

Infernal Machines -1

**Lake Isle of
Innisfree**

W. B. Yeats

Infernal Machines

1



Innisfree, whence the name?

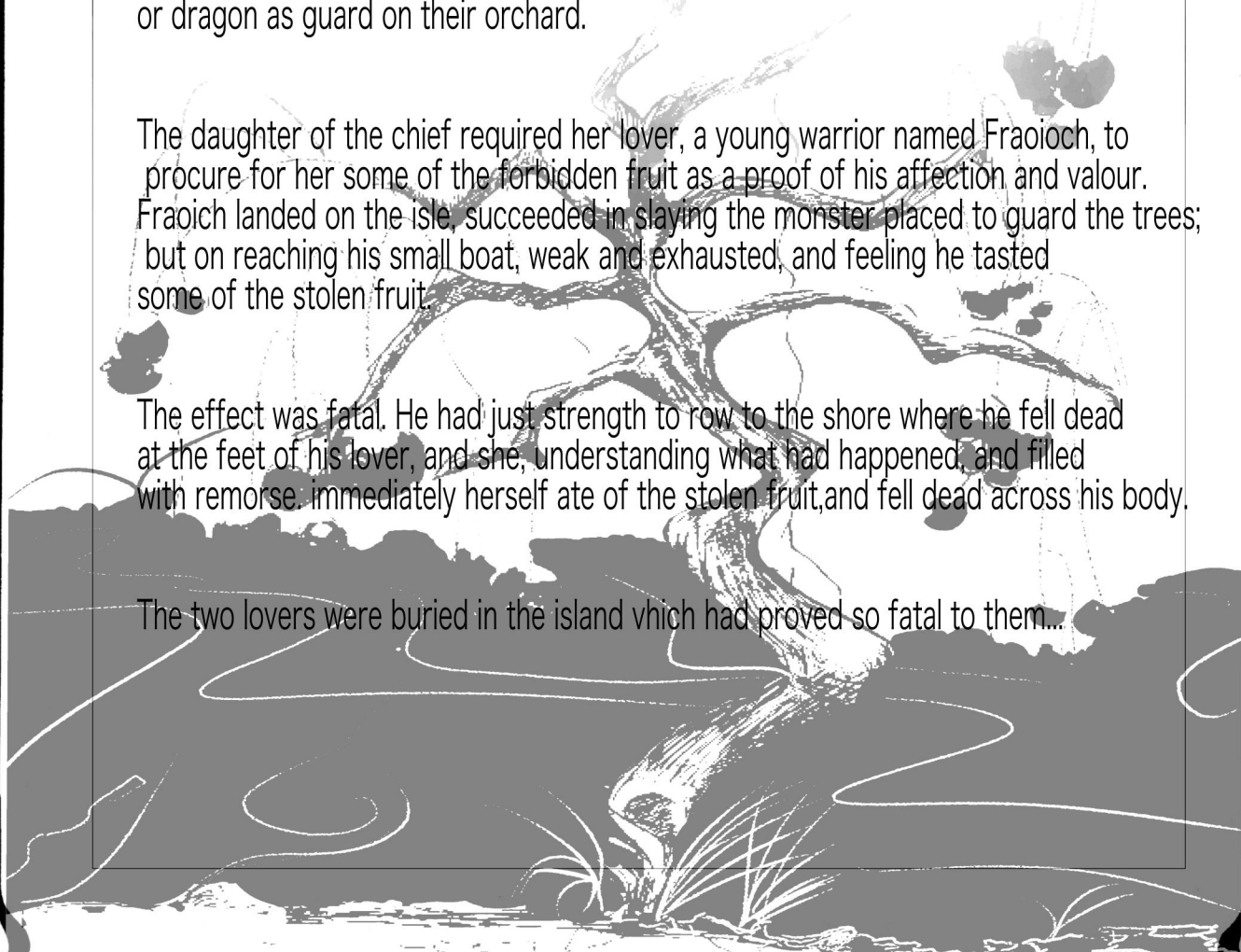
In the Land of Battles, in the bright lake Loch Gile,
amongst the tribes of Cairpre the Charioteer,
Enemy of Patrick and conqueror of Teamhair there
was a small island shrouded in mist.

On this islet, though small in size, grew the most luscious of fruit, which however
as exclusively reserved for the use of the Gods, who had placed a great monster
or dragon as guard on their orchard.

The daughter of the chief required her lover, a young warrior named Fraoioch, to
procure for her some of the forbidden fruit as a proof of his affection and valour.
Fraoich landed on the isle, succeeded in slaying the monster placed to guard the trees;
but on reaching his small boat, weak and exhausted, and feeling he tasted
some of the stolen fruit.

