Poetry Series

Francie Lynch

- 140 poems -

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Francie Lynch

Born a while ago in an area of County Monaghan, Ireland, called Loughegish (Lake of the Learned) . When the flax mill failed my father went to Canada and we emigrated six months later to Sarnia, Ont. I grew up here, worked in Education for my career and am happily retired writing poetry.

A Kiss Is A Sentence

A kiss is a sentence
it may run-on, and on, and...
stop, step off, take a breath.

A kiss is complex
if you're young or inexperienced;
but not to worry;
with time, it's enigmatic.

A kiss is compounded,
when confounded and complex;
and should you try expounding it;
your kiss may lead to sex.

A kiss that is declarative
is indicative, not imperative.

A kiss can be inverted;
that's diverted, not perverted.
(or vice versa)

A kiss is exclamatory:
As in, 'Not now! ' 'I'm sorry! '

A kiss is.
A fragment of a kiss.
At osculum interrupta.

When is a kiss too questionable?
When it's probing, or incredible.

My advice.
Skip the semantics.
Don't parse the stars and moon.
Just
Keep It Simple Stupid
Full stop.
(or not...)

Francie Lynch

A Poem is Like a Tickle

A poem is like a tickle,
It gives you joy and pain:
With blissful tears and
Tearful giggles,
You read that poem again.

A poem is like a damaged heart
In need of CPR:
Or the cut that heals,
A line that seals
A scab above the scar.

Francie Lynch

A Sapient Curriculum

The sun sits heavy on our lake.
There's much less to anticipate;
So much to communicate.
So let's reflect on our spectrum;
Our sapient, human curriculum.

I

The sentient clod in Book One,
Sat up, cleaned up, removed his thumb.
With leafless Eve and a fruitful tree
(made fertile with Theology)
Gave rise to Sociology.
Of all the oligies to appear,
Without this one we're not here.

Buy in, ward of tribal wrath.
Empathy's good for a sociopath.

II
To help our clans grow brave and strong,
Our gestures morphed into whale song.
Those gutturals uttered shared found fire,
Pulled our heads from anal mire.
Did more for us than temple choirs.
Soon we make our first speech acts,
Labelling things, voicing contracts.
Our language was invented once
With radiance: with brilliance.
It's acquisition global,
Like math and music, universal.
Not to be learned, but inherent,
Foreboding dark and translucent.
With raised voices we relate,
And in conclusion end debate.
It really does sound quite absurd,
To be seen and not heard.
So form good thoughts and speak good words.

Though our language grew and spread,
By 2100 half are dead.

III

From our mud jambs and our stones,
We peaked, then said we're not alone.
Assumed a greater good than we
Placed us here and made us free.
Co-joined with divines we wait,
To resurrect... reincarnate....
(It's just too weird to transmigrate) .
The ones who really take the cake

Are those who transubstantiate.
Beliefs now sculpted religious states
(The unknown makes one hesitate) .
Thank goodness in our goodwill,
If caught we punish
(Still sadly kill) .
Fear and guilt are base and column,
Supporting gods we relied on.

We surely had ourselves in mind,
To create such gods we find unkind.

IV

We sought solutions to reality.
We love to hear our name.
To think within without oneself,
To think one can prove oneself
With statements of truth and belief.
We plied knowledge, values and existence,
To come to terms with our essence.
If you think, doubt and speak,
Know when to enter and delete;
Then rest assured you're not doomed:

dubito ergo cogito, ergo sum

V

The hub of sciences and controls,
Mines our minds to open portals.
A discipline that aims to heal
Delusions of reality.
It delves deeply into dreams,
Interpreting recurring themes.
Parsing perceptions and relations,
Our cognition and emotions.
Claiming reaction as fight or flight
Is our basest primate notion.
If you're seeking therapy,
For life's complex journey,

Then heal yourself, and heal me.
Couch us in Psychology.

VI

In King James we're told history
With stories bound in mystery.
The collected work of humanity

Were printed for our legacy.
One needs only read The Prodigal Son,
To know the course our literature's run.
There read romance, greed and crime,
Erotica, adventure, The Divine:
Its cup spills with poetry,
Breaching lips with poesy.
The best an author could produce.

The exception being Mother Goose.

VII

Our human/physical geography
Unlocks our global complexity;
Unravels human camaraderie.

To really get it leave your hovel,
Pack your bags, make plans to travel.

VIII

Laws are made for governance,
With no excuse for ignorance.
Economy, society and politics,
Are codified by social ethics;
Crowding cells with amoral convicts.
Rules curb narcissistic needs
With civil and criminal equality.

To understand our civic censure,
Spot a cop in your rear view mirror.

IX

We've searched long, trying to explain,
Using Science, naming names.
Administering tests of redundancy
To master predictability.
Everything now is Something-Science:
As if a hyphen gives it sapience.
But science isn't all that stable,
It's theories ever changing.
Strings loop through everything.
These latest theories can't be grasped,
With ten dimensions moving fast,
Or moving slowly, shrinking, growing.

It seems we're really in the know.
Before Big Bang what ran the show?

X

From cave painting to modernity,
Art projects humanity.
It's very good at teasing us
With abstracts feigning mimesis.
Does the artist need an audience
For the creation to make sense?
For art's sake can we accept the creed:

Ars Gratia Artis.
On that agreed.

XI

What I learned from
Rock 'n Roll
Has helped divine
What I call soul.

(As for sex and drugs?
Best left untold) .

I'm just the boy that ran track,
Studied Shakespeare,
Read the stacks.
Did stand-up routines
In my class.

Those I love I endow
With all my love.
They know by now.

Don't get me wrong,
I'm ageing great,
But there's so much
To communicate.
So much to anticipate.

Francie Lynch

A Silver Chain of Being

Does she know the silver chain wrapping
Her ankles is terminal and deep
As a trans-Atlantic cable
Connecting the Island and here.

A single, full-breasted pull on a summer cigarette
Was life-altering.
Her body was beach-burned and her hands sifted
Grains funnelling beneath her thread-bare towel.

Our silver natal thread contracted
As the blue smoke rose,
Magnifying the August moon.
Three hundred moons have dimmed.

We walked in step from the Village
Through the park with the slack chain dragging,
Scraping the cement.
I have often polished that chain,
Used muriatic acid to untarnish it.

We didn't know our brains would
Become onions behind our eyes.
We didn't know towels would patchwork
Over bones.
I didn't know a chain of being could snap
So easily.

Francie Lynch

Achilles' Heels

I stand sturdy in this room,
Facing you warm from the womb.
I press my back against the wall,
To push you back before you fall;
To watch your back.
I am your wall.

I feel my heels against the wall,
Where others stood before I crawled.
If I'd been dipped in River Styx
I'd linger long and stall.
But like Achilles,
I must fall.

I wasn't bathed in ambrosia
To burn off mortality;
Yet I'm awash in awe by you,
For my eternity.

For this my hands are calloused,
My great grief known to me.
I know Achilles' burning rage
To know someday I'll leave.

Before that day we'll warm a bench
Near willowed river tree;
I'll wear a cap, carry a cane,
Sit small ones on my knee.

We'll name the Lakers carrying coal,
Tell mythic stories of those grown old,
And wonder where the boats unload.
I'll know the joy you'll bring to me
Beneath the willow tree.

Today my heels press the wall,
I'm stalwart facing you;
I'll push and shove and hold you back;
Then face my wall,
My shroud and pall.
.

Francie Lynch

After Equinox

I'm up to my elbows
In Summer sun,
I've hit my funny bone;
The gangs have hit
The pavement,
No one mentions home.

The towels are stretched
On sand dunes,
Water falls free and clear,
There's no time for dwelling
On one's sun-kissed despair.

There's amusement parks
And animal farms,
Camps and hiking trails;
Boats slice turquoise waters,
Daughters tuggiing tails.

And there,
Beneath a snuggled moon
Couples spoon
Leaving no room for air.

We end our daily frolics
With our evening walks;
I'll find time
To lift my elbows
After Equinox.

