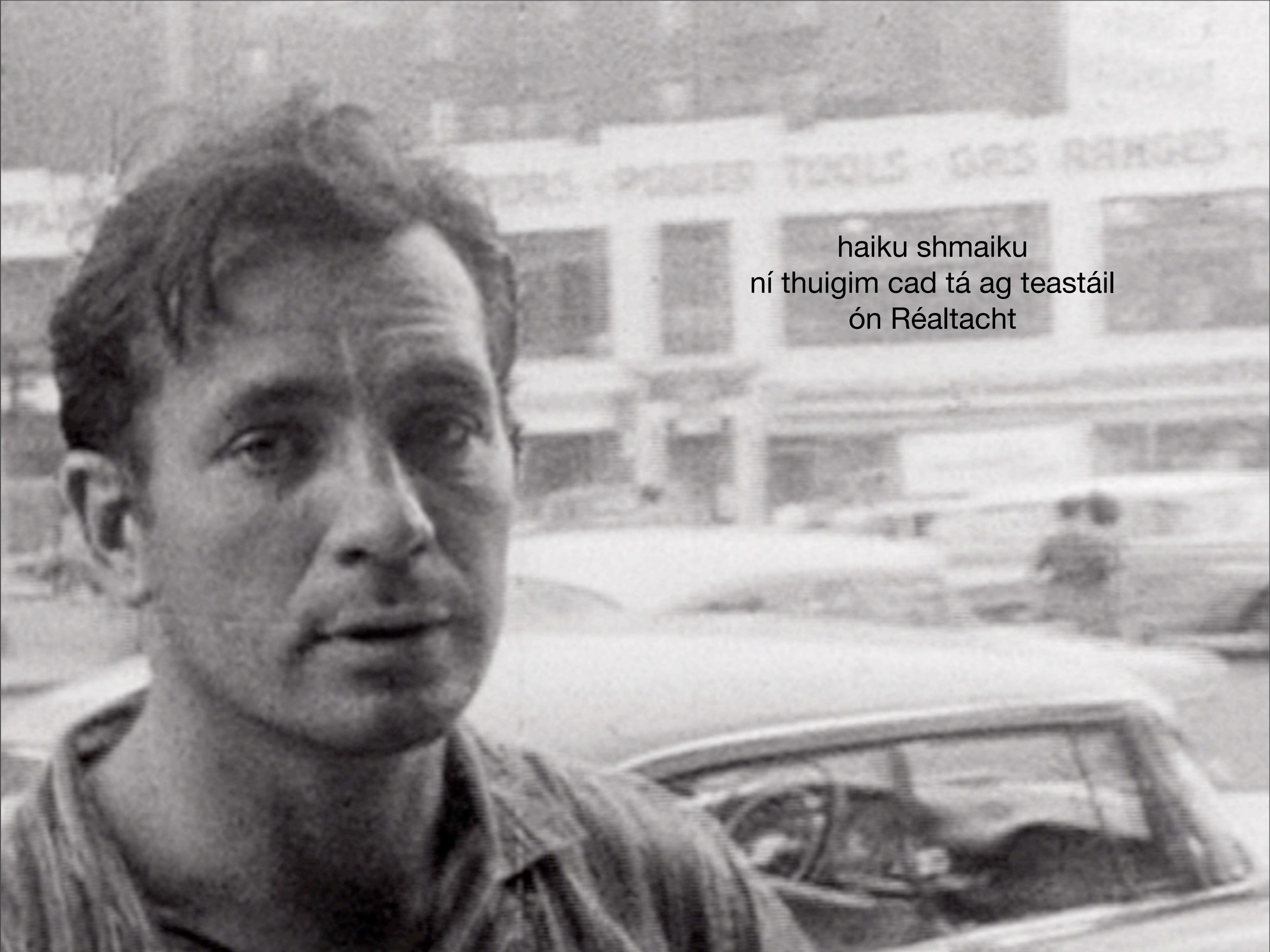
ólaim mo chuid tae
is deirim
hm hm



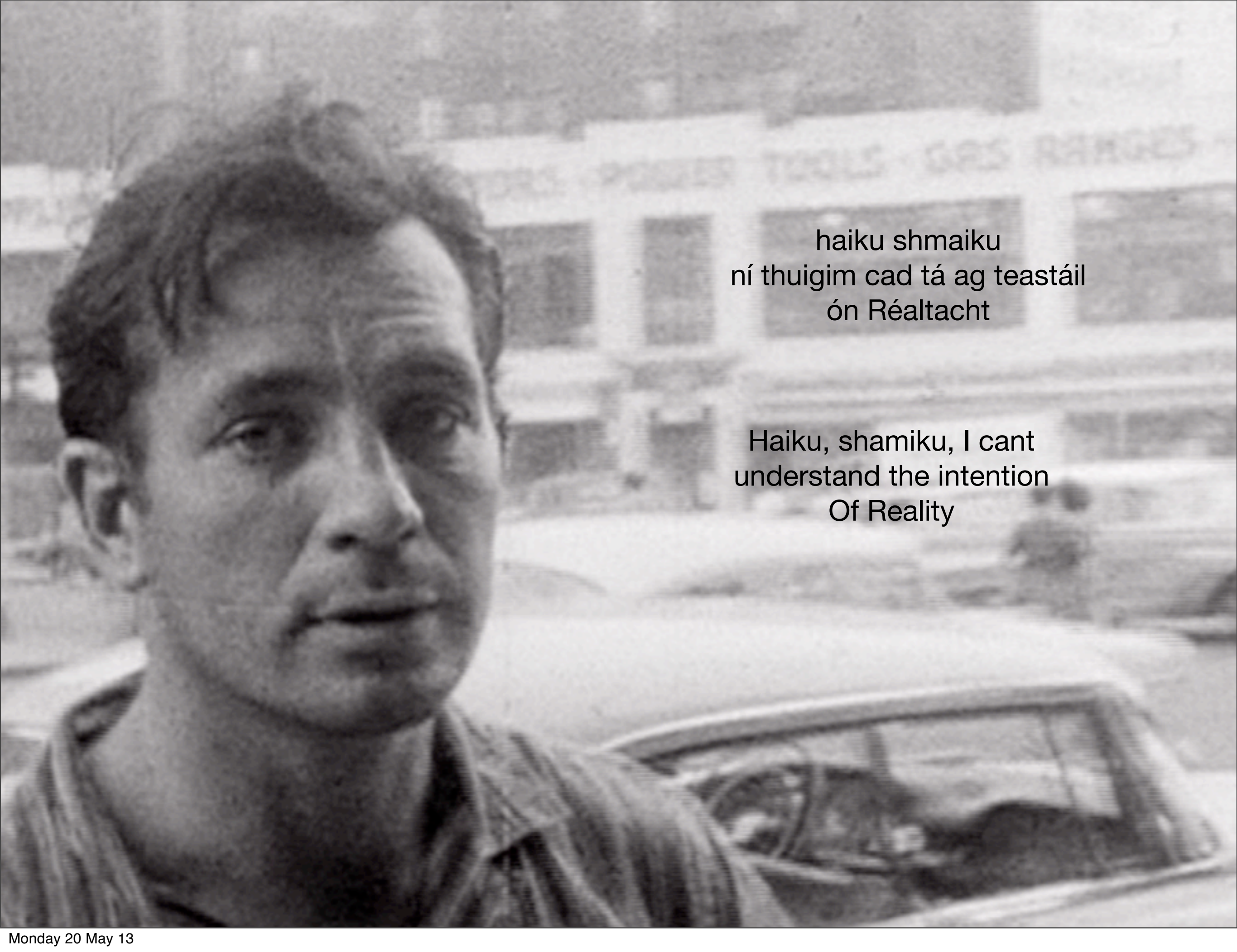


ólaim mo chuid tae
is deirim
hm hm

I drink my tea
and say
Hm hm




haiku shmaiku
ní thuigim cad tá ag teastáil
ón Réaltacht




haiku shmaiku
ní thuigim cad tá ag teastáil
ón Réaltacht

Haiku, shamiku, I cant
understand the intention
Of Reality

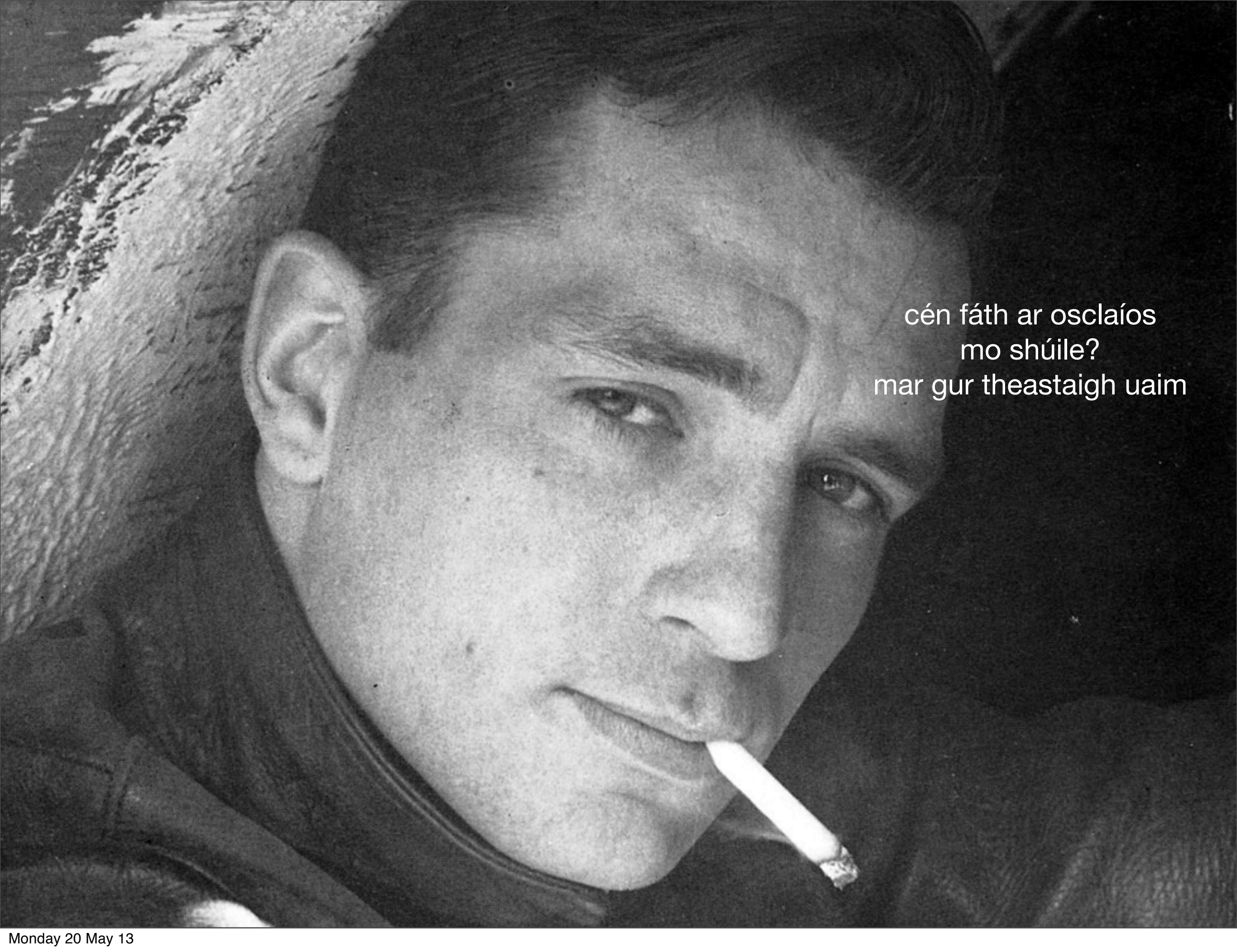
A photograph of a rural scene. In the foreground, a large brown hen is pecking at the ground. To her left, a small black chick is visible. In the center, a rooster with white, brown, and black feathers stands on a small mound of dirt. Several other small chicks are scattered around. The ground is dry and dusty, with some fallen logs and branches. The background is filled with lush green trees and foliage. The text is overlaid in the center of the image.

