

Poetry Series

Eoghan Finn
- poems -

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Eoghan Finn(22-1-1988)

Hello,

If you would like to comment further on any poems or have any words in general drop me a mail at:

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Hope to hear from you...

Apology

God bless my little heart
And all it might
Learn, learn again and
Relearn in spite

Of love and bloody luck
Resting in my palm-
Our world- unsteady, shook
But coming over calm.

Now I must reiterate
My single solemn droll
In fear. And I contemplate
Living less a Soul-

All I wish to keep
Near or nearer – so
Now let us compromise
Let us arise and go.

Eoghan Finn

Becoming Of Age

More than young woman
Now, liberal and cunning
Now, blessed and becoming
How you're welcoming
How well age is coming

Along to a tune- were it a plot
In a play- too subtle to stage-
Neither writer nor conductor caught
Your becoming of age.

Eoghan Finn

By Request

I am of the Darkest matter,
Marvelous in my Insignificance
Like the Great captain of a Ghost ship
Steering towards Indifference.

I am Nothing at all.
I am the still evening grey
Unpassing, the Insufferable delay of today,

The Annoyance, wholly familiar
Questions less accent-
Harassing, indecent, the unceasing
Accident.

Eoghan Finn

Elevenes

Waking from a dopey sleep
Hoping any thoughts I keep
Today are not another's wishes
I pray be unfulfilled-
But my own censure
Of confessions i've spilled

To friends i've culled
In labour, love, on locale-
Our bond's to be annulled
On grounds of rationale.

Oh! The fickle nature of relationships,
The searing need for others.
The ones you toil,
The ones you spoil.

Eoghan Finn

Han

Every second
I've tried for peace.
But long may it remain
Above and out
Of reach.

Not a second
I thought the break
A stone
Skimming a lake

But deeper. Still
And clear, then
Came the Redoubtable.
I know
I'm accountable.

Eoghan Finn

Rose

She knows her own
To trim, to clip.
Most perfect form
From root to tip.
When we dance
Green waves, she sways
Below her breath
She softly says;

"The finest lines
Of many kinds",
A find! A wind
To guide some blind
Lot to hope, no call, no chord,
To the point of Crocea Mors.

From under rock and folded wings,
Comes procession; pillows, rings.
But flower kept- kept til Spring,
And only then when swallows sing,

When daisies march to man the earth,
When raven's loot but shy your worth,
You tilt your neck, begin to show
I love you rose and how you grow!

Eoghan Finn

Speaking From The Heart

I chose my discourse
The one with volume
After volume. I leak
My words from the tip,

Falling, nearly,
Would cost me dearly-
To land not a drop
Of this bloody ink drip.

Eoghan Finn

Untitled

With respect to the banal
Or matters less trivial.
The time spent wishing
Sat under a tree-
Still, like air,
That smothers proverbial
Places to go
And people to see,

Passing in hours,
Rushing in sequins,
Catching the arm
Of a chair. At the table
Sitting in silence,
Waiting and waiting
To find that you really
And truly are able.

Eoghan Finn

Will

My only want in all that's holy;
To be crowned.
'As much he frowned- he smiled,
Though he fled and grew wild.'

Great peace at last
Came to close the box.
He asked; ' What Beast so desperate
As to claim the Fox? '

My spirit now waking-
Spiraled Peter's iron wrought-
Making cups from fingers,
'Rest in Peace' the last he caught

Eoghan Finn