

Poetry Series

**Bernard Kennedy**  
**- poems -**



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# Spring

Spring, that season after dark, natures morning.  
The time for bright and early and leisurely sun.  
No hurry just wait. Seeing and green shoots of nature.  
Laughter in the meadow of hope and time to dream.  
Away, away the wet and storm and inward bound, lattice of joyfullness  
and anticipation of earths resurrection.  
Down with limitedness and cut off time,  
and in comes earths growth, and pastel  
sky of borealis. A pastel time of colour  
no plain wall but brightness and sun.  
Hopes heart hears hearty hum of nature.  
A divine medicine of incarnation  
hinting hard and heard Resurrection.  
I think of Ukraine where winter still strikes  
and hardness of dark storm awaits this spring.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Dragonflies At Powerscourt

It is a summer sense,  
sitting by the pond through  
the golden gates.  
Paradise gardens, a place  
Of biblical allusion. Eden, Gethsemane, always eternity.  
It is, or can be, where God walks  
In the cool of the evening.  
And on this very hot, August afternoon,  
On the seat towards the lake with fountain,  
And rushes,  
The dragonflies move over the  
pond.  
A dragonfly summer at Powerscourt.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Winters' View

And now the cold comes slowly, sunny late evenings darker early,  
Rain falls night time to the parched victorian hydrangea and its sunflower  
companion,  
Giving them respite by the gate.

No sunny lunches outdoor at tables  
But indoor bowls of hot soup with brown bread, and rains wetting window pane  
and splashing car wheels.  
Shortened walks with umbrella companion  
And rain clothes overtake  
the sunny tee shirts,  
the shorts and light jackets.  
For summers gone.  
The crow upon the high sycamores, the colourful pageant of small birds gone  
To sunnier climes.  
For Winter waits in the wings.  
The script cold for act four  
Of the seasons drama.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Coffee And Cigarettes

It was a cool thing,  
from the movies and a fix or high and then a relax.  
Coffee and cigarettes for a fashion for a fashionista.  
It gathered fellow travellers and was arty and fitted de rigeur of the day.  
It had a note of entrance to cooland an addiction too. And outsider and poetic. A  
theme.  
But those were the days.  
' no we know' and instead our fashion  
Is avocado and fruit smoothies.  
De rigeur is just that.  
I think back to the ideas of  
The left bank and bohemia  
And existential and Camus.  
No we know.

Bernard Kennedy



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## Hashtag Ukraine

I saw the father match his child's hand on the trains window pane,  
At the station, before parting. It was like a last contact.  
The old woman being helped along a plank on the river bank,  
The nursing home residents guided from their rest home in deeper confusion.  
One foto showed so much  
It was workers removing a cross from the Chapel for safety,  
It looked as if Christ was wounded and being helped through the doors.  
O mater dolorosa.  
Pie Jesu sounds in my heart  
As the mother holds her stomach  
Pregnant. In the bombed out  
Foyer of the hospital. Holding her child in hand.  
Pity the nation.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Is It Over Yet?

The question mark, the symbol,  
It directs the question  
About covid nineteen.  
About virus and lockdown  
And about catching it.  
The isolation.  
The pregnant pause,  
The moment the curtain rises  
Or the final sentence of the play.  
Before the applause.  
Is it over yet like a child  
Are we there yet.  
Is it over?  
There may be hints to an answer  
Yes  
But then Ukraine and eco systems.?  
Is it over Is  
An existential question.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Is It Over?

The question mark, symbol, directs this question about covid nineteen and lockdown isolation.

The rainbow moment not quite showing. That time after storm when earth makes peace

The pregnant pause, the moment the curtain rises, the final sentence of the play and before applause.

The question 'to be or not to be'.

Is it over?

There may be hints to yes but then there is Ukraine, and eco system desolation, is it over?

The yet presupposes a desire

Between infinity and finite control.

Desire.. of stars. Yet.

Bernard Kennedy



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## Liaison With Silence At Powerscourt Garden.

A long avenue guarded in meander by trees and view. A hill and valley, a resting horse and mother's strolling with the child.

A social distance kept in covid time mark three.

And through the courtyard, to the walled garden, Versailles, Schonbrunn and here through golden leafed gates at Powerscourt the garden is.

Both essence and existence.

A masked visitor, and statues of Greek begin, and wisdom paths through shrubs of nursing care embedded an ancient titles soul.

Pass the lake, with effusive flow from hinterland of water,

Spring to come as surgeons tend the trees cutting back branches of past growth.

And evening in lengthen mood

if light.

'M father prunes with care to make it yield abundant fruit'.

And then that view

The sugar loaf, to sweeten the gardens' end, and view the valley.

Nature hold a thousand sweetness

as Covid hints at limit to destruction.

Even the pollen holds the cure in many plants.

The avenue leads back from this

Picturesque space.

A Trappist delight.

Bernard Kennedy

## New Years Day At Powerscourt.

In college philosophy I read Camus- La Peste. And now with Covid 19 about it seems a replay. The warnings given to stay home, wear mask and sanitise keep apart.

Enniskerry village empty on New Years Day and Powerscourt within five kilometres I go to the garden.

Acer, Redwood, and myriad display overseen by Sugar loaf mountain. Roses within the walls.

The walled garden with its gates from a sacred place making the garden a mystical point.

Mount Horeb, Sinai, Tabor, all places of divine encounter. And maybe Sugar loaf too.

The fountain near Lady Julia memory, and from the pond below near where pets lie.

Gardens are a sacred place and here Italianite origins draw us in to where divine is local.

In the middle eastern thought a garden is where divine encounters happen.

Bernard Kennedy



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# New Year 2021

The winter solstice moves the stone of cold.  
Flurries of winter, though shortest day signed. A slow light slightly early. But  
that's how good things start.  
Newgrange light on target.  
And winter prepares the season in hope of spring and that gives life. This hope.  
Like sea going out to show expanse of strand and it's echo.  
Giving back joys' space.  
Like Covid nineteen vaccine.  
Light is pointer to spring  
Even though wind blows and snowmen are.  
Angel feathers on winter's path  
And through the forest trees, snow heavies the branches  
Laden with white and  
Reindeer shakes the leaves  
Gathering the green.  
The Magi, return home,  
Their presents opened.  
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.  
The star, it's hope gives light  
To the fought winter stable.  
Here a new year is born, a new way.  
My wish is this-  
Hold that light, your light,  
Like a candle in upturned palm. Shine like a torch, things of light- kindness,  
forgiveness and bright things.  
Winter will soon dim;  
And Spring waits off stage.

Bernard Kennedy

# Reading Albert Camus' How To Survive A Plague

Looking at a foto of Waterford City, of 1919, I see the windows open in the grandfathers house on the Mall, his pharmacy, there was a plague then too. Air was thought remedy and for TB later outdoors was the cure.

And Camus, whose book The Plague now resells forty years after its writing gives air space a hope in covid times.

Our lockdownhas reintroduced  
Proust, a la recherche du temps perdu,  
and Stendhal with The Red and the Black,

and Albert Camus, saint of relevance.Catholics pray to saints and these have spun the days in hope.

That's what happens in intercession- hope is given.

Take the air, do not fear. This too will pass.

So I take the air and walk to church gates, turn left, and walk  
Knocksink road, the odd 'how are you', from couples,  
the green valley of sycamores and ferns and pathways, the bridge on the river,  
the woods across the road, the father cycling,  
with children in a cabin behind his bike,  
thrilled with happiness in the spin,  
giggling and laughing.

The ribbed leaves on the Spring sycamore,  
and wild fuschia setting the ivy barks aglow.

I social distance and keep the metres.

When I was young I walked the Whitechurch road,  
with my father, the sycamore too stood well strong  
like a watchman, and wild roses ran the hedgerows,  
and prunus spinosa, or sloe, blackthorn,  
set the greenery off with its purple color and sour taste.

The sunday walk, like this Covid 19 sunday, recherche le temps perdu,  
on Camus advice to doctors in a plague to take the air.

Bernard Kennedy

# In The Quiet Silence There Is Hope

in libraries and book stores silence is all  
it leads to inner contemplation and knowing  
thyself and be true. It was Socrates that line.  
now leading lower case lives, no loud voice,  
' he shall not cry aloud in the street  
nor crush the bruised reed', 'blessed are  
the gentle'. the ego reduced and like this  
corona leads there into the depth of self,  
listening and hearing. great novels,  
and great poems become and into being  
out of silence. a grand silence  
like the trappists of chartreuse.  
in the silence is our finding, our  
dancing our crotchets and quavers,  
silent music. I saw the painter  
Keating brushing slowly in silence,  
and Anna an actress silently  
building to the expression from a pause.  
In lent and advent silence brings in  
and in 'quietness and trust is our strength'.  
in the quiet silence there is hope.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Poem In This Time Of Solitude.

The warnings given,  
'wash hands and surfaces,  
do not touch or hug'. Extimacy.  
Monastic solitude the order of the day.  
Alone or loneliness? To save ourselves and others.  
Always we are other even that is viral thought.  
'Lavabo inter innocentes manus meus',  
to my latin childhood.  
The virus, Covid 19, mathematical and  
matheme thwarting desire. Being is  
spiral not viral and resistance is  
solitude for community. A moebius strip  
A virus replicating inside.  
The human essence.  
A complexity of inner and outer.  
Corona, a crown. Moebius.  
Last evening in the Enniskerry Sky,  
a deep red and purple, azure blue,  
and light pink- Chakra, of earths crown,  
our belonging as self,  
connection to the divine,  
expressed of self, a palette of hope.  
And in the morning the cyclists gather in the square  
to mountain climb.

Bernard Kennedy

# Slane Broken Heart

For an economy of war  
you left the poetic fields  
of Slane.

Pathways lovingly strolled  
library lovingly read  
Castle visit admired.  
Loosed grip on quill  
hard rifled grip  
a travesty switch #war  
Derailed ambition.

Among blood sludge of young  
ambition hollowed out  
life aborted.  
Moving maps the generals played  
young lives lost.  
games #borders and boundaries  
the young in need.  
We shall remember them.

Repeat too, remembering and repeating and  
working through.

Dear Christ, your crucifixion  
on another hill, your passion  
and blood.

Eloi. Eloi, Lama Sabachtini.

We sue for peace  
we network for arms,  
Francis Ledwidge  
We remember  
A hundred years on.

Bernard Kennedy

# Ogham Stone

When I was young,  
an ogham stone stood beneath our hall mirror.  
An ancient alphabet no less.  
As we got ready for the day,  
looked on return.  
A meditation leading inwards,  
to unconscious thoughts,  
awaiting delivery like the ping of an incoming email.  
Calming bind and heel rugby memory.  
An alphabet of ancient understanding.  
A stone of Sisyphus eternal desire,  
like biblical stone of moral memory,  
awaiting its ping,  
The Word is the Thing.  
A familial alphabet its tool.  
An Ogham stone beneath the mirror.  
An psychoanalytic position.

Bernard Kennedy

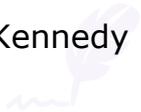


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# Dingle Beach

Near coumeenole past the potters house  
the august storm has lashed the coast  
Throwing debris and stones across the beach on Clough Strand.  
In summer sun a south seabeach now weather beat.  
'Dangerous currents, ' do not swim'.  
Spits of Atlantic rage. Huffing and puffing out its tempest.  
Lear and Lean would understand Dingle Beach.  
Like the emptiness of a shout a roar-hollow head.  
War dead, we  
remember you.  
dead youth thrown upon beaches lie upon a fossilized intuition  
like a parchment of power, wasted.  
Its purpose forgotten in the sands of time.  
A loss endure in trauma of historical memory.  
A dead seal on Clough beach is found,  
a yellow digger, lifts its beak and lays  
the seal in a sand dug grave nearby.

Bernard Kennedy



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# On The Mall- Waterford

'I have often walked on that street before', that song-  
When I hear it calls me back, the Tower, bookstore, pharmacy,  
Medical Hall, the Dunmore Road, to escape and County hill to look down.  
It was the sixties, 'She loves you', I asked my father the best view,  
he pointed down to the city from the hill at the station.  
Sunday was rain, and empty streets, not quite coming down from Lebanon.  
Decades later repaveing Quays and Barron Strand,  
now shopping street,  
where on the Mall Wadding moves to church in friars, and Meagher, with his  
sword points the way. I have often walked. Living City.

A century ago the ships came and now Cunard comes in,  
Tall ships regatta, King George, Edward, Richard and later royals,  
the Prince of Wales to Lismore. I have often walked. Imperial City.  
Roberts, your stonework stands like a parthenon,  
and Balfe, dreaming in marble Halls, and vintage tea rooms for tea and memory  
of schooners. Ballast of history, I have often walked romantic city.

Beneath nostalgia is buried memory and renovation to newness,  
on the Mall I have often walked, historic city.

Bernard Kennedy

# Blacksmith Blood

The forge and Anvil, sparks steely,  
Horses, carriages, pony shows, my  
grandfathers' star and great grandfather employ  
in Castlemahon.

His anvil to pharmacy and Waterford,  
the anvil petrie dish,  
smithy ancestors nearby in the graveyard,

Broad shoulders stretch over furnace,  
their university hall and library  
of experience and caught taught toughness.  
An aula Maxima of a roundstone.  
At Castlemahon.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Young Poet From Slane

'through Meath the pastures' another muse points out the royal county,  
It was your young place, Francis,  
with words written  
here in this place.

Fields of loves wanderings and meanderings,  
the stream of the soul, wandering.  
To the other fields where young olives bled, like Lorca.  
Crushed olives, broken bread, another violence.

Laneways walked, His Lordships' library,  
death the darnel of the wheatened fields of Meath.  
Unheard bittern cry.  
In the wild sky of fruitless violence.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Amazon Synod

Knowing the Spirit through the fault lines  
Hearing the root of the tree, such biblical  
Allusion root and branch  
Weakened by certainty.  
The active sense of hearing and patient listening  
The root catches surprise.  
Change takes  
According to the Word made flesh.  
Surprised by the power of difference from  
The base, root, branch.  
Climate change, wealth distribution  
All in roots.

Bernard Kennedy

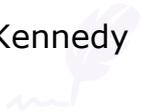


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# September 11 2001

Forever marked, a nation a world.  
A darkened sky brought death and destabilised  
convention bringing death to innocence.  
We remember them onwards-  
the sadness and the tragic working out of the news.  
They are not forgotten. What we do to each other,  
hatred and anger spinning into innocence  
that dominated news, world and hearts.  
A poem is an inadequate thing to use  
there are no words but silence  
and yet as human beings we speak  
knowing that all was changed utterly.  
Something unleashed and evoked in our hearts  
a great sadness  
but we still remember such beauty and  
such innocence. New York, marked, a world shaken,  
our hearts broken.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Brexit

All is changed. Doubt set and certainty sought  
How to be democratic and await resolution.  
Were we right were we wrong.  
The majority spoke the view prevailing  
moulded by opinion. Such is democracy.  
Now we wait a leave taking a sundering?  
Which then will come, will it be a grim reaper  
or a harbinger of joy. Will Sisyphus lead  
to Jasons search. A golden fleece or  
the wailing of the ship aground.  
The furies cry or the sphynx.  
Together or ourselves alone.  
' Go out into the darkness  
and put your hand into the hand of God,  
He will be to you better than a light'.  
Safer than a known way? Sure?  
A resonance.  
Was it a whim, or was it a reaction?  
And so we have neologised. Simply put- A brexit.  
Brittanica has a new word. Verb or noun. Or maybe  
just the Aorist tense  
We wait. We have ourselves a situation.  
In words of Hippolytus to Theramenes  
'It's decided, I'm leaving.  
I can't go on here in this lovely place'.

