

CAOIMHÍN

Second Printing



Verse & Variation

Alison Weir 05

In loving dedication to all the
stories, book and writings
that have been with me
from others all of my life

Dearest,

After twenty one years of life, seventeen years of reading, nine years of properly writing and all that falls in the middle because of that here I now am. Finally a publication of my own, by my own and with only my own material. A way to go still but the first public and professional step. In years to come I will look back on this collection and see it with the memories of my first professional years. For me now though it is already a collection of memories. This samples my poetry across the field old and new on many differing themes but all recently edited. Its certainly unusual thralling through stills of frozen emotion. Bringing back what and how I thought and felt in that snapshot moment.

And the theme of the collection? What else but the Biblical Flood of old. From the Babylon society of the time, to the safety of the ark and then the feared cataclysm that wiped all clean, until finally the simple bird transforms into a greater statement of hope as a new green time is reached. While not my conscious plan it turns out that this model mimics my stage in life that of new beginnings.

These poems are intimate and display aspects and moments of my life and mind and spirit. They won't suit or agree with all and may be too honest or open or even carnal at times and shock or offend others. For me after reading this work I stand back with a pride to say that this... all of this is honest, my honesty. And no more can I give!

Always and Forever,
Through Love and Story,

Saoimhín

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For all those dearest of friends who know when reading this who they are – those people that have read my poems and were taken aback by what they saw as beautiful, not quite critics rather lovers, of me if not truly my poetry. To them all, thank you for the inspiration for this book, first off.

And a thank you in good or bad to all those in the poems following, for you all gave me the stories that people these pages

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BABYLON

Karmic Angels

A dove once was I
With plumage soft and snowy and white
Twigs touched from my beak brought the peace to others
To me merely mine own nesting box
The green shoots and leaves
Brought harmony and smiles to my heart

But beaks sting sore
And I lost all, but naught
My eggs cracked and scattered
The winds tossing my mane my sable my hair

And one day it was just too much
I left my once-castle, now twigs
My home asunder with words avenged
My heart hurt never healed
Yet mayhaps, nó yet ever
Sparrows nest not never with the magpie

The lonely paths now I roam
Secure in dreams
For those my dreams I lock away under rusted key
Like lost pirated treasure ships of the deep
My jewels baubles, merely someone else's heritage
Mine memories burnt into, and through, their silvered mirrors
The reflection too sharp to gaze on long
To gaze on bright; to gaze in any light
With lanterns shut in my cabin I peruse my old heart
My old head my old hunting grounds of land's never before
But never to be after

Now here I am the hawk
The dove hawk for who am I but.
None
The white mane of the wolf protecting my guilty heart
Guilty for what have I done to hurt mine own life so?
For surely Karma is a game and the dice rolls a six and then a one?
Surely for all those highs I did some low
I did some low...
And so now I echo like the white ghost, the wolf that wanders,
He that is alone
The hawk that killed the dove
The dove that I hid
The life that I had dared to find

-&-

BUTTERFLIED CURRENTS

Alas the pretty little butterfly,
Small and bright
with unfurled petals that bring such delight,
It that shows the tiger's eye,
For such a tiny creature
bigger once than now it was

Small and yet all it needs,
is for one cold cold blow

for it to go
and fold over once,
Like a little bow.
And then waiting in tiny shivers
to loose its breath
and then it in time shrivels
To meet a death

-&-

Blooded Teardrops

Hot flashes and red tears,
Fear flutters like moths to the torch,
Rodents, gnawing their way out through,
The hearts and lives of those around.

She I love more than angels to God,
She I wear as a cloak on my person,
A cape for my heart, A cowl for my body,
How then can her pain not aggrieve me?

She is my rose and me an innocent fawn,
Not yet strong in the world and yet drawn am I,
Blooms red as heart's blood; soft as a swan's down and yet
Arrested by the green leaves and tassels she has grown to envelop her.

Love can be poisoned not by sharp barbs
Or forced aside by wicked worms for
Under all their masks no-one can deny

Us.

