



## Trip Advisor

I recently worked with the tourism board, I was finding great places to go.  
I'd write the reviews when I'd sampled the views, you can find the sure winner below:

I came to a place which is secret to most, getting lost is just part of its charm,  
As I found Bailnablath, I was met by the host with a drink on the end of each arm.  
I wowed in amazement at what I could see – the host said it once was quite slippy,  
It didn't take long to establish the man was a fun loving, mad bearded hippy!

We walked cross the gravel, a hound by our sides, passed the chickens and onto the lawn,  
I stopped for a bounce on the sunk trampoline, played some soccer, my childhood re-born.  
We went to the standing stone, there things got strange as we placed both our hands on the rock.  
The host gave a smile as my vision went blurred, I heard music and crows from a cock.

What happened next, I can't really explain as this place has a magical power,  
But scenes from the past came alive as my eyes settled down for a crazy few hours.  
The crowd it drew gathered and scattered about, the fire invited me round,  
I felt the vibration of music it pulsed, and my heart lifted up from the sound.

We joined in the tent as the revellers danced by an ambulance kept from the war,  
The DJ inside was never to stop as the hunger for tunes called from more.  
We went to the bar as a thirst was built up, and the tender looked slightly deranged,  
We drank to the night as the gong sounded out; "ooh a tip! – being normal is strange!"

We went for a chat in the cabin, but first I tried out the bush bathroom of course,  
Then inside we did go to the madness in throw, the hysteria going full force!  
My sides they were aching from laughing too much as the sanity definitely lacked,  
As someone was rolling around on the floor; deluded, mad theories were fact.

We left that mad place and went off for a stroll, to the pool room, this place would be calmer?  
But the madness was there playing snooker and darts, so we smoked and gave praise to the farmers.  
We moved back outside and then went for a swing in a tunnel with hammocks to chill,  
Refreshed from the rest I was quite overwhelmed as I watched it go on from a hill.

Into the greenhouse, insanity ruled, then where tents, cars and campers were parked,  
Giggles and laughter were fresh in the air as we stumbled about in the dark.  
On to the house which was cosy and warm, the round table said "sit, I'm inviting",  
The spirit inside me did not want to go, the claws I was held by, exciting!

Back to the standing stone, placing our hands, I was giddy with joy and emotion,  
I turned to look back as my vision went blurred, all the lights lit the happy commotion.  
I opened my eyes we were back once again, both my host and I silent and knowing,  
energy raced through my mind and my veins, did my system have something still showing?

What of my host? Well this gent of a man is well loved by all folk that come by him,  
His generous good nature, his hunt for a laugh and a party is nowhere near dying.  
When crisis is on you – you fall on your ass, you're all wet as your mentalness flickers,  
It won't take him long, Mr. Oliver bond will just build you a new pair of knickers!

I left him that day, he was working away as his ethic is strong as his talent,  
He made me some dinner, his boys padded round, his laid-back demeanour apparent.

So, on my report it said 5 out of 5 for amenities, comfort and craic,  
I can't say it clearer there's no better place, just go there... I need to go back!!