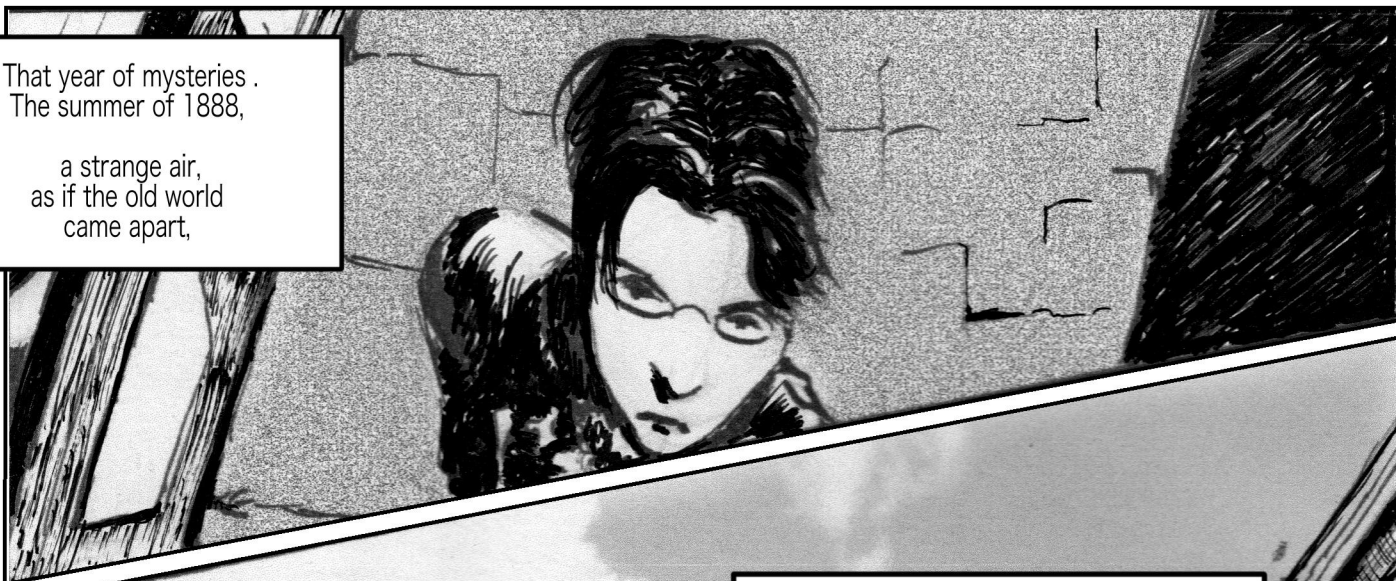
The effect was fatal. He had just strength to row to the shore where he fell dead
at the feet of his lover, and she, understanding what had happened, and filled
with remorse, immediately herself ate of the stolen fruit, and fell dead across his body.

The two lovers were buried in the island which had proved so fatal to them...



That year of mysteries .
The summer of 1888,

a strange air,
as if the old world
came apart,



And it was cold, so cold in July that
snow fell

On the surface, life continued.
But underneath,
nothing was the same,
not anymore.



