

The great beech tree at Ballymurrin, 25 Feb 2012



Pencil drawing made of the tree, during winter 2009-2010, by Tina Geoghegan



The great beech tree succumbed, on 29th April 2012, to a furious gust of wind from the North east, and was laid low across the lane. The Murphy families brought their team into immediate action to clear the lane, although Tina and Dan were disappointed not to miss school due to their promptness.

Passeggiando cercavano – a fine agosto – di spingere in avanti la sera, di non credere all'insolvenza del tramonto. Era dar colpi, il cammino, al tempo che tiepido si tradiva in minuti d'anticipo e in rossori che ardevano mentendo all'orizzonte. Perdevano una vacanza, terminava la calma: e avrebbero voluto issarla – come svenuta – sulla schiena o a spallate profondare l'aria e mai davvero sorpassare il faggio che stando da sempre al movimento lo interpretava da fermo, e adulto smistando nei rami il vento.

Ballymurrin
It is the end of August They walk, as if trying to push time forward,
to postpone the departure.
Trying not to believe the anticipation of the day
as, after sunset, it steals the light,
drawing the holiday to a close.
They will lose the quietness of this time,
wishing to carry it still on their shoulders.
Unconsciously, they would love to keep walking
to stretch out the distance in front of them
and not to go past the beech tree
which marks the way home.
The tree, adult and being used to movement, stands still
and allows the wind to travel through it.

In August 2009 Paolo Febbraro and Daniela Cinelli visited Ballymurrin from Rome for the first time. Their enchantment with the place brought them back here in August 2010 and 2011. Paolo is a poet. Before returning to Rome in 2010, he wrote about their reluctance to leave, and how they trailed their feet as they approached the beech tree. The poem was awarded the Valentino Zeichen Prize in Italy in 2011. It is reproduced above with translation by Daniela.