Leaving Belfast (1979)

The tide has turned, And now there is no refusing The rush back to the sea, And thence homeward. My home and more: A familiar point of departure For some new journey Beyond the short horizons Framed by my native hills. Where will I alight, And who will I love, When next I am sea mist Borne by the wind And drifting far from home?

Above Linn Run

I renew the boyhood pact once more, For the intellect and secret heart concur That someday I steal to these woods Never to look back, or wonder what has become Of the discordant life I leave behind.

Traces

Dark blues and greens Loamy browns and blacks The shifting mists of Donegal The Atlantic sweeping in at Downhill

Laughter of youth Mountain stream murmur Love well-remembered Enmeshed under wild rhododendron

'A soul in wonder' --Van Morrison late one night, And this longing surges up, Breaching Maginot defenses Embedded clear-eyed years ago. So many traces of the heart, Despite oneself, left behind. They call in turn, but to what end? Do companion memories reach out From other abandoned pasts? And for what? Surely not recall – Perhaps libation of tribute, or even penitence, To traces left behind that call all the same From sand and sea, mountain and mist.

God's Curve

We are here on Earth to fart around, and don't let anybody tell you any different. Kurt Vonnegut

Fifty years on, After much farting about, I've come to think That in life, unlike school, Passing grades are sufficient And harder to earn Than it seemed at the start – Hardly ever disbursed For simply showing up.

Druid Dreams

For love of a woman I came to this desert; For love of a woman, And now a child, I stay. Nor do I begrudge it, For here they've given me By far the greatest share Of the happiness I've known.

Yet still I dream by night and day Of rhododendron-bordered streams Where dappled indifferent sunlight Spills down through canopies of green To find and dance upon the gurgling Waters below while, above, the murmuring Breeze confers with leaf and limb.