

go bhfuil an teanga a' cur fein in ciriuint don nuashaol. Ni miste na scribhnoiri a mholadh as a saothar; is dian mar ata coimhlint an da chultur da fheارadh orra. Nil timpeallacht lanGhaelach ag duine ar bith acu; ni fulair doibh na nite a tharlúionn i saol an Bhéarla a thabhairt isteach i saol na Gaeilge. Mar a dubhairt an file Séan O Riordáin ag trácht dō ar scribhnoiri mar é fein: "Taimid stracaithe idir dhá chultur agus ag marcaiocht ar dhá theanga. Nil éinne againn nach beirt é. Caithfidh duine dén mbeirt an duine eile a ithe."

An é an leath-chupla Gaelach nō an leath-chupla Gallda a' iosfar? Ni fios. Ach is fios nach feidir leanuint den scribhnoireacht munambionn an saoicht Gaelach ann? Rud eile fós -- ni feidir leanuint den scribhnoireacht munambionn lucht a léite ann. Ni fearr buille a bhuaileadh lucht Cumann na Gaeilge in Nua Eabhrach sa chath so na litriochta na leitheoireacht na Gaeilge do cleachtadh agus tacacícht a thabhairt don ghné so d'obair na teanga.

DISINHERITED

I stand before the Book of Ballymote,
The Book of Leinster, the Leabhar Breac, last
That oldest, Leabhar na hUidhre--tomes that hold
My people's history in a thousand ranns:
I cannot read a word.

I do not know the tongue my fathers spoke,
I cannot sing the songs my fathers sang,
I cannot read the books my fathers wrote;
Treasure on treasure in my hungry hands:
I cannot read a word.

The tables of my race are here: old lore
And tale; poems our bards were proud to chant
To chiefs.
How dare I name me Irish poet?
Here is my heritage, and here I stand:
I cannot read a word.

Padraig Ó Broin