-&-

Night's Undark

Being alone is akin a little shiver,
That sends small trembles to your bones.
Small Tremors that hold to no rictor current,

Lost and sluggish like a snail,
Aseeking for that hard dark shell to cover,
But snails carry with them homes,
And thine home far away ist not even that.
For when eyes related close or shut aside,
Your heart freezes and the night does shine.

-&-

Eden's Second Fall

She shines her eternal orb,
Bright a golden warm fire,
The sight of a warm mother that offers not forces,
Her sister soul pushing her way upon all,
Killing us not of her light, not of The light,
Luna luminating our path offering up to us a small path through the night,
Our night, our life, our way of being

Their she is the moon of my thoughts,
That orb that I revolve around,
My moods swing and fall like the March springs,
Mother moon offered to me the night to meet,
And now there is nought for me to choose,
Chaos is a lady out of my hands and makes her own decisions,
Blessed by the story I am forced to wait for the next swing of the pendulum,
Until next the clock strikes twelve and my princess can wear again her
citrine slipper,

The lady that launched a thousand ships,
The woman that begun the war,
As they all do,
For we are all, none, immune to the call,
The siren scream of love,
That brings all of us that sail through the currents of life,
Into torment and death right before we receive those blessed moments,
Those exquisite calls of home, the home of our heart,
The calls that receive our soul, our heart in its right place,

I am alone,

She that orb, that golden sun of my visions, she that was once more,
Now is more than simply the Siren the blood letter of horror,
She is the plummeting nightmare,
Falling through skies and shadows,
To the chasms hidden beneath,
Waiting until she can collide,
Until the Abomination now as fallen angels hit the earth,
Crash forth and create the new Cataclysm
The depths of peril lost her from me.
The pit, the eternal pit!

I have no castle,
I was born out of time,
I was born out of Earth,
I am the fire not the water,
I am the wolf and not the lamb nor the jackal

The heart is my home,
The heart is lost to me,
And here I look upon it again once more,
And see through its pane,
My spiraling demise,
My Oedepian flaw, my tragic downfall
What makes me great my unerring belief in love,
My inability to force her away

Now I stand upon the gulf the great cliff,
Dragons circle ahigh and call down their screeches,
The air palpable with power, force chaos and... danger,

I

I

You

I lost her from me once,
I look down and see the spirals of tendrilling mist and jump,
I plunge into the chaos below and accept my spiral,
I see the eternal plummet and yet hope that sometime I may fly like the
dragon

Someday my butterfly case will open,
Someday that may happen if the human can evolve without a wax Icarus,
My fall to Earth and through to the depths of Dante's levels,
Deeper and deeper I throw myself all in the search of that one, pure, perfect,
Siren Call.

-&-

Gilded Screams

When life means love,
Danger lies;
For your reason rests,
Upon another;
But yet for us mind's reason,
Oft is lost;

I have loved,
More than most;
And lost just as much,
Less one;
But now even there,
Is slipping.

The words are real,
The words are life;
I lost sense like never,
And before not so deep;
My life turned shallow,
But the stream still flows its waterlily

-&-

The L. MAssAcReS

The purple of passion gives way,
To the cold of the light in day,
For night shuns none but those with the coldest crimes,

And with loaded musket and heavy heart,

They will one day move to smite the slayer,

Infanticide most cruel! ending of their kind,
For their fun, their frolics their blood must surely pay,

The walls of heart - time and wood to most - can burn and fry,
When scattered, shattered for all the ghouls to stalk,
A barren wasteland; remorse shame guilt-like-chains

But woe be those with walls inassailable
Those less the pain for those surely are the Damned!

-&-

Clementine

Crimson waterfalls of wine
As blood turns to boil,
And with every second lasted
The night lends itself longer
As company tends to the sombre
Tension growing
Where once it had thought
Of great and tender flames
Yet, now only the sun lights' on sand
Not the empowered flame of that in the forest

We are all but creatures of our element
And perhaps that human element is all
Our creature that to adapt to task
Our moral and persona bending

The eyes water and the night shatters
As slights and faults recall
But then behind it all you realise
That stupidly your fault is the hero's portion
And that none of this is new

Shivering the step is taken
The seat forsaken

Just as once what you thought
Of something that Could be something
Is merely blown ash on the wind
Leaving no glance given back
And with heart hollow and empty
The night dawns once again

