



Mythopoeic Society

mythLORE

A Journal of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis,
Charles Williams, and Mythopoeic Literature

Volume 2 | Issue 3

Article 8

10-15-1975

Along the Lane / An Island was Born

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Recommended Citation

McConaghy, Anona (1975) "*Along the Lane / An Island was Born*," *Mythril*: Vol. 2: Iss. 3, Article 8.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythril/vol2/iss3/8>

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Mythopoeic Society's Online Midwinter Seminar 2024

17th–18th February 2024: Something Mighty Queer

Submission Deadline: November 30, 2023

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2024.htm>



Along the Lane / An Island was Born

Abstract

Along the Lane: I walked along a hedge-bound lane
In a gentle Irish misty rain, An Island was Born: The
mother of Finn MacCool, A mighty woman and brave,

Keywords

Mythril; Mythopoeic; Poetry; Along the Lane; An Island was Born; Anona McConaghy

TWO POEMS ...

ALONG THE LANE

I walked along a hedge-bound lane
In a gentle Irish misty rain,
The mountain wore a greyish pall,
The sea and sky, a woolen shawl
Which drew them close until the blend
Showed no beginning and no end.
The foliage dripped, no singing bird
Disturbed the quiet, and then I heard
A wispy sound, a plaintive note
Unlike that made by human throat,
Nor like a bird or insect wing.
I paused and searched to find the thing
Which had attracted me. Beneath
A mottled green and yellow wreath
Of hawthorn leaves reposed an elf.
"I've heard of them," I told myself.
"Wait! Could this be a leprechaun?"
I blinked my eyes and he was gone.



AN ISLAND WAS BORN



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The mother of Finn MacCool,
A mighty woman and brave,
Departed for Scotland's shore
Across the perilous wave.

Her son had consumed each drop
Of whiskey in Erin's land,
She meant to gather for him
Supplies of a Scottish brand.

She filled her apron with earth,
A mountain with trees and all
To use as a stepping stone,
But she had a terrible fall.
The mountain remained on top
And pinned her down in the sea,
Thus an island was born,
The boulder strewn Raghery.

And now when the lashing waves
Are wildly tossing about,
They say the troublesome witch
Is trying hard to get out.
The screech of the howling wind
May sound like a voice and you'll
Remember the fireside tale
Of the mother of Finn MacCool.

ANONA MCCONAGHY

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