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## Carnet de Voyage en Irlande

Flora Aurima-Devatine

Ireland  
Homeland  
Home  
Land  
I feel at home  
In Ireland

*To Elizabeth*  
*My great-grandmother*

From my hotel room  
By the window to the land

I crossed  
Your father's land  
Your father's country  
Your father's homeland

And I felt at home  
In your father's homeland  
In your father's homeland

And I thought a lot

I thought strongly  
I thought deeply  
I thought carefully

I thought of you  
I thought landly  
Homelandy

I thought a lot  
Because I missed you

*To Julia*  
*My great-great-grandmother*

From my hotel room  
By the window to the land

I caught your force  
I caught your will  
I caught and I understood your nature

I imagined your smile  
I imagined your face smiling  
I imagined your eyes shining, twinkling

I caught and I imagined a lot  
Because I needed you

*To Francis*  
*My great-great-grandfather*

I saw the descendants of your fellows  
I searched your 'dark hair'  
I searched your 'blue eyes'

And I found them in our car driver  
From Castlewellan to Leitrim  
From Leitrim to Legannany  
From Leitrim to Castlewellan  
From Castlewellan to Newcastle

From a top of the road of Leitrim to Castlewellan  
I saw the point of view to the sea of Newcastle  
And I thought of you of your dreams  
Full of travels by boat by sea full of new countries  
Full of a best future full of us your descendants  
And I understood you because I felt the same feelings  
For all my children and for all of my grandchildren

I tried your Guinness  
I drunk in memory of you  
Don't be cross with me  
I prefer our Hinano beer!

I talked and talked a lot  
I thought of you  
And I felt happy  
Because I admired you

I understood the travels I did  
I understood the countries I crossed  
I understood the ways I went by  
The oceans I passed across  
The people I met

It was a never-ending road  
An uncompleted way  
To you to me to us  
It was a boundless, an untiring  
A long way to your land  
To my ancestor's land

I felt a lot of the past  
The travels I had to do  
The fields I had to cross  
The oceans, to navigate  
The roads, to follow  
The feelings, to experience

I understood  
I believe I understood  
I think I believe I understood  
I hope I wish to understand

I want to live  
I would like to be  
I need it  
I need so  
I need so much.

TOURING PACIFIC CULTURES

I needed to see and feel  
The Mountains of Mourne  
I saw and I felt the land all  
The land of my ancestors  
I can't say it's enough  
Just it's an appreciated part of me  
I feel nostalgic about this part of me  
But I'm lucky to have had a touch of it  
To have had a breeze of it  
To have had a sweet smell of it  
I feel happy and a little bit on my hunger

*To you all  
My ancestors*

I couldn't express my love  
Because I didn't feel it  
I didn't know you  
But all my thoughts, my spirit,  
All my words about you  
Only express this tender thing, the feeling  
That I love you all.

«- Pourquoi aller voir à quoi ressemble le pays des ancêtres ?  
- Quitte à voir, à visiter un pays étranger, autant aller voir aussi celui  
de ses ancêtres !»

Traduction (2010–2011) de Jean Anderson  
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