

## **Lament for a Physician ( free translation)**

**Michael now has gone in peace  
peninsular hero laid to rest,  
a giant in the far Kerry 'west  
its hills, rills, valleys and shores,  
out of 'these he wove his rhymes  
and his Culture Festival fine.**

**A man of peace and inner calm  
An Irishman its warp and myths,  
his happy smile, becalmed and soothed  
his flock, he tended with ancient skill  
for to them more than their doctor he  
for generations past in their far town.  
Rhyme and tune of Celtic time  
his task in life to foster charm  
like the world of an Gaeltacht old  
its life and loves to world behold.**

**His forte, ún Blasket Mhor  
their lit and native authors,  
noble people who faced up to life  
the might of sea, with crafted curragh.**

**He gave us insight to ecology  
the trinity all in all to be  
time and the mighty elements,  
the power and the glory- the same  
the great venture of life  
God sent to him in health and strife.**

**His vision of its twists and turns  
and what gave all nourishment its force  
he left the texture of being**

**always sympathetic fine or course.**

**He passed away on Christmas Eve  
to the holy saints above,  
a requiem mass was for him held  
and the people flocked to tell  
of the one who saw through clouds  
to the overseer of all.**

**He the dear one – missed by all  
his family, their loss is great..  
the chosen one, physician for all  
the one was great but servant too!**

**Longing bites and hearts are hurt,  
of the vortex in life he left,  
in the culture of land bereft  
for ever in its soil to keep.**

**Norman Closs Parry.**