Returning to De Valera's Cottage

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RETURNING TO DE VALERA'S COTTAGE

Coming down the hill we could see the summer village, mill-wheel and stream churning up the wet sunlight. The village seemed brighter then without the dark weight of his heavy cloak or a threat of his sword-cane over their votes. Their great child had been dead for years.

So that ordinary children came back onto the street while adults gossiped lightly unafraid of the official cars—not that he was held in awe, but the walking evidence of so intense a life frightened the whole village and kept them from serious thought.

In finding his cottage we found a life that was inside ourselves. A small moment of sorrow. A tear riding down the glass of our eyes like blood falling from a bullet wound. We kicked the heap of weeds with our heels and cursed the narrowness of the path.