

Spoken Word (Manx Authors. Up to Year 10)

D9a

Edith Ann Craine Cup

One poem from the following. Choice to be stated on the entry form.

Dance of the Stream Sprite

by Jacqueline Shirtliff

Shuffle through the shady shallows,
Leap from log to log,
Tango past the tangled brambles,
Tiptoe round the bog.

Skipping, stepping, pirouetting where the minnows teem;
I'm dancing to the mesmerizing music of the stream.

Balance over broken branches,
Limbo under bridges,
Twist and turn through murky tunnels,
Samba with the midges.

Skipping, stepping, pirouetting where the minnows teem;
I'm dancing to the mesmerizing music of the stream.

Waltz wildly down the waterfalls,
Gallop up the glen,
Slip smoothly through deep glassy pools
Then dance it all again!

Skipping, stepping, pirouetting where the minnows teem;
Come, join me in my dancing to the music of the stream.

I am Mannanan

By Marilyn Cannell

Once I was Lord of this island as legend will tell you;
Proud of my people who offered allegiance to me.
There to protect and preserve all its bounty and beauty;
I am Mannanan – the God of the Sea.

High in my fortress I watch over waves and the water;
Looking for strangers who threaten our shores day and night.
Casting my cloak like a mist full of shimmering shadows;
My precious island is veiled from their sight.

My peoples' lives are in farming and seasonal fishing.
Frail are their boats for whatever the weather may be.
They pray for calm seas, and fair winds and fine shoals of herring.
I am Mannanan – the God of the Sea.

Mounting my steed, I can travel on land and cross water;
My boat can summon the waves to a frenzy of foam.
I can make one figure seem like an army of thousands.
This is my island, and this is my home.

I ask but little from those who receive my protection;
“Cut down some reeds, and on Midsummer Eve come to me;
Climb up Barrule with your off’ring and I shall be waiting.”
I am Mannanan – the God of the Sea.

Then came St Patrick, his monks and his call to the faithful.
Preaching belief and salvation that came from above.
Banished me down to a home in the depths of the ocean.
Cast from my throne on the island I love.

Sometimes at first light when May buds are starting to blossom,
Up through the waves I will rise, and my heart will be free.
Listen! Perchance you will hear that my mermaids are singing.
I am Mannanan - the God of the Sea
I am Mannanan - the God of the Sea.

Waves of the Sea

by Mona Douglas

[an extract from the start of her verse drama, *Teeval of the Sea*]

We are the waves of the sea,
Eldest of all things that are,
Whereon the Spirit has moved from eternity.
When earth was not, nor any star,
We danced in the windy dark,
Leaping and falling,
Flowing through infinite space;
We sang the song of creation when the morning stars were born,
And caught the primeval light of the sun's face;
We hung the dream of time on the young moon's horn,
And cradled the earliest upward surge of life:
We are old, we are old and free,
At peace in perpetual strife,
For below our ceaseless tumult lies unstirred,
Beyond reach of wind or tide,
The dark abyss wherein no sound is heard.