

# The Swilly Lake

By

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Dingle, Co. Kerry, Ireland – 1792.

Swilly :

1. *poetic/literary imaginary sodden substance of earthen variety at the core of the earth's revolutions – spiritual, physical, geographical. Alternative names: gunk*
2. *imagined physics a very rarefied and highly elastic substance believed to permeate all space, including the interstices between the particles of matter, and to be the medium through which light and other electromagnetic radiation must duly pass before liberating itself into being.*

Whipperbucket:

1. *poetic/literary the vessel with which one trawls and gathers swilly.*
2. *Imagined biology A neuro-chemical substance found in the pre-frontal cortex providing the capacity to hold information, which has a messy and dirty quality.*

Pents:

1. *poetic/literary any substance of the sharp spiked variety*

Ann Kinnelly { daughter of

Mae Kinnelly (O'Brien)

Frank Kinnelly

Marie Antoinette { daughter of

Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria

Francis I, Holy Roman Emperor,

Anna stood under the flow of water and let it relieve her of her task, of the smell of her task, of the memory of her task; everyday the boiled pitcher of water, let cool by the side for a half hour, would allow her wash away what she had just endured, so as to free her evening of any thought, of those early few hours of life spent out in the cold, in the sun, in the snow, in the hail, in the glorious autumn, lost to the smell of swilly, lost to the hard grind of the harvest of that blasted swilly lake.

It squelched beneath her feet, the sodden slurry-like dregs, clung together in wet, sucking globs of filth. The lake would never be clear of it. The swilly came up from the core of the earth in endless slimy supplies, self-generating, in ordurous mockery of her toil. She washed it all away to sit in the quiet of her home's hearth and the quiet of her own mind no matter the chatter of her mother's knitting needles or voice, the wrappers from the sweets left by the men, the spoon stirring the cup, the agitated clicking of her nails in her constant wait for the next event. Anna would block this out and venture into the quietude of her own mind. She would hold her hands in her lap, one cupped in the other and gently caress one thumb with the other and rely on the softness of this sensation to bring her peace.

The water from the pitcher found grace as it followed the curves of Anna's body, toned as a farm-girl may be, down to the drain of the iron bath. Anna scrubbed then stood. The scrubbing was vigorous. The standing still was elegant.

And that was what Anna was - violently vigorous, yet elegantly still.