Bernard Kennedy

# Dargle River Summer Swan

On the river, Dargle- after the bridge,  
just behind the hotel, a river walk,  
Bray town side, and river side the  
Swan, stately, slowly, gliding,  
erect its head, all in view it looks-  
sliding and gliding, like man-0-war;  
on the slow river.

Its view - all side in turn  
and slowly guiding its viewers.

on this river, its kingdom.

Paddling beneath, but glides,  
contentedly controlled its movement  
as a summer sun Swan- upon,  
this olde river run.

Viewed by boardwalk or river bank.

Its stealthily styled swim  
of observation.

Summer swan like a cruise ship  
upon the Dargle River slow.

Bernard Kennedy

# In The Souk At Enniskerry

The summer heat and sipping lemonade,  
with ice cream at the shade,  
in the shadow of the café,  
on the square, in the souk, of Enniskerry.  
The cool descends from Glencree gentle hill breeze,  
at bikers rest,  
sipping slow, the coolant, at the well,  
the climbs reward.  
As Christ at Sychar made miracle  
in his conversation with the woman of Samaria.  
In the heat of the day the cool beckons at the souk  
in Enniskerry, the holy pagoda at St. Marys,  
where morning praise is raised.  
Like Abraham,  
at the oaks of Mamre, greet the three angels,  
with water cool from desert heat,  
'as I came down from Lebanon'.  
Visitors gather at the village well, the town gates,  
in the desert sun.  
God, we are told in holy writ,  
walked in the garden,  
in the cool of the evening.

Caught by the heat he asked for a cool drink  
at Sychar from the woman of outside.

Bernard Kennedy

# Pierre Loti At Eyup

Outside of Istanbul is Eyup,  
like Dalkey is outside of Dublin.  
And further, outside the Mosque,  
the bird sellers  
offer sparrows for sale, for release,  
and you pay, equivalent of a penny.  
'Are you not worth more than a sparrow',  
the master has told us.  
The bird seller places on your upturned palm,  
the bird for flight.  
Then you wish, a heartfelt silent thought,  
anything you need as God will hear,  
he knows before you speak.  
Then fly the bird  
and with its wings your thoughts to God.  
A prayer carried from your heart,  
courage means from  
your heart. Your courage truthful self prayer  
to God is gone.  
And then you wait, the answer comes.  
Like outside Dublin is Dalkey,  
and outside Istanbul is Eyup, and outside the  
birdsellers hand, and from your  
upturned palm  
outside to God.

Bernard Kennedy

# Ascension To Curtlestown

Summer sunny sunday solstice,  
ascending, early to mass going faith filled,  
climber of God's place temple.

The valley at Glencree lit by morning sun,  
forest, and space to grow, more green,  
single houses, sheep may safely graze,  
lit by divine light this time.

No still snow caps sliding, nor rain lash,  
nor brooding clouds, but cycle, climb, bleat,  
sound upward morning early.

Then we break bread and share cup,  
and meet, at sacred space,  
where Moses removed sandals on Holy ground?  
Sinai, Tabor transfiguration,  
Horeb gentle breeze,  
and God comes  
in the confection, between heaven and earth,  
we lift up our eyes.  
And then descent- all into view as before us  
the landscape shines, now blessed,  
as if having met God.  
Only bright blue sky lit  
heaven's skylight  
and then heaven bound.

Bernard Kennedy

# Dream Of Marrakech

I have a kilim on my floor from Marrakech,  
and in a drawer, a golden cigar clipper,  
a gift from the sheltering sky.  
The souks yield cobbled byzantine imagination,  
the carpets sale and enthusiasm hits  
the visitor. Forty years ago,  
from Rabat, through, and on to Fes,  
where writers call by. The small shops,  
and hot curried rice with meats  
and sweet meats and sweat. Haggling  
is the currency and represents the deal,  
to haggle with life between  
hardship and barren land,  
a desert of sand. The sellers sell  
with unbridled hope. Our haggle with life,  
our bargaining, our kilim of imagination.  
Laid beneath my feet.  
And looking from the snow covered,  
Powerscourt demesne, here in Enniskerry,  
as if from Mamounia hotel to its garden  
drinking chai,  
to the Sugar loaf mountain,  
the fluctuating reverie,  
draws to the kilim of held  
imagination,  
a dreaming Marrakech.

Bernard Kennedy

# Saint Patrick's Day

Green- because we are a windswept  
windswept isle, most days-  
sodden sometimes summer saturated hills  
and we shrill when sun is prolonged.  
We Irish- mixed race and many invaders-  
Celts-Spanish- Normans-Vikings.  
Galatia-Iberia- Nordic-Scandavia.  
And before Patrick Palladius goes awol.  
He structured the believers-  
though a slave in Slemish, trafficked-  
traded after alone those days from priestly caste.  
And then drawn back to this early event to change it.  
Freud called it,  
remember-repeat-working through,  
as the memory of healing dynamic.  
The torn cloth made garment.  
The cloth of gold.  
And he becomes Patron Saint of Ireland.  
The shamrock, the trinity,  
the dream is the thing  
and the snakes vanished and vanquished.  
Hail, Glorious.  
Abducted and put to work, from Brittany?  
From Wales?  
The torn memories rethreaded in an isle  
of torn memories  
rethreading.

Bernard Kennedy

# Cyclists Through Enniskerry.

Fit, athletic, and all ages,  
through the village from the long week of  
stressful occupation, family and place  
wherein they live and move and  
have their being.  
But freedom now, up hill, and down dale,  
tough, to freedom they pedal expertly.  
Clad, lycra and helmet,  
stop for sustenance  
camardarie at Poppies, in the village square.  
Then onwards up the hill, either home or through  
the mountain passes of Curtlestown  
and Glencree,  
maybe stopping there.  
Others homeward bound,  
past church house, my window a canvas  
'cyclists through Enniskerry'.  
Breaking free gives sustenance to the drill  
of routine - Monday to Friday.  
Stock exchanges bothers not,  
nor personal grievance. This is self in  
unison with others, fit and challenged,  
free spirits.  
Out of winter they come, early and evening  
late in summer breeze.  
The human inner spirit  
dissipates the routine boredom.  
The mountains call the heart to home.

Bernard Kennedy

# Fawn Gambol At Knocksink Wood.

It is said that deer came to Ireland over  
ten thousand years ago, the ice age. Now  
confined to woods, like people to their homes snowbound,  
I see from my kitchen window on Church Hill,  
three fawns gambolling in the snowy woods by the river.  
Picturesque, and Bambi- like they gambol. Searching  
leaves, or moss, or growth, snow covered.  
Gambolling, such a nice word, evocative,  
not like humans gambling their resource.  
It is also said that humans kill for power,  
and dominance, and ego most of all.  
But animals, only to protect their young?  
Gambolling freely near the river for some water.

Three chesnut colored fawns,  
in search of hazel, like the poets hazel wand.  
The magical property, like poetry, a thousand  
years ago, like deer, and stag and fawns,  
gambol freely, of a type, in Knocksink Wood  
at Enniskerry.  
The hazel tree brings gambolling, skipping,  
on the white carpet path. Like humans, they are free  
within the limitation of their freedom to gambol.

Bernard Kennedy

# March Snow In Enniskerry

Slowly and my stealth, quietly by night,  
like an intruder, the snowfall came  
though Christmas Eve is long now gone.  
Instead, March of many weathers creeps true.  
The shops are closed, and Red weather warning keeps us home  
to gaze towards Knocksink Nordic forest or like  
Norwegian wood. Trees laden with white hold down  
their Winter gift, a sorbet of snow, in Spring.  
The bog meadow, beyond the church  
white lawn is silent.  
No football cheers but monks silence  
in the arms of Monastery Road.  
Snow slides from roof, the gentle thaw,  
brings down the iced  
covering from the large church house,  
like icing falls from a slice of Christmas cake.  
The church steeple  
whitened, and the front mosaic  
lit in evening, makes a lantern, as the Church,  
alone stands, amidst the snow laden pathway,  
as if a canvas from an artists brush.  
Art and eternity, and music its sister,  
are presented here. Our permanence,  
like melting snow,  
the human innate sigh of the divine.  
Glencree, Curtlestown, Kilmacanogue,  
are texted  
'no masses this weekend of swirling snow'.

Bernard Kennedy

# A New Car

Glistening and clean and exciting,  
the car evokes a sadness of previous way, and  
now newness gets a chance to start again.  
Not just a car, a machine- but  
people sought and gatherings attended and  
holidays taken in the older one. Excitement lived  
and part of life like a parcel opened up and seen.  
Laughter and sadness felt, and growing up  
has driven on. And mileage of experience  
and fun and frame- like a picture.  
This new car, other newer blessing all to come,  
and all to be enjoyed more deeply,  
because the road was travelled in the older one.  
The compass set, the steering strong,  
and roads familiar in this newer style.

Bernard Kennedy



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# A Squirrel On Bough In Knocksink Wood

From the kitchen window of this big house style,  
a distraction seems furtive through the kitchen pane.

Leaping, slowly on tree bough, careful grip got,  
and push higher, nibbling at the bough and fruit.

The squirrel, grey in coat and fluffy tail, scales,  
methodically his route, in search of fruit.

A careful certain expedition, stopping rightly to gauge  
the goal, and slowly stops on hearing sounds  
and moves along the bough.

The forest catches natures way and hidden moves  
of residents.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Waiting On Snow

Waiting- the forecast given, the warnings known,  
we wait upon natures' style. Snowflakes to come  
tumbling, whirling, and rest upon the walkway, and paths,  
slowing down the walk upon steps and if too much  
to gaze upon safely from the house.

It is unknown this nature power, the combination,  
wind and chill. Dress well, stay in, and wait upon  
the calm to return, the daily tasks that give distraction  
to our routine ways.

In the distance the sound of mirth and tumble on sleigh,  
and happy caution watched as parents reminisce.

The bell tower whitened, the snow falling in a Joycean style  
slowly whirling  
on the church garden.

And silence writes the manifest of natures power.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# The Prodigal Son At Skreen

Three of us spoke about  
the prodigal son, the welcoming dad, the jealous brother,  
about being lost and found, about jealousy.  
About not forgiving.  
God as surprise and open armed dad.  
His surprise.  
And surfers nearby on the sea at Dunmorán strand  
as he walked the shore looking to cook breakfast.  
in the hermitage as darkness falls  
a fox on the prowl, the skylights thrown up by hope  
sparkle their intent.  
Some shoot away.  
As we reflect on surfing the day  
of Jealousy, unforgiving and surprise.,

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# Ben Bulbin

From the door of Holy Hill at Screen,  
Looking down it looks to me  
like Ayers rock. Its sacredness.  
Majesty, mystery, munificence.  
beneath- its history and imaginings like  
the local narratives unconscious.  
Like Sinai? Nearby at Drumcliffe lies Yeats,  
a Moses of a tablet word, a poetic commandment.  
Romantic longing, celtic past and words  
that 'did they sent out'?  
Words of Seanachai take root.  
On Ararat,  
I was told by a guide in ancient Van,  
the Ark is held.  
Desire to save and be saved-  
the word achieve its ambition.  
Like the blind man,  
we are led in trust by the saviours hand,  
I lift up my eyes.

Bernard Kennedy

# This Thing Called Love

This thing- das ding- is centre piece of living.

You are dead if its not abounding or at least frozen in this existential.

I know it cannot be weighed,

I know it cannot be measured or held,

or placed beneath a microscope to be examined.

It is the depth charge, fathoms deep,  
below the surface and takes a sounding,  
from itself, its hearts desire.

Desire the single signal pilot light of being.

And yet, without and with,

a difference holds and grips our waking day  
and sleeping night its dreams.

Lost and found,

a freedoms sway,

and seeing goes from monochrome  
to color and back again.

It is more real than word,

and then what word can I use?  
except love.

Bernard Kennedy

# Glencar Lake

Yeats wrote of this in his beloved Sligo poetry environment  
and so

I visit there as if a sacred holy space  
as if the Lake at Galilee.

A master was there. Of words made flesh.

At this lake I remember the Young brother who taught English in junior school.  
His words have led me here, a good forgotten man. A handsome man, of  
moneyed class who, gave it all for love of god. Remembered? Except being here  
remembers his en theos.

The lake cupped between the mountains,  
Bulbin and its sisters.

he has woven a spell, his magic words  
over Glencar.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# To The Pension Born

Form complete and esse stated I posted, this day, my application for contributory old age pension.

Old age- already at sixty six? Dear God, on earth as in heaven- has it come to this the kyber pass of form?

So soon a magna carta of state acknowledgement-  
Yes to make a false or misleading statement  
can lead to prosecution or imprisonment.

The yellow brick road is leading now to the land of zimmer frame and hearing aid, of bus pass and tolerance, of knee caps cracking and being replaced. Of breathless speed and smiling approval ' you are looking very well today'.

Did I really swim the Aegean sea like Byron did, and tan my hide in Heraklion, and sip a gin in Cefalu, and lose my breath in Istanbul. And fall in love or was it just transference? 'What's that' my hearing aid needs battery new, my glasses I cannot find- o there they are, thank God again.

Sailing for Byzantium now my boarding pass is somewhere here.  
The passing beauty of the world and there it is.

I leave the post office- form complete and registered post, now the mountain view I see beyond, the sugar loaf. Sinai? Ararat? Mount Carmel? perhaps a bit of each. I lift up my eyes wearing glasses.

Bernard Kennedy

# Ledwidge

Francis, from Slane,  
Poet, Lover, Soldier- in that order?  
Hard and lonely start but gifted to see nature,  
love and hedgerows  
in their ideal.  
Longfellow, Keats and Shelley, and  
your teacher widened the narrow roads to  
receive your talent.  
A hundred years on we welcome you  
home to the academy of poets of our world.  
Your whistle came down the years,  
and we see you again.  
no more away, but claiming your place  
in a widened road we welcome and  
we remember. Man of lasting thoughtful words.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Semi Breve

An inter View?

Public-ity

Contra Diction.

The Word is the Thing.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Water

As a youthful boy I swam  
in local river heading down  
To city bay of Dublin  
From the mountain path.  
H<sub>2</sub>O does not quite explain the joy,  
the water polo game and happy joy.  
A stream is but a windows of a wider bay.

Or fishing with a handmade stocking net  
on cane, in river mountain stream.

Wadeing over, wadeable, as a wading bird,  
on brown pebble stones,  
that cooling bed, a foot massage  
that calmed. Like Baptism, the water  
opened up another bay and washed away  
all previous discontent. Some water into wine  
its miracle ontogenic.

And now when travelling all about,  
be it Seine, or Danube, or  
Sultans Marmara, or Sailors Cove,  
in Dunmore East,  
my thoughts remember  
my youthful joy.  
For did not Narcissus  
gaze in adoration  
at waters edge?  
A mirror stage of growth.

Another side is sadness  
where sea claims lives and great  
the sorrows come. The shipwrecks  
marking lives torn and lost.  
May Christ who walked on water  
bring those suffering sadness  
a calm. And water into wine bring  
forth.

And when we pour the water for  
Our spiritual joy,  
remember waters power.  
For H<sub>2</sub>O cannot describe  
it's ebb and flow.  
It's undertow.

Bernard Kennedy

# Nowruz

My Persian rug adorns my study floor  
Rich in color and thread.

I brought it back from the East  
many years ago.

When I hear Scollard's  
beautiful poem,

'As I came down from Lebanon'  
by association, the carpet comes  
to mind.

It's the East that flowers like  
a Cedar, or palm tree,  
whose leaves wave at Christ.

In Persia, this color and ancient  
spring clean, drawn by the equinox,  
where fresh water starts us again,  
afresh.

The wise men, Persian kings  
brought spices too.  
They also came to visit.

