

Alone Time

Thoughts drip
Forming rivers
In my mind
Like window pane
Rain

Demons demand
My time
Lurking, waiting
To strike without
Warning

The past
Has passed
But not gone
Away

The future
Has them
They loom
Dark as plague
Threatening

Drip, drip
They seep
Into my mind
Meandering.

My Road

Saw a quote
About roads
And one
Less traveled

No need
To wonder
Why many
Wander the other

The path
Of my journey
Is over-grown.
I must
Machete my way through

Twists and turns
It heaves and churns
Like a currach
In a gale.

My road has seas
Dark and wild
Like a Donegal night.

I stay on my road
It leads me
Even when it bleeds me,
It is my road
To the end.

Word Whore

I write.
What I really want
Much more,
Is to be
A word whore
No need
For gentle
Love making
I ravish
To the point of breaking

Words come
To me freely
There is no forcing
Quickened pulse
Blood coursing
The words
Are mine to do
As I please
I coax and stroke them
Then I squeeze

As much
Life out
As I can
I drain them
Then start over again
I suck
Them dry
Spent on the floor.

No reader can say
They needed more.

Time Out

I once knew a man
Who swore
He saw Jesus
Sitting on a ditch
In Gweedore

“Stone mad”
Was the local belief
Some suggested
They ask
Father O’Keefe

Could it be?
Asked upturned faces
The priest would consult
With the Bishop
Next week at the Galway Races.

And I thought
To myself
Jesus can do as he pleases
And if He wants to sit
On a ditch, in Donegal
Then so be it.

Everyone deserves a break.

Fishermen of Donegal

Lashing gales
Drive
Crashing waves
At any time
Of year
The wild men
Of Malin Head
Fish the Atlantic
Unknowing
How to fear

Modern day Vikings
Plunder
The waters
Often for small
Rewards
Scraping the sea
To feed
Sons and daughters
Far cry
From the Nordic Hordes

Who pillaged
Lands
With the upper hand
Invaders
From frozen fjords
Fishermen now
Push out boats and plough
The angry seas
With lobster pots
Not swords

