**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