My rug travelled with me,  
home, reminding me of threads,  
woven by hands unseen, yet real.  
An ancient standing ground  
of love and beauty path.  
The study hearth is adorned  
by my Persian rug.

Bernard Kennedy

# Crucifixion

Three stages- walk, death, burial:  
Ignominy, defeat, non-material being.  
Perhaps its true that Pasolini says it best,  
in The Gospel According to Matthew,  
the film according to Pier Paolo.

Walking in subjection to opinion,  
manufactured as plasticine,  
truth is stalked,  
cry guilty from crowd, though Simon of Cyrene  
emerges, as forced pathos of Angel.  
Pilate washes his hands of Truth.

It still exists this public humiliation,  
in public punishments, electric chair, or public  
ritual humiliation, visceral. How often do we see this  
on our screens. A human need to objectify  
our within, to without and bind it safe,  
out into desert.

And burial, Aramithea lends a house,  
a paupers grave, a homeless one,  
a dead refugee on a borrowed shore,  
a fence to protect from outsider-electrified,  
like farm fields to keep in and keep out,  
in our recession thrusted unequal world.

Crucifixion- eviction-recession-  
walk-death-burial,  
in the age of desire, the age of anxiety,  
we objectify,  
this holy week ends-  
with the story, narrative, reflection,  
the perennial human tale.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Dream From My Self

Tiredness, like Morphia,  
assists me, as I descend into that state,  
where the narrative of self,  
like on a cinema screen projected,  
like a slow travelling train-  
through luscious pastures, moves and views,  
that handpicked by my soul, illustrate.  
And you are there- a visitor of comfort,  
to energize and liberate.  
And your face, not Medusa but anti so.  
Sometimes kiss and sometimes dance,  
to always energize my soul.  
Yes, I have seen your face before  
and heard your laugh,  
it's echo onwards-  
creating the Sitz im leben  
of my daily fluctuation.  
Chased by my dream, until enwrapped,  
to fly, as like a bird, free, or salmon,  
up stream, without the undertow.  
I do not chase the dream  
But this dreamer is chased by his dream,  
In this the royal road.

And then I awaken.

Bernard Kennedy

# Candlemas Day

Light glow and glowing,  
like the forest moon and sun up,  
natural light then candle is over.  
Except if night comes down on storm night,  
and candle light,  
though sign or birthday or remembering.

Around the universe a glowing, with joy,  
not seething, but alight with souls'  
anticipation, and light in Spring,  
hopes realization after winter,  
then hiding by the edge of night,  
like a blanket on the cold heart of winter,  
glowing, not glowering,  
on the edge of faith.

But always, deep down in anticipation, the  
light is like a pilot, waiting to catch,  
fanned, as cinders to a bellows does. Or students  
watching school clock, or weary waiting  
to retire, but yet, but yet,  
the hinted intuitive glowing light is real,  
'on Candlemas Day, throw candlestick away'.

The earth awakens, the stone ready for rolling back  
from winters cave.  
And Christ awakens the seed to flowering.

Bernard Kennedy

# Martin Luther King

MLK- THE other frightens us,  
because  
its us, extended beyond but re  
turning.  
It was Freud who said  
'The repressed returns'.

I stood there some years ago at the site  
where to many you spoke.  
Feeding the multitude with words, to  
expand your dream, into society.  
Like Moses- same journey.  
For those who listened on that  
Washington shoreline.  
A boat called Beatitude.

The river, just kept rolling,  
A boatman- MLK.  
Your roots, generations,  
skin color, Melchior? - Balshazzar? -Caspar?  
Gold for the King.

From the dream came beauty, hope, freedom.  
Frankincense your word, myrrh for later.  
MLK- a beautiful race, and dream.  
We are afraid of beauty.  
Incense of God.

Bernard Kennedy

# Le Pont Neuf Et Amour

Paris and its visual statements  
of Love, Pont Neuf- boulangerie,  
I love Paris, in the Springtime,  
in the winter.

Symbols of culture and cultured.  
The academy, and thought,  
and Republic.

I think of Paris in this winter,  
knowing that spring will come  
and love conquers,  
and there will be  
amour sur pont Neuf.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# Poem Pour Francaise Et Paris

'Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche'-

I learned this poem, by Theophile Gautier,  
in junior French at boys' senior school,  
aged twelve, from Pere Rene. A Lycee, pour maintenant, mon Coeur  
academie et sportif.

I kept my heart and intellect and rugby love.  
Maintenant-la terre est rouge. Now, is only that,  
for a while.

Red, white, blue, colors of hope and value,  
Sartre and Camus, Rimbaud, Verlaine.  
Culture and the academy,  
and love, that most of all. Pont Neuf.  
Most of all Love. This city with its  
boulangerie, and café and culture. Monet et Manet,  
and Simone, a liberated woman.

Even Freud began there at the Salpetriere,  
led to the layers of unconscious  
and Lacan behind the D'orsay.

'Where the Id is there the Ego shall be'?

' Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu,  
quelle abandonment? '.

Another line is

'La vierge penche'

Love conquers.

And I hear, Philosophy, Pensee.

Then another poem comes,  
a memory of the Lycee, by Scollard-  
' As I came down from Lebanon'.

Bernard Kennedy

# Cancer Ward One

' I think we got it all, maybe, hopefully'.  
Was I once twenty one, and did I climb  
the mountain top or was it just a hill?  
Was that valley really deep  
or was it just a hollow. Did I play,  
a game of football,  
on the beach at Cumeenole,  
and fall in love, and break my heart,  
or was it just transference.

And in the end, no gilts or bars of gold,  
no ruminating on the stock exchange,  
nor ftse, nasdaq, nor cuffs with silver links,  
no membership of the club or golf links,  
nor networking a mile off Sunset Boulevard,  
or pious appeal for intercession spent,  
can change the medical assent.

The philosophers' truth remains the point,  
but not on headlines of the press,  
for truth it cannot sell-  
but still it rings aloud-  
Beauty, Truth and Goodness  
save the day. An echo of desire  
whose delight of Soul,  
anticipates. All else?  
well does it really matter?  
For I shall sleep alone again,  
and all await the bell.

Bernard Kennedy

# Holy Mountain

It seems surmountable, though draws you  
as if a test, past then now, on ground.

And upwards, taking time,  
alone or with others,  
the ground below recedes,  
a higher view, comes onto  
scene and later, however high,  
you made it.

Unlike Sisyphus, whose inner thrust  
was repetition joy,  
you look below,  
and sense a perspective seen now.  
it could be Sinai, Tabor, or Ben Bulbin.  
A mountain top draws clarity.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Under Brooklyn Bridge

It seems like an hour ago that I came  
underneath that Bridge, an arch and entry  
to the great New York, New York.  
Ancestors had come before in bad times  
meta recession times and hungry days,  
from Ireland, place of departures and farewell.

A grand uncle, to be a Bishop,  
an uncle, to be a New Yorker,  
a cousin Titanic, saved-  
another to be in world bank.  
And I a tourist off the ship from  
Southampton- in different times.

The bridge was an entry to that great square  
where ticker tape history spoke,  
and GI's paraded then, Sinatra had screaming  
teenagers as if boy band, then.

The great vicinity off Washington Square,  
and Riverside, where a ancient President rests,  
and Martin Luther King spoke loud of freedom,  
his death announced its death.  
And twin towers- a history of death black the sky,  
and yet its gallery spoke of reserve and kultur,  
all from entry through the gates  
under Brooklyn bridge.

Bernard Kennedy

# Pierre Loti Looks To Sligo Bay

From my eyrie, my high up, Eyup eyrie,  
at Ladies Brae in Skreen,  
at my hermitage, Patrick to Tara,  
I look down to Sligo Bay.  
An evening of Brigids' Day,  
and I think of Aziyade,  
and I think of Pierre Loti.

Sitting outside hisCafé House of Eyup,  
looking down, the bird sellers  
release your prayer wings to fly,  
for a lira, a Turkish lira,  
and feathers fly like angels,  
sparrow small sing psalmody  
over Eyup hill to air.

Looking down from Ladies Brae,  
on Brigids' Day  
the lone Robin bears  
my feathered prayer to Aziyade.  
The horse shoe shaped, shimmering lights  
over Sligo bay, beneath  
a snow clad mantle Ben Bulbin.  
Knocknarea my Topkapi,  
on Brigids' day I pray  
to Aziyade.

Bernard Kennedy

# We Gathered At The River

When Leonard came to town, a farewell  
to arms, we gathered at the river.

Anna Livia brought the wooden boats of memory  
and together we laid right down there in the grass knoll.  
Ate burgers, at the carousel, like sixty year old young things  
do in memory.

He gathered us together, we were young again,  
and sat down and laughed and wept in heart.

No longer wild at twenty, with henna,  
and vinyl and molls,  
but taking time to let down and stand.

We were led down our memory evocations,  
letting it go, as therapy song,  
evocative.  
Remembering, repeating and working through.

we looked at our twenties, and thirties,  
down by the river to farewell lane.  
Its ok, to say, goodbye.  
He came as a shaman of memory.

Bernard Kennedy

# St. Agnes' Day

it was colder yet, the day after,  
though years later, from the Eve.  
The mice, early move through  
the back rooms, on kitchen floor, tip toe.  
The windows iced over, and the frosted free  
car glass windows, take their engine time  
to clear.

And I cannot find my Keats compilation,  
with Lamia, Isabella, and  
the Eve of St. Agnes to read in tribute.  
Later found, I read again the story,  
the patient cold fingers  
telling beads, 'Ah Porphyro, Ah Madeline'.

I am taken by this poem, its perennial theme,  
of Romeo and Juliet, or Romeo and Romeo, and  
Juliet and Juliet, and prose, fancy beating hearts,  
and longing, of loves desire, the spring coil wanting.  
Romeo, one who loves, a compilation.  
For it is ever thus, sadness of loss and longing,  
and faded hearts, and worried brow, dance onwards  
through times, and its residue, in loves memory, recall.  
Ah desire.  
Long time long to Valentine.

Bernard Kennedy

# Winter Light

Like a pilot light it is there  
and begins to spread, this steely bright  
sparkling startling light, encourage us in nature's winter way.  
Never gloom but waiting hope  
filled advent comes through the promise.  
Begin again, reboot and restart,  
Nature, God's glove, holds this taper,  
Illuminating, with winter light  
It's fugue, and symphony of then,  
The Winter with its late December bulb.

Bernard Kennedy



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# The Christmas Star

High and way above, as if benign light,  
the Christmas star gives navigation,  
of hope, and love, to weary traveller homeward bound,  
and ballast to his soul,  
as natures light begins this newest day  
of purpose, point to point,  
a navigation of love.

And not first time this star shone  
the Magi, and their thoughts put down,  
followed it's direction  
and surrendered gold, and frankincense,  
and even myrrh, sweet cicely with its perfume,  
and incense took its place in sweet surrender  
in the Crib, where poor night shepherds  
took equal place.

And God came down beneath that star,  
His path lit towards the stable door  
where all begins again.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Bright Moon, Clear Sky

Lucent, bright, and high above  
our humble passing earthly dwelling,  
the moon, large and bright December morning,  
sits and presidential stays the hand  
of nights darkness.

Nights staged backdrop nature loans  
the night, to hint at dawn,  
and guide the night  
watch.

An augury of divine presence,  
hinting at the dawn day due down.  
A pilot light for seafarers ships,  
and painters brush.

This moon, has its place in earths  
redemption, whose brothers stars,  
high too in sky and bright,  
a tapestry of purpose,  
paved the way for wise men  
and their journey to the homeless  
crib of cave hill dwelling.

A large skylight of natures trail,  
whose purpose, light path the way,  
to birth cave and early empty tomb  
of Resurrection.  
Not just Dublin light.

Bernard Kennedy

# Just Another Christmas

Glistening cards and shop fronts,  
raising expectation, and  
creating atmosphere.  
Grafton Street all lit  
and snow may come on the day of days.  
Silence and expectation.  
It was expectation that saw the birth  
and waiting- Advented before.  
just another Christmas past those  
who sleep rough though our parcels are  
bowed and ribboned.  
Adeste Fideles?  
Laete triumphantes?

Yet! waiting gestates the purpose.  
Just another Christmas?  
We wait to see  
Christ.  
The Young man, young woman, and  
the Baby sought shelter.  
The rough clad shepherds saw.  
The oriental Kings left down  
their thought and travelled.  
In hopeful expectation that  
gestated in the face of hope  
and waiting.

Bernard Kennedy

# Redemption

The word is the thing, and  
this word redemption reintroduces  
the lost one, homeless and begging.  
a word that makes  
the young beggar with his paper cup,  
outside the fashion mall of nouveau riche  
come inside.

Or, a recent homeless family find lodgings,  
gifted by investors,  
who know rust awaits the gold.  
Or, again, pregnant and frightened,  
sits welcome those nine months  
like Mary with Joseph.  
Or yet again, one more time  
of redemption, the gay young man  
coming out to welcome his partner  
into his fathers house.

Redemption is a word of God,  
made flesh in action of redeemed,  
whose word is the thing  
and etcetera, is inclusive.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Christmas Star

Like bright lights shining, twinkling, in the early  
Morning sky the stars lit up,  
Brightening, a Christmas morning.  
They were all there, thrown up,  
Like clutched from a bucket of hope  
And thrown to stay in ready sky.  
As if Christmas morning in Rathfarnham.  
Going to early mass, my mother pointing out  
The silhouettes of God, as we broke ice puddles  
With new heels.

Lucent and bright, the chapel lit.  
The choir, the candles, and golden bowls  
And vestments. All things shining,  
All things yellow gold and twinkling, like the stars,  
In the same hope filled sky.

The mystery and wonder, and then Santa Claus.  
Stars shine in the trees like fairy lights  
And I, wondering at the  
Mystery.

Bernard Kennedy

# Thanksgiving Day At Holy Hill

All night Long, and next day long  
It rained and wind howling morning,  
The sheep removed, ram and all to a safer shelter.  
That sheep may safely graze.  
The hermitages all full,  
A boy from Texas, a girl from Alabama,  
A boy from Tennessee, a girl from Illinois,  
A girl from Singapore, a boy from Wisconsin,  
A girl of Colorado, a boy from Mullinavat  
And a priest from Galway, another Dublin.  
All at Holy Hill, with the hermits  
From America. On Thanksgiving.  
Evening Mass sung with young voice,  
Though no economic value drew them here,  
The deadly limited economic principle  
No narcissism here but open tenderness  
Of faith and hope and growing things  
Not greying things of measure.  
The youthful future diaspora of faith  
On this turkey thanksgiving  
Of camaraderie and Eucharist.

Bernard Kennedy

# Sligo Seagull Supper

The seagulls, in from Sligo Bay,  
Upland to fields at Ladies Brae,  
Father and son tractor work over  
Field grass haircut tight and saved.  
Now in coiled rolls the grass is harvest like  
And sun burnt not now green and blowing  
But drawn like gold in furnace kiln.  
Back down to barn brought for keeping,  
Now its late evening. The bright morning sun  
Makes way for the moon.  
Milky way and evening light.  
The seagulls dancing and diving  
Quickly make light with crows of its late  
Dinner.  
From field to page my memories of farmland.  
The crows gleaning.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Sheaves Brought In

The tractors sound their morning trawl,  
Skippered like boats for sheave haul in field bay  
With ripe grass after sun in meadows gold.  
Dromore, Easkey, Templeboy. Seamus  
Disembarking wipes sweat from chest,  
Linen shirt for washing now.  
And sheaves brought in.

The ploughshares to good use,  
No Excalibur here but saving product,  
Summer field to winter time. The  
Movement, gathering and minding.

Every Summer this hymn is sung,  
And new each time,  
A psalm of joy earth prompted.  
True lauds, sheaves in.  
By sweat and brawn muscle.  
All prompted by summer sun shining  
Over Skreen.  
My mother's farming blood takes note.

