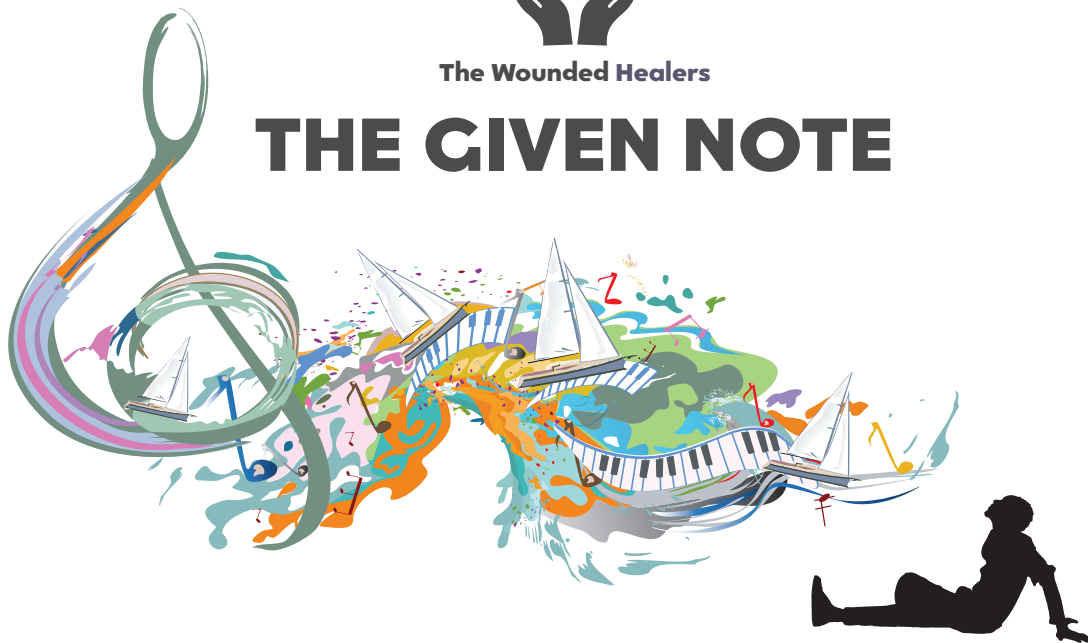




The Wounded Healers

THE GIVEN NOTE



**On the most westerly Blasket
In a dry-stone hut
He got this air out of the night.**

**Strange noises were heard
By others who followed, bits of a tune
Coming in on loud weather**

**Though nothing like melody.
He blamed their fingers and ear
As unpractised, their fiddling easy**

**For he had gone alone into the island
And brought back the whole thing.
The house throbbed like his full violin.**

**So whether he calls it spirit music
Or not, I don't care. He took it
Out of wind off mid-Atlantic.**

**Still he maintains from nowhere.
It comes off the bow gravely,
Rephrases itself into the air.**

-- Seamus Heaney

*** INSPIRATION (the 'note') is always and already given BUT we have to (learn to) listen FOR it**