The Land League

*The Geological Survey in Ireland*

Hard to keep one history from another, but he kept his head low, used simple tools: notebook and pencil and a good pair of boots, and a lunch prepared in the boarding house if the landlady was willing, which they usually were, this being official scientific business.

Today, day three at the Gweebarra Fault. Moorlands; heather and moss; bold naked granite bursting through. He took the path along the widening lake to Glenbeagh, learned from Mrs Adair about the last red deer to leave Co. Donegal, not long back.

‘Did you learn,’ they’d ask him later in the pub, ‘about Mr Adair, forcing out them families, most now dead.’ Hard to counter their talk of agitation and freedom with limestone, to explain how a glacier rolled down this valley, flexured and folded the land.

Michael McKimm

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