luascann an féar
cearca ag sclogadh gáire
faic ag tarlú

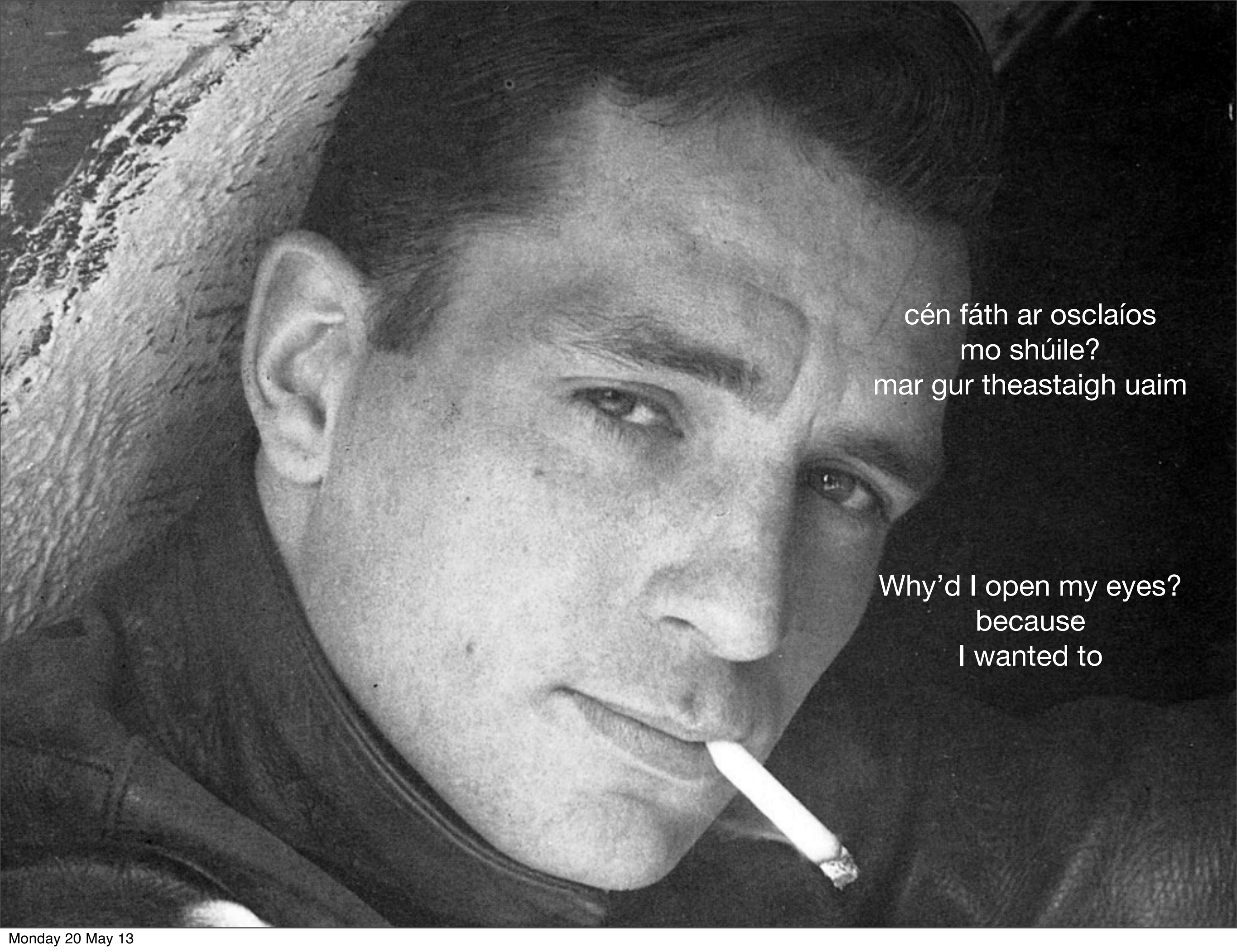


luascann an féar
cearca ag sclogadh gáire
faic ag tarlú

Grass waves,
hens chuckle,
Nothing's happening




cén fáth ar osclaíos
mo shúile?
mar gur theastaigh uaim




cén fáth ar osclaíos
mo shúile?
mar gur theastaigh uaim

Why'd I open my eyes?
because
I wanted to



an choill ghiúise
ag corraí
sa cheo




an choill ghiúise
ag corraí
