

An doras

Fad na h-oidhche tron ghèile bha mo mhàthair
anns a' gharaidh, a' leigeil a taic ri doras
a bha a' bragadh sa ghaoth agus am mullach tearra
an ìmpis tarraing acair, an cunnart gèilleadh
leis na sailean, na tacaichean. Cha robh
a chòrr air, shaoil i, ach ga chumail dùinte i fhèin,
a gualann ris an ursainn agus an uinneag
a' crathadh ri taobh a cluaise. Cha do dh'innse i
dhuinn airson corra uair mu dheidhinn,
a' ghaoth air tuiteam fad ò, na lotan a-nis driseach
le grian agus dealt, am mullach tearra lunndaireach
mar bholcàno thàmhach. Cha tuirt i riamh
na bha na fighe na ceann tron oidhche,
eadar cadal 's neamhshuan, gaoth 's bruadar.

Pàdraig MacAoidh (Issue 18, 2025)

The door

My mother's been in the garage all night
through the gale, leaning into the door.
It had been banging in the wind and the tar
roof was starting to loosen, to come
unmoored from the beams and tacks. So there was
nothing else for it, she thought, but to hold it
closed; her shoulder resting against the jamb
as the window shook by her ear. It was
hours later that she told us, the wind
dead long before, the fields prickly with sun
and dew, the tar roof lying indolent
like a dormant vent. She never said what
wove through her mind through the night,
jumbling sleep and wake, wind and dream.

Translation by the author