

My project, *The Art of the Bard: Integrating Celtic Folklore into Modern English Poetry*, aimed to explore how Celtic mythology could be used as allusion in creative works, similarly to Greek and Roman mythology. The realm of English poetry, where I've focused most of my study, is extremely lacking in Celtic mythos, with most references being found in translated works (very sparingly) throughout the last century. My creative goal was to explore the ways that the recurring themes and images found in these stories could be adapted into a figurative form for a modern English-speaking audience while still saying something distinct. My quantifiable goal was to put out 7 poems based on Celtic folklore and revise them all at least once in an 8-week period.

I was able to do this while also making revisions as the need arose. Attached is my most polished piece, having gone through 3 full rounds of revision. My other poems have more work to be done before I feel comfortable presenting them as a final product, but "Searching for Lugh" has reached close to its final draft if this is not already its final form. I hope the quality reflects the amount of work I've put in throughout the program.

This project will serve as the basis for my Elkin Isaac presentation as well as a potential thesis. Even if I decide not to turn my work into a thesis, what I've done in the past weeks has significantly strengthened my portfolio and improved my grasp on poetic theory for my professional career. That I've been able to complete this while living on my own has also given me invaluable insight into maintaining work/life balance in my field once I've graduated. I extend my thanks to the donors that have made this experience possible for myself and others like me. Without FURSCA, I would feel significantly less confident of my career opportunities going into my last year of college.

Searching for Lugh

You scan the horizon, hoping that you'll find  
a note on the nightstand, footprints from your doorstep,  
strewn clothing, muddy boots, his mussed overcoat,  
there's nothing. Not a shadow,  
he took everything  
all that you thought was home  
into thin air

something, anything he's left behind:  
last night's leftovers or his unwashed dishes,  
a photo to prove he'd been there at all, but  
not a cloud of dust, not a single shingle –  
before you could see  
vanish  
all around you.

There's no trellis to climb clandestinely in the night,  
no windowpane to gaze through, longing for his return,  
not even a bed to lay in for five more minutes  
or a roof to shade you on a blistering morning.

The only thing  
you can see  
are the crows  
blotting out  
the rising sun.