sa cheo

The pine woods
move
In the mist

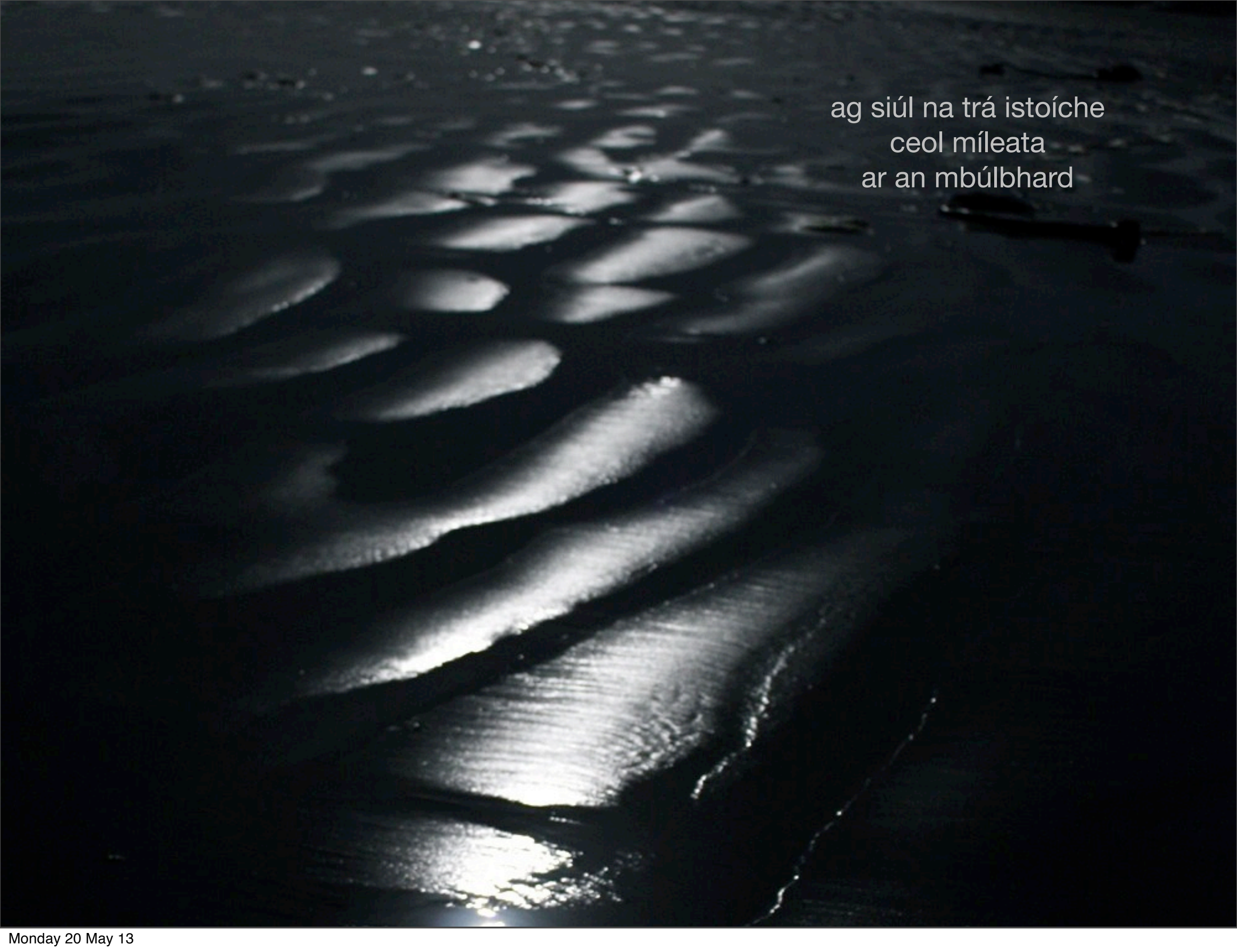
ní hann don Bhúda
mar nach ann
domsa



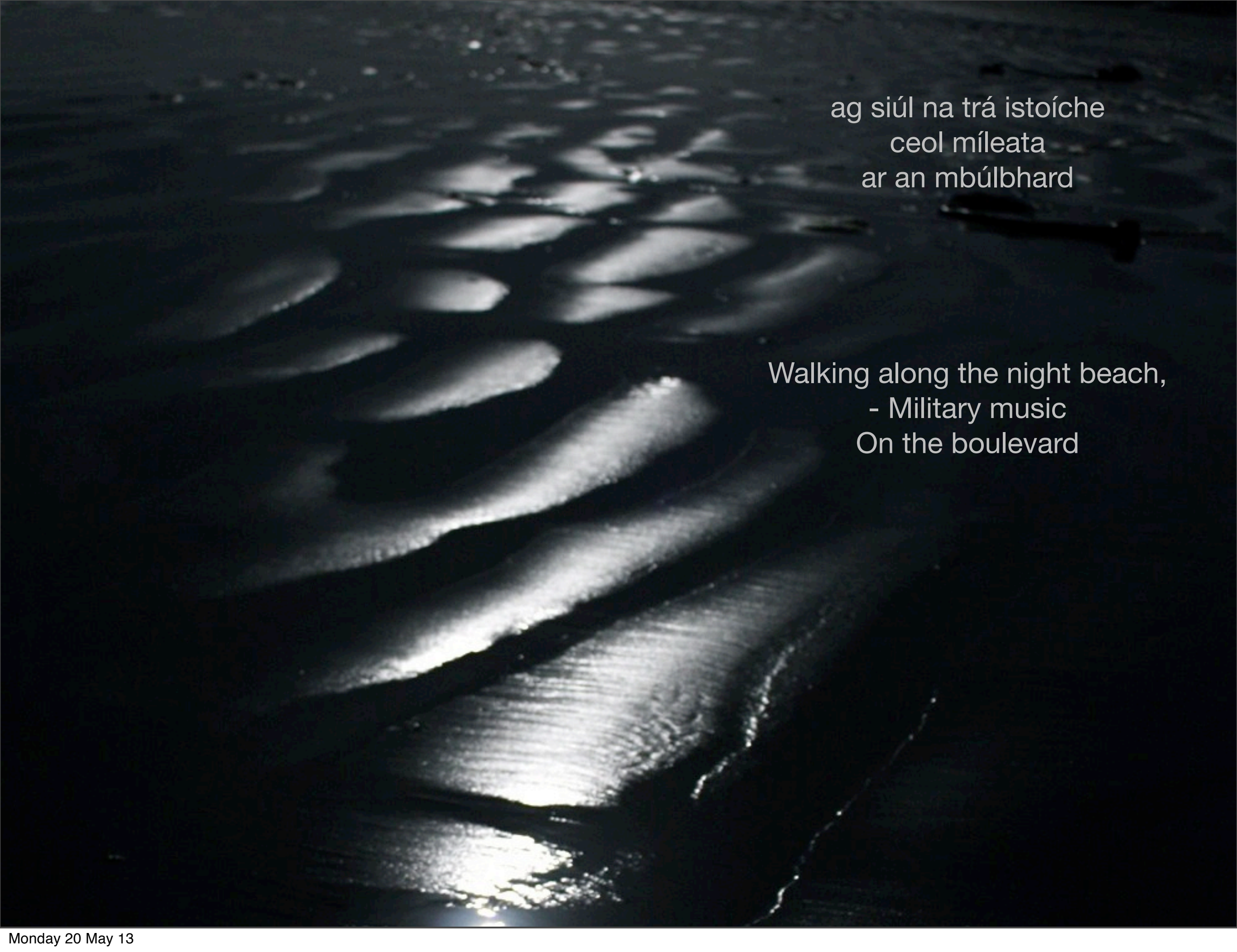


ní hann don Bhúda
mar nach ann
domsa

There's no Buddha
because
There's no me

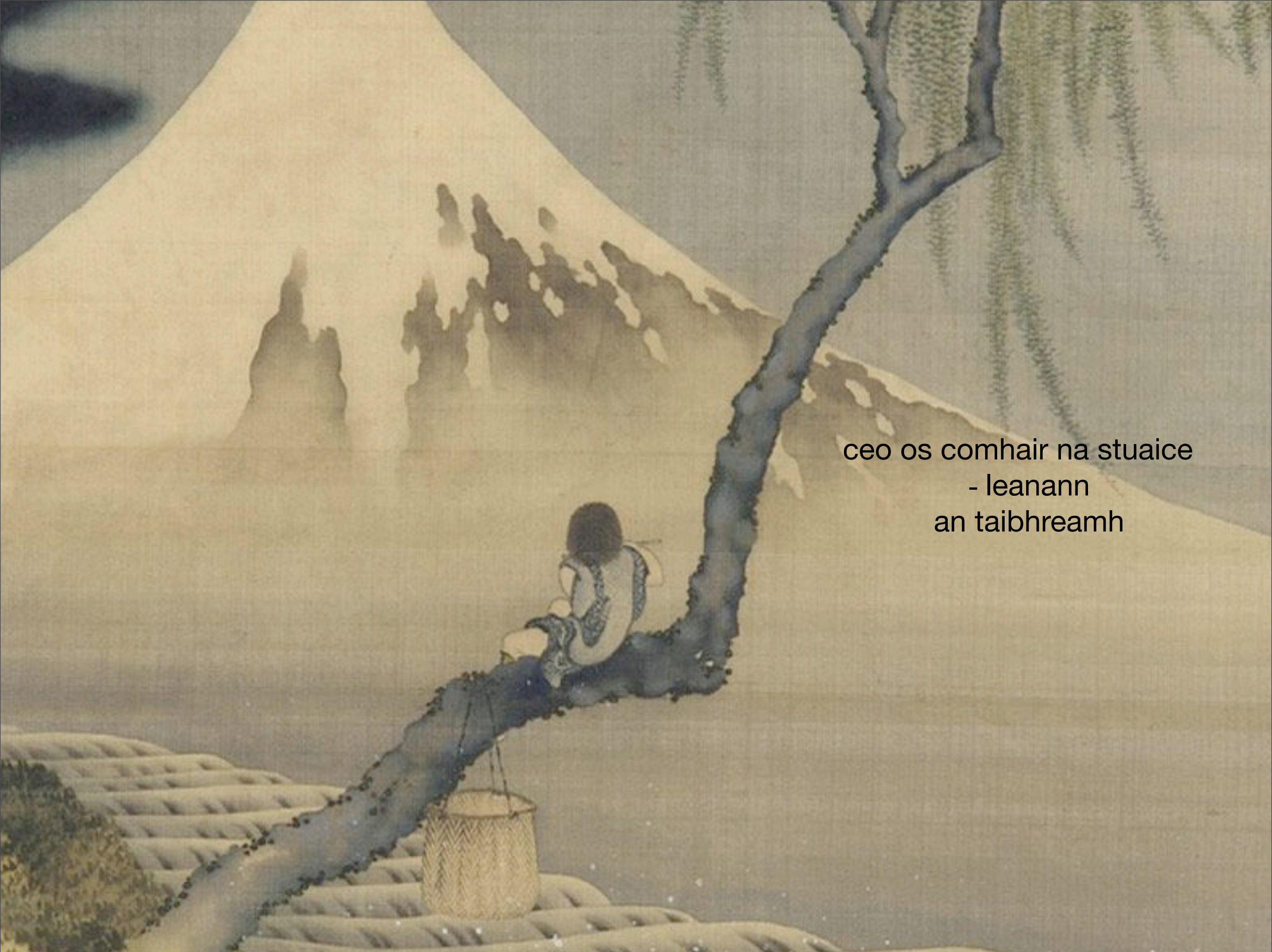


ag siúl na trá istoíche
ceol míleata
ar an mbúblhard

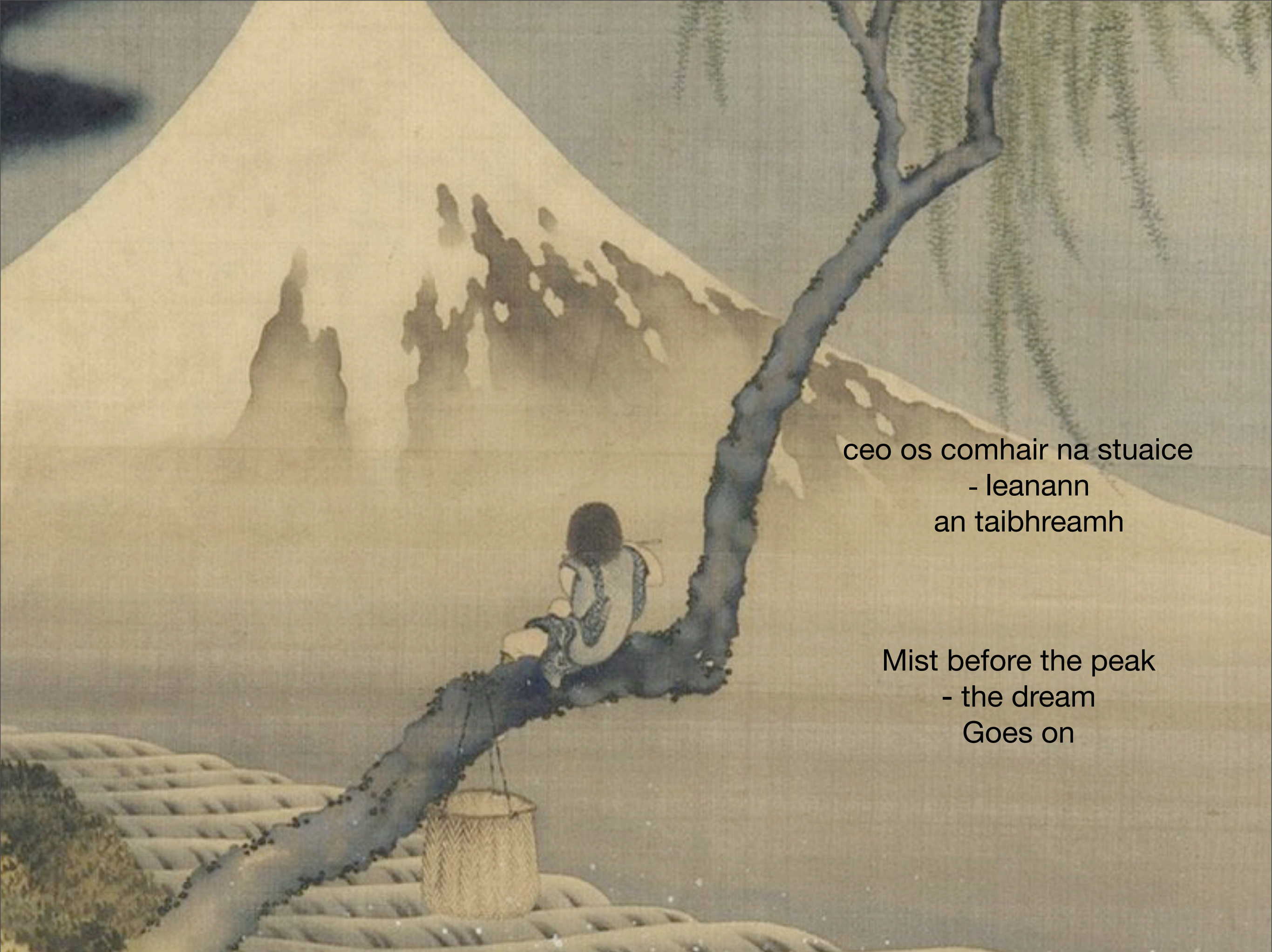


ag siúl na trá istoíche
ceol míleata
ar an mbúlbhard

