Dear Lifelong Learner!

Welcome to Ireland, or at least, an hour’s thought escape to the Emerald Isle in our time together in my lecture.

If you are one of those who likes to prepare ahead for a lecture, I encourage you to read through each poem below. Then, if you’d like to dig in further, read the Wikipedia and/or Poetry Foundation pages for W. B. Yeats, Seamus Heaney, Leontia Flynn, Bog Bodies, and where available, the Wiki page for each of the poems I will briefly cover. I look forward to engaging with each of you on Friday, July 7th!

**The Lake Isle of Innisfree**  
*WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

Originally from *The Countess Kathleen and Various Legends and Lyrics*, 1892
The Song of Wandering Aengus

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

Source: The Wind Among the Reeds (1899) (Poetry Foundation)
THE TOLLUND MAN
Seamus Heaney

I

Some day I will go to Aarhus
To see his peat-brown head,
The mild pods of his eye-lids,
His pointed skin cap.

In the flat country near by
Where they dug him out,
His last gruel of winter seeds
Caked in his stomach,

Naked except for
The cap, noose and girdle,
I will stand a long time.
Bridegroom to the goddess,

She tightened her torc on him
And opened her fen,
Those dark juices working
Him to a saint's kept body,

Trove of the turfcutters'
Honeycombed workings.
Now his stained face
Reposes at Aarhus.

II

I could risk blasphemy,
Consecrate the cauldron bog
Our holy ground and pray
Him to make germinate

The scattered, ambushed
Flesh of labourers,
Stockinged corpses
Laid out in the farmyards,

Tell-tale skin and teeth
Flecking the sleepers
Of four young brothers, trailed
For miles along the lines.

III

Something of his sad freedom
As he rode the tumbril
Should come to me, driving,
Saying the names

Tollund, Grauballe, Nebelgard,

Watching the pointing hands
Of country people,
Not knowing their tongue.

Out here in Jutland
In the old man-killing parishes
I will feel lost,
Unhappy and at home.

© 1972, Seamus Heaney
From: *Wintering Out*
Publisher: Faber & Faber, London

Here are some images if you don’t know about the ancient preserved bog bodies (creepy, but also interesting)
The Furthest Distances I've Travelled
Leontia Flynn

Like many folk, when first I saddled a rucksack, feeling its weight on my back – the way my spine curved under it like a meridian –

I thought: Yes. This is how to live. On the beaten track, the sherpa pass, between Krakow and Zagreb, or the Siberian white cells of scattered airports;

it came clear as over a tannoy that in restlessness, in anonymity: was some kind of destiny.

So whether it was the scare stories about Larium – the threats of delirium and baldness – that lead me, not to a Western Union wiring money with six words of Lithuanian,

but to this post office with a handful of bills or a giro; and why, if I’m stuffing smalls hastily into a holdall, I am less likely to be catching a greyhound from Madison to Milwaukee than to be doing some overdue laundry is really beyond me.

However, when, during routine evictions, I discover alien pants, cinema stubs, the throwaway comment – on a post–it – or a tiny stowaway pressed flower amid bottom drawers,

I know these are my souvenirs and, from these crushed valentines, this unravelled sports sock, that the furthest distances I’ve travelled have been those between people. And what survives of holidaying briefly in their lives.

© 2004, Leontia Flynn
From: These Days
Publisher: Jonathan Cape, London