

Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh

THIS DEEP

Selected poems in Irish with translations into English by

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Gallery Books

This Deep
is first published
simultaneously in paperback
and in a clothbound edition
on 15 October 2026.

T H I S D E E P

The Gallery Press
Loughcrew
Oldcastle
County Meath
Ireland

www.gallerypress.com

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ISBN 978 1 91737 138 4 *paperback*
978 1 91737 139 1 *clothbound*

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library.



This Deep receives financial
assistance from the Arts
Council of Ireland.

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AILBHE NÍ GHEARBHUIGH

Géarú Cluaise

Táim ar mhinicíocht eile.
Ní féidir tiúnáil amach:
mothaím gol gach linbh,
cloisim fainic gach bonnáin.

Catachas san oíche
ochlán an chuisneora.
Corraím dem ainneoin
féachaint cé tá dom iarraidh.

Na maidineacha nach n-airím
an ghrian ag éirí,
tagaim chugam féin le trup trap séimh
agus sciotaíl aoibhinn gáirí.

ALAN GILLIS

Ear-pricks

I'm on a different frequency.
I can't tune out:
I feel the cry of every child,
I hear each siren's plea.

The old refrigerator
moans through the night
and I get in a twist in spite
of myself — is it me it calls for?

Mornings, I don't even notice
the sun rise:
I wake to a gentle rushing patter
and the tittle of a wriggly giggle.

AILBHE NÍ GHEARBHUIGH

Fuadach

Siosarnach is mé ag siúl,
bailíonn duilleoga feoite
i bhfairsinge mo sciorta:

creat duille, iarsma,
lása briosc fíneálta
pollta ag an aimsir.

Bearnaí a réabadh
tríd an gcontanam ama,
rian greamanna seabhaic.

An fómhar gan choinne arís.
An leanbh bliain níos sine.
Ceobhrán ab ea na séasúir eile.

ALVY CARRAGHER

Snatched

Rustling as I wander,
leaves wither and gather
in the folds of my dress.

Leaves surround me —
relics of old weather
snagging the delicate lace,

ripping the thread of hours.
Time snatching,
being snatched away.

How is it Autumn again?
The baby a year older.
The other seasons: mist.