Fleet Street
London, 1888



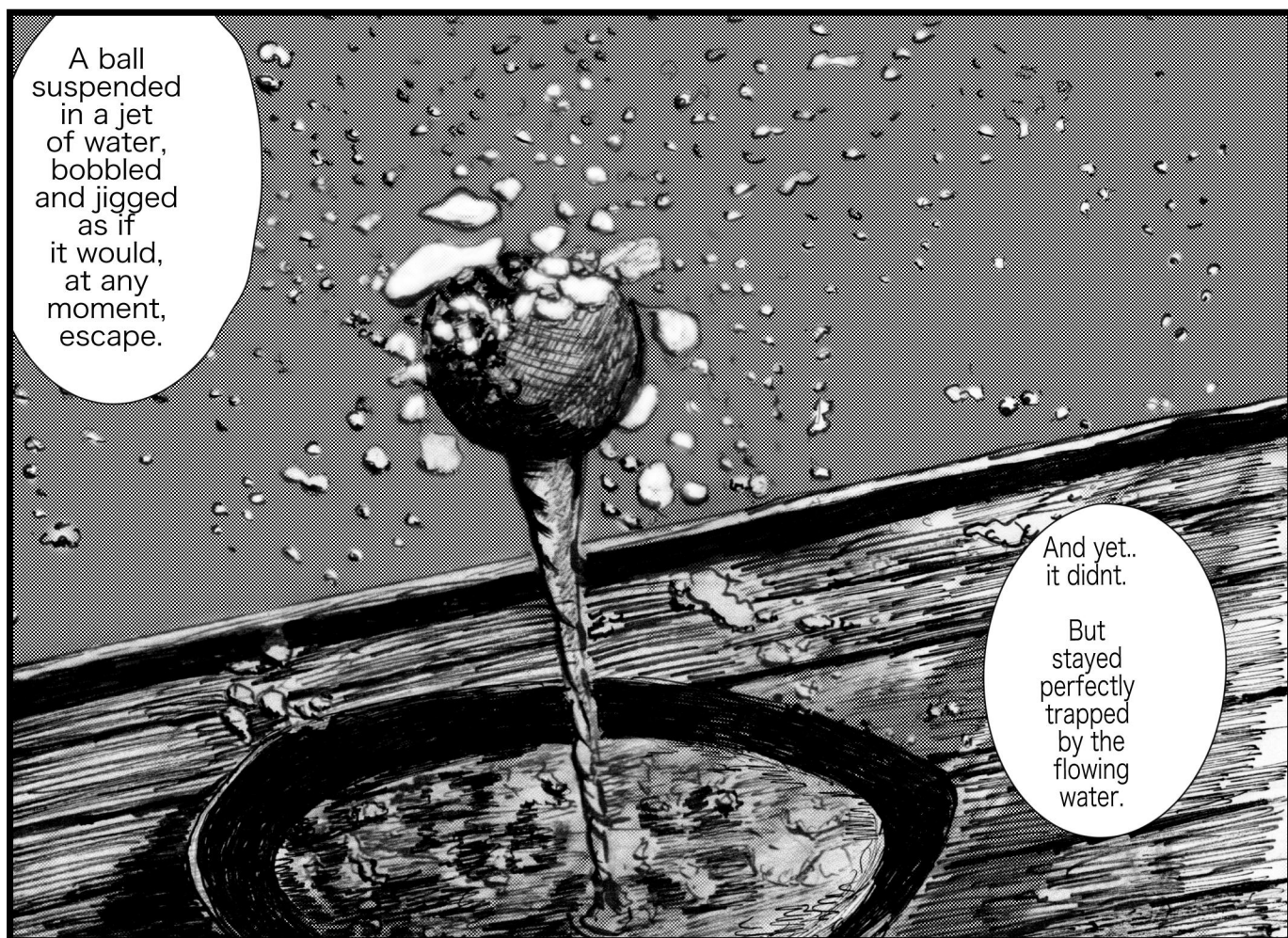
The day
before

I had
passed
the time
looking in
shop
windows.

One
in particular
caught my eye,

this latest
expression
of science

that had
in my youth
so
entertained
my spirit
of
enquiry.



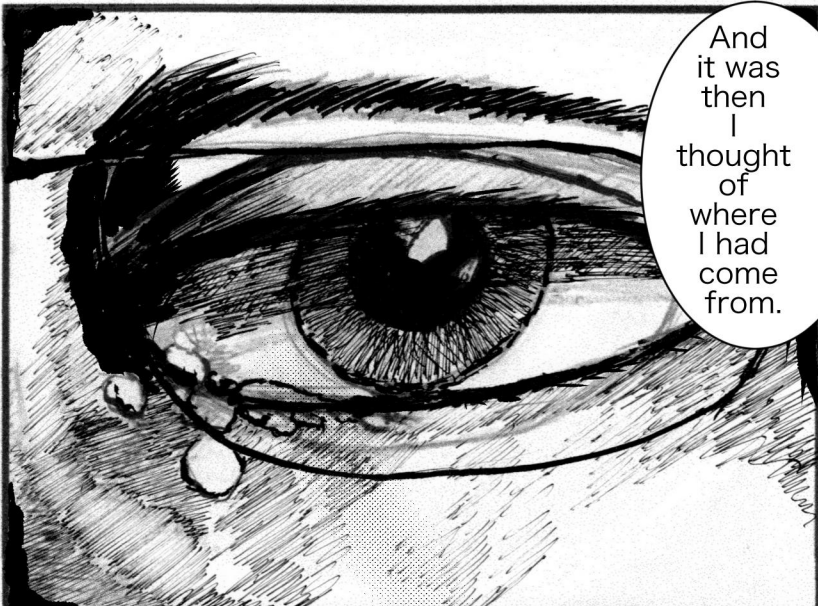
A ball
suspended
in a jet
of water,
bobbled
and jiggled
as if
it would,
at any
moment,
escape.

And yet..
it didnt.

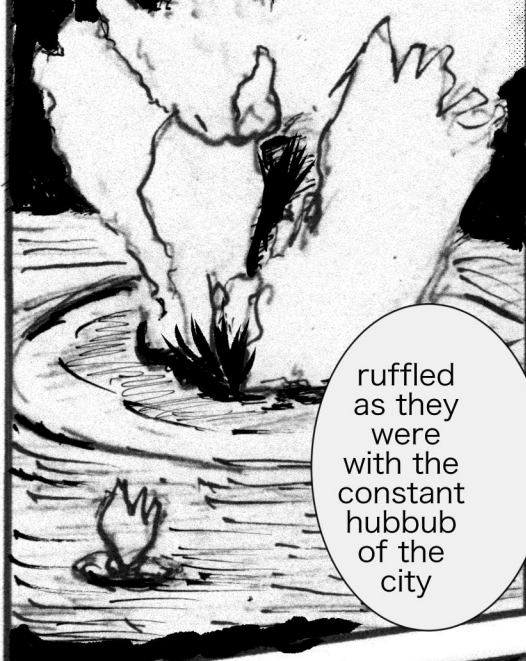
But
stayed
perfectly
trapped
by the
flowing
water.