Foolish squabbles and petty taunts reave to you
Cleave your soul, your heart
Your confidence or lack thereof

And so the wine waterfalls
And in sacred transmutation
It turns to becomes the blood
And it flows and flows
But the shed, the load merely increases
With each teardrop of guilt

Each tear of blooded wine
Dooms my soul a little more
Each friendship lost
A nail for my wrist, a thorn on my head

-&-

A Spectred Phoenix

This moment it has passed
It is dead
All that lies for me aslumber
Dreams of death monsters and wounds new
Creatures of nights past that lie in tales of fable and woe
My imagines summoning them from pasts of others
My mind suppressing terrored fears I own
Knowing that my sleep lies unaided by the joyful ignorance

For my day has done
My connection with the prophecy is divorced
I lie dead yet here
A spirit a ghost a spectre

Like those of my visions
And yet me an innocent a white babe amongst the crimson of the carnage
It marks me here like the dove of some forgotten christ to rise at the day of
Ragnorak

My skin trembles at thoughts of the other worlds' power
Its terrific force The evils so far beyond what we could imagine
War a force like few other Magnified through force Magnified through
pressure
Magnified manyfold

Magic my ally or my curse
My cloak a cure or a choke
And now with no lantern for my path
I chose the staff and with it comes the sullyng of my cloth
My white stained with the crime of others like red from a battlefield
And now I sit await awake ready for the dreams and pasts I can recall with
mere thoughts
Life the world is mine to behold
And yet what is there for me to do to change
My part is done is gone

All heroes and myths bring for me is unease
For prowling at the back of my conscious link
Lies the panther of the past and the truth of the horrific
My mind twists like the sea
My mind awash
Afear

-&-

Blood Splatters and Tear Stains

I
I'm all alone
With pale skin and red paint I am marked
None find me through my dreams

The little red drop rolls like a trickle of the soul
The rhytm of the flow are my tears cold
Their rumble and their rush like fleets of bats

Kill-ash
Numbing fort' to my bone

Every time I die I cry a little
With every drop I sigh a little
One day sure I'll find that man to hold my han'd

A small black turtle I curl and roll
My head pulse of pain
My agony and cries frozen inside
My tears hidden amidst drowning fires of crimson

Every time I die I cry a little
With every drop I sigh a little
One day sure I'll find that man to hold my han'd

If I can shed the tears I can shed the blood
If I can shed the blood I can stop the flood
And the tears keep aflowing
And the blood keeps agoing
And nought can stop this pain
Nought can hold my day
For YOU won't hold my hand

Every time I die I cry a little
With every drop I sigh a little
But you are never there,
You don't care
And with the blood splatters and the tears stains
There'll never be THE one,
There will never be anyone to take my HAND

THE ARK

PRAYER OF POEMS

To Thee I awoke, To Thee I reared!
Begun ne'er as frame to Thine open device,
But quill to Thy epilogue,
A character for Thine plots.

I am Thy devoted scholar and soul;
My lives', inked and given, chapters' past,
Each prequell a new language for Thy volume,
The lyrics that shape and the guide to form are my words

Thy language is mine sonnet and spirit
Themes of the eternal Thou doest I savagely serve
Through the devotion of Thy theatre
Of that inner human heart the novel that Thou know

The poem of our condition played upon
In every book we make, every child we thus conceive,
Our trilogies, of shape sentence and story!

Thee

-&-

A CDaple Öream

Snowy flakes and pure peace,
The sunlight trickles slowly like honey,
Dripping from a knife amongst the clouds,

Your eyes like hazel woods amongst blue seas,
The drop of silence in the trees,
Your curls sigh like tiny whispers,
The love amongst the crowd,
Lavender voice like a soft soft note,

Your smile,
On spirit and in face
Your search and not quite filled quest for that smile,
In the worries of your shy shy soul.

-&-

Flickered Lights

Seduction like silk, Soft and supple,
Slides gently down your spine slithering,
With its tender soft slick saliva,
As it traces the sinews of the stomach.

The traces of tough love vanish,
With tenterhooks tearing as teasing thoughts,
Transfer, their tense nature thickly,
Torturing the taste of tendons upon the tongue.