Walking along the night beach,
- Military music
On the boulevard



ceo os comhair na stuaice
- leanann
an taibhreamh

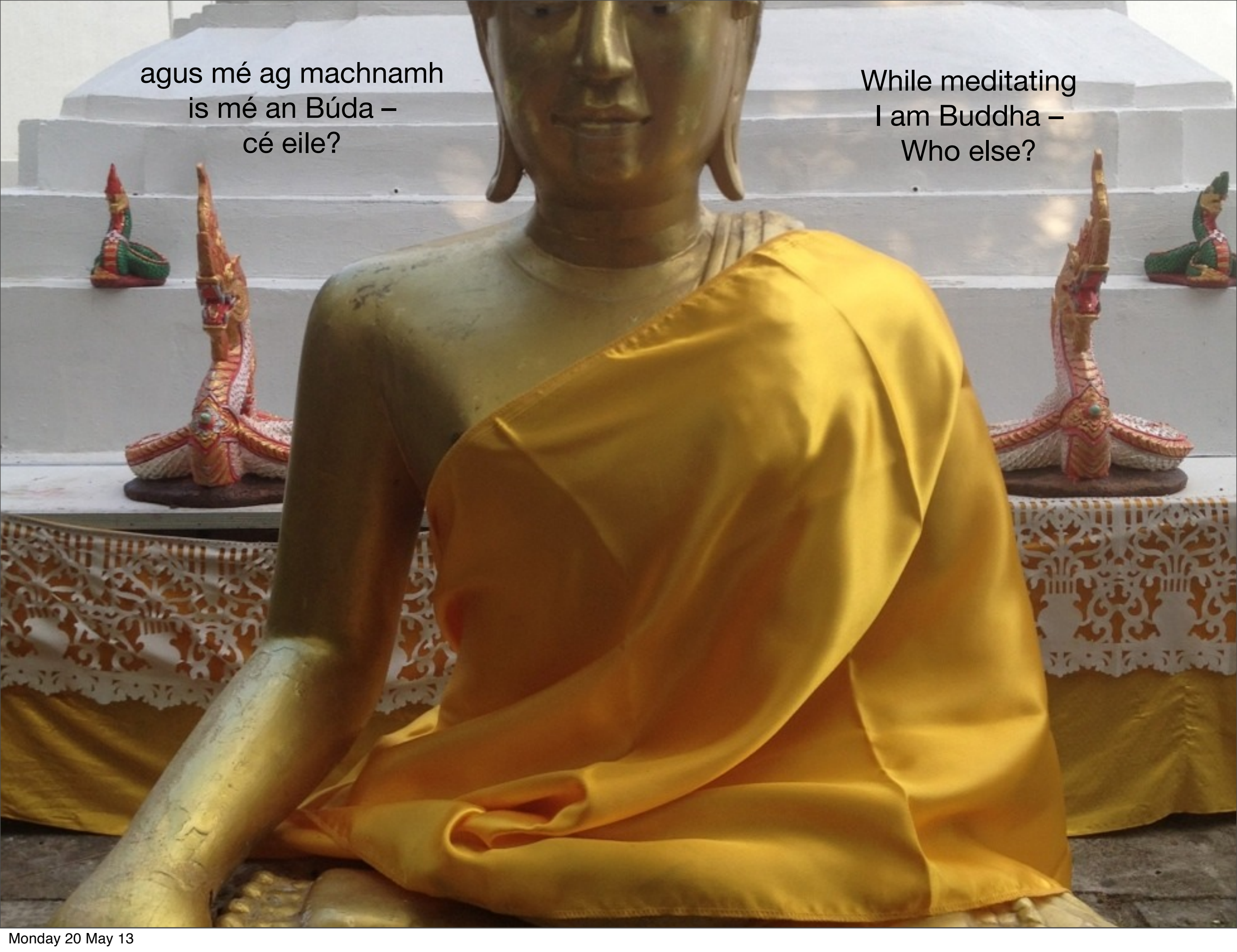


ceo os comhair na stuaice
- leanann
an taibhreamh

Mist before the peak
- the dream
Goes on

agus mé ag machnamh
is mé an Búda –
cé eile?



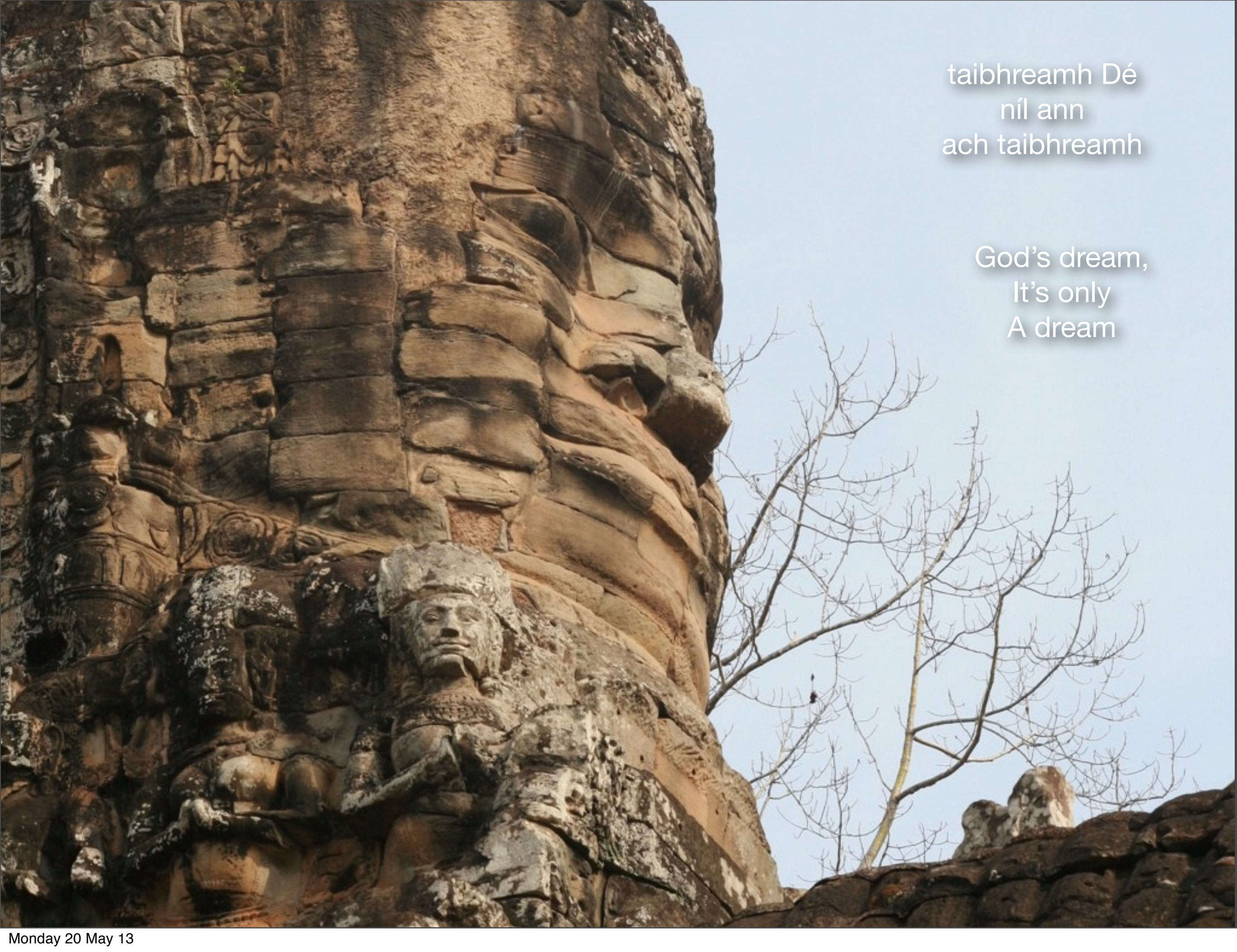


agus mé ag machnamh
is mé an Búda –
cé eile?

While meditating
I am Buddha –
Who else?

