

*Well hello there. Are you lost? Where are you headed to, all the way up here by yourself? Oh, well, I bet you didn't know about the cell, did you? See up there, up beyond those trees? They say it's the only anchorhold in Ireland. Anchorhold, you know! A woman. No-one thought we had them. 'Tis very little known. Go on up to it if you like, that way - or is it that way? Take care on the rocks - and if it starts to rain, watch out! But you don't want to pass it by, anyway.*

What it is, then.

What it seems to be.

What it means.

On the first day I followed my timetable

On the road a turn that says something,

to the dissection room

I can't remember. I was reading and walking.

Another ancient body has just been recovered from the depths of an Irish bog.

A sign, I can't remember.

that is now the new Student Hub,

A field, a barn, built onto all (of the church) that is left,

and met my dissection cadaver Mai.

the lone back wall and its annex, a kind of

Mmmm! Smells like Chinese chicken, said someone when we unwrapped her.  
afterthought or wrinkle, the

(Sweet salt, salt sweet.)

cell

A partial body which appears to have been held in a leather bag.