Passion pricks at you pointing, paining,
And preparations end as pecks pull at your flesh,
Pure paradise and purge your mind of speculation,
Philosophy of moral, outs as the press permeates into your pressures.

Your heartbeat flickers as you fight it,
It raises and you fight feeling the tide rise,
The reservoir building as it promises to quench the fires,
The flames licking at your warmed bodies as your caresses,
Touch past the tense and the teasing and you relax,
Soul upon soul as body touches flesh,
Clothes and garments no longer petering the human naked form,
You claim no more than sensation and the feel of the one upon you,
Drowning in the heat and the heartbeat as two alternate and rise,
The falling coinciding

Flames guiding you on,
Flickers in your heart,
Tremors terrifying rational thought,
Transformation tearing

Pairing

-&-

Honeyed Cets

Loves must live 'lone 'part,
If lies honey the heart,
And what happens after,
Ne'er friends nor enemies,
Not, for you had it so,
Eternal friends or not?

-&-

Primal Angels

And the sizzle,
Then burning of tortured flesh,
As beasts and demons lie beneath the leathers caged,
The forces most primal roused and tearing, wearing their new faces,
The pull to be out,
The call to come out into the world,

Their release their escape,
Their tearing into your bare flesh as hunger rips at them,
 The want of your flesh,
 To eat you, to lick and lap at your sweet flesh,
 Your aroma and taste torturing sweetened angels,
 Falling them,
Turning that most perfect into the pure dark once-angels

 I will have you,
 You will be mine
And my eyes contract as I sight upon you,
 Your spirit scented by my sex,
 Passion drawing out inner sides,
 Evil Immoral?
No rather what some say amoral

 This is passion
 Pure
 Primal

 You your flesh
 Mine promised at birth
 For this night
 You can feel nature
 Its claws embarking upon your soul
Fettering your artificial your created soul
 And within you that most old
 Is called forth
 Called out
 And she wakens and calls to me
 A siren a vampire eater of flesh
 A predator
 A hunter
 A killer

 Me the wolf
 Sees in you
 The new the full the old
 And you see in me it all
But neither of us bother any longer

We know
We want we desire

And so it begins
And so I progress
I stalk as you hide
But at some point the wolf shall score
And the predator shall have his prey
Then my fangs rip off your outer shell
Your neck opening me into your passions
Your spirit blossoming
The gift of blood arousing and phoenixing your inner creature for the hunt,
Your cunning never needed indeed never present,
Me the wolf thats my passion,
You the dragon

Raw
Red
Forceful

-&-

Crypted Callings

The smudge of twilight glimmers
I, remember what it was like to see normal
Once a time there was when I was popular
And now, I am dead
Revived as if zombied through magic
I creep through crypts,
The dirt sticking to me
Pulling me!
Eating me!

Creeping through a new world
A world of dark and night
Of force and power
Of might and muse

The more I fell the more I arose from that grave

The world beyond the crypt beckoned
Arms tugging me from forth from the woken world
I left the crypt on new feet with new eyes
Eyes that embrace what was once empty
Now a power, now a pleasure

Creeping through a new world
A world of dark and night
Of rhythm and chord
Of sound and sight

Snapped tethers 'leash animals inside
Primal fears and terrors stalk aside
The Big New Guns our drums echoing inside
Pains to us now emotional not imaginary fears
Paranoias driving us into what we fear the most
The slam of the wave as the solo crests

And in this new world
Our world of night and dark
Our world of prime and pleasure
The place of Magic and Power

Magic
Magic
Power

-&-

The Setting Tates of Old Doons

Sun sets and the pressure eased.
The day past and the home is where the heart and feet now lie.
Tasks set priorly, done for the while.
The emotions over.

