

Pilgrimage

The world spins unrelenting, yearly orbiting our sun,
Until a time we hope to cherish come around and when,
Those pleasurable thoughts arise and start to coalesce,
Transport us to some special place of sanctuary again.

From near and faraway, as pilgrims to some mystic shrine
We come to share a special week on Aran's Inis Oirr,
with friends of old, with ones we have new-planted on the isle,
and those we have not really seen or laughed with since last year.

To venture once more to the well that is this gentle isle
And drink deep of its ambience to ease a restless mind,
To slake the yearly thirst here for the ever-clichéd craic,
That bubbles in this brief oasis of a yearly grind.

'Tis the music that invites us, charms us with a pull
so strong, broadcasting to the world a homing signal clear,
Where the humble drum establishes its own hypnotic beat,
To rule the airwaves of the island everyone can hear.

The bodhran is the heartbeat and the heart beats strongly here,
The power of both to shape our lives and help our world go round,
Is why we look to journey back when we have travelled home,
As pilgrims to this pleasant place, perhaps our holy ground.

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