

II Irish Cultural Studies Online Seminar

JUNE 2020| 10AM TO 1PM| AMERGIN IRISH STUDIES



IRISH STUDIES

II IRISH CULTURAL STUDIES SEMINAR

ONLINE SEMINAR 2020

ORGANIZED BY
DAVID CLARK &
EDUARDO BARROS GRELA

PARTICIPANTS

MIGUEL ALONSO GIRÁLDEZ
EDUARDO BARROS GRELA
DAVID CLARK MITCHELL
ANTONIO DE TORO SANTOS
JOSÉ MANUEL ESTÉVEZ SAÁ
NOEMÍ PEREIRA ÁRES



University Institute of Irish Studies, *Amergin*

Send in questions to amergin@udc.es
Visit our web-page at www.udc.es/amergin
or call (0034) 881012686

ALBUM

III

SEAMUS HEANEY (2010)

It's winter at the seaside where they've gone
For the wedding meal. And I am at the table,
Uninvited, ineluctable.

A skirl of gulls. A smell of cooking fish.
Plump dormant silver. Stranded silence. Tears.
Their bibbed waitress unlds a clinking dish

And leaves them to it, under chandeliers.
And to all the anniversaries of this
They are not ever going to observe

Or mention even in the years to come.
And now the man who drove them here will drive
Them back, and by evening we'll be home.

ANTAEUS

SEAMUS HEANEY (1975)

When I lie on the ground
I rise flushed as a rose in the morning.
In fights I arrange a fall on the ring
To rub myself with sand.

That is operative
As an elixir. I cannot be weaned
Off the earth's long contour, her river-veins.
Down here in my cave,

Girded with root and rock,
I am cradled in the dark that wombed me
And nurtured in every artery
Like a small hillock.

Let each new hero come
Seeking the golden apples and Atlas.
He must wrestle with me before he pass
Into that realm of fame

Among sky-born and royal:
He may well throw me and renew my birth
But let him not plan, lifting me off the earth,
My elevation, my fall.