

Have you ever wondered what visitors to Killarney wrote about the lakes and the sights to be seen around them? If so, or if you have an interest in how writers view landscape and scenery, then this is the book for you. It brings you on the classic walk (or cycle) around Lough Leane and Muckross Lake in the company of writers including W. M. Thackeray, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Robert Lloyd Praeger and Brendan Behan. If you are travelling by car, then this book is for you, too, as several of the sights mentioned - such as Muckross Abbey, Muckross House and Gardens, and Torc Waterfall - are near a car park.

Mary-Rose Bogan grew up in rural County Wexford and has lived in Kerry for several years. Her interests include writing, hill walking and nature. She has an M.A. Writing from NUI Galway and completed the initial work on *Walk with the Writers* as a non-fiction project for the course.

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Walk with the Writers in Killarney National Park

A guide to some of the sights around the Lakes
of Killarney as seen through the eyes of the writers
who visited them in the past two hundred and fifty years

Mary-Rose Bogan

Breath of the bogle now wafted them o'er from Dinis' green isle

The luxuriance of the heaths

Cold chicken and champagne

Blow, bogle, blow, set the wild echoes flying

Arbutus islands of Killarney

The abbey ... the most perfect ... I have ever seen.

Beautiful Lakes

Jinnisfallen

Morning stillness.
Paradise called
my name,
I glanced through the window,
the vision
gave me life.

Stillness.
Lough Leinn
revealed its
essence. I
merged into the
landscape of
this life.

An ancient monastery
slept under a
blanket of trees.
Content spirits
danced with
ritualistic energy.
Tiny ripples
the pulse of my
present, the
pattern of a past.

To the left,
a cathedral spire –
man's monument of praise,
meagre beside
God's intentional gift.

A small boat smiled
its way through
mirror surface
of undisturbed waters,
watched by silent swans,
bowing to destiny.

Brickeen bridge
the umbilical
cord to Tomies
mountains
tied mother
to her
extended self.
Stillness.

Through the trees,
smoke from distant
fire cloaked the
forest with vague
mystery,
its history
a smoke screen
of visibility.

Deep sight,
I inhale
the beauty a
lake reveals.
Deep thought
stirred by such
stillness,
spreads the flow
of calm serenity.

Deep waters,
I will
recall the vision,
until my embodied
spirit escapes
to its pure self,
unseen,
lapping its rhythmic
dance across Killarney's
lower lake,
in search of this moment.

Maire Holmes