

The Carra Days



John Ennis

The Carra Days, poems by John Ennis.

LAUNCH ON FRIDAY 7 DECEMBER 2018 AT 9pm in FLUKIE'S COSY BAR IN BELCARRA

With Music. Refreshments.

Book Sales to Belcarra Community Playground Facilities. Bigí Linn, Más Féider.

A Verse Novel, with adolescent Fintan Daly as narrator, where the real, the imaginary, the ghostly (courtesy of seniors) and the abstract rub shoulders in the Fad, the Bfad, Ballinafad.

The verse itself: a mix of blank verse, free verse, couplet sequences, quatrain sequences, lyrics, cadence, free-wheeling sonnets, organic cascades, along with haiku, the occasional haibun.

In the early sixties, when Love was budding in the West, and vocations were two-a-penny, a motley group of young adolescents find themselves called to a junior Loyolan training camp for missionaries in the Fad, Mayo, where blind obedience was the password and a string of caveats got you into The Black Book and booted out the gate for the early train at Balla. Out the gate as well if you were caught in a guitar moon-lit serenade at the maids' place, or found in the bed of a games mate. Still, friendships flowered like the wild flowers in the innocent Blakean meadows around. . .

. . . Where Autoritas patrolled the corridors, and the affectionate nick names of young inmates cut tutors down to size, or tried to, not easy if The Barrel was looking down at you. Where our dedicated teachers got us the marks. Where the free day film was *Stalag 17*. Where Stephen Foster held sway in the choral auditorium and Brendans got all shook up in the Rec. Hall. Where meeting the St. Louis girls, marching the opposite way, on Sunday walks was special and the way they might look at you. Where Lough Carra was the oasis everyone panted towards, the nightly dreams of one young Fintan Daly (brother to Ray of *The Burren Days*). Carra with its limpid waters for a dip . . .

“. . . a fantastic collection of Bfad memories”, T.J.Hughes(who was there).