Our sheltered youth under Limerick's multi-purpose bridge

The outer line descended to merge with the Foynes loop behind Waller's Well (Marian Drive). It continued to Patrickswell Junction, where one branch went through Croom and Bruree to join the Dublin Cork line; and the other went to Ballingrane Junction, where one could continue either to Foynes or go on to Tralee through Newcastle West and Listowel.

That officially was what the purpose of the bridge was said to be, but to those of us who peddled our way back to school, to work or to recreation it was as its memory remains: the 'Biker's Umbrella'.

COLMAN MARIUS RYAN
All Saints Presbytery Castlegate Thriske N Yorks

The Biker's Umbrella
Half-way down Carey's Road

The way it was: Carey's Road

Was this structure's abode.
'Twas a God-send
For many a fella
In a sudden downpour
Which you couldn't ignore.
And they called it
The biker's umbrella.

It was said 'twas a bridge
Cross a gap in the ridge
On which ran the Direct
Limerick-Cork. Well a Purse was found
More down to the ground
When they called it
The biker's umbrella
All those guys speeded down
From the Rathbane to the town.
For a date or for work
Let me tell ya
Would freeze to a halt
And would risk summersault
To shade under
The biker's umbrella.

Other bikers we'd hail
As their breaks they would fail
And they'd pass on
And join the flotilla
And the words they would utter
Would be said without stutter
Shooting under
The biker's umbrella
Those walking the dog
And those trying to job
And those out for an Hour from the villa,
Would develop rap-
port
While the rain they'd ignore
Hiding under
The biker's umbrella.
And sometimes our feet
Would be spattered by wheat
As Rank's wagons above
Were unloaded, to a Convey of trucks
By a system of ducts
Hiding under
The biker's umbrella.
And many a shower
Might go on for an hour
With the numbers Increasing beneath, 'till a
Bike would have stopped
That the rain it had stopped
Steal from under
The biker's umbrella.
There was always a fuss
When a two decker bus
Tried to speed underneath
To the station and a hell of
Rose
When some people would not
To suffer
The biker's umbrella.
But the thing we would dread
We must let it be said
Was the drain where the water
Might gather and
Some 'son of a Whore' doing sixty
or sure
Soak as under
The biker's umbrella.
Yes, those were the days
Ever we all learnt new ways
And had time for some Moments together, and an
Innocent claim
Like the falling of rain
Held us under
The biker's umbrella.

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