Bernard Kennedy

# I Have Stood At The Grave Of The Hero

I have stood at the grave of the Hero

I have stood, graveside, at the word smithy anvil,  
Tourist, and after due obeisance taken coffee looking back  
As I thumb his words.  
Happenstance, and tea towels, salads, does his rhyme  
Achieve and his words bring revolution,  
The greasy till Invoked.  
The poets bone draws vim and vigour of inspiration at Drumcliffe,  
With apple pie and cream and outside  
A banned cigarette and selfie texted at his rest.

His ancestry prayer house, parson and poem,  
And Madam Blavatsky, 'are you there, are you there'  
'Someone with the letter M'.  
The chapel at Drumcliffe must close its door  
Against the inward flying searching birds.

The poet's grave draws from foreign lands,  
Sight seer, 'are you there,  
Are you there, someone with  
The letter Y.'  
I have stood at the grave of the hero.

Bernard Kennedy

# Squirrels In Autumn Pathway

A quiet pathway off the drive, a rustle  
then again, and bushy tails are swaying, playing and searching.  
Grey, as lifting a goblet, the hands  
are raised, in search, and eyes dart, either way,  
here on the pathway of the glade.  
Like a child on pogo stick, hops to next gathered  
food, and chestnut, gathered conkers,  
and the squirrel conquers and food is tapped.

Manresa, a spiritual slanted copse of prayer,  
at Dublin bay near the Battle. And squirrels,  
group as football players, perched in view to conquer,  
and gather in at Autumn. In this leafy mall,  
the seagull in from work sails above,  
the crow looks on and a robin perched  
oversees the gathering in.

Another up the tree plays hide and seek,  
in leaps and bounds across the trees  
from branch to branch and tree to tree.  
This leafy glade they have made his own.  
The humbler squirrel grey in forest, tree tops  
as sails  
and mast leap, as ships sails nearby.  
Another, with bushy tail as quill, nibbles away,  
glancing upright in his natural devotion.

A number gather on this grassy pitch,  
and when they go into the woods apace and leaping,  
a feather furls downwards solely find resting place,  
underneath the Robins gathered knowing  
of her vale.

Bernard Kennedy

# Early Autumn Evening

The East coast Dublin sky now dims,  
and greys the earlier blue,  
the day is calmed and gone.  
The Virginia creeper, russet,  
changes the garden hue,  
and curls its creeping colored leaves  
around the fence and gate.

The moon takes charge, high above the steeple.  
Its light, through the rain dropped leaf tips,  
makes of the Magnolia a Christmas tree,  
glistening like a pearl lit necklace,  
of sparkling light, in the garden,  
evening light to night light lit.

The urban fox prepares his beat,  
to stroll and search, a night watch.  
The cat gone homeward to its basket,  
the dog within, stretches by the fire,  
as wisps of smoke from chimney  
send the evening country scent as incense prayer.

The garden, in the nightlight, hides its cast,  
as if a curtained stage awaiting,  
now shadows, that wait upon the light,  
whose brightness comes with dawn.

Bernard Kennedy

# Mindfulness Poem

People of the land wait, on full and fallow,  
and set aside is waiting, to full time, waiting.  
I stood at the hazel tree in Herbert Park,  
and thought of Yeats,  
on a June Sunday afternoon, amid the cherry blossom,  
and lazing families, footfall, football,  
and beautiful Golden Labrador, in the afternoon  
nap, beneath the cypress.  
Sunday, listen to the plane in the sky sound,  
drifting near and away.  
Waiting on waiting.  
Sabbath time, set aside,  
fallow for full,  
or, mindfulness.  
Heart time.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Picnic At Glendalough

Two lakes, upper and lower, hotel between,  
finding the car park, disembarking, picnic basket with red ribbon and wicker  
bound tastes, salads, breads, egg, sauce, table cloth, simple lemonade,  
meats, and sweet cake for afterwards. Glasses, and cutlery wrapped in white  
cloths to double for soft binding in journey and napkin.

Then, through hotel grounds to picnic table and setting out the dining space, for  
two, we sit.

I have climbed those mountains and canoed the lower lake safely and seen the  
early mist, as if rising from the lake, and stopped at Kevin's bed, a mystic  
mountain. Tourists from the climb come down and rest red faces, youths lounge  
around tossing chocolate bars, energy source and having rested kick ball,  
German, Aussie and French mooch around as families look on, and, older wiser  
slowly gather in the view.

A saucer of expectation, gathered beneath a local Horeb, a descent from Moses  
like conversation. An elderly man peels an orange skin, his wife rests back  
against the wooden bench, exhausted as she fans her face to cool and chase  
away the flying insects.

The church bell locates the view from an ancient place in ruins  
now a tourist destination. Green grass and luscious foliage and high expectation.  
I think what's here is expectation, lamentation, and thoughts like incense, rise  
above the trees and life's benediction stalls.

The salads with fresh bread, the miniature doughnuts, the sipping of the  
lemonade, the sounding cheer and urging of the footballers bringing the world  
cup to Glendalough, as each a team celebrity.

Mystic mountain always spurs imagination like a decalogue. Resting after climbs  
exhaustion, conversational memory.

A picnic at Glendalough, winding, wandering, all around, as memory recalls,  
around this minor Eucharistic table the blessings of a life,  
like a supper at a local Emmaus.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Faeries Call To Visit

The faeries came to see me,  
as I tried awake from sleep,  
between doze and daze of morning  
on curtained light does peep,  
between day light and nightlight,  
they called all once in three.  
A happy handsome trinity.

In silken whitened cloth were each,  
and leaning forward there,  
they peeped and laughed at hazy unlit  
thoughts. Aware of all things deep.

Their happy laughing smile had caught  
my eye with side glance glimpse,  
and leaning forward in their laugh  
they beckoned in its light.  
Not a dream of waking sight  
nor a dream of middle night,  
but caught between the sound of morning  
early river flow,  
as ebbing in a fresh stream  
caught in light touched leaves.

They nodded each to one and beckoned with their head,  
to come and play as if the garden field was mown.  
The coppice and the meadow as a picture frame in view,  
there eagerness to move was stirring strong.

I saw at first so slowly, how near their faces brushed.  
against my sleeping brow.  
And nearly moved,  
so strongly was I drawn.  
Their beckon and their call in light lit dawn.

There was no fear, but happy move, in this most playful call,  
into coppice, and a meadow scene, of growing green and meadow lush,  
one happy faerie showed. They could not wait much longer  
nor dally in the daze. The sun was coming up.

They moved away and looking back they seemed of Angel light,  
with happiness spread as if a carpet of a wedding  
and end of sleeping night.

Bernard Kennedy

# View From Dunmoran Strand

Over the cattle steel path from car parking  
and down onto Dunmoran Strand. A brisk hour  
to the harbour rest place with prayer monk isle view.  
Aughris head, and broken statue,  
Mullaghmore where blood red water flowed then,  
both in history time.  
A lone mother suns herself and lone son  
builds sand castles on Dunmoran strand mid day,  
solitaire sounds.

I have been walking here before,  
cows afield looking down contemplating  
and chewing cud. Ruined walls, abandoned homes,  
abandoned prayer place, abandonment.

I notice, as I look upon the stand some footprints,  
only mine, between Aughris head and Mullaghmore,  
a broken statue, and where blood red water flowed.

Bernard Kennedy



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# The Mown Meadow

The fields are mowed and gathered, quiet now,  
farming work. The farmer dismounts and using  
his silk white shirt across his chest,  
and face, it becomes a towel, closing gate,  
a last look as a salute. Early morning  
I look down the inclined fields, golden,  
a few picking birds, the cat waiting beside  
the tree trunk for a field mouse in search of home.

From my hermitage cottage hillside, I recall,  
the wide expanse, the film Oklahoma, the cowboy  
on his prairie horse, A revenant?  
'O what a beautiful morning',  
'there's a bright golden haze on the meadow',  
my father, in his thirties singing,  
downstairs in the kitchen  
as he prepared to go to his chemist shop,  
his prairie.

I am older now than he was then.  
My prairie, a pastoral pasture,  
for rounding up without corall.  
A branding at baptism, the lasoo  
of need.  
Though he now in Elysian fields of corn,  
somewhere at the meadow of the River Styx.  
the songs continues on,  
' o what a beautiful morning'.  
Memory waits to uncoil,  
like cut grass gathered for the meal.  
'The farmer and the cowman must be friends'.

Bernard Kennedy

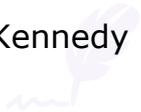
# Unread Books

you never get to read, all the books,  
you bring on holiday. Here at hermitage  
I lift each, reading first the back,  
then introduction, then,  
recommendation. Updike, Maya Angelou,  
Letters of T.S. Eliot.

But the evening light through the hermitage  
window, the view of Sligo Bay below,  
Knockarea and Drumcliffe,  
meadows cut, and gathered roses,  
Dublin Bay.  
And Ben Bulbin covered with a cloud,  
like Mount Tabor, or Sinai.

You never get to read, all the books,  
you bring on holiday.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# The Crows Descent

Down like Zeppelins, swooping to prey,  
a fast food call by in the hermitage field  
at Skreen they come.

The field up cut for black clad birds.  
collection done now hair cut field tight  
as a crew, cut, they come.

The heat was on, work and play  
in the hillside meadow of Sligo Bay.

The crows, and carrion, over crew cut field,  
as tight as west point barber cut.

Tractored and clean, unmarked  
unlike Wimbledon, and billiard table.  
Damp spot where gathered grass waited,  
a patter formed like a landing strip.

Four or five flaps and landing gear  
down, radar spots target. Pick and preen.  
A gathered in residue. Feeding the crows.  
Descent from branch pew and sounding bell,  
and tractor nunc dimittus sound,  
they eat their tea at compline.

Bernard Kennedy

# Sligo Tractor Dance

In through the field gate comes  
the tractor, with added beak,  
behind is its partner, pulling  
a container to receive its spew.  
Then round the dance floor of the summer  
field, two days old, two hour dance,  
for while the sun shines?

Together in step time, no foxtrot,  
more barn dance movement,  
they joust in unison, spew first,  
catch thatch next. And filled,  
with delight of the partners dance,  
with pregnant from the field,  
cargo for the bale, cattle food.  
partners inn red and music  
a baritone drone, petrol scent.

A neat and necessary dance,  
to spew and catch,  
the sheaves brought in,  
to Sligo barns, in June.

And close of Dance,  
an anthem of birds come  
down for a gleaning.

Bernard Kennedy

# Cuckoo Song On Sligo Hill

At Ladies brae, from Knocknarea,  
in sight- a cuckoo, sound,  
a wait between each sounding note,  
as faeries in the woods steal round,  
their tiny feet beneath  
the cuckoo song. The ferns, like  
plumes in this their wood,  
the mossy tree stump stream side throne,  
there laughing smiling faces  
beckon on to play.

And in that dimlight playing time  
the golden moment opens light  
onto a silver stream.  
The rusty rock edge waters flow,  
where faeries swim and come and go  
between the twilight watch and forest  
tree.

They laugh and joy and gather in  
the childlike open heart with soft quill wing,  
and charge the down heart in joy of trust,  
and dance around that mossy throne,  
made soft with gentle thread.  
A happy mossy soft filled dale in woods  
of streaming light, and splashing fun  
as dawn brings earthen light.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Ferny Buttercup Path

Behind the leafy prayer path,  
the wooded path enticed  
my steps towards ferny pathed ways.  
In the evening summer sun,  
cooler than the morning dew,  
a light was thrown from Knocknarea  
as the sun stilled towards a sleepy hue.

A ferny way, with buttercups, grew wild along,  
the flowing stream and reverie drew  
back fifty years, when swam in youthful run.  
A makeshift pool, with diving rocks,  
and grassy path of moss made way  
and evening sun was natures drying touch.

And further on I came upon,  
a sound of cracking bough,  
of shaking leaves, resounding down  
meadow mown and gathered in,  
a pidgeon loose upon the view it shot.

A dale path, a ferny way, led down  
the hill to Sligo town by Ladies brae  
to rivers end, and megalithic tomb,  
of potted souls divined.

A gated path leads onward, beginning  
where the wood ends, where the souls are  
drawn, by beauty way, and faeries path,  
and eyes that see the whispered form.  
And still to hear, in minds eye, and calm way,  
the shuffles, brushing feathers in the breeze.

Bernard Kennedy

# Tobias Tends The Apple Trees

From Berlin, unter von linden,  
thin and slight, tight cut hair  
and willow wisp of sight. Tobias spade turns soil  
in orchards ground and wets the base with  
water. Then lifting in the apple tree,  
places neatly sifting clay with booted foot,  
to prepared ground, holding slight stem to balance,  
and heel soil together till steady.  
Manure base and flat with downside spade,  
like a tennis bat, placed clay loose now solid.  
Later, then, years on, apple strudel,  
but now stand back and thin form views  
as if two trees stem upwards,  
and once more heeling in loose clay,  
an orchard in preparation now.  
Another angel, a guide to Tobit,  
travelled. This Tobias, german,  
stays and earns keep travelling,  
as I think the future cider taste,  
Tobias tends the apple trees.

Bernard Kennedy

# Summer Butterfly

White butterfly, lately come through meadow tilled field,  
hesitant in this Irish summer, landing on the yellow buttercup flower,  
bright against the purple thistle and ferns.  
Moving through the blushing red of roses, resting,  
from the casual sun, upon the cottage whitened  
window pane. No turf smell but mow sound drone in fields.  
From within the window frame looks out as if canvas  
of Ben Bulbin, Sligo Bay, fields measured  
by hedge, and roads, bordered downwards,  
yew and pine, poplar, a trope of trees,  
or couplet of umbrella against the rain, near monastery sound  
of monk nonce, and echo forest cry, again, again, again,  
of happy cooling students swim in lake post climb.  
Sheep sound, cow sound again as evening hillside nature prayer as meadow  
evensong evensong, and hill sheep chorus.  
The rain that dances on the window pane  
dries out. The bay down, arms upward reach  
as welcome. The linnets singles dance solo in the air.  
While preying hawk swoops and sail in sky and  
zipping down to branch and bough, and starts it circling  
once again, again, and always again.  
always starting over.

In the distant view, at Drumcliffe churchyard,  
among his parsons forebears the poet sleeps  
and rests his pen. The light breeze blows, as if  
he hushes over noise the brook, slow sound and calming  
with a mindfulness, calming words of evening prayer  
like mystic song.

Bernard Kennedy

# Summer Sligo Storm

All day long, and all day long,  
the sound of thunder rolled,  
about the sky, cloud bumping cloud,  
like dancers learning steps,  
colliding as they cross the floor.  
And light bright sky,  
unaccustomed to our evening way,  
disturbs the darkened canvas.  
Bright light and dark star competing,  
and following furious furore  
the sky calms, slowly.  
The night rain washes paths and empties streets  
a calming day arrives,  
and early morning rainbow shines  
its many equal colours. A Levant.  
Like Josephs' coat, and Noah sails away  
from Sligo bay, the centred peace will  
hold, and Christ asleep within  
that boat.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Drumcliffe In The Light Of Asia Minor

The June morning six thirty light  
across the bay to Sligo,  
beneath Ben Bulbin is a rainbow sight,  
which brightness fringe,  
like candlelight edge, to dark night,  
or a thieves' precaution,  
a light at daybreak.

It dims our lens and squints the view.  
This action gathers the view onto our  
perspective, window, canvas.  
Ben Bulbin, Sinai climb,  
over summer morning new  
mown fields,  
in the light of Asia Minor.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Rainbow At Drumcliffe

From Dublin, thru the dustbowl, the saucer  
to the west,  
from Longford incessant rainy skies,  
Padraic Colum roudabout,  
skirting puddle, through the  
pastures no dustbowl here.