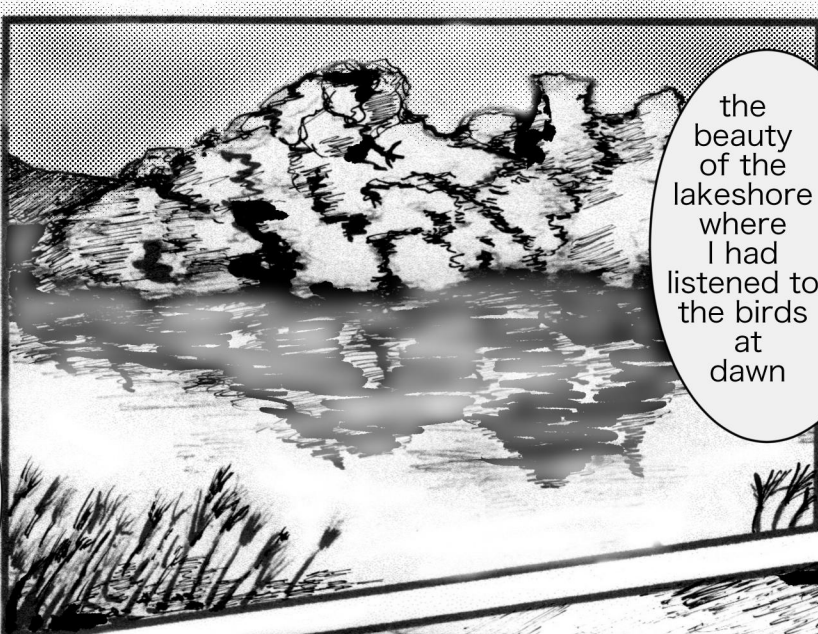
The
tinkling
of the
water
droplets
soothed
my
spirits



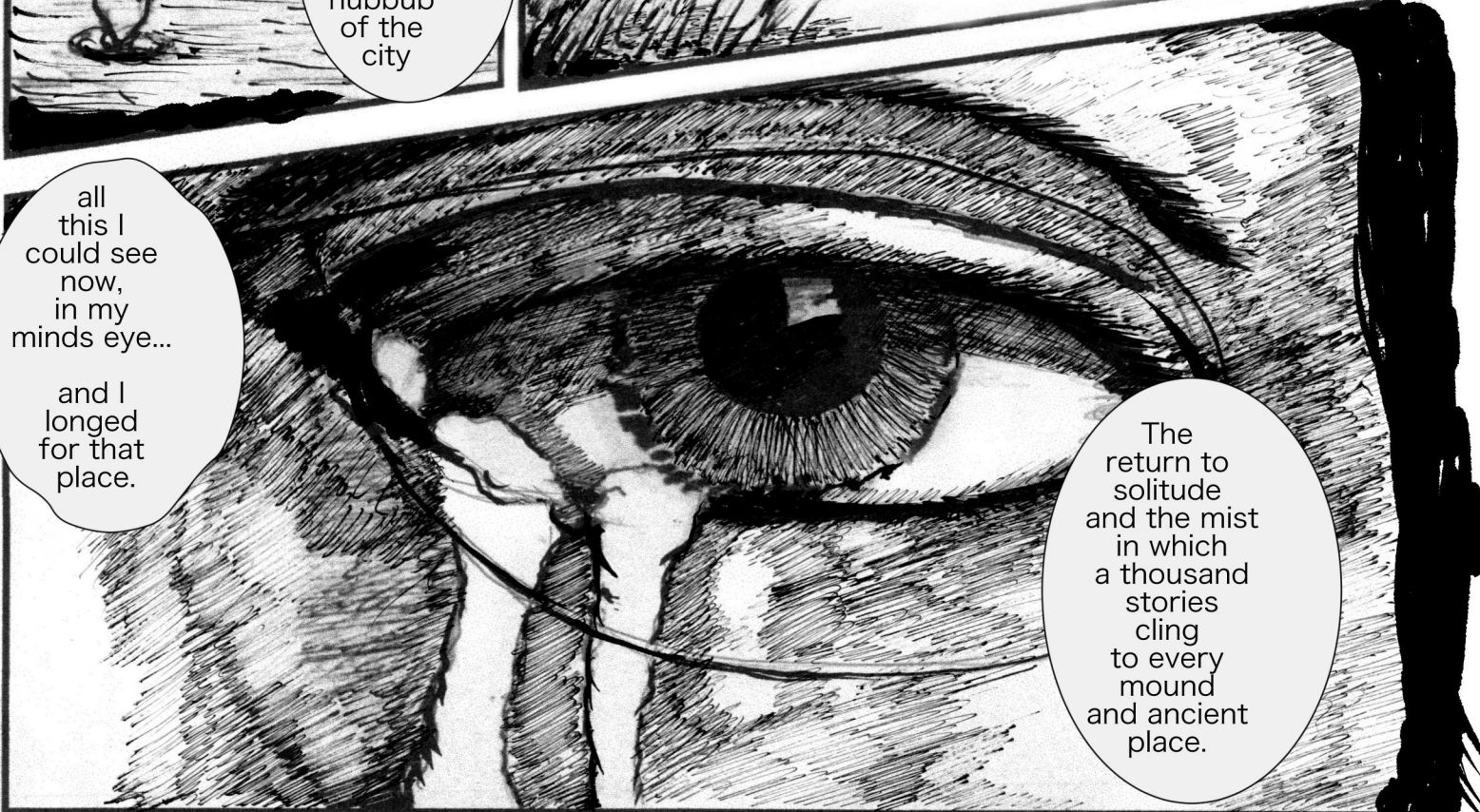
And
it was
then
I
thought
of
where
I had
come
from.



