

# Irish Legend Poem

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*This is a poem I wrote on holiday in Ireland. I had been to Carrick-a-rede bridge and I thought it would be a perfect setting for a fairy tale. I was interested in leprachauns and created a leprachaun called Ronan after a person who worked at the bridge.*

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# 1 - The Beginning

Deep in the cliffs  
of the emerald isle  
comes a tale of magic  
that's been around for a while

A tale of fairies  
leprachauns and giants  
of mischief and mayhem  
and creatures defiant

## 2 - Into Ireland

A tale of fairies  
leprachauns and giants  
of mischief and mayhem  
and creatures defiant

Believe if you want  
the tales of old  
The legends of giants  
tough, ruthless and bold.

But now turn the page  
and read on till the end  
These creatures aren't nasty  
they want to be friends!

So look in the trees  
As you walk on by  
Those fairies are watching  
Don't blink! Watch them fly!

Our story begins at  
Carrick-a-rede  
Where the rope bridge is shining  
There's a fairy parade!

The flowers are hanging  
The bridge is alight  
The fairies and leprachauns  
Dance through the night.

The fireflies are drumming  
a mysterious beat  
and the sound rises up  
from this coastal retreat.

The party is full of  
glee, laughter and fun  
as the fairies are waiting  
for the princess to come!

The morning draws nearer

the music plays on  
the french elves arrive  
La boume, c'est bonne!

Under the archway  
Stand Ronan and Seamus  
"The princess is lovely,  
but I don't think she'll like us"

"You like the princess!"  
Says Seamus in horror  
The leprachauns and fairies  
hate one another!

"You can't like the fairies,  
You're a leprachaun Ro!  
Not even the shamrocks  
will make your luck grow!"

"I bet I can cgarm her  
I bet I can win1"  
yelled leprachaun Ronan  
over the din.

Then suddenly, from  
a green cloud of smoke,  
a deep booming voice  
gradually spoke.

"Presenting the Princess,  
the King and the Queen!"  
And from a gold carriage  
heir heads could be seen.

To be continued....