The birds and winds of past-change remind you of your tasks today,
The omens merely a slight slip in the breeze and yet it recalls to you,
The words of she, the bird most high, the carrion of that most low,
Obeisance offered in a way most forgotten,

The lock no longer tugged by the populace, these gestures empty to most,
 So easily concealed in ways – none needed,
 For practice is hidden merely by their ignorance,
 The old ways once those of your father's fore-mothers,
 Now those your own and yet you remain alone in a people once *as* you are,
 The land-spirits, that high early Trinity, blessing your fortunes with their
 hidden eyes,
 A presence for you as guardian and defender of Her ways,
 Would that her will stretch to Isles in Mist or does she sway over her own
 Avalon alone,
 And what does the cross think of all your meddling as its agents would put
 to you,
 In forces you believe right and love in your way,
 Those that suit and ring in your core, your soul,
 Shall he most loving spread his cheek for you,
 Or will he merely shake the hand from those that pierced his palm?
 Blazing through the world in fear of failing all that can be left is your
 churchless spirit,
 No covens or crowns or corpses to call out to you the path to partake,
 Instead your intuition guides you on,
 My path my home,
 That of the wolf the hound
 My own paw my own soul,
 I look to the heavens and see the stars and night and watch their beauty their
 might,
 And wonder and realise that no matter how I treatise,
 That I am no sheep to be herded nor jackal to pray,
 I am the wolf the singular the loner,
 He that lives on his gut and instinct he that must follow and hunt his meet,
 He that lives on power of right alone – the right that all he has is that of his
 own fight!

-&-

Echoed Wings

And it embraces,
 And it stretches,

And it flexes,

And it feels,

Life my life opens out for me,
On wings of ivory feathers and silk petals,
My reticence fades dissolving through layers of deep-built defense,
Meaningless to me,
The love the life needed to open up the gentle butterfly-wing-words away,

And there my life leads,
Stretching in an almighty divinity,
What need for a higher power,
An outer power neither,
What need have we for others when our totality resides within,
Our beauty and our love our persons never hid,
Simply ignored deriden,
We are creatures of the age of the super-ego suppression of the ego

Our lives are little stories,
Some comedies, some romances, some horrors
All true and real and all alive,
The truth can never be denied,
And so what are we the writer's of our life-tales to seek?
Create upon us the ultimate and perfect tale for others to read?
Acknowledge the prior works before us that shape our system stories,
Write up to our audience those meddling fools that buy our bread-books,
Write to ourselves the inane personal personalities that we are,
Improve our own genre, further our own scientific causes?

Wherein lies the true formula?
Wherein do we attain nirvana,
And then the music flows and we listen and learn,
We follow the inner the grow,

I am me
I am a creator,
I am destroyer,
I am protector,
I be three

And through the night,

Though what might I see,
What always be is whole,
Turning upon souls I grew,

Writer Pagan Romantic Be
Creator Protector Destroyer Three
Warrior Leader Destiny Me

-&-

To One long since Left

Your voice as sweet as any with wings,
Yet their porcelain mirror's are dulled,
You have the beauty of the rose in your cheek,
The oak's majesty in your stride,
The lion's golden curls at your side,
And the wolf's noble spirit in your breast;

You are the joy of any creature
– the shining diamond to the soul;
You are the dream of any boy
– the sweet heart of the cradle;
You are the wish of any man
– the sweetest amber for the mind;
You are the fantasy of any and all
– the nectar of the immortal body;

-&-

The final simplicity

I wonder to whom shall Think
with this pretty little verse,
I wonder to whom shall Have
the idea of the puzzle;
Fallen forth has ideas In
mine own simple head,
Love thoughts have I strong With
my purest one – story, and... lit.

You know also the tales Lady
how long till you read the sense?

THE FLOOD

A Pack With No Queen

Louise,
How did we get to here,
How did we live up to here,
Through the life and hope of the other,
And now we part,

The dreams til now were true,
Do they continue?,
And reach their crescendo?,
I reach for my escape,
Not from life and not from fate,
From my destiny,

I was born and made,
I was created yours,
I refuse to die yours,
I refuse to roll,
I refuse to accept the callings,

If I play out the part,
That I have seen,
That your mind has blocked,
I am happy in it,
Not resigned any longer,
I have my life my own hope,

I have waited for all of creation,
For your love eternal,
And its fleeting moments were precious,
But the Rose is not you,
She is my dream, she is my Corona,

I wait for her and live for her,
That time will come,
With or without me,
So if we face you will see what your mind won't,
I shirk that no longer,
You are my Love, she my one mistress,