ruffled
as they
were
with the
constant
hubbub
of the
city



the
beauty
of the
lakeshore
where
I had
listened to
the birds
at
dawn



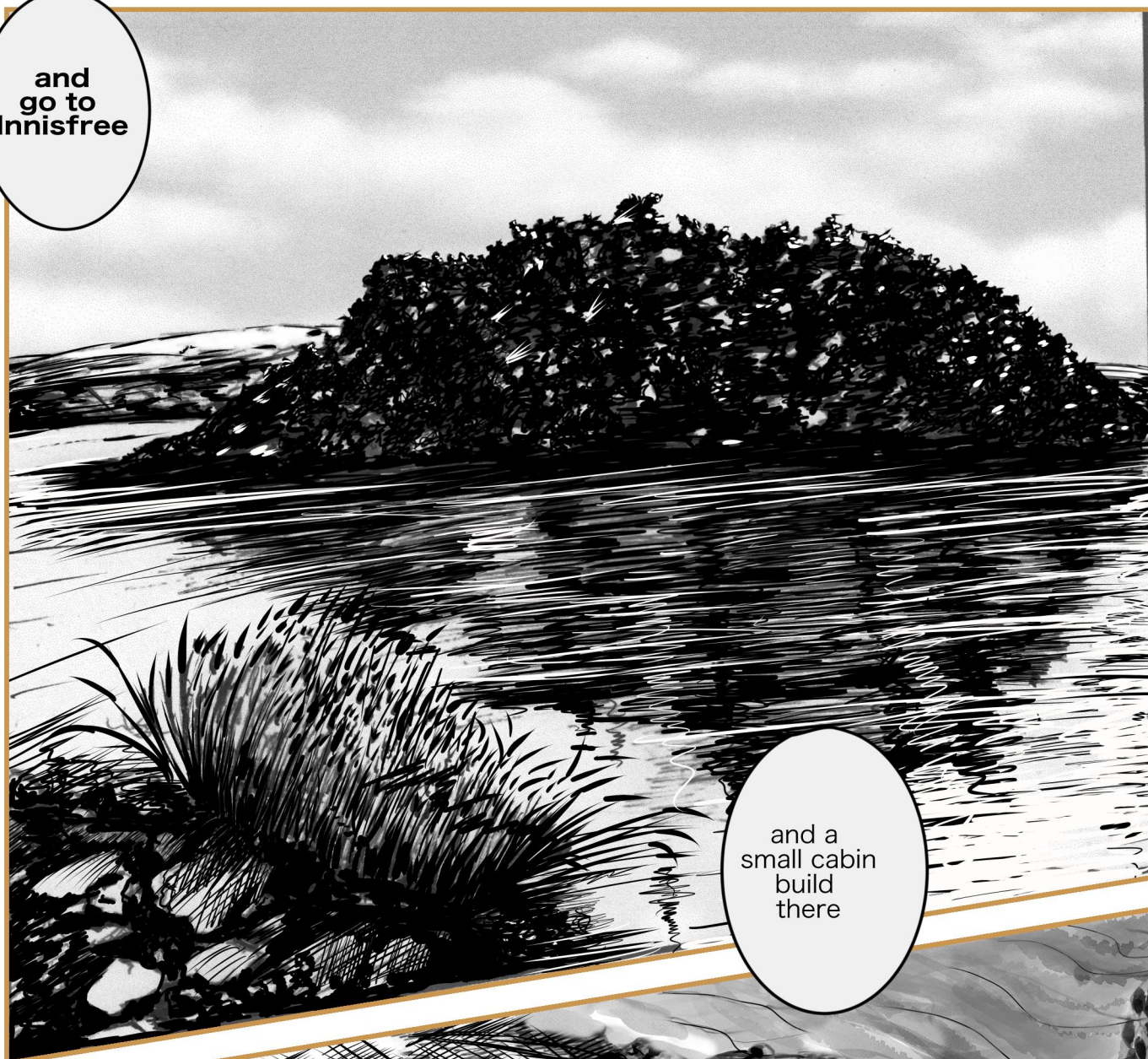
all
this I
could see
now,
in my
mind's eye...

and I
longed
for that
place.

