

FARTHER FIELDS

*I reclined by the river in borrowed chair
and while the breeze off the meadow ruffled my hair,
Frankie amused and regaled us with tales of the hay
and how it used to be “won” way back in the day.
Anecdotes, amusing, informative, yet sometimes so sad:
how day-to-day life was lived in times that went bad.*

*My mind flew away south and miles to the west
where I too saved hay and felt I was blest.
His Auntie Tess and his Uncle Charlie
Could swap for my Uncle Frank and my Auntie Sadie.
My body was there but my mind wandered free
in tribute indeed to a great seanchaí.*

John Monaghan

While Frankie's stories of how the hay used to be won in [Tempo](#) reminded John of his native Mayo, Pauraig, Dermot and I were inspired to think back to our childhoods in [Cleenish](#), [Rosslea](#) and [Balinamallard](#).