Wolves have no Kings, We are owned by none,
Wolves have pack, We are ruled,
We have our leaders, We are led by our instincts,
We follow our blood, Those who give to us and take from us,
I have my pack, I am a Lord

I refuse a Queen,
Now and forever eternal,
I am mine,
My control is now vested my own

-&-

The Bitter Ash

The cold clash of war and rebellion,
Broke out between men of neighbouring countries,
The bleak Tuesday men a signal to the end; of thirty thousand
All Wasted in an attempt another effort to push aside the foreign rule

A single coach aflame,
Heating up the crisp cold air,
Set the scene tone for that year,
The year in Seventeen-Ninety-Eight

In North Leinster it began,
Then it sped on by a young Henry,
While quenched were both,
A new third began in Wexford.

With Father Murphy in the way of lead,
Oulart hill and Enniscorthy freed,
Then onwards onwards overwards to Wexford,
But no farther did they then New Ross,

Father Murphy's final stand. Arklow.
Than cannon sounded, loud and
Two balls rolled in unison,
Both stopping dead...

And now Father Murphy where once he lay,
Stands tall triumphant today

-&-

Red RIVERS

Stallions of blood flame high,
Passions soar and heat rises,
Stones with whips and lash,
The souls of eagles trapped,
Like gargoyles viewing out,
Bays of borrowed beers,
Sorrow staid with warriors,
Long dead but yet dreams bright,
Need no simple fire-light
I raise my head as my dreams
Ignite by dragons of red,
When first dawn breaks the,

Sun shines and the heavens hammer,
But through it all all becomes right

-&-

Where Angels Meet on Earth

We wake a little every day,
We die a little every night,
Birth is the start but not the beginning,
The beginning is where we lead our story;

Our dusk draws to us every time change dawns,
We die then, Die to evolve, Die to grow,
Born so that we can begin;

We lead our silly little lives bound by fear,
Our terror blinding us to the beauty of the rose;
We see the blood the thorns prick,
But not the bitter bloom of Crimson above;

Our completion is in one outside of us,
Their alien being uniting our souls,
For with them we see our psyche anew;

But these crumble like chalk cliffs,
Time the same power, the leveler,
And we are reduced to a state of oblivion,
The state of purgatory;

And then in that realm, the place we call Earth,
The place of Adam the fallen; Where angels lost their wings,
We live after our death, We are reborn;

For maybe, perhaps, possibly I have died the great death, the true Death;
And when I see the flames, the fire of new friends I begin anew, afresh,
alive;

She is there now.
She unites me not.

She is not my beginner, not my mother.
Nor is she my ending, nor my destiny.
She is my story.
My reason.
My point between life & death

-&-

Soft Words

Do you think that we can be saved?
Do you think the world is created to bend us?
Do you think that life wants to strengthen us?
Do you think fate wants to break us?

Redemption is beyond others,
I lie and cheat none more truly than my sore heart,
Love it gives from me to others fully,
But blood-peels issue unto mine own.

I bay fickle like the ash,
Twisting my life to the sun of that life most new,
My being synchronises to their beat,
My pulse theirs, then never but pain.

The real strength from my marrow leaks,
I loose life and focus forgetting anything was,
Life has become this dream and it became me,
Withered and weak I am 'gain.

Broken think they of me, the strong,
Curled and brittle, No, E'er soft and e'er winding,
She be not my heart reaver, ne'er now,
Soft be not weak; Pain not broken.

-&-

An Ane's Respite

There was a lightning storm the last day,

Large loud and bright.
For a moment, and then just that, the world seemed to wait still,
Small quiet and dark.

For I gaze down now from above,
And see the lazy ants flicker by,
Not passing in their paths do they walk,
As neither their watcher do they see,

I was here that day.
Here up near the sky,
The ants did not walk,
The ants they looked – out.

For there it was in that dark night sky,
A pool of light to let us see by,
And then when we watched out silent,
A flash of noise to scare us violent.

Times like these for me when after silence,
Comes the ritual flurry so that then I can see,
Scurry – the life that many choose to lead from whence,
We forget that which grows and so that to change us!

-&-

Revolutions Re CDade

How to stop dear Joni,
My thoughts revive and revolve,
Like a planet doomed to a star,
Around her yet.