Into the west, at Skreen, hermitage  
at Ladies Brae, Knocknarea looks,  
in and out of misty view,  
Drumcliffe Ben Bulbin  
like an ascending incense.

In the evening after rumbling skies  
and rain dancing to the sound,  
a drumroll at Drumcliffe,  
a century on from  
Nineteen-thirteen.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# A Birthday Celebration

A joy rings out, throughout,  
family, neighbourhood and clan,  
'thou art here', born, now,  
joy is ours.

No matter sometimes that lifes'  
uphill climb like, hardrock scree  
and seeming slide. No matter,  
the peak that love shows is  
there. No matter.

That thread of love,  
upon the spindle weaves  
a spool of cloth, a garment warm,  
knowing that spool and spindle  
bring a tapestry of delighted song,  
a heart, shaping love, and  
being shaped, the garment warms,  
with color and delight.

and joy rings out, of happy heart  
upon this birthday song.

You are here and happy we,  
that thou art born,  
and happy birthday.

Bernard Kennedy

# Dom Marmion Bridge

When you leave the shopping centre,  
as if from this Rodeo Drive,  
from the car park, awaiting a spot to exit,  
left or right, you might see,  
a reference, a hint, catch a glimpse,  
of the marker on the bridge,  
which tells that he walked, strolled,  
from the church house, around this then boreen,  
to Ballinteer, Dundrum village.

You may wonder who he was, what did he do.

In times bygone, this village yielded  
prayer and fields, and daisy chains  
by the river Slang, a mill of sterling  
notes of quality, as Her Majesty passed over,  
and butchers knew  
the meat required and the day  
of fast the fish-

the bookshop waited with  
what could be a long read,  
Mann, and Tolstoy, and  
Soren Kirkegaard, and shoppers  
waited, to get their goods,  
then evenings to tend the echiums,  
to the nearby sound of the stream,  
for the river sound,  
under the bridge, was a calling to boy fishers  
from school at summertime.

He was to be a monk at Maredsous,  
a Dublin Benedictine from the city,  
in the quiet countryside.  
and then into silence of prayer.

Here the tram and car drop shoppers in  
to pray, into the new temple,  
and register their obeisance  
to fashion. Where the ring  
of the till is the candle lighting,  
and the twirl at the mirror,

the answered prayer.  
Stop and think.  
the mountain still looks down  
upon the plaque-  
Dom Marmion bridge.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Penchant For Dreams

When he left the garden with his feminine  
side, from his rib, Adam tried his penchant  
for dreams. Into the world from the forest,  
past the clearing, that overlooks the city.  
And dwelling there he dreamed of that garden,  
from the city built from his dream,  
awaiting the dream, no longer just manifest  
but manifesto, a dream of longing. A clash  
of dreams by comparison, a fancy filled wish.  
Both of expectation, and waiting, but of yesteryear-  
a dream interpretation.

The golden calf made promise but drained the energy,  
to dream, and its wasteland product showed how hollow,  
that was.

And Homer, his sea journey, no different from that  
garden, through the clearing, in search for more,  
was like the rainbows pot of gold, but a statuette calf.  
And when he voted his dream arose again, but yet a dream,  
and when its expression became fact the dream realized  
that search was just that,  
a search, the journey, the ever relentless desire,  
the dream, awaiting latent content.

Desire, the spring coil of man,  
purveyor of the golden search,  
needing Ariadnes' thread,  
first for Theseus but then Dionysus,  
through desires labyrinth,  
caught in the dream in the maze.

Or like Sisyphus, climbing,  
his Croagh Patrick.

Man the purveyor of this search,  
with a penchant for dreams.  
And only desire is the ball of wool  
that threads the dream to satisfaction.

Bernard Kennedy

# Birthday Poem

I remember a young boy once envious  
cried out, on seeing his sisters  
birthday card,

'there's only one number on mine'.

A day we celebrate a life given.

When mother delivered and father  
lit a cigar.

Like a fresh new morning,  
words like future, write the page,  
the world is my oyster.

And later, the birthday numbers double,  
the doctor visits treble,

the gait, no longer running  
up the rugby field, to score that  
elusive try, slows down,

and reaction is paused, by caution,  
like stepping on scree,

at Croagh Patrick

the concentration, now  
more focus, than canvas,

and poetry more haiku  
than romantic verse.

And dreams are for sleeping.

A day- a birthday- recall.

birthday is to be,

and future is the waiting.

A happy birthday.

Bernard Kennedy

# Mortar And Pestle

My father was a Chemist,  
and the Apothecary symbol was  
a mortar and pestle.  
Elements were ground together,  
and a newer compound emerged, in  
line with the scientific theory, that  
'nothing created ceases to exist'.

Walking the mountain,  
grinding up the hill,  
the daily grind, of  
tolerance and acceptance,  
and self denial,  
all produced a newer person,  
a pearl of great price,  
an oyster grind,  
'two women grinding at the mill,  
one taken, another left,  
two men in bed, one...'  
the daily grind.  
Grinding teeth in rage,  
or after a filling,  
'grind your teeth to solidify'.

When I think of the mortar and  
pestle, and life's grind,  
and grinding, a farrier,  
my great grandfather's  
Limerick forge,  
at Castlemahon.  
I think of newer compound,  
and Resurrection,  
where nothing was lost.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Mountain Range Looks Nobly Down

I was struck by the headline of the famous actor speaking personally- ' I wish I could believe, that I will meet him again in a place called paradise'.

I was not struck physically, I mean that as metaphor, analogic discourse, symbolically, parabolic.

Trying to emphasise what is inherent to knowing, like a scientist with an initial theory, a gardener, who plods around his garden, in wellingtons planting for spring, The mountaineer at base camp, or better still, the mother getting the country bus to visit her son in a Dublin prison thrice weekly, the fathers tears holding his son for baptism, like Joseph and the Saviour.

Structure and proof, and courts of law are human things, rached by opinion, custom and practice, headlines.

Loving is a different thing, like grace.

We lift up our eyes, to the mountains, Horeb, Sinai, the Calvary Hill, the Sugar loaf and wishing to climb, the view is widened out. The Mountains looking nobly down, lift up the view and wishing, faith, achieve the bond of climbing.

Bernard Kennedy

# Grand Central Haiku

The old facade gone,  
all things are made new again,  
o New York New York

Bernard Kennedy



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# David As Fashion

In Firenza, the square there,  
replicated he stands, as  
a monument, to man-god-incarnation.

Let him speak, the sculptor said,  
after chiselling away unwanted  
marble. Let him speak.

Couture sculptor,  
fashionistas, divine  
made flesh, this Easter,  
incarnate.

What fashion does is  
making mystery real,  
taking man from marble  
tomb,

making beauty speak,  
hush, don't speak.

you only need to look.

Its a divine thing.

Ah! fashion is David with clothes.

Bernard Kennedy

# Antigone: La Leçon De Charcot

Cry out once more,  
Antigone, cry out,  
until the sentence is lifted,  
the sentence that keeps the feminine,  
in chains, subdued, unequal.  
As you cross the sea cry out  
for freedom, cry out for your  
brother, Polynices, the unburied,  
held aloft, a wound needing  
attention. It is Freud,  
who speaks, 'the repressed  
will always return'  
This we know as saints as scholars?  
in Irelands' fair Isle?  
Creon, imprisoned too, in a view,  
a poultice of prudence  
and its regrets.  
Be blind to him,  
his advice, on continents,  
where equality is left to rot,  
cry out, it is your being,  
of justice,  
and where ever inequality  
is prudent, tradition,  
'what we have always done' cry out.  
for fashion is the freshness of style,  
and freshness grows, and calls,  
'cry out'.  
Your cry it makes us free.  
Le theatre hysterique  
La leçon de Charcot

Bernard Kennedy

# Easter Haiku

The tomb is empty now  
the stone is somehow rolled back  
nothing of matter.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Herbert Park Cherry Blossoms

All poets write about their father,  
and poetry is surely memory as it speaks  
from the future of the event. I park my car  
outside the house on Morehampton Road where  
my mother grew up. Lately on this busy  
road, suburban street, avenue,  
it is the only space, a little way  
from the shop. Serendipity, coincidence,  
unconscious desire?  
Chocolates, cheeses, puddings and wines,  
the temptations at donnybrook fair.

I place my shopping in the boot and cross  
to Herbert Park.

An avenue of cherry blossom this bright spring day-  
children running with mammy and daddy,  
the retired barrister on the park bench  
contemplates his brief life awaiting sentence,  
the young doctor, solicitor beginning,  
as they stroll past tulips,  
lovers hand in hand, tennis reappears,  
and some with tablet sit, looking,  
where her majesty opened the exhibition,  
while feeding ducks, others contemplate.

In her young life did she stroll here too?

Bernard Kennedy

# A Green Meadow

Easter brings up for me that old  
medieval hymn about  
'now the green blade riseth,  
out of the buried grain'.  
And because its raining,  
in Dublin, on this  
Easter Day the grass continues green.  
I noticed after a holiday in Crete,  
amid the dry and parched land,  
and reading Kazantzakis,  
how green the fields were  
as the plane circled over Lambay,  
descending towards these green fields.

My father believed that bedroom walls  
should have a green tint, if not all green  
colored walls. It rested the eyes.  
He like Spinoza was tired, I guess,  
of grinding, as an Optician, the needed lens,  
or reading prescriptions as a Chemist.  
He needed green. Not as a green horn,  
or green about the ears, or neophyte,  
but on the eyes and what it did,  
rested.  
And meadows were play stations,  
to roll in and laughter thrill the air,  
below, in the green meadow, in the summers  
evening, when heated from ball games,  
naked swam in the river at that  
greened meadows edge.

'out of the buried grain,  
now the green blade riseth'.

Bernard Kennedy

# Easter Day In Dublin

The poor man sits begging,  
in the archway between a Dublin  
car park and the via dolorosa  
to the shopping mall  
where whats now is in  
before it goes green bin.  
Its transience faster than yesterday.  
I had not a lot to give but stopped to talk.  
He was twenty eight, a failed pharmacy student  
who thought, drugs were cool. He packed life in  
to stay cool and instead of dispensing he is  
dispensed, as gingerly the race goes on.  
The poor man at the pool of Bethesda awaits the  
swirl in conversation, in acknowledgment  
that he was born and baptised, confirmed and condemned.  
'thanks for talking to me, sometimes i'm invisible.'  
That he is here is resurrection for him,  
his easter moment when whats dead is given life.  
He was caught in the rush  
but awaits the swirl of the water  
by the angels hand that heals.  
Easter day and Resurrection  
not in another land and time,  
but in the laneway,  
between the car park  
and the shopping mall.

Bernard Kennedy

# Ring Out The Windsor Celtic Bells

Ring out those bells at Windsor now,  
those Celtic bells, as was a  
melancholic peal now raised to Easter Joy.  
Ring three times and ring again,  
the family sit at table, joyful, greeted by  
the Queen.

Assembled as a mother does her troubled  
sibling sad and now together raise  
their glasses in friendship blood  
and brood, no brooding, only purpose clear.

When Brian Boru sat here before and Henry blessed  
his reign and made him friend,  
the noisy fracas sound of history overthrew.  
When Meagher pulled out the flag in France,  
and waved aloft its charm, their foresight failed  
through history glance, this Windsor charm  
has started healing grace.

Ring loud those Celtic Easter bells at Windsor,  
peal once and yet again.

And smile Boru though Clontarf finished you,  
and Meagher from your Waterford Mall high throne,  
the street where Edward passed and George did too,  
their journey towards Lismore.

Now on Windsor street the Union flag and Irish,  
blow, while from the tower,  
the harp has stayed through angry days  
but blowing fair today.

Ring loud those Celtic,  
Easter, Windsor bells,  
peal once and yet again.

Bernard Kennedy

# Irish President At Windsor Bound

History, from so far back,  
has been bombs,  
bullets, bickering, breaching revenge.  
A peculiarity between cousins, Christian,  
employer and employee.  
The groundwork done by navvies,  
undone by others from home.  
Politicians taking time, appropriate time  
though mingled with election theme.  
Henry was invited though the story told was  
Albion, came blustering in- untrue.  
Our neighbour, bastion against starvation,  
like letters from America. Our boys fodder,  
for nineteen fourteen, unspoken, whispered  
in Dublin, as bombs, bullets, breaching  
revenge was the hours blood.

Then the women got involved, mothers of  
our histories disappeared,  
and Albions Woman, like Maeve,  
sailed up the Liffey.

And now the President, no longer hating history,  
but repairing, is invited, like the early Henry,  
but by woman, and history now can calm itself.

Bernard Kennedy

# Dublin Sunday Poem

The church attendance slightly down,  
the rugby match has drawn the crowd,  
my walk in Herbert Park is done.  
The papers need some reading,  
surely all these magazines are passe?  
out suitable sections-  
the green bin fills,  
and from cafe shop on Morehampton  
Road the bolognaise with spaghetti,  
the ice cream tub, the biscuit,  
and kitchen table Sunday lunch,  
settling down to snooze,  
the papers in a pile beside the chair,  
the garden can't be done today,  
its sunday- a day of rest,  
no servile work.  
then twitter beeps best wishes  
to leinster from an aussie.

Bernard Kennedy



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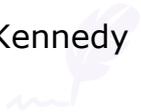
# On Reading Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain

Ascent of climb and taut limbs are required to slowly  
scale this peak of literature.

Hans Castorp is your guide-a mouthpiece,  
but the view, of hope and sickness,  
of constant climb and.. well that is the view at last.  
i read it first when eighteen years of age,  
and taut limbs from rugby scrum run,  
my brain readied with an aperitif,  
Stendhal's Scarlet and Black,  
whilst jersey was wine and gold.

when you climb a mountain-  
Sugar Loaf, Dublin Sinai,  
even Ararat, where Noah stopped, a feat is done.  
Hold carefully this necessary tome.  
In sickness and in health  
till death doth depart.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# The Gypsy Camp Fire

As I age I plumb the past, held  
together in memory, in recall.  
Although how accurate that is I don't know- as  
a mechanism, of fact, embroidered with  
today's emotions, and need,  
with association of thoughts, or smells,  
of today, that fish it upwards,  
like a wriggling thing.

I recall, set alight, by the smell of  
burning wood, a log, or turf,  
the gypsy camp, some weeks flattened grass,  
and absence, another,  
a canvas tent, a caravan, a horse,  
a woman, with babe in arms, peeping outwards,  
the flap open and held back, with twine from  
a thrown away parcel, from America.  
a nativity scene, in summer.  
A man, dark and sultry, unknown, cigarette in mouth,  
coaxing the fire to light, from ashes, with a stick.  
a horse stands beside the colored caravan,  
resting, chewing grass.

Walking with my young father past the corner of the country  
road where the memory stalls. He sings ' were here today  
tomorrow away,  
no trace we leave behind'-  
The camp fire, the smell of burning twigs, and open road.  
And afterwards we take an ice cream, the walk done,  
and he sings ' don't fence me in'.

Bernard Kennedy

# Spring Again

The stretch in the evening, clock forward  
and the earlier light opened enjoy,  
as brighter things and  
strolling in the park the flowers  
the play and the extra time and joy  
inbuilt to unroll and enhance promote  
the incipient dwell.

so seasons then i think reflect the  
isness and thingness and the latent  
dream that reveals the manifest and  
explains  
Resurrection in the heart of things?  
so true, nature is never spent.  
dont mind the big bang, the multiverse,  
present ongoing is tense.

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# Spring Magnolia

I was told, as a young boy,  
that the Magnolia is 'The prince  
of Shrubs'-on Zion Road,  
Rathgar.