Francie Lynch

All Over Me

Everything about a kid
Bundled against winter gets me.
A toque, under a taut hood,
Chapped like lips.
Mitts covering hands,
Joined like tin cans,
With fingers communing
Warmth along lines that
Join our hearts and souls.
Sleeves pulled down
Over mitts with
Wax-like icicles.
Bootsoversocksoverfeet
Under pants, over skin and bones
(that hardly seem warm)
All over me.
Now you see,
They're all over me like nothing.
Bundled in me for
All winters.

Francie Lynch

Apocalyptic Talk

(the tics will talk 'til twelve o'clock)

When we make time,
When we listen:

The theistic preach deistic talk;
The atheistic preach pragmatic talk;
The agnostic preach proleptic talk;
The heretic preach schismatic talk;
The mystic preach prophetic talk.

(the mesianic and satanic
moved their tics 'n tocks)

When we have time,
Then we listen:

The optimistic teach hypnotic talk;
The pessimistic teach sarcastic talk;
The altruistic teach empathetic talk;
The idealistic teach synergistic talk;
The pacifistic teach semantic talk;
The body politic teach charismatic talk;
The eccentric teach idiotic talk;
The technocratic teach robotic talk;
The romantic teach poetic talk;
The critic teach cathartic talk;
The moralistic teach dualistic talk;
The ascetic teach platonic talk.

(the minimalist hasn't the time to talk)

When we find time,
Do we listen:

The lunatic speak quizzotic talk;
The neurotic speak pathetic talk;
The chauvanistic speak monistic talk;
The nihilistic speak ballistic talk;
The hedonistic speak narcissistic talk;
The futuristtic speak galactic talk.

(the artistic don't need to talk)

Don't.

Look.
Some tic reset the clock.

Francie Lynch

Are You Pissed Yet

Well, are you?
Did the news startle you
That things are a mess.
Gaza's imploding,
Palestine's exploding,
The Middle East could use some help.
In the Communist countries
There's an electronic curtain
Keeping people out.
Planes go strangely missing
Over unknown ground;
Others don't go missing,
They're eagerly missled down.
There's millions starving
All around;
Meaningful work is hard to find,
Taxes steeply climb;
And under the steeple
There's fewer people,
But that's not as bad as it sounds.
My bills are stacking,
We're seriously lacking
A government we can trust.
By any account, our sorry world
Is rightly fucked right up.
If you're not pissed
Then you've missed
The news at six o'clock.

Francie Lynch

Bleeding Picture

My eyes saw you hide behind a flower,
Reproved between the blades;
Wizened and withered by your touch,
Your dream has surely failed.

You strutted on a high wire,
A dot on either side;
Your pirouette on the stairs,
Was a step with every lie.

Self-fashioned on a bleeding picture,
You knew the world was stained;
Your sweat proclaimed with licks,
And a self-sustaining brain.

Who could answer all the calls
Those infernal internal rings;
The boy outside was looking,
Planning heinous sins.

You stropped a spoon with her eyes,
But who was really blind;
She treaded in a sea of blood,
You spooned her brain and mind.

Play your guitar in blissful darkness,
In a single-lighted room;
Your poems have finally flickered,
With that action all too soon.

I see petals hoover yet,
Indifferent, no appeal;
My fingers curl when I touch
A thing you'll never feel.

Francie Lynch

Borne On A Notion

For today, we share the notion,
That a child born long ago,
    Called us home,
    To live as children;
    We hear our names,
    We're not alone.

Gather round, sit at our table,
    Stretch your arms,
    Increase expand;
    Bless our children,
    Bless our parents,
Count our blessings while we can.

For today, we share in living,
That the notion from long ago,
    Called us home,
    We are the children;
    We heard our names,
    Never alone.

Gather round, sit at our table,
    Stretch your arms,
    Increse expand;
    Bless our children,
    Bless our parents,
Count your blessings while you can.

Borne on the promise of a notion,

On the promise of a seat,

By our Love and our Devotion

To the Living Son, our Living Feast.

Francie Lynch

Byron

I have an unusual friend. A small man with charms of a gentle redneck. He holds court in his garage for his acquaintances, those free or at large. His demeanour is rustic, but his wisdom self-taught. His name is Byron (I know, it's too good to be true) , not lordly, but Byron likes the girls and light brew. Byron says, "I'll kick your ass." every time we play golf. Not yet. His voice is chasmic and often influenced by distractions. And then on a cold, witch-tit, heathcliffe driving winter's day, with the wood stove well-fired, a rascally friend opens the door, and Byron yells, "Shut the door. Do you think wood grows on trees." On leaving the same day he advises me, "Don't slip on the ice. It's frozen." I didn't tell you Byron has one eye. Better yet, a patch on the other. He looks more like post Frodo ignoring the "Don't run with scissors. You'll put your eye out." warning from Mother Baggins, than he does LB. I dropped my pipe once on his garage floor. A special pipe. It's my bowling pipe. Byron thinks it clever to call me at work and tell my secretary that he and I are bowling after school. Byron mixes metaphors. So, my pipe has dropped. Byron says, " Let me help. Three eyes are better than two." His cleverness can backfire. I tried to be sensitive, but there was neither an honourable or dishonourable way out. Byron hung an oak wood sign near his stove. He makes his own stain, and rubs it evenly in circles with his wife's old nylons. "It's great for the penetration, " he'll quip. The two flaps of the sign are joined with leather straps and stainless steel studded to the wood. The letters painted within the stencilled lines are a dark, rich mixture. The joke. "Lift flap in case of fire." Normally one lifts the flap. "Not now stupit. In case of fire." The sign quietly disappeared and was never mentioned again. He'll never kick my ass.

Francie Lynch

Cat in the Cloud

Your text read:
'My cat died.'
Sorry for your troubles.
I was moved.
Mind, I don't own a cat.
I'll e-card sympathies.
If you were with me
I would have cried.
If that's what 'My cat died' means.

Francie Lynch

China Plate

Find some sense.

Arrange your fingers and forks

Along napkin edges. Press.

Show patience for the parade beneath your nose.

Lift your glass through which we

Sideways glance.

(that drop of wine in your smile
won't get wasted)

My fingers move along the plate,

Ringing the gold-banded China.

Real rings of breeding.

We often dine with these relics around the table.

Our thoughts become palatable.

Our lowered nods cut the silence.

To our right sits the fool, the touchy

Feely kind.

Talk, like run-off splashes to rinse

Such foolish gesticulations.

(her glass spills, blotting the cloth)

I heard a lack of oxygen at birth was the downfall.

Never to recover, never to know, never an option.

Bliss and kiss of ignorance.

The seed of such recklessness

Sits, and drips on her China plate.

Francie Lynch

Closed and Fell Cold

They were her hands,
Destined for pleasure.
Fingers tied knots
Ringed with gold,
And pointed the way
For growing old.

Palms held petals,
Bows, ribbons
And pages;
Wrists watched
The measured time
Of keys and games;
Wrapped packaged treasures,
Opened doors.

They were small
Determined hands,
Covered in flour
White skin
Powdering her face,
Inviting
Me in.

Hands held in supplication,
Joy and despair;
Hands in need
Of salvation.

Like leaves
On autumn branches
That branches
Can't hold,
Her hands
Lost their grip,
Then closed
And fell cold.

Francie Lynch

Cover Story

I was about to read,
'Death Comes for the Archbishop.'
But the cover
Gave it away.

Francie Lynch

Crib

You play three.
Me, seven.
        Fifteen for two.
This is when I lose you.
Your phone vibrates,
You levitate
Sitting across from me;
Making me audience
To all the drama.
You vibrate. Your shoulders droop
Like the gape-toothed village idiot.
You gesticulate, fading in and out
In a semi-conscious awakening.
Your trembling under stones
Sitting on your chest.
It shows in your trembling hands.
        Twenty, for two...
        Twenty-five, for six...
I overhear your child is truant,
Another wants a ride;
Another, a car or doctor or lawyer.
You're shuffling in your seat.
Not to worry.
Soon after the stones are lifted,
And you're properly pegged
In the stink-hole, the game's over.
        Thirty, for twelve, and a go. Game.
So, deal with it.