But time changes and her gravity lessens,
The attraction decreases as the distance increases,
Sometimes moons can,
Their own planets become.

I was burnt badly,
But the spark still kindles,

We that were two flames,
Made one fire;
But forest flares crisped my soul my heart,
Near claiming me whole,
She / Me not to be,
My wood can take her footsteps not.

So when I call to you,
About the twinges she sends my way,
Either her violation or my own,
Know that pain deadens.

Habits form and old lives die,
As Ashes lie from that forest,
The phoenix I am, I must be
The new habit of without her made.

-&-

The Hunting Tracks

Force's smooth
Paths clean
The hunter's track

With one quick blast
Erased without trace the past

Her life now nought
My freedom finally bought

She that once killed
Will lie forever chilled

For who will ever visit her bed?
When all her needs are dead

She that kills her own
Can only moan

And she that once was a child
Can never have one that is mild

For her life is spoiled
Like a viper once coiled

Karma returns your life bitten
Always of something not yours to you will be smitten

Once Powered
Lies Asleep
Emotions now crypted

-&-

Lotus

Floods of water trickle down my body
My scalp raw with oil,
My body damp with coursing flows
The petals of each drop blooms on my skin
I stand in showers of warmed water
Back lent to the tiles
The cold rocks of heated clay
Like some hearts that never warm just thaw
The thrill they give my naked form, both
Ripple through me
One discomforting
The other cutting deep
But with the flow the water is released
Draining away
Ending its life
For the cycle in the clouds to pour down once more
Later
At another time
Not now
For now the shower continues
And the warm water softly pummels my flesh

-&-

On the final subject of my father

A colossus in his right,
A man of great steel for his science,
His trade perfected by the attention of his mind,
Not one peer failing to notice his clarity in metal.

Me, a tree,
A small slight-green sap,
One with time and patience to my wood,
No less beautiful but of a different shape,
I am nature, he man.
My power grows line by line as branch by branch,
Yet fragile still am I – ever to be,
In my imperfections lie my beauty; me!

And in no mean feat was the poet,
Born to the proud smile of the engineer,
The Romantic to the Scientist; the dreamer to the realist;
Yet both prospered to a point,
But both paths had scars and both led apart – one was not the other's,
And so father must grow up and find him father no more.

For life is never a journey on; but back, forth and on a side
And in this we must remember all gifts given will someday end

To my father: You I love, but now the end; My time as son over now my
story true begun!

DOVE

A ROBIN

A robin perched upon my wire today
And perked his chubby breast,
He cheeped and twitched his rebel chord,
From which he pride his tufted crest,
And with my softest voice, hullo, did I venture,
And yet poor me for Robin did he to the grass adventure
Little Red is of spritely folk,
With a spirit most alike,
Adown did he go to catch his little foe,
And nada more, yet his little tweep,
Did I when strained make outside

And then lady Crow all black as velvet,
Swoop and glide and stretch her fingers out,
The grace and beauty of the wise awash with timeless care,
For lady Crow she aknow the changing of the fall,
So she glid like a breeze across the wind,
And bowed to my silent form

-&-

Sitken Love

Love is like a kitten's wool ball,
When soft wispy,
And like a ghost a paw to pass through,
When small it unravels,
The fire burns bright... for an hour or so,
But every so often the twine is tight,
The balls rolls and plugs,
It bounds about,
It stays on as our toy and joy,
Or merely out eternal companion,

But then we as kittens,
Have we any response,
Other than that of a puppy,
Stick – love; GO – run; Fetch – find

-&-

Little Eye Blue

A smile,
A twinkle from his blue eyes,
As blue as diamonds,
Matching the colour of his clothes,
Before he spat and let out a mouthful of half-food,
Onto his spotted not now perfect suit,
My baby brother smiles once more at me,
And I smile back,
Happily.

-&-

Sitenc Lights

It dips and cocks its body,
Its head in line in single joint,

The white sails allowing the thin plumes,
Drift aglide in currents of blue,
Air surrounding and caressing its beak,
Sharp to a point a prow slicing the sea,
It reaches its crescendo and then descends in a swoop,
The slope swift the fall flying,
As the little bird goes to land,
The paper plane touches the ground.