taibhreamh Dé
níl ann
ach taibhreamh





taibhreamh Dé
níl ann
ach taibhreamh

God's dream,
It's only
A dream



Meiriceá: ceadúnais iascaireachta
ceadúnas
machnaimh




Meiriceá: ceadúnais iascaireachta
ceadúnas
machnaimh

America: fishing licenses
the license
To meditate

déanach san iarnóin
dallann loinnir an locha
mé



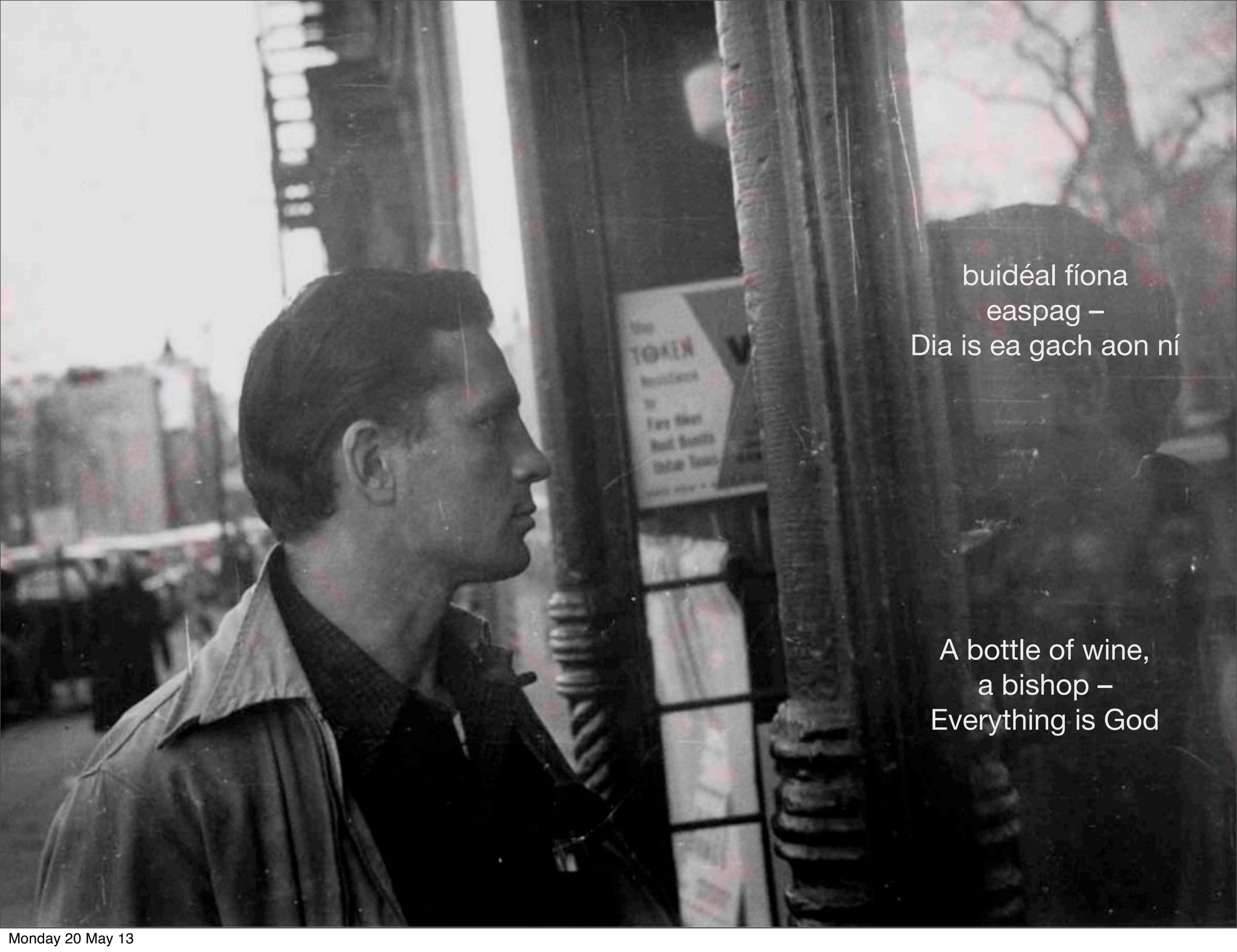


déanach san iarnóin
dallann loinnir an locha
mé

Late afternoon –
the lakes sparkle
Blinds me

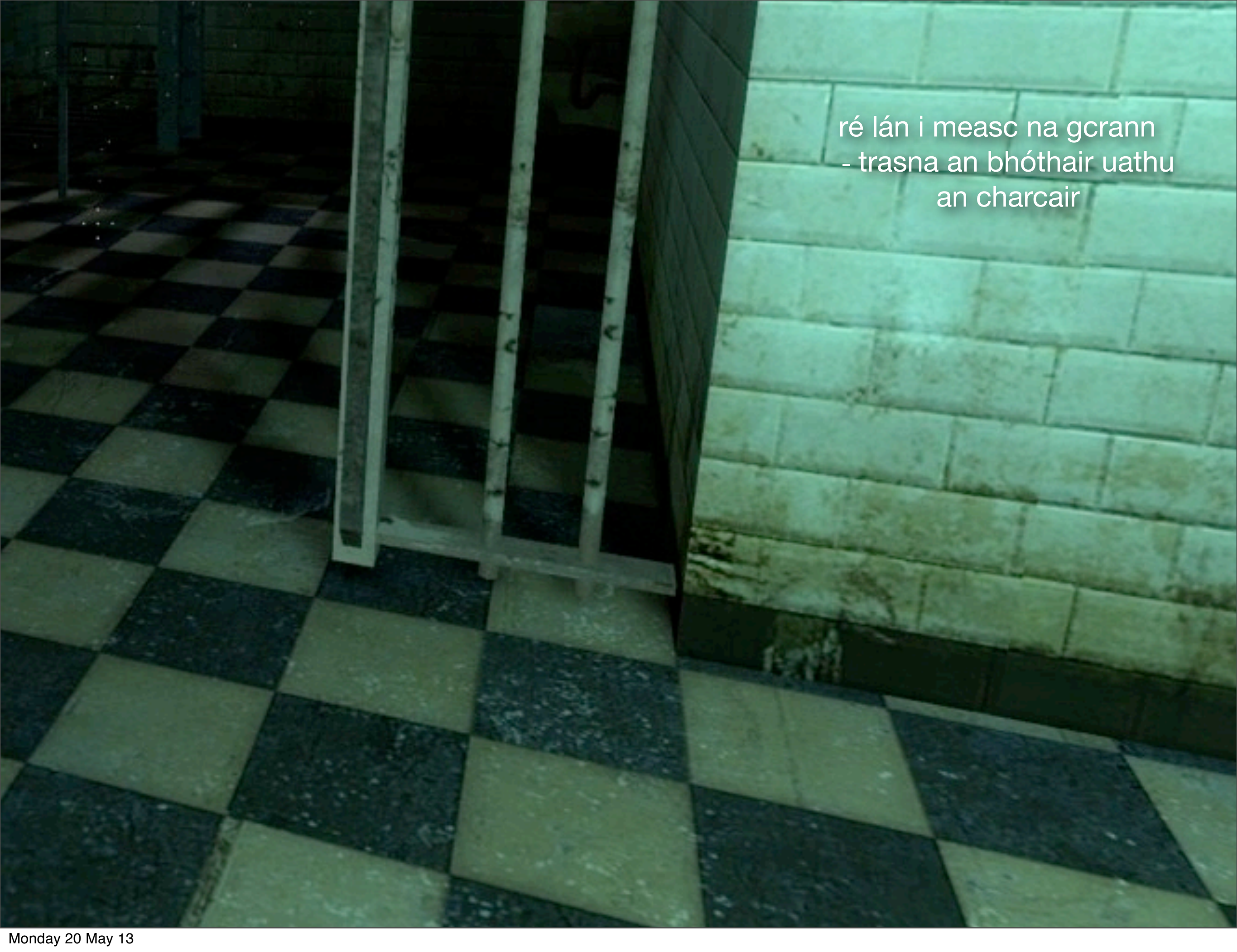


buidéal fíona
easpag –
Dia is ea gach aon ní

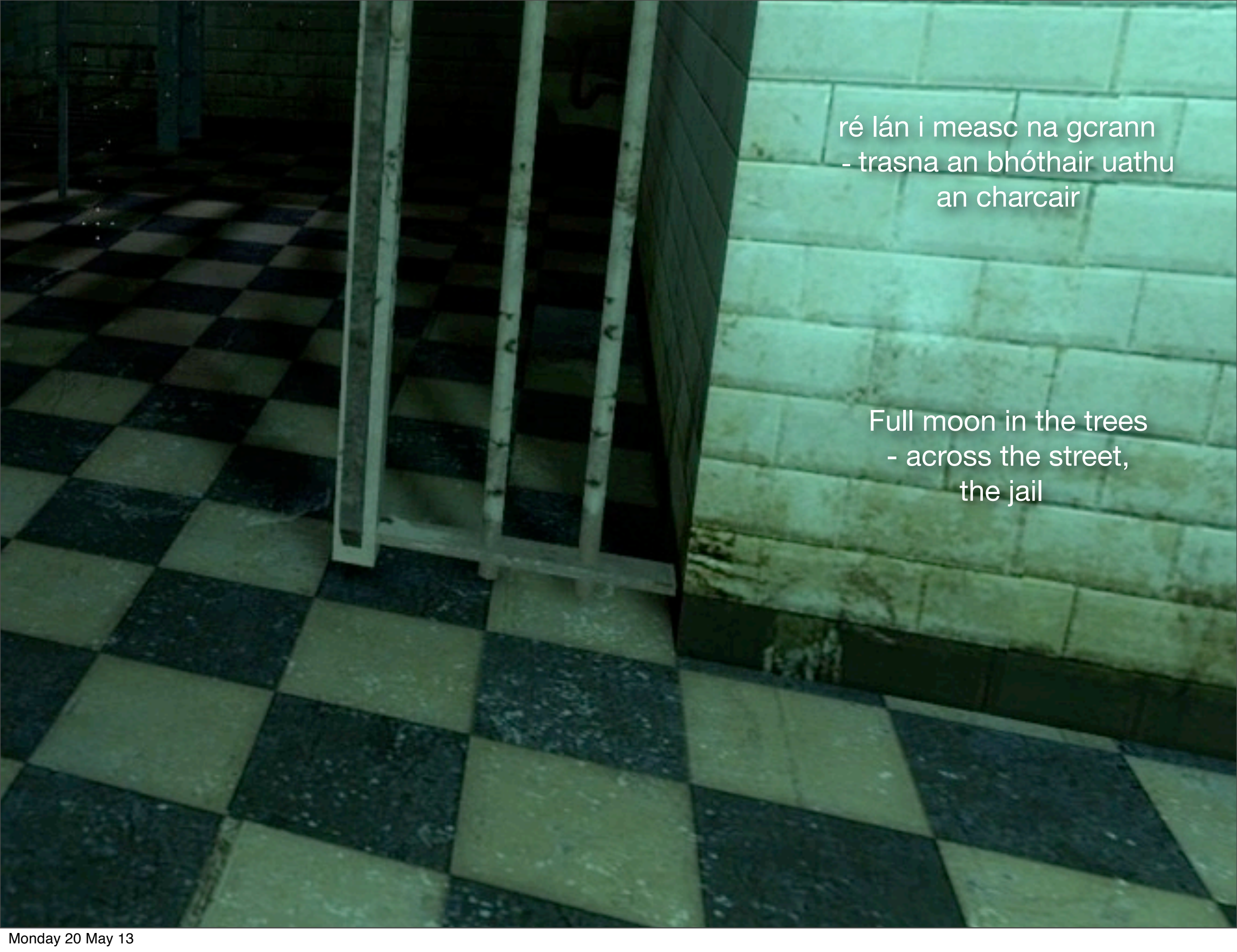


buidéal fíona
easpag –
Dia is ea gach aon ní

A bottle of wine,
a bishop –
Everything is God

A photograph showing a wooden frame, possibly a drying rack or a simple structure, standing on a floor with a black and white checkered tile pattern. To the right of the frame is a wall made of large, light-colored rectangular stone blocks. The lighting is somewhat dim, and the overall tone of the image is slightly greenish. The text is overlaid in the upper right corner.

ré lán i measc na gcrann
- trasna an bhóthair uathu
an charcair

A photograph showing a checkered floor in the foreground, a wooden frame structure in the middle ground, and a stone wall on the right. The scene is dimly lit, with a strong light source from the right creating a bright area on the wall and floor.