The color princely, as a chalice cup  
is princely, for supping from divine  
presence, and vestment in vogue,  
appreciation is in tune.

It enlightens the garden color  
and corner, and in sympathy with spring  
is winters' fugue.

Nature honors its chakra, sky invites  
the worshipfull cup upwards,  
supported by green arms aloft in  
worship of the incoming warmth and growth in soil  
and natures' things are peeping,  
like a shy child around the corner,  
or nosey neighbour from behind the lace,  
or informant indicating like Judas the prey.

Surely divine things are therefore  
always immanent, and always looking  
upwards.

The Prince of Shrubs indeed.

Bernard Kennedy

# Dingle Haiku

Cumeenole strand view  
I sit oceanic feel  
ryans' daughter still.

Bernard Kennedy



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## Dublin Haiku

Beckett bridge empty  
no crossing Nelson is dust  
Liffey barge waiting

Bernard Kennedy



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# American Haiku

West 47 at morn  
times square lit up with smiles  
cop handcuff for pose

Bernard Kennedy



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# Sheffield Steele

When I was a young boy the knickerbocker glory  
had with it a long spoon to scoop the residue.  
and later with bacon and cabbage and mashed potato,  
in Dublin, or on St. Patrick's Day, and color of carrot,  
I held tight the knife and fork,  
with Sheffield on its side.

And later growing up at parties and dinners that name  
was there too on the side. And then  
having searched theology and philosophy I looked  
for residue with a longer spoon and sought Freud and Lacan.  
From Dublin Port, to Liverpool and then to Sheffield.  
Western Bank, Red Brick, Firth Court, Octagon, Royal Hallasham, down Glossop  
Road. Place names of memory and residue.

Now I see the parchment  
'having fulfilled the requirement prescribed by Ordinances and after  
due examination was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts in Psychoanalytic  
Studies'.  
With Sheffield on the mast.

Bernard Kennedy

# Romero And Jesuit Martyrs

March 24 1980, it rings a bell?  
As the bell sounded and chalice raised,  
contained the Blood of Christ,  
shots rang in El Salvador and  
Romero was slain, dead, martyred.  
He was warned. His Jesuit friend  
Rutilio Grande was assassinated  
a short time before, a prequel perhaps?  
We think years later.  
We will remember them  
over Westminster door.

And as a Sequel in Salvador  
Ignacio, Segundo, Ignacio,  
Juan Ramon, Joaquin,  
Amando, more Jesuit priestly blood,  
but this time a woman Elba,  
her daughter Celina.

on 16 November the month  
that honors holy Souls and  
saints.

Romero, a testament to blood,  
and speaking for the poor,  
but mostly, like the others  
taking seriously the Gospel  
of Christ.

'Let it become for us the blood of Christ'.

'Fruit of the Vine,  
and work of human hands.

On March 24, a prequel  
and November 16 sequel.

We will remember.

Bernard Kennedy

# Brigit Of Kildare

What does a woman want?  
That was the question, like,  
to be or not to be.  
From where and quo vadis?  
Feminine and masculine are  
the given dispositions of definition.  
Brigit, the doorway and candles,  
and light, and sunrise and  
the heart. These are your  
tools while the masculine  
will build.  
The hedge, your boundary of  
sanity and hermitage.  
Spiritual heritage, and intuition.  
What does the woman want?

Hildegard of Bingen,

pray for us.

Mechtilde of Magdeburg,

pray for us.

Julian of Norwich,

pray for us.

Hadwijch D'Anvers,

pray for us.

Brigid of Kildare,

pray for us.

Bernard Kennedy

# Stillness & Thomas Merton

Mertonian can mean silence  
and hermitage, and hermit like  
trust, in,  
waiting, knowing we are carried  
purposively.  
In silence his deepest conversation  
with self and Other,  
was put into grammar construction.  
The loudness of the world's shop window,  
and the embers of the evening,  
hermitage stove, contrast  
as storm and calm.

In his hermitage, the story  
mountain, and to elect for  
silence. Sinai, Tabor, or Horeb  
all built in silence,  
the inner dynamo.

Bernard Kennedy



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# The Grim Reaper

Is that the grim reaper that I see,  
below, in the far field,  
resting with scythe and whetstone,  
resting with indecision.

The far field,  
where swimming in the stream  
with fellow vagrant school day  
travellers, or football  
until called in for night,  
with coats as goal posts,  
beneath the chestnut tree  
that yielded conkers.

the fields where cows came home  
and sheep from nearby hills looked  
down, as courting by the stream  
brought future joy.

Down by the riverside,  
and song was sung,  
and strolls of love,  
concern and worried brow,  
were made too.

Is that the grim reaper that I see,  
below, in that far field,  
resting with scythe and whetstone,  
in his indecision.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Dawn Chorus

It starts now, at half past five,  
a note, repeated, by chance its heard  
out of silence of the mornings hollow  
place of night drawn back,  
purposeful, pensive, and passion  
like a gentle trumpet,  
anti-reveille.

just a soundnote, as if  
the day is pushing back the nighttime  
duvet of sleeps slumbers silence.

Awake the dawn, repeating, yesterdays fugue  
and dream awake. A summons from tree height,  
belfry of arbor.

Come alive, come alive and awake  
the dreamtime, timed, and  
the gentle warming up,  
natures conductor from the silence  
begins to tempo the music of the  
listener,  
in the echo of last night new days dawn,  
as if, a soundlike  
aurora borealis.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Holy Name

(written on the Feast of The Holy Name)

God asked man to name each,  
one by one-  
in naming, nom de pere, et fils,  
what is your name?  
another way of asking  
'where do you come from? '.

Its different from nick name,

but in the burning bush  
the name came,  
eternal, ongoing,  
IHS- and his name shall be,  
called.

The naming, intimate,  
the inner self determined  
and calling the name.  
An introduction.

Bernard Kennedy

# New Year

The timing is made by us, mere mortals,  
we like to label things-  
hours, days, years,  
with Chronos.

Ever new each dawn and flow  
of time, purposeful.

It affects gait and posture,  
and the designation merely  
a label or changing brand.

Better to think Plotinus,  
our own inner being,  
is introduced to the yet  
unwritten and unread,  
the valley not yet built upon  
or hilltop yet unclimbed,  
but bringing feet of clay  
to view, the picture  
from the place we be.

A New year,  
a new chapter page and story,  
to be written with the ink  
of loves understanding,  
A happy new year.  
Not Chronos now but Kairos.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Christmas Beechwood

Over to the right,  
through the wood oak doors,  
the crib is set,  
star, shepherds and wise  
men who read the sky,  
like a parchment of scripture.  
Like lanterns the stained glass  
looks on, another story told.  
And gathered are the faithful,  
Adeste, hats and brogues, ready new,  
crisp sky and waiting-  
the baby placed in crib,  
the dramathurgy of church,  
and mass begins and Christ  
has come to Beechwood,  
between baptistry and mortuary.

We gather from afar,  
on camels of faith, drawn from  
Brooklyn, Boston, Tralee,  
home for Christmas-  
and the crib is saying-  
there is else,  
and now, once more,  
we have touched base  
beneath centenary steeple  
at Beechwood.

Bernard Kennedy

## Forest Moon

We write in shadows lit by the moon,  
Through the trees ancestors whisper,  
in dreams, to free spirits.  
outline of hills, spring trees,  
lit by nature in early shadow.  
Not yet awake mystic poet,  
Lit by forest moon.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Soul's Voice

When he was presented with Goethe prize  
he said that the unconscious  
predated his work,  
in poetry.

The gathered whispers of  
the overheard, the truth  
of self from within  
that inscape.

Where Cupid lived?  
And Homer, Wordsworth,  
'as I came down from Lebanon',  
winding and wandering, slowly.

The voice of souls  
self reflection,  
poetry is as poet's are,  
the souls singularity  
spoken.

'The word is the thing',  
made flesh  
among us.

'La vierge pensee'.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Christmas Eve

Simply to wait,  
the shopping rush is done,  
the parcels placed and Santa texted,  
the tree lit up,  
with baubles blue and red,  
the icy path like stars  
glisten towards the steepled  
church.

The children to bed,  
and Santa en route,  
jingle all the way,  
and, and  
Jesus, in the crib  
throughout the world,  
in shopping centre windows,  
malls and church.

He brings excitement of another  
way to love, of  
giving forgiving,  
a touchstone,  
glistening like a crystal,  
to act as conduit,  
of colors of our heart,  
Our future comes  
the wait in love,  
J' est un autre.

Bernard Kennedy

# Autumns End

The hawthorn, and the Rowan berries  
are full on winter arms,  
like summers vine, with color wine  
to feed and cheer the cold gathering  
of Autumn end.

Leaves, a whitened pallor,  
others faded blush, wilt,  
in early evening shades.

The roots are resting,  
the moon early to work,  
the berries full of food  
for birds and color hope  
into the earthy hedged fields,  
and slumbered garden,  
gives a lusted glowing light,  
the door to winters cave  
lit up.

And nature sleeps,  
beneath a winter colored duvet.  
Simply ours to wait and see  
from Autumns End the light.

Bernard Kennedy

# A Winter Rose

The East wind chill had given sign,  
the bright lucid sky had illustrated  
that a change in landscape might occur.

And early morning, just at five,  
I peered through curtains  
sensing, with chill, a brightness  
in the garden.

A whitened garden.

All a blanket of soft early snow,  
untouched except for footsteps  
of the urban fox,  
as if prints in desert.

The bird bath frozen,  
now a skating rink for thrush,  
and sparrow,  
at home the Robin.

The church tower,  
a backdrop for film set or seasons  
greetings?



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Cleaning the inner pane  
for better vantage point  
I saw the rose shrub, once in  
royal fullness  
in summer flush,  
then bright blue sky,  
now, under moon,  
still, that garden rose,  
stands, red and imperial  
In the early morning.  
first winter snow, undisturbed.  
a rose significant in its poise.

Bernard Kennedy

# St. Jude's Storm

From Malin Head to Mizen Head  
to Carnsore Point to the Irish sea:  
gusting at knots.

Below the Island south to England,  
St. Jude passes,  
full of gust,  
hopeless, and patron  
of depression.

Amber warning-be prepared,  
Yellow warning-be aware,  
gusting and bending  
the trees,  
swirling seas and channel  
crossing cancelled,  
St. George's Sea gives way,  
ferries grounded.

With care, the drivers  
of cars, the driver of trains  
stays stationed.

A day off, a day of rest,  
maybe gusts of one hundred  
best.

A high wind- turbine is blown down,  
at Higher Rixdale farm in Devon.

In my garden in Dublin South,  
I mow the lawn and use the secateurs  
and admire the flush of climbers,  
the Virginia creeper has shed its red  
and the mauve rose stands tall,  
towards the church tower,  
three days to All Souls.

And after the storm,  
all is calm all is bright.

Bernard Kennedy

# Canary With Cat

The Canary, yellow and small,  
sang on the sill looking in,  
through the window.

The Cat, looking up from the lawn,  
manicured, both,  
licked its whiskers,  
and moved, slowly.

And then, upwards,  
as if a boeing in  
takeoff, the cat  
towards the song,  
from the lawn.

The bird saw the shadow  
and moved higher to the treetop.  
The cat, against the pane  
was stunned  
back to the manicured lawn.

From a higher top  
the song still sang.

Bernard Kennedy

# Homefullness

Perhaps, laterally,  
it is hopefulness end,  
the souls ambition,  
the hearts desire-

to be, at home,  
to have arrived.  
The Magi- a journey  
and our own.  
resting, being, at home,  
not just, or like,  
analogic,  
but 'this is it'.

No more, like,  
the fashion window,  
the list, the magazine,  
ambition, no model.  
But being here, at home,  
Homefullness.

Bernard Kennedy

# Puscar The Cat

Wrapped in a gentle shawl of love  
and placed under the apple tree  
with flowers to your side  
and an angel to guard  
as your best friends,  
your family, said farewell.  
The breaking heart only an  
echo of love known and given.

A Cat? No, a friend and pal,  
always there, to elicit love,  
and space, with a purr  
your love and presence,  
of living mindfulness.

Just yourself as miaow,  
or purr, contentment in being,  
with your marmalade coat,  
your fox fur, patrolling your  
estate and abode and observing,  
like a philosopher,  
essential being.

You were a teacher of love and waiting,  
a cat? A philosopher surely, with  
your knowing to eat, sleep, and be.  
Now your miaow is a symphony,  
your purr, a cantata,  
your absence a presence and  
reminder, to wait, and be,  
rooted in the now of eternity.

Puscar- a teaching cat?  
a philosopher.  
'All creation waits with  
eagerness for the kingdom'.  
Purring, discerning, and  
in mindfulness,  
like a cat.

Bernard Kennedy

# Looking Up

As if little birds with beaks,  
poised for the worm,  
we look, upwards,  
for the words,  
to uplift and jizz our world.  
to be excited and thrilled?  
To be entertained,  
from outside.  
At a concert, a lecture,  
a listening out, looking up.

The Tree upward goes,  
the salmon upstream,  
the riverrun around the  
blocking stone will  
onward gush flows.

we are lulled and dulled as human  
thought stops listening in  
and hearing.

The within has the oil of balm,  
the plant cure of essence.  
And yet  
Madame Tussaud has weaved her spell  
and wax like,  
with beaks poised for the worm  
and infantilised we wait,  
and buy, droned.

Bernard Kennedy

# Looking Out

from where? For Who?

Coming out? Of What?

If we view from the window  
we see a limited and framed  
view, as a picture or painting,  
set in time.

The view is limited from there.

Get yourself up a high mountain  
and see, the broad and full view,  
not the detail but the landscape  
full and fresh from  
hill to coast.

It is from where you look  
that determines  
what you will see.

Bernard Kennedy



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# The Bank Holiday

We have made a God of money,  
and pitched our prayers in  
his regard, a novena of lotto  
numbers, as incense,  
to turn his head, or  
candles,  
to catch his eye, or  
magazines to whet the wish,  
this shoe, that bag, that cream  
for eternal youth, the place to live,  
a gated monastery of moneyed rule,  
an economy of salvation.  
all in his gift.

Set aside, lets earth yield best,  
lie fallow earth to breathe,  
and sunday, lower case now,  
to chill,  
and the bank holiday,  
to do the things most needed,  
with better guaranteed return,  
to sit with self, a day of rest,  
and set aside.

Bernard Kennedy

# Summer July Compline

The garden done,  
the roses clipped and hydrangeas,  
echium, wallflowers,  
poinsettias, devils' poker,  
south African pampas, and dianthus tasmanicus watered.  
To the garden seat and virginia clad, green coat  
pagoda, and Merton like sit.  
On the turret sits the church pigeon, tail to cross  
and eastern focus in its prayer.  
it prefers the altar tridentine, and  
faces east its prayer.  
Taut, stares towards Ringsend and outward  
Howth Bound, and channel sea,  
as our forefathers in the years of leaving,  
back again.  
The church at Beechwood stood up, rising,  
Word War one with Douglas and Ledwidge.  
Proudly sits the Pidgeon tempered evening  
summer sun after  
long rainy years await,  
and hope agrowing,  
like the garden  
centenary celebration compline.

Bernard Kennedy

# July Morning Mindfulness

The summer morning,  
it rises to the sound  
of dogs greeting day, in garden near,  
and Fuschia, waking in the morn  
as Echium, leaning high to wall,  
beneath, the flushed red rose.  
The quiet Monday street  
as school now rests its  
satchel, and calmer road,  
allows the slow worker towards  
the stock exchange hope,  
her act of faith.  
The chapel bell rings out  
again, its centenary sound.  
The garden, cut grass  
and tidied lawn,  
with poppies peeping out from  
underneath laburnums yellowed fingers.  
And summer, waiting long,  
its entrance to the stage,  
to standing, tempered,  
patient adoration.  
mindfulness brings alive  
and obvious makes thisness.