Francie Lynch

Dancer

You like the stage,
So abuse it,
As lovers in their grave,
In a raunchy, sexy way.
There's a mime behind your face-paint,
Above your feathered neck;
The change that rains down on you
Had you sprawling on the deck.
You step through the shadows,
Scan your fingers through the crowd;
Your aquiline shape is warrior-like
In your raunchy, sexy way.
Your squint makes me
Think of your power
To suppress;
The plebes have their thumbs up -
Ah... there goes the rest.
Then you rise, not vain,
No shame in our pain.
But there, exposed,
For all to see,
The road map of your
Veins.

Francie Lynch

D-Day (June 11,2014)

Kathleen, my little girl,
Just texted she's in labor.
D-Day.
What a trooper.
Soft landing
For my first grandchild.

Francie Lynch

Death is Way Overrated

Try not to die.
Death is way overrated.
You don't rest in peace
Rolling in the deep;
Or sit on clouds
Feeling high.
You're dead.
It's not a compromise
From daily woes;
It's not respite
From daily blows.
It's death.
Simple and permanent.
And if you think
For one eternal second
You'll hover, ghost-like,
At your funeral,
And hear stories
About how great you are,
Were,
Or, see your enemies cry,
Forget it.
You didn't get even
With anybody
By killing yourself.
I suspect,
And this is stretching it,
If possible,
You wouldn't be interested
In the living
Anyway.
You got dead.
For ever and ever.

Francie Lynch

Delusional Death Wishes

Ever find a blade
That you couldn't use;
Find a six foot
Length of rope
That couldn't be abused?
Ever buy a vial of pills
That couldn't
Do the kill?
Ever enter
Office buildings
Looking for
A ledge,
Or walk across
A span of water
Without stopping
On the bridge?
Ever wade
Into a pond
Breathing like
The fishes?
Anyway you think
Of It,
You've delusional
Death wishes.

Francie Lynch

Detailed and Deaf

Stand stalwart against the bull,
Like toreadors, but
In corridors.
Look sharp and sinister
Down the pick.
Use the lance to find solutions.

Where did we go?
Our friends and books,
Our disks spinning on
The hard drive
Finally brings us eye to eye
With the bull.

He, before you,
With fierce maddening eyes,
Reveals our inner eye, and
The I within me.
We store a labyrinth of treasure
To mine in days of leisure.

You will sit silently in rooms,
Walk near stars and
Bleeding bulls,
Or awaken some mornings
To test patterns,
With the eyes in need of rubbing,
Eyes in need of monitoring.

Don't forget to drag the bull out,
Detailed and deaf.

Francie Lynch

Don Quixote

Should you phone
When I'm at home,
Don't assume I'm all alone
Choosing epithets
For my stone.

If you phone
And hear me moan,
Don't assume I'm on my throne.
That's me practicing
Saxaphone.

When you phone
And hear me groan
In a singular monotone.
That's me tinkling
My xylophone.

I'm the new age
Don Quixote;
Sitting in
My library.
I'm not dying,
I'm versifying,
Communing with
Life's mystery.

Francie Lynch

Don't Dwell on Death

The digs prove the existence of eternity.
Lucy joined millions of years ago.
That's a long time to be in eternity,
But that's hardly eterntiy.
Her relations don't bring flowers
Or trim the grass.
They stopped mourning years ago.
Perhaps hours after she died.
Eternity is a long time not to talk.

Love doesn't really stay in your heart forever.
Forever? Too Romantic a notion for a reality check.
My eternity began at conception,
And I'm in no hurry for it to continue.
Neither should you.
It's a long time.

Will someone or something
Find forty percent of my bones down the road.
There's not enough time to fill eternity.
Remove it from famous sayings
And we have no comparison
For love, duty, time or beauty.
Can we really see it
In a blade of grass
Or in an hour.

Digs don't prove reincarnation, resurrection or spooky stuff.
Just eternity.
Silent. Non-existent.
Imagine, a dove swooping down and brushing our world
With one wing once every thousand years.
A soft or palatable swipe.
It's all the same.
Every thousand years.
After a period, the world will eventually vanish:
Every mountain and ocean - gone;
Skyscrapers and swimming pools - gone;
Boulders and grains of sand - gone;
The animals of ground, wind and water,
And earth itself - gone.
Eternity begins with the last brush
Of its wing.
That's a long time to be dead.
A long time being quiet.

I read endless poems about eternal love
And self-destruction;
But there's only one theme defining eternity,
Death.
The digs have proven it.
Lucy was found alone,

Despite all her loves.
Death wins all in the eternity theme.
Constant and sure.
That's a long, long time.
Don't dwell on it.

Francie Lynch

Don't Say Bite Me

I'm missing some teeth,
So don't say bite me.
I can gum you
Or lick you;
I'll gladly kiss you.
But don't say bite me.

Francie Lynch

Don't You Know

You can share it, like

Sour Dough:

Divide it, it grows.

It's innate, it's ingrained.

That's it.

Don't you know!

There's no risk like a used car,

It's value will rise.

There's no worth in bargains,

No run in with wine.

It's not used for usury.

That's it.

Don't you know!

You can't win it with guile.

To earn it - inconceivable.

To think it - unbelievable.

You can't find it without you.

That's it.

Don't you know!

Francie Lynch

Ecce Puer. Ecce Homo. Ecce Puer.

I won the race,
So tail me.
I lost my balance,
Don't right me.

I won second place,
So bewail me.
I lost the toss,
Don't kite me.

I won the ribbon,
So impale me.
I lost my cool,
Don't ice me.

I won the job,
So avail me.
I lost the argument,
Don't cite me.

I won the bid,
So assail me.
I lost the battle,
Don't fight me.

I won the vote,
So regale me.
I lost some friends,
Don't spite me.

I won the right,
So hail me.
I lost my way,
Don't slight me.

I won the lottery,
So blackmail me.
I lost some will,
Tread lightly.

I won the case,
So bail me.
I lost the cross,
Don't indict me.

I won the girl,
So unveil me.
I lost some teeth:
'So bite me! '

Francie Lynch

Environmentally Friendly

I'm raining,
Draining with flotsam,
Washed onward
To the gutter.

I'm decomposing,
Recomposting
On the truck
To the dump.

I'm recyclable,
Reuseable.
Re-fashion me
For another life.

Francie Lynch

Epitaph

I've been playing
With my epitaph
For years now.
So far, I got:
'I'm sorry.'

Francie Lynch

Exorcising You

This isn't working.
Writing, they said,
Would exorcise you.
What to do?
Get a crucifix tattoo.
Draw the curtains
To let daylight through.
Whittle a stake.
Sprinkle ashes on the lake.
Drink vodka and holy water.
Cross lit candles behind
My cobwebs.
Fashion my ring into a silver bullet.
Flush it all down the toilet.

Francie Lynch

Expectations

Expectations were soaring

The invitation addressed:

'Me and a Guest.'

Expectations were tense.

The last suitcase labelled.

I shaved in my mirror.

Gave the shoes a black shine.

(Pulled back the flap,
Laid a grip on a bottle,
Gave it full throttle)

Expectations were high.

Today Canada Post

Wasn't far from my drive;

Today CP,

Facing the wind,

Walked by.

Expectations can lie.

Francie Lynch

Feed My Sheep?

Visited with Daddy
One more time before
He died.
Before I left the room
I asked if there was anything
He wanted.
I was shocked to hear:
'Feed my Sheep.'

My friend who was closer
To Dad heard:
'Clean my teeth.'

Not quite the same as Camus'
Deathbed announcement.
Daddy died with an existential smile.

Francie Lynch

Fingerprints

I write, edit, post;
Delete, edit, post.
My fingerprints are toast.
Spectral as a ghost.
I once left them
On things of ease,
But now they're lost somewhere
On keys.

Francie Lynch

For Aine

Who read this book
Before me;
Read it so
Relentlessly;
Read it
Like you read to me?

Who carved letters
In this tree;
Neatly carved
For me to read;
Will you carve mine
As deep as these?

Who walked these streets
Ahead of me;
Held a hand
As you hold me;
Saw deep puddles
And carried me?

Who loves me more
Than you love me;
Gives this love
So generously;
Hugs me like
Bark hugs a tree?

We read that book
To you nightly;
Walked these streets
For your safety;
Held you close,
Yet let you be.
We know you know
From the start,
Aine's carved
In our hearts,
Carried there
When we're apart,
So every pulse
Through every vein
Gives us strength
To do again.

