

## ***An Rocaid***

'Na mo shuidhe ann an cùil chumhaing  
aig mullach rocaid,  
dithis chompanach còmhla rium  
ag éisteachd, cunntais —  
deich, naoi, h-ochd —  
mo chridhe plapadaich ag éisteachd —  
seachd, sia, cóig —  
m' inntinn, a shiùbhlas nas luaithe na solas,  
air a' ghealaich romham;  
mi fàgail an t-saoghail, 's mi 'n dùil ri tilleadh —  
ceithir, trì, dhà, aon —  
lasadh:  
dhealaich mi ris an talamh,  
cumhachd a thugadh às an t-saoghal  
gam thogail bhon t-saoghal.

Cruth m' aodainn ag atharrachadh,  
an saoghal ga mo tharraing air n-ais thuige,  
ach thug cumhachd beag ann an acfhainn  
buaidh air cumhachd mór a bha sgaoilte;  
dhealaich mi gu tur ris an talamh,  
tha mi siubhal luath agus a' fàs beagan nas òige.

Tha mi a' cadal agus a' dùsgadh,  
ithidh mi biadh agus chan eil cuideam annam,  
seòlaidh mi 'na mo sheòmar  
mar fhaoileag air sgéith,  
tha mi a' cuartachadh na gealaich  
's air mo tharraing ga h-ionnsaigh;  
chì mi taobh dhith nach fhaca mi riamh.

## ***The Rocket***

Sitting in a narrow cockpit  
at the top of a rocket,  
two colleagues along with me  
listening, counting —  
ten, nine, eight —  
my heart thumping as I listen —  
seven, six, five —  
my mind, which travels faster than light,  
on the moon before me;  
while leaving the world, I expect to return —  
four, three, two, one —  
ignition:  
I've parted from the earth,  
a power taken from the world  
lifting me from the world.

My face's shape being distorted,  
the world pulling me back to itself,  
But small power in harness  
has beaten big power unharnessed;  
I've parted fully with the earth,  
I'm travelling fast and growing a little younger.

I fall asleep and wake up,  
I eat some food and am weightless,  
I glide in my chamber  
like a gull on the wing,  
I'm orbiting the moon  
and being pulled towards it;  
I see a side of it I've never seen.

Fàgaidh sinn companach ga cuartachadh,  
tha mi fhìn agus fear eile dol sìos;  
laigh sinn mar iolaire  
agus se sin a thubhairt sinn:  
“Tha sinn ann a-seo, dithis bheò  
ann am fàsach mór marbh.”  
Tha sinn a’ bocadaich mun cuairt  
eadar bhith coiseachd ’s a bhith seòladh,  
tha ’n saoghal mar ghealaich mhóir liath  
ag éirigh suas,  
sealladh nach tuig inntinn  
ach am fear a bh’ ann  
’s a chunnaic.

Anail na beatha air mo dhruim  
’s chì mi liath i air astar,  
cluinnidh sibh agus chì sibh mi  
le innleachd dhaoine  
’s mi ag éirigh tro speuran na gealaich.  
Tha an triùir againn còmhla gu dòigheil a-rithist,  
a’ feuchainn dhachaigh  
’s a’ dol tron chachaileith chumhaing;  
tha sinn innte, cha chluinn sinn dad  
agus cha chluinn duine sinne,  
teas mór thar tomhais a’ leaghadh  
taobh a-muigh ar taigh-còmhnaidh,  
ach tha e nis air fuarachadh sa chuan.

Tha sinn air tilleadh air n-ais,  
tha sinn gu math,  
ach cha bhi sinn tuilleadh mar a bha sinn.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

We leave a colleague in orbit,  
another man and I are going down;  
like an eagle we’ve landed  
and this is what we said:  
“We’re here, two of us alive  
in a great lifeless wilderness.”  
We’re bouncing around  
halfway between walking and flying,  
the world’s like a great pale-blue moon  
rising up,  
a sight no mind can imagine  
except the man who was there  
and who saw.

With the breath of life on my back  
I see it pale-blue afar,  
you all hear me and see me  
by man’s ingenuity  
as I rise through the skies of the moon.  
We three are safely together again,  
heading for home  
and going through the narrow gate;  
we’re aboard, we hear nothing  
and nobody hears us,  
a great immeasurable heat melting  
the outside of our dwelling-house,  
but it’s now cooled down in the ocean.

We have come back,  
we are all right,  
but we’ll be no more as we were.

***Donald MacDonald***