ré lán i measc na gcrann
- trasna an bhóthair uathu
an charcair

Full moon in the trees
- across the street,
the jail

dríodar an chaife
ag glioscarnach
faoi sholas na maidine



dríodar an chaife
ag glioscarnach
faoi sholas na maidine

The dregs of my coffee
Glisten
In the morning light



oíche Fhómhair –
cuimhníonn mo mháthair
ar mo bhreith

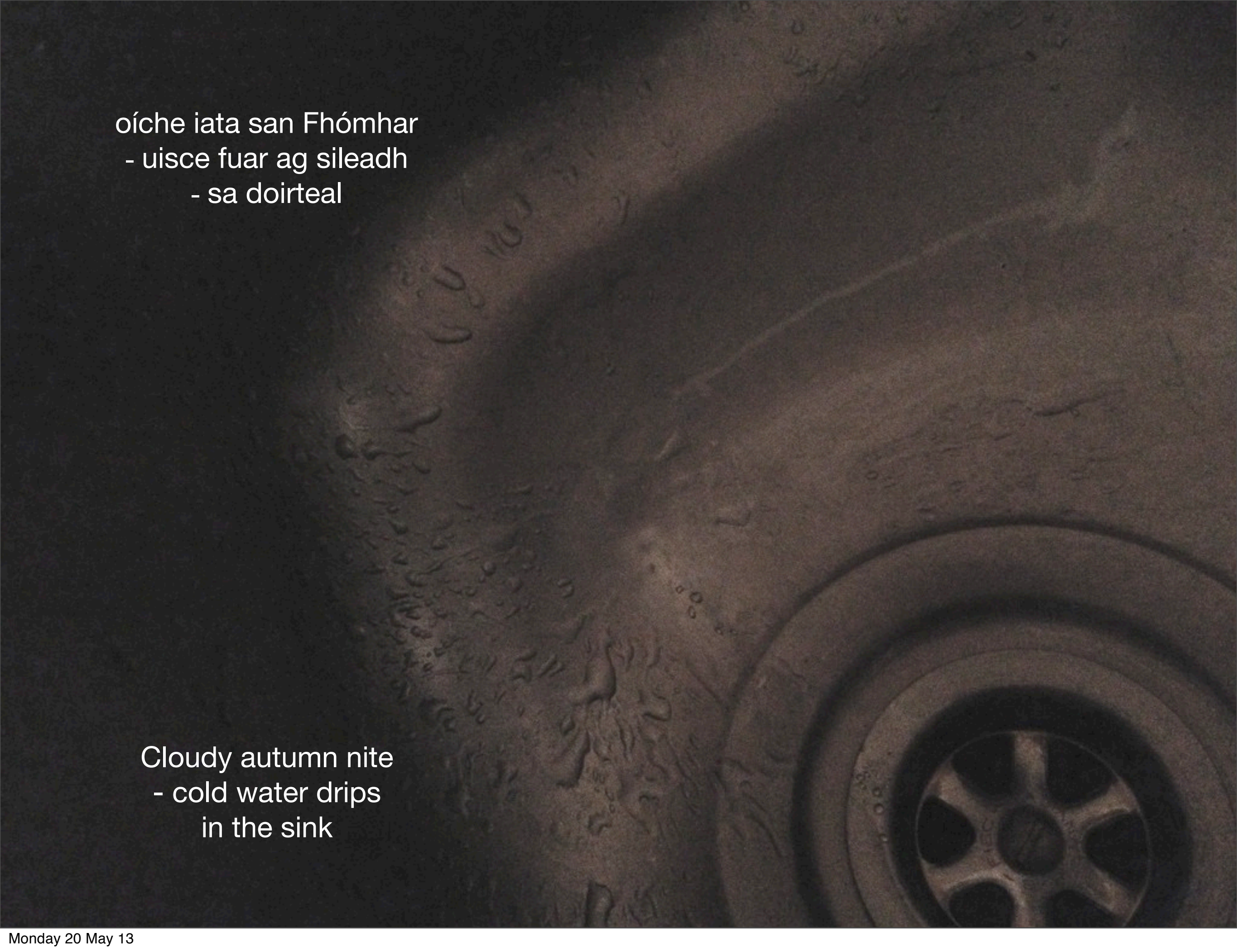


oíche Fhómhair –
cuimhníonn mo mháthair
ar mo bhreith



Autumn nite –
my mother remembers
my birth

oíche iata san Fhómhar
- uisce fuar ag sileadh
- sa doirteal



oíche iata san Fhómhar
- uisce fuar ag sileadh
- sa doirteal

Cloudy autumn nite
- cold water drips
in the sink


Á, criogair
ag scréachaíl
chun na gealaí



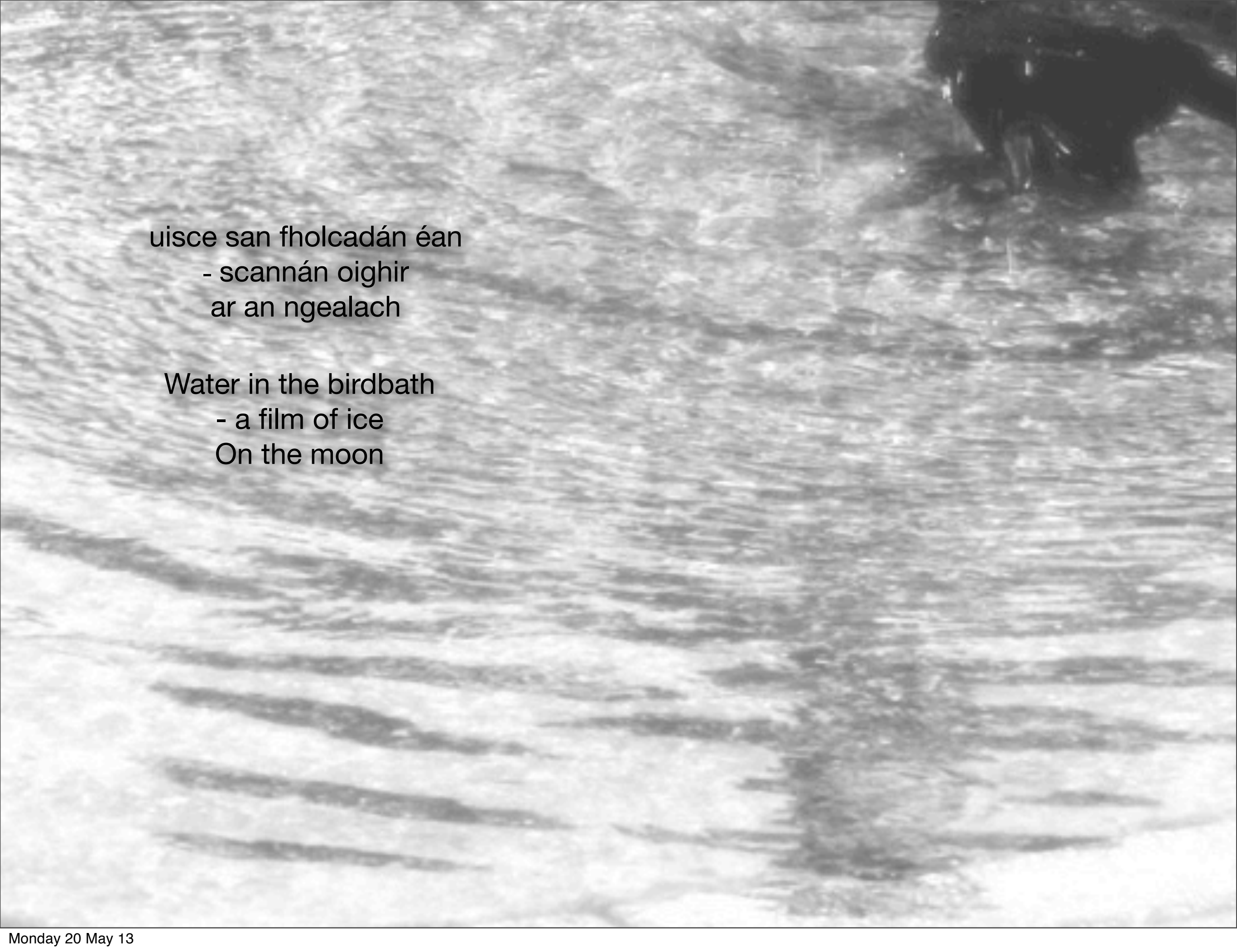
Á, criogair
ag scréachaíl
chun na gealaí

Ah, the crickets
are screaming
At the moon





uisce san fholcadán éan
- scannán oighir
ar an ngealach



uisce san fholcadán éan
- scannán oighir
ar an ngealach

Water in the birdbath
- a film of ice
On the moon


ag ól fíona –
Banríon na Gréige
ar stampa poist




ag ól fíona –
Banríon na Gréige
ar stampa poist

Drinking wine
- the Queen of Greece
on a postage stamp



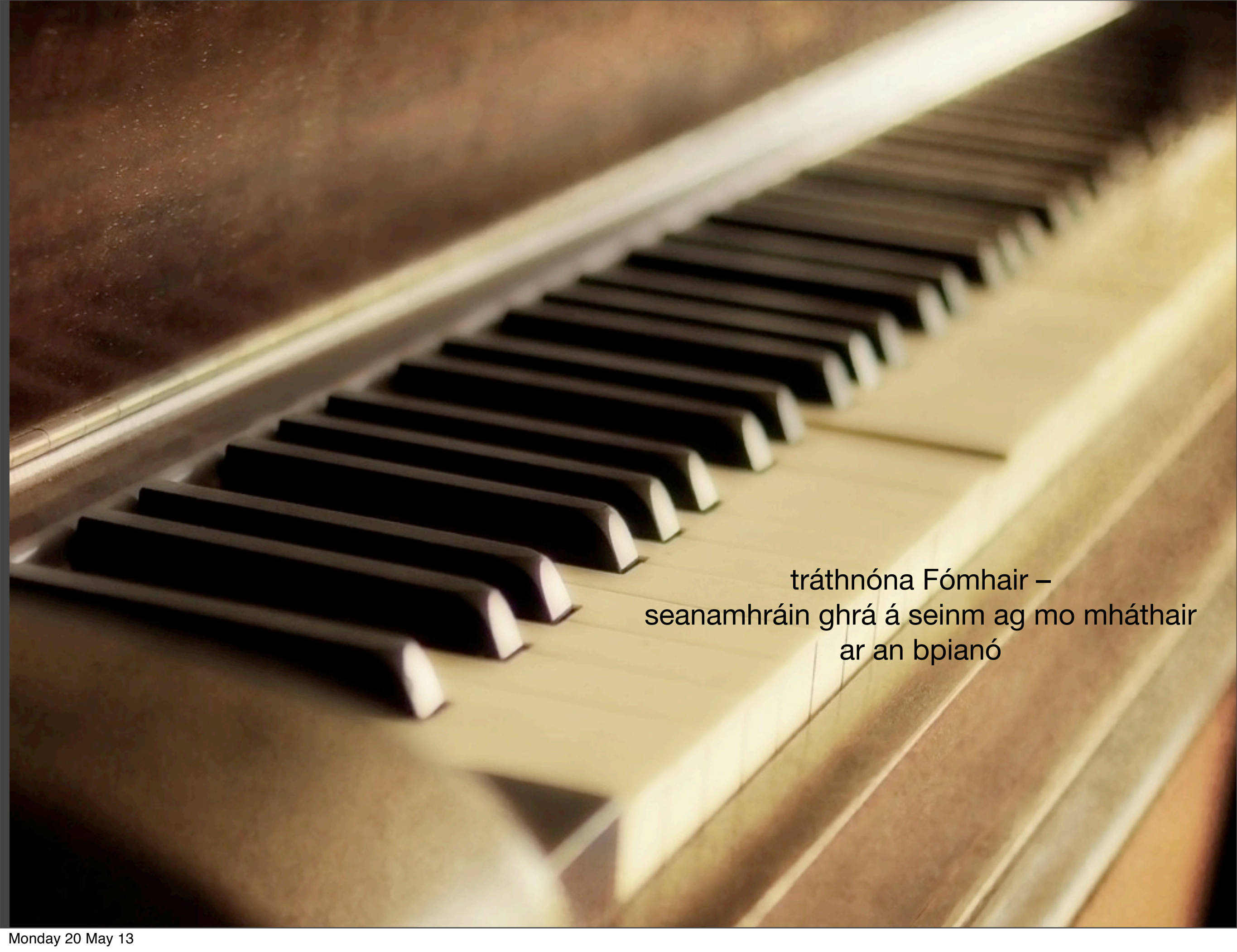


i m'aonar, seanbhalcaisí orm
ag ól fíona
faoin ngealach


A black and white photograph of a person from the chest up. They are wearing a light-colored t-shirt under an open, checkered button-down shirt. Their left hand holds a small, clear glass, and their right hand holds a knife with its blade partially open. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting foliage.

i m'aonar, seanbhalcaisí orm
ag ól fíona