Bernard Kennedy

# Epiphanos

They embraced, in forgiveness,  
after years of civil war,  
and putrid history,  
as death drew near and injuries,  
relevant no longer, stifled  
the freedom of hope and greatness.  
Regret became the toxic fume,  
fumer, pere fume.  
But still, a side carriage to the hate  
forgiven?  
Our ambivalence to freedom,  
ties us against Resurrection,  
Letting go the petit morte,  
an advent to an  
Epiphanos.

Bernard Kennedy



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# A Sermon From The Altar

Does God frighten us as we gather  
and wait on his word with faces sad and  
expecting of sadness?

as we wait, *Ite Missa est*,  
straight for the door,  
as if a fire, of the Spirit  
will transform us, too quick,  
and not allow a  
quickenings. Fear and Trembling,  
as we solely listen,  
in nervous expectation.

Our religion is individual,  
our prayers alone though gathered  
in a building, of stone ruggedly standing  
on our  
mountainside,  
quick to the door.

Our prayer  
'keep us not to long O Lord'.  
yet he answers  
psalm wise,

'I waited, and waited on the Lord,  
and he answered, he stooped down'.

he waited three days,  
and at the right time is holy intervention,

'rush not away o Lord despite our holy speed,  
do not be feared'.

Bernard Kennedy

# In Honor Of The Painter: Keating

I was a young altar boy,  
at the rail, holding the paten,  
the golden plate,  
under the chin of communion  
seekers-  
an encounter, like Moses  
with his beard, he knelt,  
to God.  
Domine non sum dignus,  
and received the  
divine, I am who I am.  
His eyes closed, beret folded  
and reception, holy with bow-  
his wall paintings, The Baptism,  
the Resurrection, carefully implied  
an Incarnation, and Aran paradise.  
Then after reception back through  
Ballyboden to his studio,  
biblical and prophetic.  
Passing alongside Yeats  
Rathfarnham Riversdale residence.

Bernard Kennedy

# Dingle

From main roads through the pass  
and there, beneath,  
as if a mountain gate over  
a valley, lake or bay  
a golden road  
to visit a past,  
Peig, the Blaskets,  
basket of another age  
of literature,  
all writers on the island,  
an embryo,  
of Ireland, vacated  
to new lands.

Or round Sleah head,  
a bleak peak,  
a romance with Ryan's  
daughter.

A corner, fluid  
of memory and romance,  
Now we are too  
sophisticated,  
beyond the word  
of linking  
mountain and sea,  
and honesty.  
Dingle beautiful town.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Dublin May Day

Driving over Butt Bridge  
I see the statue, a Scotsman,  
Labour-Ireland.  
The Traffic, stalled by  
Large Armageddon, Hail  
and downpour in rain,  
Labour-rain-Mayday!

Bernard Kennedy



PoemHunter.com

# Compline At Sixty

Nunc Dimittus,  
at last? I can recall  
the evening tailed procession  
with censor and incense,  
most dead or compline of life.  
In the evening we recall,  
the brightness of the football field,  
anxiety about Nicomachean ethic  
and Plato Symposium,  
Aquinas proofs,  
and Freud's hidden things.  
The hill gets climbed and  
I have baptised and buried  
and given travellers many tenpence,  
and sang the Alleluia chorus of Handel  
and waited,  
and the waiting is  
the metaphor  
from compline to complan?

Bernard Kennedy

# Haiku For God

Within and Outwards  
connect Divine bliss journey  
over in to self.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Haiku Ranelagh

The Beechwood steeple  
upwards pointing cumulus.  
A modern tram sleeks.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Morning Sun At Beechwood

When the sun is up in Spring,  
step off the tram at Beechwood,  
the stop after Ranelagh,  
or Cowper from the other side,  
and sit- inside  
the steepled church.  
Watch the light illuminate,  
the stained glass,  
and watch the story unfold,  
The story of stories,  
window by window,  
left to right,  
in colour, appropriate,  
to our life,  
and see the advice  
written on the window pane,  
redeeming Balshazzar's feast.

Then around above  
the altar wall visit  
with your eyes  
how many Irish saints  
have seen this  
bright illumination  
and in the side chapel  
Joseph holds the child,  
whose story has been  
calmly seen from  
over right,  
with Mary and the Angel,  
begun in bright  
illumination,  
as the Spring sun rises.  
'And let it be done'.  
For another hundred years.

Bernard Kennedy

# Out Of Nothing

All inventors have begun with an idea  
conversed within,  
and out of nothing,  
cut its cloth like a fine tailor,  
it brings  
a usefulness and form.

Like Edens pleasure garden from  
the chaos came,  
or on Mount Tabor  
God speaks when downward  
comes the cloud,  
though fear expands.

The dark night,  
the souls clarity  
brings forth form.  
And from the cave  
the emptiness of nothing  
brings the Resurrection.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Bird Swoops

It is incumbent on the bird,  
sum and esse,  
to swoop and search,  
for crust and crumb,  
and lodging in a rented tree,  
sit upon the branch,  
its beak poised and rested.  
In the forest it will sing,  
over the garden it will swoop and  
swirling, duck and dive,  
and flap its wings  
upon the water trough,  
its bathing done.

We too, its apex  
of created line,  
will duck and dive  
for crusted crumb  
and flapping wings  
make our way  
to the leafy armchair  
on the forest bough  
our rented lodging.

Bernard Kennedy

# On Religion

Am I sated with novena prayers  
and massed each day in glory  
recognition of the Saviours  
triumph-  
in latin am I incensed,  
doused with peccata me?

And travelled to the heavenly shrine  
and with clergy and cardinals dine  
and sip the precious wine?

Have I Prodigal thoughts  
and Samaritan care,  
and with my brother  
table share  
of poor and gay  
and badly clad  
in admiration?

am I a popular pietist  
or pieta hold to  
others give.

this religious vow to make  
that Christ in tabernacle,  
of the broken face,  
is held.

Bernard Kennedy

# Oh! Tempora Mores

The foreign minister spoke  
in hushed and saddened serious tones,  
' these abuses will never again be condoned,  
by any government,  
of any religion or ideology'

Never again?

And cotton is picked by two million  
children as young as seven,  
for three pence a kilo.

Never again?

and apples by migrants, no minimum wage,  
no house, and laptops made  
at eighteen hours a day  
for thirty two pence an hour.

Never again?

oranges for juice- women at sixty hours  
a week, below the minimum wage,  
and diamonds, with children at seven years,  
Never again?

shirts sewn by forced labour,  
coffee picked, as young as six  
no school.

never again.

St. Amnesty, pray for us,  
st. integrity, hear our prayer.  
And Rimbaud to my heart speaks thus  
an Illumination  
"L'air sobre de cette aigre,  
campagne alimente fort activement  
mon atroce scepticisme'.

Bernard Kennedy

# Beechwood Centenary Steeple

As the tram lifts over Charlemont  
going south, it comes to view.  
The centenary steeple of Beechwood  
church and gathering place,  
of those who are looking.

Remaining to your left  
it comes and goes into view  
awaiting, and waiting,  
that desire to see.

and within, windows bring into view  
another scene, it too  
in the distance,  
and like the view from  
Charlemont, it beckons,

and if the gentle bell rings within,  
and mass begins,  
with chasuble, book and candles,  
another view is illustrated,  
another illumination,

sursum corda,  
habemus dominum.  
dominum, non sum dignus,  
we await.

Bernard Kennedy

# Rimbaud-Tribute

in God talk epiclesis makes,  
as dough to bread,  
illuminations, for Rimbaud  
a word-present all  
now spoken,  
a symptom of other,  
and those lines  
'Qu'est` mon neant, aupres de la stupeur  
qui vous attend? '  
and poetry-  
the word made flesh,  
the real exposed,  
and.. resurrection?

Bernard Kennedy



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# As The Frost Lifts

the frost is lifting,  
so crunching boot ground sounds  
soften in the spring,  
though fugue like  
the air is a cold rhapsody  
in dublin south morning.

Hope does not spring,  
merely uncoils itself  
warmed into joy.  
yes, nature is never spent  
except  
where economic matters  
cull the reservoir.

Bernard Kennedy



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# The Walker

I met my father, on  
the hill of the road,  
at kilmashogue.  
he was striding down from  
his mountain walk  
and I ascending.

his sunday stroll  
and he was fit then  
'take it easy, I will see you later'.  
I recall now, his own age,  
that same turn and stride,  
as I showed him into his sick bed,  
and then his resting place.

on that turn, at kilmashogue,  
Just there, at the mill ruin,  
the new Columba gate,  
life goes fast  
and generations pass.

'take it easy,  
I'll see you later'

Bernard Kennedy

# Christmas Light

at the darkest, deadest, depressed  
nature's hour,  
holiness yeasted a light,  
a glimmer, slowly seen,  
and then hope burned,  
and knowing slowly caught.

This is Christmas, light and dark,  
and natures' canvas dims,  
paints the inner meaning,  
born in a cave.  
The first etch of Redemption.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Octobers' End

There are ghouls and witches,  
there, in that place,  
For I have seen faces sharp,  
and broomsticks, balaclava,  
and unforgiving tone of the harsh  
unwelcoming puritan,  
the prodigals brother, peering from the field,  
in through the window,  
to the fathers welcomed son.

For it is end Autumn,  
mellow, and time of sadness,  
and leaves, falling  
and gathering, on the ground,  
Into compost possibility,  
faded colors no longer bright,  
lifeless.

Although the Virginia creeper  
blushes a last  
smile of red,  
and lets in the robin.

Into fog time,  
and walking around the park,  
and the bare trees with  
sleeping root, remembering.  
Wistful remembering,  
before awaiting,  
the visit of,  
the Father's Son  
and then Spring,  
and Resurrection.

Bernard Kennedy

# Conversion

Tall, fit and strong  
the player stands.

Waiting.

The stadium, like  
a grand cathedral,  
hushed, heads bowed.  
Other players wait and look,  
a sacramental moment.

With his heel he makes  
a space, . as meditation.  
Then pacing back he waits,  
around he looks,  
the silent prayer is made,  
the crowds are dazzled,  
dazed.  
And then.

He moves and kick lifts  
the oval ball  
over it goes.  
Amen is said in cheers.  
The colored vestments raised,  
and unity is done  
in public prayer.

The priest,  
is carried,  
cheered around the aisles,  
and fellow priests smiles,  
satisfaction has ben gained  
the previous losses  
no longer ordained.

Bernard Kennedy

# Easter Day

The cavern of departure lounge,  
with sadness and farewell.

The dark unconscious,  
unresolved foundations of day.

Threads of Oedipus  
and the leavetakings of life,  
with Passover lentils of blood.

Then the Other side,  
joys embraced, threads joined  
a tapestry turned around.

A new beginning,  
like computers ikon entry.

The daffodil and crocus show  
its colour,

and into bloom

the essence to form,

and shadow into substance

Plato's cave all lit.

Like forgiving,

a letting go,

and out of death's chamber

into life.

On easter Dawn.

Bernard Kennedy

# Goodbye Bohemia

It starts, back there, somewhere  
In the childhood,  
the Oedipal melange.  
Where, I am always right.  
And then it proceeds in search  
of doctrines, always right.  
Goodbye Bohemia and Weimar.

For those places are free,  
and every view coheres to  
shape Geography,  
from freedom of thought,  
to freedom of mind and person.

The Spirit is a private thing,  
and privately attracts,  
like mindedness.  
There is a Society in freedom.

But moving on from being right  
and Comrades being right,  
and parties of the right  
and left are right.  
It then moves further down  
that linear line, horizontal  
linear line, of thought,  
and everyone must be right with me.

That is where it starts.  
A tyranny of control,  
a closing of other views,  
a political correctness,  
we the people,  
and then the implementation,  
'its for your own good'.  
'for society's good',  
'we all must agree on this'.  
then you must say  
Goodbye to Bohemia,

Goodbye to Weimar,  
Goodbye.

Bernard Kennedy

# Old Blue Eyes

He was hungry for dinner at eight,  
and swaggered onto music stage,  
with audiences eager for song,  
and presence of the confident master of  
control,  
in life and film and legend.  
From black-haired youth to grey old man,  
a colossus, who could  
make it there and anywhere,  
it was up to him.

Women's love filled that need  
of affection, and  
men the saloon chums,  
song gathered eyes of  
the blue sea of admiration  
from sixty years,  
through cinema and song.

When your awaited death,  
broke on sky,  
the tributes recalled,  
everybody's years,  
everybody's emotions and  
romantic loves,  
the heart of living,  
fantasy and romance  
were statued by you.

Your tuxedo approach to life  
sealed those moments in  
the acceptable world,  
no longer private,  
and that's life.

You were puppet, pauper,  
and King of the Hill,  
and living was underlined as  
your way, and looking death

as a contract on you,  
and you at the bar, to look  
in the eye  
The Grim Reaper.

Put away the calendar, the vinyl,  
the magazines and fashion,  
hang up the tuxedo,  
sink the Daniels and Camel,  
and start all over again.

The bar is now closed,  
the concert hall empty,  
the tributes all over.  
So long Saloon Man,  
adios amigo, ciao.

Hollywood, bow,  
take down your sign,  
and Blue Eyes,  
shine,  
in the Big Casino.

Bernard Kennedy

# Sligo Dream Of Lorca

I dream of lorca  
as the hills are lit by dawn.  
The Sligo landscape into view,  
the farmers wife with porridge  
the breakfast makes.  
The farmers early breakfasting  
for sheep hills to be tended,  
the cows awoken in the dawn,  
the son in Boston breaks the  
mother distant heart,  
the field yields slow.

The outline of the trees,  
seen at night as shadow,  
into life will come at day,  
as Lorca dies beneath the blows  
as Christ three times he falls.

As he falls the frosted dawn,  
the yearning pining of the sligo  
hill comes into view beneath  
the slow sun start.

I dream of Lorca as he falls beneath  
the blow of ignorance, beneath  
the meadow copse and field of Spain.  
Though vines cry and grapes bleed.

And green is the land,  
where to school by the gate he would have passed  
to learning,  
and the farmer eats the toast and egg,  
the day is cast,  
and into shape the dream emerges  
from the falling down,  
the falling down of Lorca,  
in another place  
brings in the light of day.



# Gypsy Dance Of Love

We danced like gypsies in the heat of day,  
and matched our colors bright and gay,  
and music strings brought tears of love,  
and bands of strolling players moved above,  
our village tent.

Then when the music stops, and day  
of love is done, and colors then are grey,  
I will recall the gypsy dance and flame,  
and call it back from lowered calming fire.

For we did dance and we did sing,  
and we did love with every Spring,  
as summer heat lit up the lovers field,  
no winter snow will ice what we did feel.

I will recall the gypsy dance and fire,  
and if your gone i will be sad and tire,  
for in my heart and dreams you stay,  
and we can dance the night away,  
in dreams.

For true love never leaves the heart,  
it is my guide to follow life's uneven chart,  
though grey, I always will recall the gypsy dance,  
to fire my dreams,  
the kiln of life,  
now with an aged stance.

For we did dance and we did sing,  
and we did love with every Spring,  
as Summer heat lit up the lovers field,  
no winter snow will ice what we did feel.

Bernard Kennedy

# Sligo Evening Sky

Over Screen the soft pink duvet comes,  
across the sky, the dog goes home  
to his basket.

The Robin into hedge has gone  
the hare his evening stroll is done,  
there Benbulbin hides the setting sun.

And Aughris the calming bay,  
with Screen, an Eremites hill  
beneath the Easter bonnet  
of Ladies Brae,  
and the ghostly horse at  
mountain lake.

