

Craiceann 2025

Craiceann 25—what a glorious riot,
Inis Oírr buzzing, and none of us quiet.
No need for an intro, I'll cut to the chase:
This festival sprinted, it never lost pace.
Micheál kicked it off—sure who else could?
A man who keeps time like a heart pumping blood.
His sense of pacing was absolute,
entertaining students on his whistle and flute.
And his family deserve credit and a very special mention,
organising quietly away from the attention.
Running things in the background with understated class,
Making Craiceann happen, task by task.
The teachers? Top tier. No divas, no fuss—
Just sharing their talents with every one of us.
Andy sliced up the beats into bite -size dissections,
With back-up notes to illustrate his very clear directions,
Siobhán she's so laid back, her tone and lilting quite sublime,
And she taught us "keep it simple"- less is more when keeping time,
Amy's DJ- style of teaching, we had to learn to catch on quick,
Her punchy rhythms were clean and clear, ah how she used her stick!
Dermot—so darn groovy, with a bit of Latino flair,
His upbeats snapping decisively, through the island air.
He reminded us to breathe and stretch and take a pause
Let island winds back up the beats like nature's own applause.
And Brian—banjo, bodhrán, dance and a bit of recitation—
Tuning up our droopy skins without a moment's hesitation,
Setting grooves so tight they'd pass a NASA calibration.
Before breaking into moves that defied all explanation.
Niamh makes it look so easy, serving staccato beats all day
Backing herself with clear notation for those who learn in a visual way
Kieron? A fountain of knowledge- so much he has to teach.
Encouraging every learner that the next level is in their reach.
Jim and his catchphrases, a saying for every beat.
His "Dublin bus" brings us into a pulse, steady and neat—
A citog, somehow, he gathers us into a steady swing—
All feeling it together what a beautiful thing!
I missed James's class—but luckily heard him later,
Shaking the pub up like a natural creator.
With Joseph Mannion on box, as slinky as a fox—
His wild tunes swirling gayly through the salty docks.
Mike on mandolin and how he made the rafters ring,
Rock 'n'-rolling that big wild mane—one word only-king.
And though the music snobs might scream,
It was a bodhran player's dream,
Tempos twisting and beats played fast and tight
Pure joy from morning to the wee hours of the night.
And when I tell you this, you will think it is a joke,
But many's a hot rod was held while skins were gently stroked,
And more than that I really can not tell,
Ah, the craic was had at Craiceann, I hope I make the sequel!