

Sels dien

Doe't wy útinoar giene, hasto goeiesein?
It stiet my net goed by.
Of, hasto, yn net útsprutsen wurden,
dyn farwol ferburgen foar my?

Haw ik faaks in teken mist,
wie it boadskip goed maskearre?
Of, wie, yn stil roppen oan my
de needgjalp dúdlik te hearren?

Seach ik dyn lêst net,
de fierste grutte fracht?
Of, sloech ik blynseach
dyn swier moed gjin acht?

Wat tins sette dy derta oan
dy te befrijen út libbens greep?
Muoide it dy, of wie it paad
ljocht, út dyn ferline wei, in streep?

Leave, bist lokkich, hasto
no'tst fuortgien bist, rêst fûn?
Of, fielt dy krekt as ik,
brutsen, bestellen, ferwûne?

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Aistriúchán ar an dán 'Féinbhás'
19 July 2017

Suicide

When parting, did you say goodbye?
My memory can't recall.
Or, did you hide, in unsaid words,
your farewell to us all?

Was there a sign I may have missed,
its message well concealed?

Or, was its call-out plain to hear
in silent screams at me?

Did I not see your carry-all,
your overburdened load?
Or, did I blindly disregard
the heavy heart you bore?

What thought released your rationale
as you unleashed life's grasp?
Had you regrets, or was a path
lit brightly, from your past?

My dearest, are you happy, and
at ease now that you've left?
Or, are you feeling just like me,
broken, bruised, bereft?

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Féinbhás

Nuair a d'imigh tú, ar fhág tú slán?
Ní cuimhin liom go baileach.
Nó, an é go raibh slán sna focla sin
a choinnigh tú i bhfolach?

Raibh comhartha ann nach bhfaca mé,
ceann ceilte 'gus faoi rún?
Nó, an raibh sé os mo chomhair amach
ag béiceach orm go ciúin?

An é nach bhfaca mise thú
ag iompar ualach marfach?
Nó, an raibh mo shúile dúnta a'm
ar do dhuirceas, ar do chráiteacht?

Cén smaoineamh 'bhí i do chloigeann bocht

nuair a thosaigh tú ag imeacht?
Raibh aiféala ort, nó raibh solas romhat,
ag lasadh bealach lonrach?

Bhfuil tú sona suaimhneach 'nois, a stór?
Bhfuil sólás i mbeatha mhúchta?
Nó bhfuil tú mar a fágadh mise,
brónach, briste, brúite?