Francie Lynch

For My Grandchild

For my grandchild
Born today,
There must be seasons
For childhood play.
To design a leaf house
And build snow,
To stop and smell
The flowers grow.
And swim in clear water.
Wars end today,
Friends make amends,
Today we stop
The slaughter.
There will be good air
And rich warm soil,
And moments free
From daily turmoil.
These are the dreams
I hold and ponder.
Will this child
Be the answer?

Francie Lynch

For Some, For Now

We'll do another year, for now,
Know moments of anguish and triumph,
Know too that years are all alike
Riding on long lapses of
Comfort in between.

Sometimes I see heads sharing shoulders,
Or bodies close around a table
Sharing framed scenes.

Sometimes there are piano keys,
And promises of music.
At times, I see a landing, gently,
Leading to a small smile of satisfaction.

In the morning we continue with the
Morning good-bye kiss.
We must greet each other again, soon,
In friendship and loving service.
It takes us a lifetime to understand
Our witnessing of taste and touch,
But most of all, feel.

For now, the instant becomes you.
Still each day replaces memories,
For now.
And we, in the now and to be,
In the greatest degree of love.
As I love you.

Francie Lynch

For You

For You: Walls will tumble,
Temples crumble,
Crowds grow humble,
Proud people stumble,
And the loud will grumble.

For You: Brooks will flow,
People will show,
Gardens will grow,
Clouds will snow,
And breezes blow.

For You: Birds will sing
With love on the wing.
Bells will ring,
Bees not sting,
And sonnets will spring.

For You: Tables were set,
Appetites whet,
Eyes were met,
We owned our debt,
And I could forget.

For You: Candles were lit,
Children will sit,
Boulders will split,
Fingers will fit,
And time would shift.

For You: Masses were said,
Promises wed,
We shared bread,
Covered our head,
And remembered our dead.

For You: Were all of these
For me.

Francie Lynch

Fronts

Heretics.
Bolsheviks.
Lunatics.
Kleptomaniacs.
All fronts.
Pretend fronts as
Friendly
Guises to disguise
Wiley acts of terror.

All tics like
Parasites
Stealing and sucking
Fleas on festering
Flesh.
Breathing carrion breath.

Why inject your
Games with ungainly success.
Why such primitive
Unleashing of frustration
And regressiveness.

Francie Lynch

Full Baby Nelson

Byron and I play
The All Topics Open.
Eighteen holes of talk
Invariably draws nostalgic.
Byron mentioned he went to the WWF in Detroit.
I sliced into a childhood memory
Off midgets at Cobo Hall:
Cobo Hall, Saturday Night. Be there or we'll come get you!
And the beer and cigarette commercials.
Byron started pitching old wrestlers and holds:
Leaping Larry Shane, great with the Anaconda vice;
Killer Kowalski vs. Bobo Brazil, pinned by the Crucifix and Abdominal Stretch;
Dick the Bruiser tagging with The Sheik
To defeat Gorgeous George and Crybaby McCarthy.
Byron went on in detail, with tabernacle authority:
'It was a Bear Hug that quickly swung in to a Quarter,
then Half,
then Full Nelson;
Crybaby bounced off a knee,
Was driven to the mat and pinned
By a Front Sleeper.'

Jimmy's newborn picture faded in,
and the pose he naturally struck
 baby arms
cocked like a sideshow muscle man.
Daddy quipped: Dick the Bruiser.
(Oh... Jimmy. Jimmy) .

I wanted to be Leaping Larry.
Daddy quipped: Larry the Stooge.
I didn't see that moniker coming.

Byron sounded teed off. I could hear him... but
I was zoning.
Crybaby and Front Sleeper made me smile.
How times Venn.

I was pinned yesterday.
I recognized the feeling.
I was pinned for life,
By a tag team:
The inescapable
Full Baby Nelson.
You know the hold.
On your back.
Baby on chest, face down.
Pinned.

Then Byron flopped one,
Dead centre green.
Byron is no midget, but with the

Right camera angle...

Francie Lynch

Genius Before Posterity

That girl held dearly,
Soon crawling in the yard;
Eating grasshoppers like Einstein,
Might change our world.

That boy slurping soup
With no thought of seasoning,
Spooning ferociously.
He'd pass Edison's test of reasoning.

Your teen may dwell on video screens
With keenness as he shoots;
Fischer was the same, I hear,
When mating his pursuits.

Our youth mould with nuance
Unknown or heard;
Like Beatles when they sang their story,
Changed our world with words.

You see that child with quiet demeanour,
Shy, wise and independent;
Misunderstood and fiercely inner,
Strong-willed and confident:
How could that child hurt himself!
She might think of suicide!
What is it that we recognize
Only when they've died.

Sometimes the precocious go on display,
The kind kind, not the snide,
They reason well, abstractly think,
Still, they're lacking pride.
Although this child loves the test,
She'll play piano with the best.

Nose in the shelves or cheering,
Joining clubs or donning jerseys,
This one belongs to many groups,
Can 'stand one' in the pub.
Friends get a wink or inside joke.
Their loyalty counts when they vote.

The flower vender didn't know
When selling flowers to Van Gogh,
His flowers would always grow.

The orchard worker had a flaw,
He left the apples far too long,
Now we've Newton's Law.

In the bar fight, glass was broken,

Swept out with the rubble.
Copernicus saw that glass that day
Now we have the Hubble.

We know parents rarely see
The true presence of a genius;
But we live in fortunate times
We get it when we see it.
Like sitting in a Hawking's lecture,
Having Cohen sing to us;
Some who voted for Gandhi,
Can still watch Messi play.
Old men fish with Hemingway
When they read his book,
We can watch a Hitchcock,
When brave enough to look.
We sit through Lear
And hear Shakespeare,
Or Tour St. Paul's with Wren;
Stand and stare at Dali
Until the world unbends.
Or just walk Rome.
You may even find one
Sitting at home alone.

Rely on natural ability.
Persistence precedes reputation;
Provide the extras and common sense,
And love will lead to eminence.

Children breathe our same air,
But exhale differently;
Genius can be found right here,
Before posterity.

Francie Lynch

Godzilla and UFO's

Damn.
I ran over a toad
On the way home,
In front of the courthouse.
Am I right to assume
Godzilla and UFO's
Don't exist?
I hope!

Francie Lynch

Granny Vacuumed

Granny vacuumed so the grandkids could play.
The kids are grown.
Granny left today.

Francie Lynch

Ground Control

I hear you lost control;
I'm ambivalent to your state:
If what they mean is self-control,
Hold on, don't abdicate.

Now you're with damage control;
A wreck from inner strife:
You also have motor control,
So move on with your life.

I hear you've issues with quality control;
And want exclusive rights:
Exclude me from your command control,
I'm not your copyright.

If you're caught-up in crowd control;
Can't find a safe way out:
Put yourself on flight control,
Then kick and scream and shout.

With Life there is no price control;
It's often on back order:
With Life you give and take control,
It's cheaper across the border.

So set yourself on cruise control;
Steer clear of power potholes:
Pass the Freaks who need control,
Those assholes backfill sinkholes.

Francie Lynch

Happy Birthday... Right

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

Your skin is soft,
Your eyes are bright,
And yet,
You lose your teeth at night.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

You don't walk with a cane,
Wear a diaper,
Or leave a stain.
Usually you
Remember my name,
But then you have
Some nose hair
Like late September grain.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

You don't wear knee-highs
In Bermuda shorts,
Your moles are hairless,
You hide some warts,
And you don't play
Outside sports.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

Your hair's not blue,
Your ears are hairless;
There's things about you
That seem ageless.

I don't know how old you are,
But you don't look your age.

You swagger like an actor
On a curtain call;
It's hard to gauge
The age you wear
Since your overhaul.

I don't know the half of it,
But you don't look your age.

Francie Lynch

I Am a Victim

I am a victim
Of crimes against
Humanity.
Being members, thereof,
We are perpetrators
And persecutors
Sharing the accused's glass box,
Or standing witness.

