

Nits

"Killybegs"

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My heart was warm with family love as I slipped into a
Chair
beside my uncle john, my daughters 'cross the table
there
I'd walked the docks in misty rain, a pain was in my
legs
but I'd seen the dream of kinsmen in the boats of
Killybegs

the banter of my uncle and my daughters filled the air
and
The
gunning brothers?(Donegalers) next to us were glad
that we
Were there
I was kind of quiet listening at the window ledge
for the music of the harbor, the birds of Killybegs

down the coast not far was Galway land of joys (Joyce)
and
Kinnamar?
at their (after) supper and asleep we would visit? (be
Goin') there tomorrow
I worried if my words would e'er be sung by Irishmen
or out (rot) here on the docks??
like the fish of Killybegs

a radio was playing though we never heard a word (I
don't
Think this phrase is right)
but the rhythm of the music was familiar if absurd
and harkning
(a heightening) intensity? for silence did I beg
oh what a song was playing in the air of Killybegs

I couldn't quite believe it for it sounded rather strange
the instruments were different and the key had been
changed
I reached to turn the volume up then teetered on my
legs
A girl from Tipperary sang my song in Killybegs

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