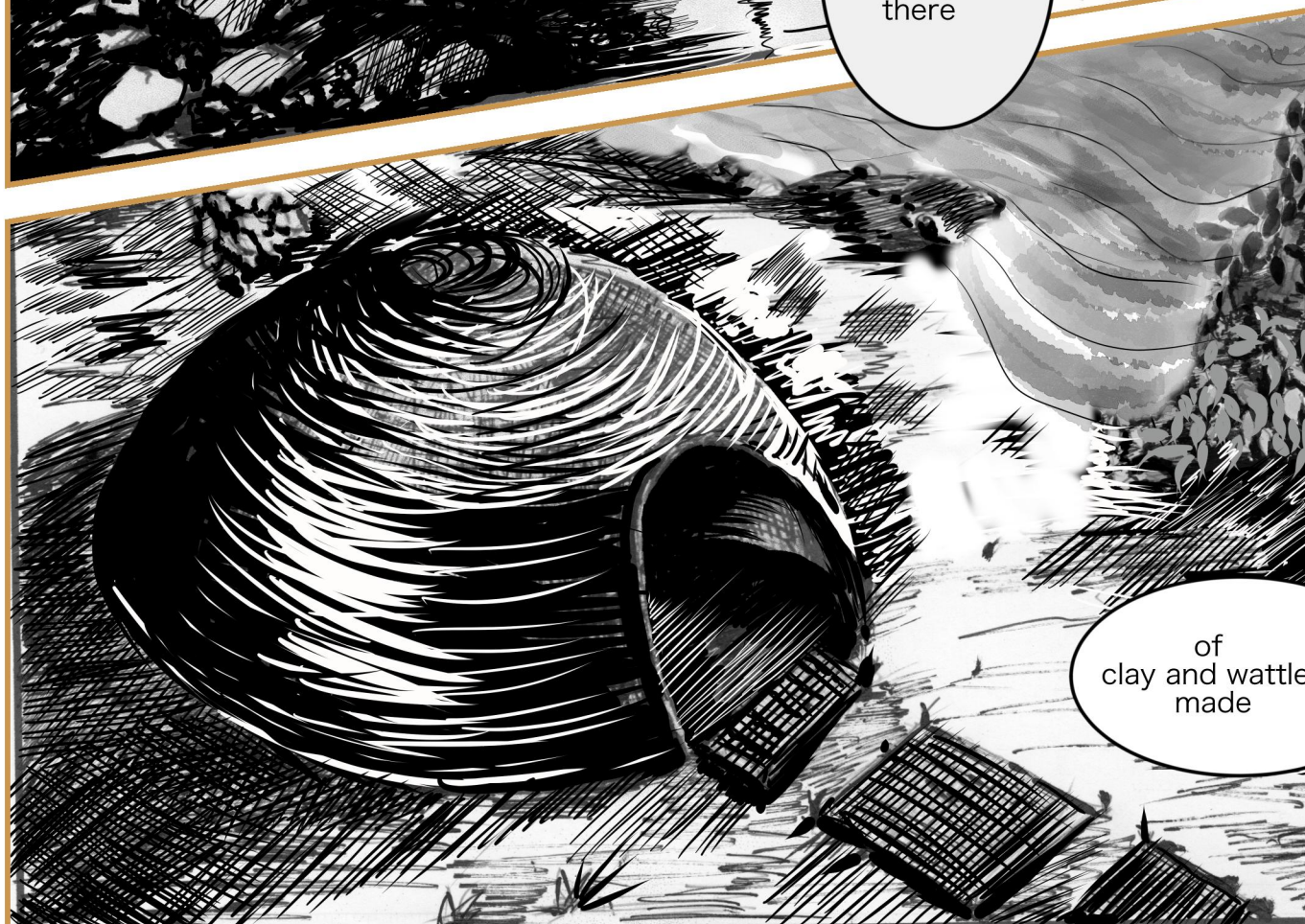
The
return to
solitude
and the mist
in which
a thousand
stories
cling
to every
mound
and ancient
place.