faoin ngealach

Alone, in old
clothes, sipping wine
Beneath the moon




tráthnóna Fómhair –
seanamhráin ghrá á seinm ag mo mháthair
ar an bpianó




tráthnóna Fómhair –
seanamhráin ghrá á seinm ag mo mháthair
ar an bpianó

Autumn eve – my
mother playing old
Love songs on the piano



éan
ar shreang –
an chamhaoir

A photograph of a small bird perched on a thin wire against a clear blue sky. The bird is facing right. In the bottom right corner, there are green leaves of a tree or bush. Two parallel wires run diagonally from the bottom left towards the top right.

éan
ar shreang –
an chamhaoir

A bird hanging
on the wire
At dawn



oíche Earraigh
ciúnas
na réaltaí




oíche Earraigh
ciúnas
na réaltaí

Spring night
the silence
Of the stars

raic na ndruidheanna
sna crainn –
tá an cat ar ais



A photograph of a man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a blue and white plaid shirt. He is holding a black cat with both hands, cradling it against his chest. The cat is looking towards the camera. The background is a dense, out-of-focus green foliage, possibly trees or bushes. The overall tone of the image is soft and intimate.

raic na ndruidheanna
sna crainn –
tá an cat ar ais

The racket of the starlings
in the trees –
My cat's back

dá mba choileach mé
d'fhágfainn mo shíol
ar a gcosán, ag glioscaranach!



dá mba choileach mé
d'fhágfainn mo shíol
ar a gcosán, ag glioscaranach!



Wish I were a rooster
and leave my sperm
On the sidewalk, shining!

cuileog
chomh huaigneach liom féin
sa teach folamh seo



cuileog
chomh huaigneach liom féin
sa teach folamh seo



The fly, just as
lonesome as I am
In this empty house