

The Mice of Coracloon

JANE CHAMBLESS WRIGHT

I'VE LIVED at the Coracloon Old School House for over a year now—and never saw so much as a whisker.

But last autumn, late at night, I heard the sound of a mouse inside of the old stone walls of the house—and my imagination took flight.

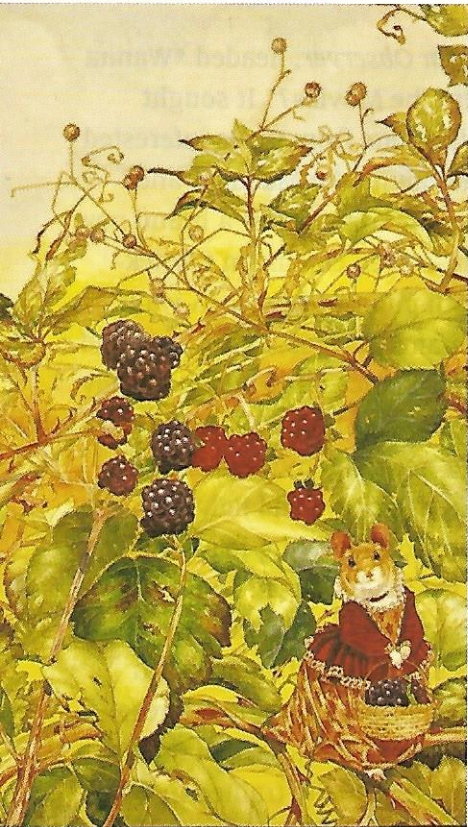
The mice have certainly lived here far longer than I have.

I sought out mouse-sized views of the landscape around the house—and drew these in their infinite detail.

I added the mice as I imagined they might go about their daily business.

I'd like to eventually make a small book using these watercolor illustrations—a cookbook with simple recipes for children to learn how to make delicious, healthy food from our local sources.

In the meantime—I love creating these paintings. Leitrim is an endless source of beauty and inspiration.



Blackberry Pie

*A little sugar is missing from the bowl.
A hole has been nibbled in the flour bag.
There are tiny paw prints in the butter.
Flann takes her basket and walks along the
tightrope of the blackberry runners.
The thorns are the colour of rose hips in autumn.
She dances past them.
A nip along the stem -
The berry is hers.*

Mushroom Soup

*Grey wet clouds hang low on the hilltop.
Rain patters on the leaves, splashing rings into
the pond and dripping off the cat-tails.
Maeve knows where the mushrooms bloom
by the willows.
Steaming soup will chase away the chill.*



Ginger Snaps

*The brook wanders downhill from the pasture,
splashing over stones until it spills into the pond,
spinning circles on the surface.
Maggie and Niamb carry the laundry basket
between them, down to the water's edge.
Reeds and lilies shelter them.
The water is cold.
Sheets flap in the breeze, drying in the
afternoon sunlight.
Time for tea. And maybe a biscuit or two...*

