

Poetry Series

Brian P FitzGerald

- 3 poems -

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On Some Primeval Shore

I

No soul sees:

The sun is hot, the water's warm,
No children laugh, no joggers run;
On sandy beach no footprints are left;
No bathers splash, no sea-gull's cry, not one

No humans observe:

Torrents of water from far-distant mountains
Through alpine ravine with slopes of scree,
With fragments of tree-fern and coarse sandy grit –
Now sluggish and slow and dropped out to sea.

No person hears:

A rumble of thunder across the strand;
Raindrops spot the beach before the tide
Now spreads its mud across the sand,
And wavelets with silt the ripples hide.

II

Investigation:

"Sir", he cries, "that boulder, on the shore! "
The students they watch as chisel strikes the block
The fissile gritstone begins to crack; "more! "
They cry; it splits, they stare, "see, the rock....."

Revelation:

No sitting in class, no passage in book, I swear,
Can grip the mind and so amaze
As now the sight on which the pupils stare -
A hidden revelation as pupils gaze.

Understanding:

Their minds now thrill at what's before,
Gritstone is split; a gasp of breath:
A scene revealed - a sandy shore:
Ripples in the sand and a shower that passed.

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The Church

My heart is held in icy grip
A biting wind now takes my breath
Along the path I struggle and slip
Before me dance the wraiths of death.

So bleak the church ahead I knew,
Grey and spectral in ghastly glow.
The tumbled tombs and gnarled yew
And drunken headstones covered in snow

The lych gate beckons with moonlit chill;
A frosty welcome offers me.
An ashen light from shuttered grill
What solace there can find for me?

Along the frosty path I tread
In wretched pain and hapless grief.
The door creaks open, with deathly dread
I step inside, but no relief.

Here death pervades the icy air;
And now amongst the ghastly flock
Whose twisted bodies sit and stare
I sit: my memories I try to block

The air is bitter, no warmth I feel
My fingers freeze in icy air
On bench I sit, on floor I kneel
No comfort now I find in prayer

I hear the preacher preach
Absolving all by Godly prayer
Of joys eternal he tries to teach
But thoughts of joy are dim I swear

"O Lord, make haste to help us."
The priest now mutters – a plea indeed
"And make thy chosen people joyful."
O, how can joy be so decreed?

No joy I find in here displayed,
As death pervades the arctic cold;
I swear to God in all I prayed
That joy for me would ne'er unfold.

I join a world, of gruesome dead
A nightmare grim in mortal terms
The ghoulish priest in fear and dread
My life and death he now confirms.

I slump and fade; I sigh and then.....
No thought, no feeling; I dream no more,

I reap the sleep of sinful men;
In death I rest and live no more.

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Where Moses Crossed the Nuwebian Shore

Where Moses Crossed the Nuwebian Shore

He ponders the tide caressing the beach -
Its ripples cross the glist'ning sand,
From Sinai's cliffs sun-setting rays reach
Far-distant peaks that shimmer in desert heat.

Across the darkening sea, turquoise and blue,
The haze begins to change on Midian's face, whereby
The golden russet transforms to purple hue,
As rays from sun-set reach across the sky.

A ferry sails by; its wake now washes ashore.
A gliding crane appears and lands on water's edge;
The boat is safe in port and seen no more.
On one leg, the crane surveys a rocky ledge.

The sun is hidden, the horizon dark,
The water is quiet, the air is still;
Jihad now scribes in sand and makes his mark,
A breeze so softly stirs the dust; a chill I feel.

Generations whose names, inscribed in shifting sand,
Now fade in the dusk, like the crane on the shore,
And those, who make ripples that die away,
Pass into port and are known no more.

My footprints are covered; what augurs await?
The ripples have died; generations come and go.
What names survive the sands of fate?
No Red Sea will part for me, this I know.

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Brian P FitzGerald