With arms raised
We surrender to
The pulpits, daises, chambers and courts,
To banks and dealers.
In a slight of mind
We conferred
Then annointed
The con-men,
The can women.

We're spellbound.
It's almost pointless:
We refuse to indict
One's self.

Francie Lynch

I Got You Babe

Your toad on the road
Only squats, never stands,
Or sits, 'til it splits
Between the treads of your van.

Your mouse in the house -
If it isn't found out -
Drops pellets in pots,
'Til SNAP - then it stops.

Your bird on the wire,
Sweetly sings (then lets fire) :
And a cat in a hat,
Is cute, but that's that.

Your horse from the stable
Won't be served at your table.
And the deer by the brook,
Well, too much the Bambi to cook.

Yes, a bear in the wood,
Indeed craps where it should.
It is best left alone,
(Keep your meat on your bone) .

Then there is the PIG.
A ruddy pink porker,
Intelligent and clean,
An innocuous oinker.
It does nothing too heinous,
(And yes, it should shame us)
As it lies silently smiling
With a spit up its anus.

Francie Lynch

I Knew I'd Use It Someday

The young who wizen
Leave me grieving until my breathing stops.
For many years I wallowed
With old photos.
There's one of Jimmy in a familiar leg cast,
Holding court with a circle of friends
In the damp cement cellar.
No more lines to flip,
No visages to make us laugh.
I used to hear his favourite tunes
Coming from his room.
Such a great loss,
A terrible trouble.
At sixteen we knew he was
A young Methuselah:
Green on the vine,
Unaged wine, a bitter pill.

Dying, dying, dying.

To love him was to leave him
In his last dark hours.
No brother could do more.
I feel his soft parting touch on my hand
After trips and years and careers.
Jimmy was bold, and shy of seventeen.
He wrote, and I saved it, unexpectedly:
    “Peacocks dabbling through the wind
     Were the spectrum of her eyes.”
I knew I'd use it someday.

Francie Lynch

I Love

I love the Seasons:
The luminescent sproutings,
The melt, the harlequin winds
And the knee-deep sun.
I'm not in love with the Seasons.

I love the Beach:
The watusi to the shore
Where foreign waves
Lapdance my tired feet.
I'm not in love with the Beach.

I love a BBQ:
The fingered smells
In my nose,
The breaking of bread,
The leaning laughing heads,
The icy throats, and ants.
I'm not in love with a BBQ.

I love a Concert:
The M&M crowd,
The swarming waving fireflies,
The ka-boom,
The expectant memories.
I'm not in love with a Concert.

I love a good Ride
That parts my hair,
Pushes my cheeks, nut-like
As my Shadow drags the meridian.
I'm not in love with a Ride.

I love Holidays,
Wrapped and bound.
The gathering storm;
The smell of wax and cold mail
Of cards that say little,
But mean everything.
I'm not in love with Holidays.

I love my Home,
Every web and peel,
Dripping faucet and warm fire.
I love the honey-do list.
I'm not in love with my Home.

You, I love for all the wrong reasons.

Francie Lynch

I Met a Girl With the LOTD

I met a girl
With the look of the day.
Unadorned, not plain;
No ink or glitter
On skin, smooth
As warm water,
Therapeutic as epsom.
She wore no
Liner to draw attention:
Her eyes caught you,
Even closed.
Lips, blistered
With satiation,
Were drop dead read.
No ring could improve
The gleen from her nails.
No piercing couture;
Her style is what makes her,
Her clothes always fit her.
She's quiet, not shy,
Yet the slightest disturbance
Sets her about.
She's a captress
And flawless;
Reminding us daily
Our birth beauty
Is ageless.

Francie Lynch

I Miss You Like a Toothache

I miss you
Like a toothache
Needing extracting.
To think I once loved you
Who filled a cavity.

I miss you
Like a broken leg.
Now I walk by.

I miss you
Like a scab,
But the scar
Reminds me
How cruel a cut
You are.

Francie Lynch

I Was It

I was It.
Singled out
By a mere
Eenie-meenie.
Now I touch you,
You freeze.
Now you're It.
I'm not.

Francie Lynch

I Was Just a Witness

A light cracked the door,
And then we hear:
'All rise.'
I witnessed Justice
Behind the glass, in a box:
He scratched and stretched
Skin over his eyes and brows and stubbled face,
Needing a fix for his appearance.
Something was unbalanced
Before me.
Our view
Was that of figures bending,
Whispering inaudibly,
With ear pieces and muffled mikes,
Suspending us and time.

At recess we talked of trials and errors,
And recalled the blind man's bluff,
Then someone called over.

A solemnity plea was set before the judge.
Did he hear:
'Just over the limit...
Machines have a rate of variability...'

He wore no belt or laces, and perhaps
No socks.
That could make him unbalanced.

'All rise.'
Again.

I almost fell to my knees
And pressed my hands
To surrender.

And I was just a witness.

Francie Lynch

I, Abacist

Beads are moving
On the family abacus.
Five to the right.
One to the left.
Five welcome concerns.
Five welcome mourners.
No hand controls or limits
The ones shifting
Along thinning guide wires.
Enter. Hello. Right.
Exit. Good-bye. Left.

Francie Lynch

If You Do Date

If you
Do date,
Come the
Due date,
It's now
Too late
For your
Debate.
You've a
New date.

Francie Lynch

I'm Next To An Idiot

I'm beside myself,
What can I do?
Having an OBE
Because of you.

I'm next to an idiot,
The blame lies with you;
Like an NDE,
I'm leaving you.

Is this a dream?
My being's askew;
I'm not what I seem
Because of you.

My body of bliss
Roams looking for you;
I think I made
An astral breakthrough.

I'm on a spiritual walk
On a plane that's new;
This plane will crack
When I'm snapped back to you.

It's a paranormal snafu
That won't do;
But I'll return
When my body's near you

Francie Lynch

In My Arms

When you find peace in my arms,
Deny chance.
I craddled seedlings to the table
By weeding.
I made undirected costume changes
And showed you a mask beneath the skin.
I opened doors for children and the aged.
I played, and sang along.

When you find comfort in my arms,
Deny luck.
I helped lift the disenfranchised,
Extended deadlines,
And refused entitlements.
Causes wore away my soles
Carrying loved ones both ways.
We buried hatchets between friends.

When you find love in my arms,
Deny coincidence.
I learned from teachers
Love is manifest in sacrifices
Wrapped in obligation.
My arms are tired,
Yet I will embrace all.
And thus, I caress you.

Francie Lynch

In That Country

In that country
They played 'Red Rover.'
We were surprised who
Was called over.

In that country
They played
'Red Light, Green Light.'
That tanked.

In that country
They played
'Mother May I? '
You may not!

In my country
We play
Blind Man's Bluff.

Francie Lynch

In The Name Of Woman

Forever and ever
Without choice,
Roofs were raised
In booming voice:
'God the Father.'
Proclaimed the choir.

In our two millennia,
The communal host blessed pro-choice
With Omnithis and Omnithat:
'Christ the Son,
 Christ has won.'
The carollers rejoice.

The Spirit transubstantiates
With tongues of creativity,
Is One with femininity.
What greater God!
What Trinity!
Amen.

Francie Lynch

Intimations on Fairway Play

I'd rather hit the links today,
And take an eight on five;
Blame the wind or shift of weight,
Than shovel out my drive.

I'd rather search under trees,
'Neath twigs and leaves, yes, water;
Or curse the squirrel that thought my ball
Was food for winter fodder.

I'd rather have a downward lie
On pock-marked naked ground;
Than sitting watching Graham DeLaet
Get it up and down.

I'd rather have a green fringe putt
That lines up with goose droppings;
Or see a fine three-footer lip
Than hear the snow plough coming.

I'd rather shoot a ninety-nine,
And pay for rounds of ale;
Than garrison myself at home
From snow and sleet and hail.

I'd rather shank, or stub my dick,
Yes, get a double bogie;
Or miss a hole-in-one by inches,
And put up with Hobe's stogie.

I'd rather see Butt make his putt,
And card a seventy-two;
But then again such a score
Would need outside review.

I'd rather play with Wilcox too..
Okay... alright... that's not quite true.

Yet still I languish near my fire
And watch the Pros play golf
At Pebble Beach or somewhere warm,
I wish they'd all piss off.