and
go to
Innisfree



and a
small cabin
build
there



of
clay and wattles
made



and nine bean rows
will i have there



a hive for
the honey bee

and live alone
in the bee-loud
glade



and evening full
of the linnets wings

there midnights
all a glimmer
and noon
a purple glow



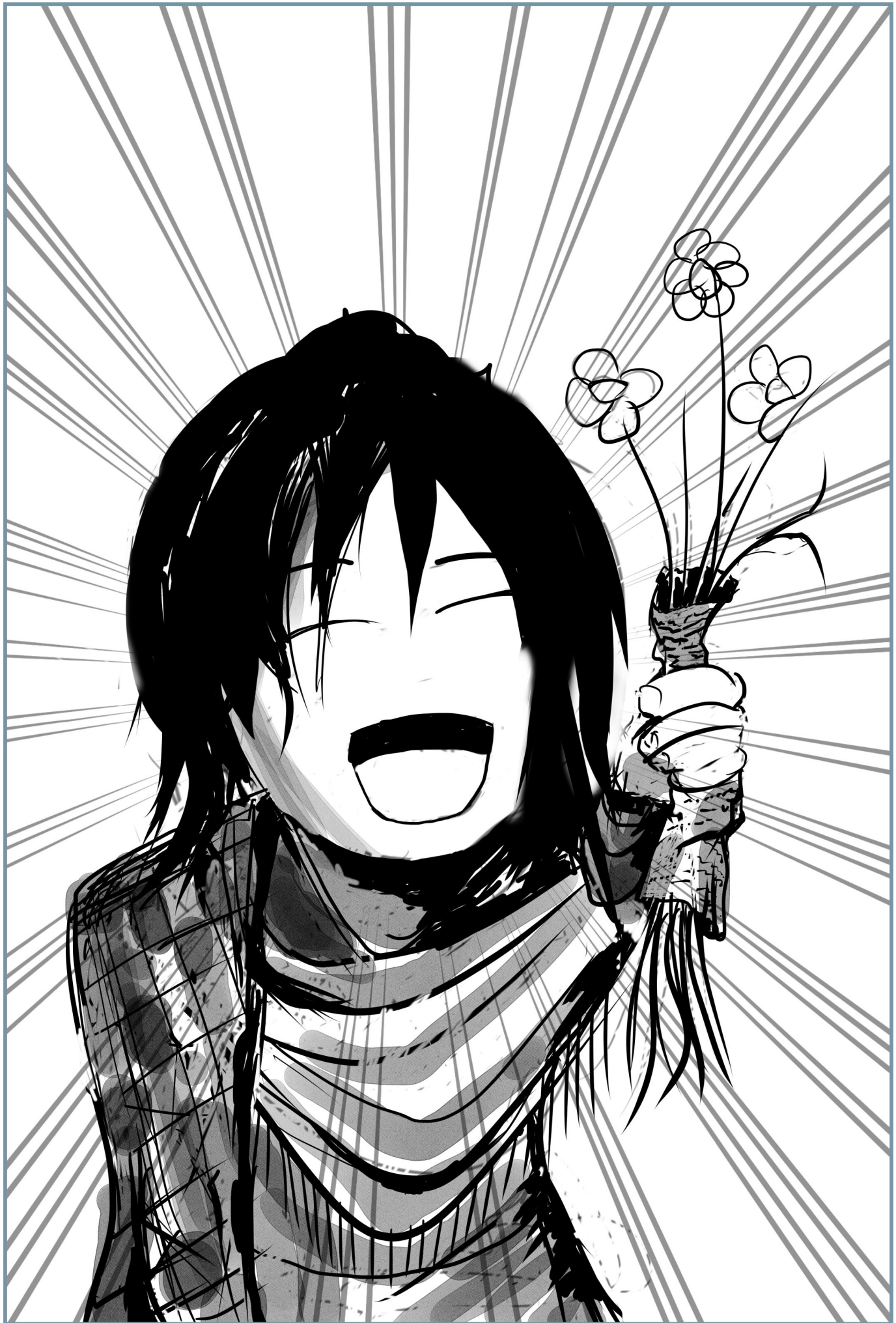


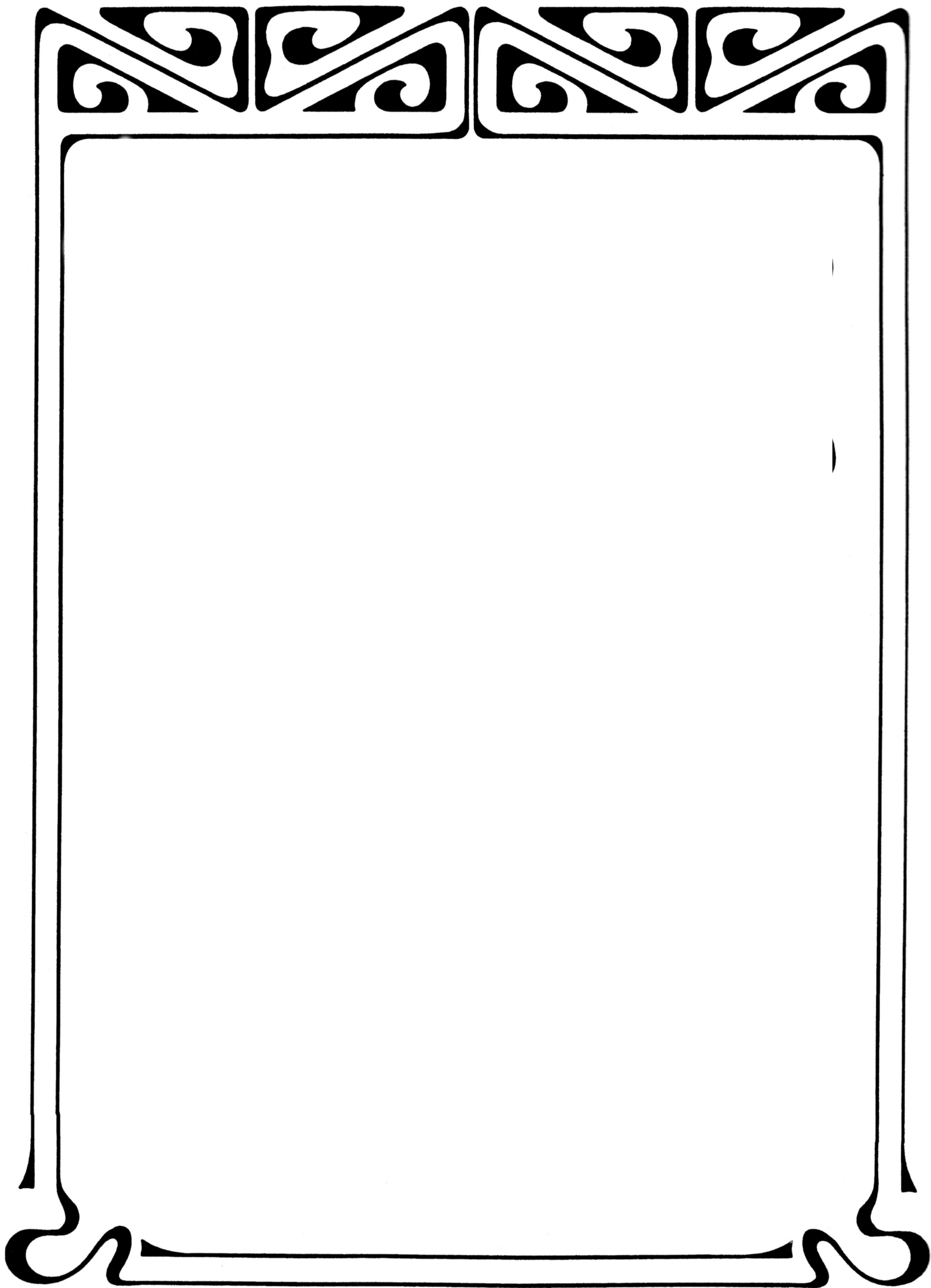
u will arise and
go now, for always
night and day