My life is full of cups of tea gone cold,  
a needy call the door it knocks,  
the traveller lost for half a crown,  
the worried soul sings out regret  
and couple want to wed.

But in this saucer, underneath the Sligo sky,  
hope is never done, and stoke the fire  
of faith, for in the hollow bark  
the moss will grow and  
lichen soften the hardened bark.

Bernard Kennedy

# Sligo Night Sky

Looking out to Screen sky,  
in Sligo North,  
a stage set of over sixty stars,  
too many for the human eye  
to count, infinity.  
None are equidistant,  
as if thrown like shiny coins  
upon the dreamy path of love,  
as if another milky way.  
Behind the trees some peep,  
as if from Christmas tree.  
Like fairy lights on branches.  
And night where dreams hint,  
along the quiet and unconscious  
mind,  
beside the wise observant mountain moon,  
the owl of night,  
lit, as if a starry fresco in the  
dome of prayer,  
and out from there,  
with golden edge,  
the day comes from  
the starry Sligo sky.

Bernard Kennedy

# Ambition

The trouble with the greasy pole is this,  
its slippage demands, you stand,  
on someone elses shoulder,  
for balance,  
and tightly must you hold  
the ankles above and maybe the shoes.  
The one above too does the same.  
The position is precarious,  
should slippage come, and grip  
slip,  
and then like Icarus  
you slide.

The pole is not so good,  
it is a greasy pole.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Morning In North Sligo

Slowly back the mist cloud moves,  
as if drawn, like a duvet,  
from a sleepers dream.  
Like a stage curtain in  
a drama, opens a play.  
The moving mists the day.  
Birds, thrushes and starlings  
play on air, swoop and dip,  
like scouts in early summer river,  
dammed up beside their summer tent.  
The mountains, awaken the ferns,  
purple colored pall.  
Rocks as if giants spoons,  
turned upside down.  
Old pigeons coughing a sound  
on branches of trees,  
observing, just that.  
The others swoop and dive  
upon the air,  
await another time,  
when tents rolled up,  
and curtain closes over,  
and drama is complete,  
the story acted out  
of generations,  
another night.

Bernard Kennedy

# Robin Of Pyrocanta

A spring Robin, looking around,  
red breast, sure, hop hop.  
A look up, around, hop.  
And towards the garden, centre,  
wait, look.  
Then it lifts its head as if for breath,  
from a pool.  
And looking as if a pendulum,  
observing time.  
Away then, with its crumb,  
to the hedging safely.  
Towards the berried shrub,  
king of red berried bush,  
red breasted robin  
of pyrocanta, sing.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Christmas

At the deadest, darkest, dreary  
winter night, the numinous hosted  
a light. A glimmer slowly seen,  
and then, hope burned,  
in the cold cavern.  
and knowing slowly caught.

This is Christmas,  
light and dark,  
and darkness dims  
and nature's canvas  
paints, the inner meaning,  
born in a cave.  
The first etch of redemption.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Old Faithful Dog

I never thought him dead.  
Only running in the park,  
and sitting stretched by fire,  
or with his paw,  
pushing the dish,  
' more water now'.

And barking, for post,  
and visitor, and exits,  
from his home domain,  
and up the stairs at ten,  
and down again at six.

A rhythm of memories  
and habits.  
Until his back legs gave,  
and the vets scanning eyes  
' he has had a good and happy life'.  
And my heart sank.

I held him as he passed,  
and watched him go,  
to another field or park.  
This time without a leash.

I can still sense him here,  
in the house,  
on the staircase just past ten,  
and at the duvets' edge.

Luther was the collie's name.

Bernard Kennedy

# Traveller From Afar

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
and saw beneath that turbaned head  
not a visitor but brother too,  
though lineage was but black and white.

What was far away, and camels feet away,  
and ships sails away, pirated too away.  
Yet walking on my street his street,  
and close to his ribs held his Dublin love,  
close to his ribs.  
As if God's hand had knit the joints of Adam's  
bone and joined again in one.  
They laughed and laughed their happiness,  
and smiled and kissed this darkened brow,  
this blackened brow,  
as mahogany is dark.  
And it was love.

They held each close, and matching hair  
to skin a foreign shining joy,  
and Oh! I thought how near they were  
to fields that once were far.  
And also thought how blood might fight  
the love from Dublin's laughing street.

And how religion too might stop  
in God's own secret talk this love.  
Although the Magi far had come  
from foreign antique lands  
And darkened skin was Melchior  
and darkened too that world.  
Yet in that dark the star did shine  
and laughter shone their too.

I watched them sweep in through the door  
and sit and ice cream share,  
and short of coins, their love did rest  
upon one spoon of love.  
And kiss black lips,

and brightened eyes  
this foreign vision here.

Bernard Kennedy

# Kristallnacht

In the dead of night  
when the moon was high  
and crystals were energized  
from natures moon,  
energy to give life?

But this energy was dark and black,  
and midnights' hidden faces,  
showing shameful deeds.  
Masked by moonlight.

Secret evil always hides its face,  
and dark, unsigned letters,  
whispered conversations, balaclava.  
And breaking glass with running steps.

Truth will always face the Sun,  
and not need back lane path,  
like thieves. But open face  
and call at front in day  
and see Gods' face like  
Moses glisten.

Shame upon you crystal sinners,  
in your shame filled deeds  
of darkness, empty hollows echo,  
a dead tree, with a rotten bark.

Bernard Kennedy

# Night

I love to hear the silence of the night.  
That time, when distance draws so near,  
and memories come, and far sounds,  
undisturbed, so close.  
For night is dark and only self is true.  
A self whose rest and past, are  
only breaths away.  
Yet for some,  
the night may haunt and fear,  
its conscience time, when curtains  
closed are drawn.  
So too, ones inner self and past,  
to joy or fright, the  
inner spirits will.

It is a blessed thing this night.  
Was it not night when Christ came home,  
and balanced Judas evil deed.  
And blessed night,  
when monks now rise and pray,  
and Nicodemus,  
for lack of sleep,  
came home.  
The lady of the night came too,  
her stumbling led her home.  
In the darkness of the well  
the Magi saw the stars in day,  
and in the psyche dwells our heart.

O Blessed night,  
for rolling back the stone,  
the angels let in light,  
and finished night.  
Night no more.  
The silence of the night is deeply rich,  
and homeward bound, we rest,  
and sound our hope  
and lasting joy, dwells there,  
in shadows of the night.

Bernard Kennedy

# They Prepared Her Funeral

They sat at table,  
as before.  
All adult now.  
Engaged with laptops,  
' funeral readings, poems for..a death'.  
' She liked Vivaldi, and John O'Donohue,  
and che gelida manina,  
and Pie Jesus'  
Their father cried,  
silently, in the bedroom.  
The christmas Tree,  
all lit seemed dull.  
Their Mother had just died,  
without an explanation,  
nor an expectation.  
The presents were named,  
and wrapped,  
the christmas tree,  
with presents beneath,  
seemed, well,  
silent.

Bernard Kennedy

# Whats Wrong My Love

The bills come in, those reminders,  
in their window envelope,  
2 tell us, i dwell here too.  
Upon the hall floor,  
caught under the mat.  
'That postcards nice, Marbellla, again? '  
' and whats this ' confidential'.  
A warning from the bank,  
a new pizza parlour,  
window cleaning done,  
extension possible,  
old coins for free, with every purchase,  
A holiday draw for every carpet,  
curtain bought, a chance to be  
a millionaire', again.  
But wait, softly on the floor,  
whats this, A Valentine?  
A light shines now behind the door,  
and other letters into vapors go.

Bernard Kennedy

# May Night

The evening comes down lately in May,  
The Church bell from the tower it rings,  
the train rattles past the distanced  
red bricked decency.

The flagpoles white  
and red belled fuschia flowers again.  
The priestly call this day is done.  
My life is eremetically sealed.

And then the staircase,  
sleep and dream,  
and wait the morning bell  
across the wall,  
That sound bell shake the morning  
Echium Flower  
from out its slumber.

No statues hopefully have moved,  
no visions seen by pious rustic soul,  
no messages received from distant parts.

The morning train it rattles through,  
and carries friends to city hall,  
and stock exchange, and law men,  
to the four courts justice hall.  
A routine tedium like a triduum  
comes with this repetition  
and unanswered prayer search.

The graveyard down the road is full,  
of Canons and their retinue,  
and parsons lie asleep beneath the soil.  
For what remains is expectation,  
like cinders to the grate of faith.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Night Visitor

Three times the knock it came to me  
and opening up the door  
I saw no person standing there  
for help or succour plea.

I sat back down to lift the book  
and Donne his Epicedes,  
beside the embers I had sat,  
three times again the sound.

My heart it stilled,  
my mind it froze,  
for no wind blew the cottage sky,  
alone but lit by moon.

The sound again did slowly make,  
was someone dead or gone?  
for I with book and embers stood  
afraid and now alone.

I moved and to the knock at once,  
a soul upon my door?  
For only wood could make that sound,  
that I could hear again.

I slowly lifted up the latch,  
and fearful opened up,  
the door it let the ember glow  
outside into the path.

I looked to see into the dark,  
and there an Angel girl,  
of long black hair,  
and handsome form  
did stand and beckon on.

Out into forest I was brought,  
with hand and heart entwined.  
We danced by pines,

and kissed by stars,  
a garland she did make.

And oh! what night of reveries,  
and oh! what night of care,  
my youth returned again to make,  
our love upon the green moss  
alone lit by the moon.

And when awoke, I saw was gone,  
the angel girl and joy,  
I thought that I had dreamed  
the scene beneath the single star.  
But standing up I made my way  
the cottage open door,  
the fireside chair alone it kept  
the poems for resting there.

And in the morning by the sun,  
a light on pathway shone.  
A garland made of pines and cones  
lay there upon the step.

Let us not laugh at reveries  
of love the heart can make,  
the angel girl, she beckons  
on to mossy carpet heart,  
as lit by forest moon.

Bernard Kennedy

# Church In Evening May

The evening comes down lately in May,  
the church bell from the tower rings,  
the train rattles through the lanes  
of Dublin housing hedgerows.  
The grounds are tidy, flagpoles white,  
the fuschia flowers again,  
the priestly Sunday job is done  
this eremitical seal.

The morning bell like lauds again,  
awake the slumbering souls.  
And sainters for the triduum comes  
the routine rush staccato  
like,  
of novena repetition.

The graveside down the road is full,  
the coffins bakers dozen,  
the wedding bells are ringing out,  
the child his chrism head  
is done,  
and villagers are  
shriven.

Many the parson, manse and bell  
is quiet in this age.  
The footballers from College school  
kick up against the wall, the ball,  
in modern meditation.

The Beechwood Bell rings now again  
since soldiers fell at Somme,  
post office burned, and shots  
were heard, just down the local road.

Centenary, look back, that time,  
though customs change,  
the bell is ringing onward.  
For faith and faithless plod,

and ruminate in hope.

Bernard Kennedy

# In Memory

Your coffin was carried  
slowly through,  
the door where, you had stood  
many times greeting others.  
Now we greeted you,  
your remains, for you are gone.  
Your friends cried because  
it was true,  
Goula was dead.

Actress, poet, whom Kennelly  
read with joy, a painter,  
wife and animal lover.  
Leaving food for the fox in winter,  
the stray cat through the open  
kitchen window comes,  
the dog runs to meet his sitter.

Your Civil Defence friends  
gathered in honour  
and joined your family  
and friends for mass,  
in your Church of fifty years.

You cannot be forgotten,  
your old theatrical way,  
picked from Anna, Big Maggie,  
Phyllis, adept at directing plays.  
Your stage friends.

And you danced the conga,  
in the forties, and tangoed  
in the fifties, out in Tanganyika,  
and courtesy became you,  
as you read aloud and  
directed speech and bearing.

Now you do not need to dance,

now you do not need to paint,  
for what it represents now exists,  
for you and Noel.

No, you cannot be forgotten,  
for those who, like the merchant  
in search of treasure finds the field,  
a jewel, from London  
is always sought for.

Bernard Kennedy

# Advent Hymn To Christ

I watch the sweep towards Benbulbin,  
from Ladies Brae,  
of sheep hill, and cattle fold,  
I listen to the wind that  
at night can winter howl,  
and summer can carpet, like a  
bride and groom wedding view.

The climbers towards the hill,  
the young trainee searching monks,  
towards Horeb look,  
that sweeps down towards  
Drumcliffe.

For then I lift up,  
mine eyes have seen,  
hope and beauty,  
faith and ballast,  
and what I look towards now,  
and forevermore,  
can be Christ on water.

Advent waited to mature,  
as waiting does,  
like wine at Cana,  
between sinner and saint,  
and Mary's look of love,  
and Christ waits on  
the still soul.  
Qui fecit caelem et terrem.

Bernard Kennedy

# Sheets Of Slow Rain In Sligo

Drifting, drifting towards Dunmoran,  
Benbulbin and Knocknarea,  
darkening the bay of Ballisodare,  
the wind sweeps howling,  
wetting and dousing,  
the mountain carpet.

With incessant rain  
and sheep languish on Ladies Brae  
with Yeats asleep,  
and Mebdh at rest  
upon the hill at Knocknarea,  
wind lament as like a banshee.

The poets bare Benbulbin  
waits, calmly,  
as a ghost ship in the bay.  
With such beginnings  
Noah went to work.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Heading Home

It has to be the warmest of feelings.  
You have been away, and seen exciting scenes,  
and eaten foods you never ate before,  
and tasted delicacy.  
And walked a stranger kind of street.  
Then, near the end, of that nomadic path,  
you know the tickets booked,  
the train leaves prompt at nine,  
and down you go,  
with bags packed.

Like an exodus, others too, excited take their seats  
and out pulls the train, goodbye that newer way.  
Goodbye too the faces seen that journey on that path,  
with maps and water and nomadic stare,  
and home the heart is moved.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Joseph-The Father

A dream of the father, and  
now, in dream of Joseph,  
a new dream ' mind the woman,  
and the child',  
and Joseph listening,  
in silence, hermit like,  
to the dream of dreams,  
the mother and father of dreams,  
takes care,  
and the Son is born.  
Listen to the dream  
to whom the first born right  
belonged.  
Joseph, a dreamer.  
Male hear your dreams  
then awaken and take care.

Bernard Kennedy



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# Buttercup

Summer is brought  
through this lemon zest  
of colour-  
reflected under the chin,  
means, that you like  
a flavour.

And in the meadows  
of childhood,  
and Laughter's happiness,  
caught between  
the embrace of trees,  
at Glendalough,  
we sit together.

Like buttercups  
In the meadow of laughter,  
A reflection upon my chin,  
and smile and  
laughter,  
like a buttercup in  
The summer meadow,  
Your happiness,  
reflects and refracts.

Bernard Kennedy

# The Manse Gate

At a wave of his hand, with his eye on the traffic,  
Underneath his yellow helmet head,  
the bulldozer, lifting its beak  
Came down upon the old Manse gate,  
And in a second, with its pillars  
And walls, were rubble for the road,  
foundation.  
Contributing to its *raison d'être*, *passé*.

you leave Marlay Park, on the Grange Road side,  
the exit gate, facing what was a Manse,  
you could have seen it,  
a status of Gentry.

Those walls kept in an ethos,  
those gate let in a class,  
of carriages and conversation.

To a long, winding, Elms driveway,  
the Manse well gone.

And now the gates too,  
at the dropp of a hand, the wave,  
of a young man, helmetted in yellow,  
And a cigarette swinging in the spare hand,  
as the clear road allows the beak of progress  
move away a century of style.

Then he looks to wave me on,  
And holding in his hand, pulling on the  
smoke,  
nods the beak towards the wall,  
the highways now ready for foundation.  
History is history at a glance.

Bernard Kennedy