

Afterglow

After Inisheer's been played and the Megabash is done,
What's left then but the afterglow of time we have spent well with friends.
But father time controls us all and makes this week seem like three days,
Yet we'll have time enough to savour after this adventure ends.

For those who leave late afternoon, farewells are said with fond embrace,
And those remaining one more night wave off the ferries from the pier,
While all aboard wave back and wish that they could stay another night
With those who wander up to pack, hopeful of coming back next year.

A final scramble round the rocks, perhaps to catch a sunset red,
Before a last hurrah in Ned's or up to Ruairi's where you met.
The process of dispersal brings a subtle shift in atmosphere,
A strange nostalgia settles in with the first feelings of regret.

So ends another Craiceann rite, the sanctuary bubble burst,
To Inis Oirr you'll bid adieu with one last look as you depart,
That aura of the afterglow is heightened by the memories
You've garnered once again and tucked so snug and safe within your heart.

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