**Personal Helicon – Annotated for Adult Reference**

**Adult Background Information**

*Helicon* was a mythological mountain. Streams ran down it which gave inspiration. Narcissus looked in a pool fed by one of the streams. **You can explain the term as *inspiration*.**

*by Seamus Heaney*

As a child, they could not keep me from wells   
And old pumps with buckets and *windlasses*. I loved the dark drop, the trapped sky, the smells   
Of waterweed, fungus and dank moss.   
  
One, in a brickyard, with a rotted board top.   
I savoured the rich crash when a bucket   
Plummeted down at the end of a rope.   
So deep you saw no reflection in it.   
  
A shallow one under a dry stone ditch   
*Fructified* like any aquarium.   
When you dragged out long roots from the soft mulch   
A white face hovered over the bottom.   
  
Others had echoes, gave back your own call   
With a clean new music in it. And one   
Was scaresome, for there, out of ferns and tall   
Foxgloves, a rat slapped across my reflection.   
  
Now, to pry into roots, to finger slime,   
To stare, big-eyed *Narcissus*, into some spring   
Is beneath all adult dignity. I rhyme   
To see myself, to set the darkness echoing.

half rhymes

full rhymes

A powerful image of the reflected sky in the water of a well – a metaphor as it is a reflection not the imprisoned sky

alliteration metaphor simile powerful verbs powerful adjectives expanded noun phrases