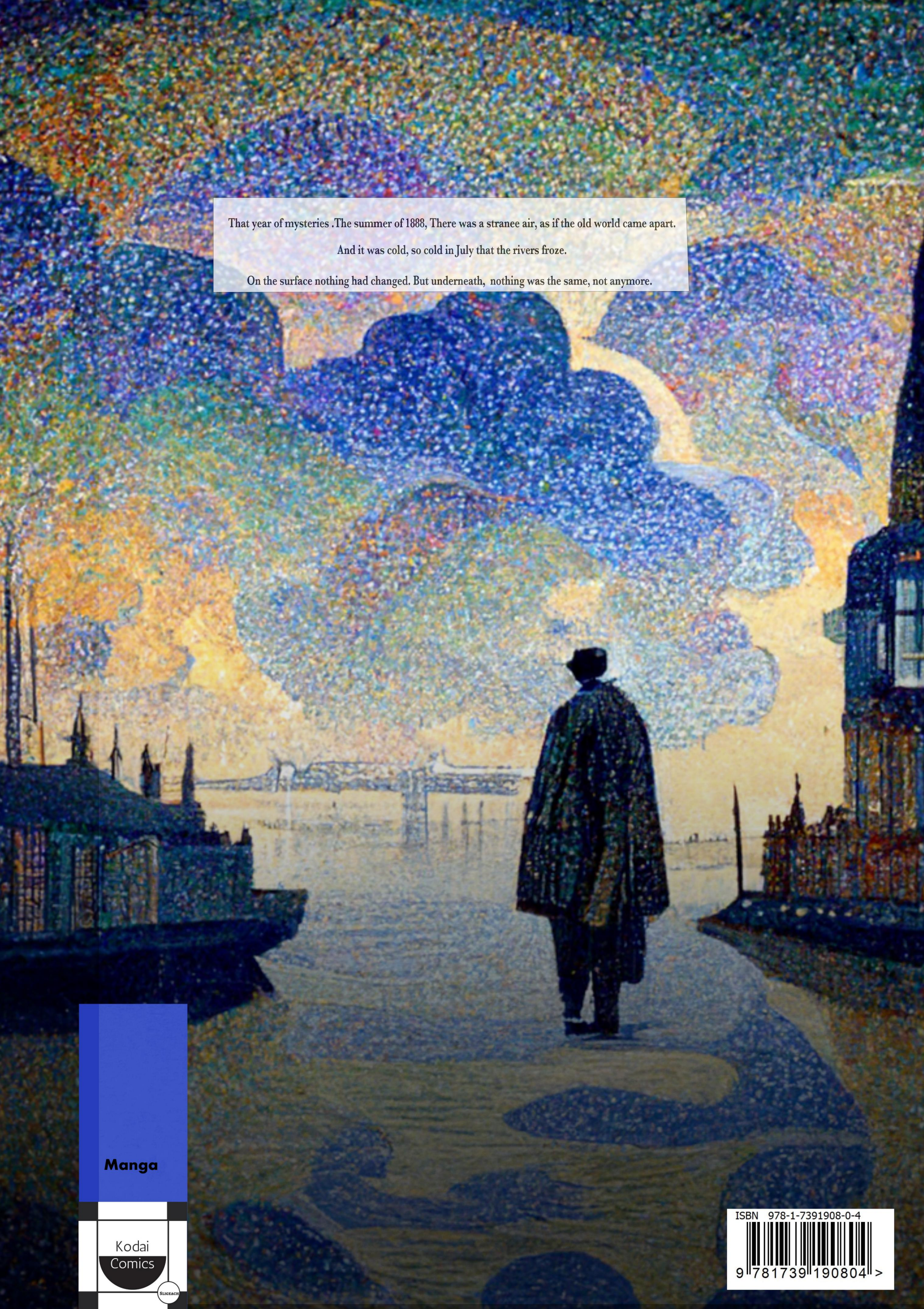
I hear lake
water lapping with
low sounds
by the shore

While i stand
on the roadway or
the pavements grey









That year of mysteries .The summer of 1888, There was a stranee air, as if the old world came apart.

And it was cold, so cold in July that the rivers froze.

On the surface nothing had changed. But underneath, nothing was the same, not anymore.

Manga

Kodai
Comics

SLUGBACH

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