

I Am Raftery

I am Raftery the poet,
Full of hope and love,
My eyes without eyesight,
My spirit untroubled.

Tramping west
By the light of my heart,
Worn down, worn out
To the end of the road.

Look at the cut of me,
Facing for Balla,
Playing music
To empty pockets.

*Translated by Seamus Heaney from
the Irish of Antoine Raftery (1784-1835)*