

British Ambassador

an isolated killing after Bloody Sunday

used heavily in religious contexts

Triptych

1979

fieldwork book

artwork in 3 separate panels but tied together \* link to structure

I After a Killing

image of birth

There they were, as if our memory hatched them. As if the unquiet founders walked again: Two young men with rifles on the hill, Profane and bracing as their instruments.

→ repetition

BLOODY SUNDAY MASSACRE

→ 7 years later

→ retrospective response

\* very separate

Who's sorry for our trouble? link to context

Who dreamt that we might dwell among ourselves In rain and scoured light and wind-dried stones?

Basalt, blood, water, headstones, leeches.

alliteration, list like

In that neuter original loneliness From Brandon to Dunseverick

I think of small-eyed survivor flowers, The pined-for, unmolested orchid.

image of birth, growth

localised, personal vision

it was heard around the world

Link to Nav. the Global

funeral greeting

\* rural economy

living off the land

positive

I see a stone house by a pier. Elbow room. Broad window light. The heart lifts. You walk twenty yards To the boats and buy mackerel.

And today a girl walks in home to us Carrying a basket full of new potatoes, Three tight green cabbages, and carrots With the tops and mould still fresh on them.

homage to rural

II Sibyl

→ classical allusion - Greek seer

impressionistic

underlying anger

My tongue moved, a swung relaxing hinge. I said to her, 'What will become of us?' Question And as forgotten water in a well might shake At an explosion under morning

→ her ominous voice

\* more deliberate enjambment

SIMILE

Or a crack run up a gable, She began to speak. 'I think our very form is bound to change. Dogs in a siege. Saurian relapses. Pismires.

→ animalistic behaviour → regression, reverse evolution

Unless forgiveness finds its nerve and voice, Unless the helmeted and bleeding tree Ireland, what it has Can green and open buds like infants' fists Birth image become

Bright nymphs... My people think money And talk weather. Oil-rigs lull their future On single acquisitive stems. Silence Has shoaled into the trawlers' echo-sounders.

→ think one thing, say another

the world is changing

\* CHANGE

deliberately POLITICAL

The ground we kept our ear to for so long Is flayed or calloused, and its entrails Sibyl's read entrails for the future Tented by an impious augury. - reading omens Our island is full of comfortless noises.

a beaten world that needs rebirth

Ireland