-&-

On Joan, Under Sasha,

Once a friend, but once then-even more,
Like a see-saw weighted at one side,
Me earthed by view and voice,
Severed through pain exquisite;

Then a friend no-more,
But open-wings for an open-mind;
And see I thus in youth my faults,
But never more to soar;

And then and now the chance
To live as never tried
But through past and fault have I enchained
My youth hath my soul forsaked
And now I struggle with my key
To unleash both freedom and soothe my agony

For a friend once that me had adored,
And that I had watched from afar, too afraid from others I thought near;
But now and forever I shall cherish and wish to love
All to be done is now to prove that this time be my love most true!

-&-

the Life

The bike paused and came to a stop, Stepping onto the smooth road beneath,

My lips drip with the thoughts of the remembered pleasures,
The blood still flowing from the cut therein,
The iron of your own tongue sharp in my mouth,
Then a light breeze of bitter sharp tangs hits my cheek
Your caresses finding their mark like arrows,
Sharpened steel, biting to my core,
Your vast moistness engulfing my lips,
Suck chew and then onto the spit...

I lie there later,
Looking recalling,
To you this is merely another night,
Another stand, Or rather another lay, Another sit
To me...

It was what I could never afford,
It was passion pure and primal,
It was affection like some form of azure adoration,

We parted three days after,
Never could stand to sit in the same room,
And yet I remember that night,
I remember the sitting while you slept,
The looking on as your warm heart leapt,
Its gay tune One two one two one two

I for One
You for Two

-&-

From the DRAGON'S DEN

*He pushes up out of the dungeon,
I yawn and pull back the bed sheets;
He turns squinting before the eye of the dragon,
I lazily arise opening to what the day may greet.*

*And so the young knight turns aside the fire with chase;
Rushing into the ready-room he dons his ritual gear,*

*The moon-mission prepared he leaves the lock closed to his base;
Once left he is found before the cameras – the Chef cooking up the snare.*

And in my sweet time I bathe and clothe my vessel;
Then it is time to embrace humandom once-more,
When my screen of habit and familiarity is ready to sell;
For my love of spirit is now only a thing of lore.

We are that person. *We were that child.*
We grow in our knowledge. *We faced everything afresh.*
We draw upon it daily. *We learnt so much life daily.*
Yet never see things as new. *And loved the tales which were then new.*

Somewhere down the road of life,
We all became knowledgeable,
Instead of students, we became teachers,
But who really see things truly;
Us with our storehouses of coloured memories?

*Or today's children?
The young knights who brave the dragon every morn!*

-&-

Flight Angelic

I lay there as your body murmured slightly;
Your hair lay back swept and head gently placed,
A crown amongst the diadem of your sweet halo,
I lay behind you, my hand curled by yours;
Head pressed against your back, the small drum,
The beat of your gentle little heart;
With my arm under your side, my arm over;
My hand pressed as a chained link,
But a link of flesh not steel,
The joining of two spirits by a melding of two creatures,
I lay there quiet but awake marveling in the perfect form;
I was, I felt, like a set of wings bonded to thee,
Your lease of flight for your angelic soul;
The holy heart you carry at peace now, at one

-&-

Wished Adream

Behind your blue eyed veils,
Like a waterfall's mane,
Sweet shy treasure lies,
She my sweet little one,
My golden haired cub,
She the maid of my love

O love fret not dear one,
For one day it shall come,
And all shall be as once the sun had shone,
Your little young maiden princess,
Mute not dumb,
Blinded with layers of gauze,
To hide to her the passionless ones,

Roll your little tears roll and the stream to flood,
Drain the waterfall of your blue,
Let the soft curtains part,
And show to me the princess hiding behind the crib,
From what I have seen,
Is just the glimpse of your pretty brow

*To thee once
To thee once more
I give my life
And all mine more*

*You have made me happy
You have made me sad
You have given me life
You have striven all along*

*And now once
And now once more
I thank you now
I thank you soon*

*And offer this up
With thoughts of you*

We each are all someone's child,
We each have all our own,
And to each of you every child,
I give to you all that,
Which is mine and mine own

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