

...Sometimes Learn...

Raquel McKee

How many unlettered countrymen and women
Have enriched these banks
With understated genius
Disguised as tiresome beggars?

Elsewhere is here.

How many steps on Pembroke Road, Fleet Street, The Catacombs, Lisburn Road
Have been the backdrop for the stage of life
While genuine culture shines like genius
To spotlight the ordinary?

Elsewhere is here.

How many nights of song in the McDaid's, Pearl and Palaces, Waterloos, John Hewitt's
Have been the soundtrack
To sheer genius
Inscribing our local on the international?

Elsewhere is here

How many rebirths at Liffey and Lagan
Have lined wastepaper baskets
While shark-toothed genius
Swam beneath numbing pints waiting to be desired?

Elsewhere is here

How many triangle clangs
Have echoed here to wake us from our prisons of disregard
While the underground renaissance patrolled by genius
Stalks by – unrecognised?

Elsewhere is here.

But where are the hybrid voices
Eager to be involved and accepted?
Where are the genius rural residents turned city slickers
Keen to be seen in print pictures?

Elsewhere is here.

Must the white gaze fade out the
The colour to monotone
Such that tradition lies pale and unfeeling of genius
In the winds of change?

Elsewhere is here.

Must the canon's rigid edges break
Instead of yielding to the lilt and air
New genius voices bring
From Dun Laoghaire Pier?

Elsewhere is here

We live and we sometimes learn...