Francie Lynch

It Was The Cheap Polish Coal

It was the cheap Polish coal
Sweeping down from chimney and slate,
Staining windows, levelling off
At doors, settling on walks;
Proving my hurrying
To my bed-sitting room.
Prints in snow and soot.
The roses dipped,
Foxgloves closed
Against the odour.

It was the kitchen.
Tomatoes, carrots, onions
Slicing the vaporous air,
Hanging veil-like on dark windows.

I coughed.
Too many cigarettes?
I pulled out a hankie
And coughed again.
Dry nose blood stained it.
When I removed my coat
My eyes were red.
You'd notice.

Perhaps it was the above combination
You knew my eyes.

You're absence is intolerable here.
Smoke, soot, salads, seasons,
Which doesn't matter,
Are tossed lost years.
It was the cheap Polish coal.
Damn cheap coal.

Francie Lynch

Just Like a Golfer

We minimilize,
See a world of green;
Prefer concerted solitude
And simplicity.
We cut and draw,
Like weeding words
And gaining more
With fewer strokes.

Francie Lynch

Karma Now

All along you've claimed
I'm wrong,
You've preached Karma's
A true force
For life.
Then you're the one,
There's no mistake,
With Karma
You re-
Incarnate.
Your next life
Is rightly rife
With all you
Thought was missing:
Eyes now green, or blue or two;
Nose is small, or straight and hay fever free;
Your clothes are cool, ripped and fitting;
You'll have it all.
Friends to rely on;
Family to depend on.
Money is no problem now,
Your weight is couture right;
Your teeth are straight and yours;
Your hair has sheen, body, curl;
It's straight and colour fast;
Your skin is clear and white, black, brown, or rainbow;
Your mind is bright and not yet full.
This time round
Parents are happy
With whom they've found.
And your education
Has opened doors
Of possibilities to explore;
And depression is no more.
Your outlook looks sure.

But you're not into that.
Vanity is no reward;
Clearly that would be insanity,
Our life's worth so much more.

With Karma,
There's no debate,
It's outcomes choose
Unknown dates
And rules.
Yes, we reap
What we sow;
Weeded chances
Wither slow.

One can't recall

Previous lessons
From former lives
With past life
Regression.
Just live your life
In truth and justice,
In the light,
Avoid the darkness;
For Karma will echo back
With a knife-like strike
To reverse good fortune
In your afterlife;
In your next life,
In your present life.

Still, I think,
You're hedging bets,
Karma's not
Been proven... yet.
But just in case
You might be right,
I'll live life well
And enjoy
This life.

Francie Lynch

La Grande Dame

A triumphant voice denotes
A life leaving this room.
We should not be surprised:
It tells us:

I once was there where many stories
filled shelves.

And now, another memory
Is another treasure
To be mined in days of leisure.

We join in exultation.

There is less serious work afoot now.
We step in and out of shadows
Cast by the sun filtering through
Her tree and picture window.
Shadows, that reach many rooms.

She and I were present
In many of Shakespeare's tombs.
Together we witnessed Royalty paraded:
Elinore, Lear, Macbeth, The Dane.

Her lineage is confirmed.
Our busy stage is less crowded
With the exit of La Grande Dame,
Elizabeth.

Francie Lynch

Lambs to Market

The sheep are shorn,
The lambs have flown,
The rams are caged
The ewes are alone.

The fleece is woven on foreign shores,

Toilets are flushed, and

Sewers are strewn with rebel nails.

Near embers of tri-coloured blazes,

We hear yarns of ancient wages,

Now spinning in their graves.

Our heirs have no airs of their own.

No promises kept for mothers who wept,

There is no wool on the wheel at home.

The keypad is the abattoir,

The counter a barred cage.

John Barry faces East,

The Rebel faces West;

One for reliance,

One for defiance;

We wait in Requiem silence.

The Dailies wrap the Dail

Seeping with lamb's blood.

Francie Lynch

Laura's Lullaby

Why wake you Laura
From dreams of faraway lands
While wrapped in Daddy's hands?

Why wake you Laura
From sleep in placeless times
Where other girls
Sing Laura's rhymes?

Sleep on Laura.
Rest on mother's
Blanketwarmbreast.
Fly from cries of why,
To sing
Laura's Lullaby.
Sing Laura's Lullaby.

Francie Lynch

Let Winter

Fields of snow are standing by
For future prints of thin boots;
Your boots are turned down,
Stained with red initials, and
Your boots are on our feet -
Feet no longer so possessive.

The same holds true for all our clothes -
Our woven splendors, best fitted
Before we wore one thread.
    (the thought)
Our thoughts on frozen lines
Drop through iceless holes.

    (When you catch a big one, club it!)

Let our monograms drip down on snow,
And bring to mind the mindlessness of
Winter, sleeping beneath wet blankets.

So goes the story. Heard more than once
Around cool embers of recollection.

Suns rise higher in winter when they shine -
We feel them more than summer's suns -so
Obviously cruel by five, when sleep sets in.

Then sleep sets in like banks of ice-hard snow,
That give little but demand plenty.
So let winter.

Francie Lynch

Life on Mars

Oh, it'll happen,
Life on Mars.
But the immigrants
Will bring
Their old world ways
With borders and fences,
Politics and crime,
Poverty and religion.
Then,
Life on Mars
Won't seem
So alien.

Francie Lynch

Life's Tolls

No bells are ringing.
What are the reasons
Heard for his life.
Was he drunk or drugged;
Talked to girls about boys;
Thought a failure at home;
Seen sitting alone?
Was he ill-at-ease;
Had some terminal disease;
Was he love-sick, forlorn,
Or just out of season?

He paid the toll,
Switched on the flashers,
Made a small splash,
A tsunami ensued.

No bells will toll,
No knell will roll;
For unknown reasons.

I'm told he surfaced.
Yelled something.
My source heard,
'Don't ask.'

Francie Lynch

Lighthouse Eyes

Her eyes a lighthouse
When I'm set adrift.
Her arms a berth
When I'm a slipless ship.

I'll eat from your hand
Close to the fire.
Feed me, warm me,
Light desire.

Francie Lynch

Love Is an Alibi

With love we have
An alibi.
Sometimes,
A somewhere else
White lie.
My defense,
My innocence,
Compels me to
Give evidence.

Francie Lynch

Loving Service

Fury found in eyes that glare,
Fuming sheets that smoulder,
My clenched fist once did hold
A love, but now a soldier.

    Meet me in the morning,
    Just as the sun will rise,
    And there we'll mark our paces,
    And pledge our love won't die.

Search in autumn shorelines,
I'm standing in the sand,
Found guarding my own pill-box,
With destruction in my hands.

    Meet me in the time of love,
    Will you leave me for a second?
    Relieve the eyes that still guard fancy,
    Release a heart so fecund.

Leave me shrouded in the evening mist,
Help the shooting stop.

Now leaves are yellowed with vericose veins,
And loosen with arthritic hands;
Our one time love fades with the night,
I've lost you yet again.

Francie Lynch

Loyal Lies

I'd like to know if she remembers
Our first meeting, how our hands
Naturally moved to hold the other;
The first time I skipped school with her
And we planned our lives.
The times I listened to her decry the tyranny
Of her mother, gave support without agreeing,
As parents do, as we did.
Does she shudder at the early passions
On sand and grass and water?
Our speechless Sunday drives in her father's car
Before five more days of solitude.
The time I was home for lunch and she
Sat sipping tea with my mother.
Does she recall the rides we hitched
To snatch a visit with each other.
The friends who put us up, put up with us
Because they knew we were in love.
The many moves, the houses too,
The dinners out we could hardly afford.
The new, the used, the jobs and promotions,
And all our disappointments.
Does she ever think about these?
We camped away from home just to be alone
In leaky tents and mouse-filled cabins,
In places we explored together,
We laughed, cried, kept silent, walking everywhere.
We vowed before a crowd that covered sick and able.
We raised babies, shared friends, mourned our losses.
Does she remember any of this, I'd like to know.
Or did my disease of loyal lies
Erase all those years ago?

Francie Lynch

Maggie

For three years her wonders moved me
Through the fathom of her eyes.
Flowing wells that glisten
And beckon from within.

