

Award winning poetry from our finest poets

1961 2011

INCLUSION IRELAND
National Association for People with an Intellectual Disability
CELEBRATING 50 YEARS

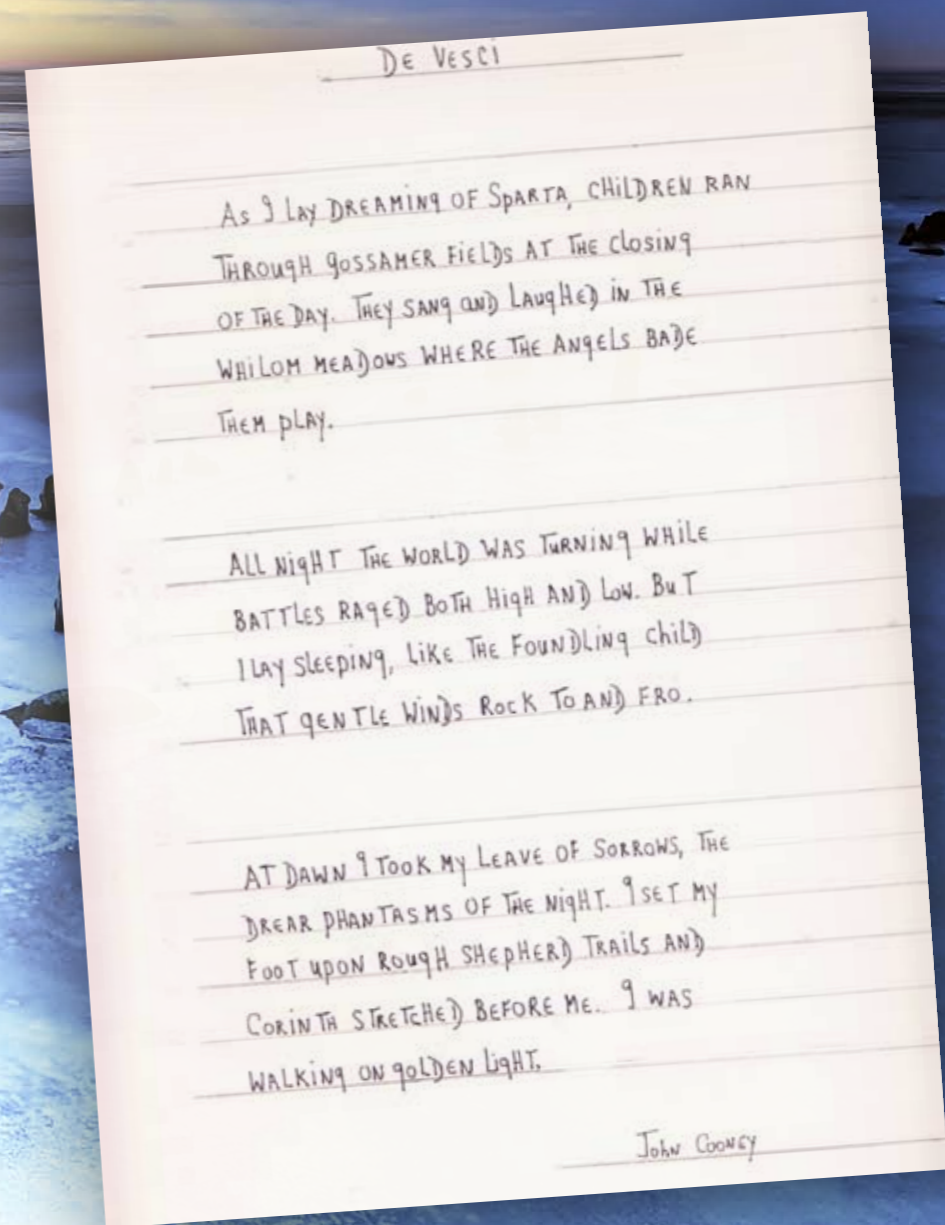
DE VESCI

John Cooney

As I lay dreaming of Sparta, children ran
through gossamer fields at the closing
of the day. They sang and laughed in the
whilom meadows where the angels bade
them play.

All night the world was turning while
battles raged both high and low. But
I lay sleeping, like the foundling child
that gentle winds rock to and fro.

At dawn I took my leave of sorrows, the
drear phantasms of the night. I set my
foot upon rough shepherd trails and
corinth stretched before me. I was
walking on golden light.



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