

Reoiteog Mharfach le Déaglán Collinge

Deadly ice-cream by Déaglán Collinge

Ceann críonna choíche

-An old (*wise*) head will never be...

Ní bheidh ar do cholainn óg,

-on your young shoulders,

Ó sháraigh dúil do chiall,

-from (*without the idea of*) to overcome the desire of your sense,

Is le reoiteog i do ghlac

-With the ice-cream in your grasp

Sea chuaigh tú de ruathar

-Yes you went in a rush

ó chúl an veain amach

-you went out from the back of the van

Faoi rothaí cairr i mbarr a luais,

-Under the wheels of the car at top speed,

Gur thit mar bhábóg éadaigh

-You fell like a ragdoll

I do phleist ar thaobh an chosáin.

-In your heap on the side of the path

Is tú do do chur ar shínteán

-You were put on the stretcher

San otharcharr isteach,

-In to the ambulance,

B'arraing ionam géarscreadaíl

-Like a stabbing pain inside me the fierce screaming...

Do mháthar, bán i do dhiaidh -

-of your mother, White in your face-

Báine a mhair i mo chuimhne

-Fresh milk in my memory...

De d'aghaidh bheag

-Of your white face

De leircín do reiteoige

-Of your squashed ice-cream

De do chónra bheag sa dúpholl

-Of your small coffin in the dark hole