    Her sudden movements
    Change direction
    To challenge or outwit
With the wonders of her eyes.

Furtive corners in the waters
Of her windows looking out;
A blink, a wink or shying tear,
Disturbs the waves of my mind.

    My heart's flow rises
    When she smiles -
    She is the well-spring of my life
With the wonders of her eyes.

Her small hands direct
The steerage of her dreams;
Sandboxes swell and dip,
And change to wonderous seas.
Her real dimensions are
    Refracted
        Movements and
            Directions,
And defracted from my sight...

    Imagine her young
    Colours looking
    Out
Through the wonders of her eyes.

Francie Lynch

Mammy

An unusual name in Canada
For Mother,
But common
In Ireland.

Unusual how all my friends
Were Irish
With Mammy.

Francie Lynch

Mammy Said

Mammy knew the five second rule.
Long ago, she said:
'Eat it. Don't worry.
You'll eat a ton of dirt
Before you die.'
Now I wonder on its composition;
I swear I'll die talking
Bullshit.

Francie Lynch

Molly Bloom

I call her Molly Bloom.
The blossom fell from Molly
As I sipped the lip of morning.
She grew on me.
Others do too.
I grow into things.
I worried about my height,
But I had large feet,
So grew as the present slipped past.
Hair was always really important
To grow.
It appeared, slowly, on arms and legs,
Pits and lips, followed by groin pains.
I know atrophy and entropy grow too,
Take root like my historical assimilations.
Like watering, I daily weed apathy.
But Molly, she was different.
She presented with love;
Was received with indifference.
Then I cared too much.
(Did you know you can actually kill with love?)

When I lifted her ashen-petalled cheeks
She was my Bloomsday.

Should I vacation on Reunion Island
Where locals make strong rum?
I could pestle her to re-invigorate,
Or make a vanilla shake,
Or kid myself, believing her open shadow will
Brighten my window in the sun.

Francie Lynch

Most of All

I regret (usually too late) , the authority
Of the standing government.
Any government.
Once in power (I regret using that word already)
The back room broking good ole boys
At the exit polls
Loose their senses (as well as sight and hearing) .
Feelings get hurt.
Taxes are wasted.
The trough gouging is too loud.
I resent lying.

I regret (mostly from experience and evidence) ,
The too full baskets of organized religion
Brimming from indulgences;
The Roman fingers
Poaching coins for another memorial window;
The glass cathedrals
And get-a-way cars.
I resent hypocrisy.

I regret people don't arrive on time
(no matter what the time):
Especially when outside anyplace waiting,
Perhaps a light for smoke is needed,
Or there's inclement weather,
The nearby company is distasteful.
Waiting dinner.
Late children are the worse.
They cause worry.
I resent the selfishness of time. Mine.

I regret being diseased,
And hated for it.
When in remission I'm loved.
Active, not so much.
The know-its say it's a matter of will.
Like you are the cure for
Cancer and smallpox with thoughts.
The one symptom alone, hurt,
Would need a temple of meditating chanters!
I resent condemnation.

I regret failed relationships:
Family, friends and women.
My thoughts are mine;
If I said everything
You'd have a different opinion
Of what I am.
So we don't
Because we can't
Say things: we would appear socio-pathetic (or worse) .

We think good and bad;
Therefore we're real.
A virtual humanity.
I resent blathering.

I regret an educational system
That believes in paradigm shifts;
Spouting new-age lingo like,
'If it's not broken, break it';
Selling out to athletics,
And a general belief that one knows
All about education because one went to school.
Bullies top the list.
I resent permissive parents.

Most of all,
I regret holding onto
My resentments.

Francie Lynch

My Brothers

Roam my beach
Where proof gets stranded
With each inch of water.
I will keep my secret shelter
In grains and dunes.

Here I dig to cover
(as the Nile's favourites once endured)
Ones like me.
I too built my sphynx to outlast
The Odds, the Waves,
And time.

Past the lawns of lakeshore
The family still waits
For the feast.
(anyway, rings don't look good on me)

As for the calf, save the leather.
What good will come of it?
Oh god!

My brothers, Ben and Jake, understand:
The inheritance was never mine alone.
Let the feast begin...
Save me a seat.

Francie Lynch

My Opium

I thought something
Was wrong with me.
I'm writing so
Seriously.
Reading poetry
Religiously.
Lines invade
When retiring;
Ascending I'm reciting,
Divining parallel parables.
I'm convinced
He's left the stage,
Replaced by me
On the page
In figures of speech.
And the Chosen words
Give meaning and comfort
Religion obscured.

Francie Lynch

My Poem is My True Selfie

My poem is my true selfie,
An X-ray of the inner me,
A snap-shot of reality,
A close-up of what's really me,
Un-shopped pixels of beauty.

Francie Lynch

Never Give Up

Like a goose flying tail,
Or alone waiting mail;
Like a fly on the strand,
Or initials in sand.
Never give up.

You're fouled on a fair play
With the crowd in your face;
You shoot from the blocks
To a false-started race.
Never give up.

You're stranded on the shoulder
With a tire gone flat;
Or walking a dark stretch
With a load on your back.
Never give up.

You're lying in a sitting room,
With a match and a spoon;
Staring at the bare wall,
And your skin starts to crawl.
Never give up.

You'll get your lead;
The strand may break;
The tide will turn;
You've lost the taste;
The spare's in your trunk;
Friends lighten your load.

Never give up.
There's light down the road.

Francie Lynch

Nice Try Einstein

Einstein refined
Space and time.
Failed to define
Divine Design.
Almost divined
The superior outline.
But the subtleties
Were too sublime.

Francie Lynch

Nobody Reported It

I was hanged once. Seriously. Hanged.
If you can believe it.
Stupidly and innocently the rope was
Slipped over my head.
The waggon was pushed out
Suspending me twisting slowly turning
With untied hands.Can you see me?
I was as good as gone.
You'll have to believe me.
Take my word.
You can't look it up.
Seriously. There is not accounting.
Nobody recorded, reported, cropped, shopped or scanned
It.
All the same, I was hanged.
Left like Clint. Really.
(so ironic)

But then again, we were opaque.
Not like now.
Not as many EMFs, MRIs, X-rays and lenses.
Not nearly.
There aren't enough spirits or souls
To be snatched away because
Everything is reported.
Everyone should shutter.
If you think with a click you're good to go,
You're good as gone.
As reported.

Francie Lynch

Oafie

Oafie lingers before his mirror
Pointing at the slinger Dillinger,
In his black suit,
Fingering his loot,
He won't go in there.

Then Oafie dons an old coat,
Posing before his cheval,
Sharing jokes with Robert Duvall,
Who lights a smoke for Lauren Bacall,
Who say his coat fits well.

I know this may seem humorous,
But Oafie isn't left too much;
His acuity is out of touch.
But he played guitar like a harp,
Which sadly isn't that far off.

For now the famous visit often.
He dances to classic Sinatra,
Fred Astair and Ginger Rogers.
I'll visit Oafie one last time,
And slip a mirror in his coffin.

Francie Lynch

One Diluvial Ounce

The Chinook and Monsoons have no effect.
Bring rain or snow, sleet or hail.
The Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn
Can shift or stay.
The wadi and oasis can pool or dry.
Fogs can roll, jet streams can carry their worst;
Hurricanes and tornadoes can wreck havoc.
This is my Kouri, my Oued, myTog.

All the animals are welcome to eat and drink.
There's plenty.
Migration is unnecessary.
The watering holes are wet or arid.
The desert can bloom or hide.
The skylights can shine or dim;
Moons can be full, new or in between.
This is my Nahal, and my Nala,
This is my Dry Season.

As expected,
Feast is followed by famine;
Plenty by scarcity.
Inhale, exhale.

I shoot a shot of Jamie,
Having watched it pour,
That dram of gold
Eclipsing all that shines.
That one diluvial ounce:

Then my cave calls.
This is my Akhet.
My Wet Season.
I enter sapien-like
And grow hair.
The animals scatter.
The cave fills with bones and bottles.
I eventually emerge
With the changing of the season,
With the return of reason,
And see;
Then hope
My dim familiar shadow
From the dry season
Will lengthen.
All I need is water.

