

Oh we came as barefooted *mná*
stripped from the legacy of our roots
the falling who fell in peat water
nothing more than bone and foot.

Some *mná* cried with bean-chaointí
lamenting deathly catharsis
those were the *mná* who did fear
many ghosts in the darkness.

Some *mná* left on feverish ships
forced unto land further reached
mná who cursed the lore of landlord's
whose fees only leeches, leeches, leeches.

Some of us *mná* stayed and dwelled
through the hills and valleys we come
our minds growing solid like bog-rock
and prayers in a *caoineadh* tongue.

They said we lived where nobody should
live
but alas we spoke their tongue
they bring forward ideas of capital
now *saving* us was all they sung.

My hands are hands from a people past
hands from Tír Chonaill womb
I feel my craft come awokedly
for work at the carpet loom.

I sit beside an oil lamp
gathering warp threads of wool
Its colour suckled from Atlantic lichen
that our ancestors saw our tool.

Threaded organs orchestrated
knot by knot is tied
an intricate connection of hand and foot
in rhythm with our *mná* who cried.

Mister Morgon bragged of our earnings
Subordination of *mná* to girls
he saw us as unkempt hill ponies
but we are the *mná* of Tír Chonaill earls.

Knotted designs for faraway lands
Of oriental, persian and turkish
Oh the pain of parting with creations
for the imperial foot to flourish.



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