Francie Lynch

One on One

One on One

One may observe one's quite absurd,
And question why one's not deterred,
When one hears what one's observed.
One's world abounds with wondrous places,
Peopled with mosaic races.
When one blurts out a black man's black,
One says one's not a Democrat.
If one detects one's hue of skin,
One says one's a Republican.
But one is blamed for mouthing words
Like Indian, Paddy, Jew or Kurd.
One's innocuous indiscretions
Has one's eyes rolling on occasions.
Should one be blind to the homeless,
One can't see one's not blameless.
When one supports a Pride Parade,
One proudly says one's not afraid.
If one's an anti-abortionist,
Then one must help the Innocents.
'The sick and dying are a great expense, '
One yells demaning the same treatment.
One preaches hard-line on foreign shores,
Would kill the bastards in one war.
One's a diplomatic boor
(One's glad it's there and not here) .
If one knows one conceals a gun,
One compensates for one's wee one.
If one encounters a common thief,
One should keep one's company brief.
Should one hear a politician,
One needs separate fact from fiction.
One sees terrorists everywhere,
From the confines of one's chair.
One speaks of one's impending doom,
Looking out from one's room.
There's so much angst one lays on one,
We are one.
We're not one.
One's time here has ebbed,
Will flow.
One must leave.
One must go.

Francie Lynch

Our World Is Losing Gravity

Our world is losing
Gravity,
But no one can escape,
Hurtling on a petrie dish
In a gel of mindless bliss,
Towards black holes
Not far from home,
Places we'll truly miss.

Our world is losing
Gravity.
In China there's a wall
Of dust,
Seen from outer space.
Our living waters dying,
A legacy of disgrace.

Our world is losing
Gravity.
We're citizens wearing masks.
We're not hiding faces,
Just doing daily tasks.
We're fossils burning
Fossil fuels
Found in cremation gas.

Our world is losing
Gravity,
Amphibians are on the fringe.
Whales can't sound,
They run aground:
It's an environmental slaughter.

Our world has lost
It's gravity,
We need to plant our feet:
The charnel fires
In greenhouse gas
Have hastened our retreat.
Birds can't sense their time for flight,
Confused by all our lights.
The morning dove coos at night,
The nightingale at dawn.
We are turtles
Muddling
Under lost starlight.
We don't see the gravity.
Of burning
Burning light.

Francie Lynch

Patient Zero One

I

Zero One and modern blight
Travel at the speed of light.

We wondered on the Wandering Jew,
Or, in lieu,
Orthon, Urian or Lilitu.

We trepanned our empty skulls,
Searched our humours,
Were touched by Rulers!

Now troubling symptoms of want and need,
Have blighted growth of yester-seed.

Patient Zero left no lead.

East fingered West
(and vice versa)
Was Ireland really the cause of cholera?
Did Blacks languish in Tuskegee squalor?
We christened Mary, but drank the water.
Fracked Incubus and Succubus
From son and daughter.

Patient Zero left the slaughter.

We deprived the depraved of their tea
To cure wandering womb hyteriae.

Deviances and leaking lesions
Were headwaters of women's semen.

Patient Zero has no season.

The barber sensed it might be smell,
So widened streets became pell mell hell.
And wastelands swelled
Where curled cats dwelled.
    (No talk of Michelangelo)

II

Our children's blight has a techno name,
Like the rose, IT smells the same.
With zero tolerance I lay blame
On screens and phones and video games.

The world wide box stores flipped their lids,
Touching all who crawl social grids;
From the base of Mammon's pyramid.

Now Jake believes he's a gangsta dude
Since posting whatever on You Tube.
Nothing to gain, nothing to lose.
No services rendered but expects what's due.

Inflated egos are a system symptom,
Clearing firewalls, reaching children.

Patient Zero is no phantom.

There is no tale of mouse or flea
As cause of lost immunity.
There is no open sore to fester:
A Selfie is the X-ray picture.

Patient Zero is that much swifter.

In our gel of techno bliss,
On our elliptic petrie dish,
Bathed in more than we could wish,
Pied-Piper Zero will finish,
And with that whimper
All vanish.
Francie Lynch

Petals

Crosses white and poppies red,
Remember how, remember when
Paled petals fell from blooming roses,
And padded paths where freedom goes.

Fierce fires doused a would be hate,
To quench dry hearts, your and mine.
Their love and duty burned paper chains
That shackled in war time.

Wise eyes, bright minds, aged souls, young hearts,
Traded rockers for grassy beds,
Gave up gray for blue-black youth,
Now honoured among the dead.

The rose that's guarded by the thorn,
Against the reach of many hands,
Does the same in all God's lands,
Yet still the life sap flows.

This time of year is here again,
But remember how, remember when,
Soldiers' pulses played taps then.
Remembrance Day must never end.

Francie Lynch

Pkunt

Women abhor the 'c' word
Less than the 'C' word:
So say it with a silent P,
Followed by a k.

Francie Lynch

Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

I don't have pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.
I'll stay a hundred miles from Yellowstone.
If one's asthmatic in the Eifel,
You're excused from pronouncing 'P.'
This won't kill me.

I don't have COPD.
Everyone coughs in blue smoke?
My throaty itch won't kill me.
I won't constrict and choke.

I don't have an infectious disease, regardless of my personality.
I run for shelter under my unbrella under acid rain.
I drink water with ice cubes and spray my putting green.
As much as I hate to, I avoid rusty nails.
Sex is safe... and at a distance.
Despite being repedetly told to, I never eat shit.
The great imitator apes a snivelling mime.
If I'm bitten, I recognize the teeth marks,
The erupting ring of fire won't kill me, but perhaps I was precocious
To drop the 'P' in Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

I haven't succumb to animal flues,
And stay clear of the bars.
I donate money to the SPCA,
Bet on ponies and the odds of SARS.

I don't have meningitis.
I enjoy stagelights and loud music.
If I get the night sweats,
I turn down my electric blanket.

I haven't the minor or greater pox.
I spurn comparisons.

Accordiing to the scoop and scope,
I ascend and descend C free.
But those infernal referrals
May be the death of me.

I don't have botulism.
My smile still concaves down,
And curling convex above it,
A condescending frown.

I'm not a leper. I fell every poke and like.
My digits number twenty... twenty-one.
My glasses are smudge free.
If anything, I see too well.

Alcoholism can't kill me.
Alochol can.

I haven't cardio entropy,
But I'm remiss if I dismiss
Counsel Oz once gave to me:

'Hearts can never be made practical until they can be made unbreakable.'

So true.
So true!

Anyway, none of the above will get me.

But, I do have what you have.
The young and grown.
The able and ill.
A hand.
A sweeping hand.
A second hand
Setting infectious nanogerms
Like diamonds
In my Time-x.

Francie Lynch

Posing for Posterity

Take up a picture
Of someone dead.
Look deeply
At the eyes.
They're dark
And lonely,
Yet they shine
Like a new sunrise.

They seem to see
What you and me
On this side
Can't surmise.
They look knowingly,
They look longingly,
They look right at me.

I seem to think
Those eyes foretell
The coming tragedy.
So you'll understand
Why I don't
Pose for posterity.

Francie Lynch

Robin in a Bird Bath

Celebrity deaths
Make a big splash;
Next week a
Robin
Will splash
In a bath.

Francie Lynch

Seventh Son

The cock on the steeple
Proclaimed and denied to four corners, and
Looked down and twisted.
Old men in green suits with crow's eyes and
Alabaster covered bones pushed open doors
With wooden feet.
The postman with empty knees rode his Deere
Over green fields with rabbits,
And laughed by himself.

Rentals in drives plan the day's outings.

Shops carry faded names:
Donovan, O'Sullivan, Finnegan.
Beneath, The Holy Cross is a retirement home, and
Palms plaint skyward with the wind.

Five hundred leave each week:

'Ireland's best... so fresh it's famous.'

The laggers serve tea and scones,
Or ply in shops they many one day own.
There are no slow boats here:
The green suits leave naturally,
Others by air.
This is no country for the young who
Have hillside tilting windpower mills.

Below, a young woman eats, holding
Her knife like a primary pencil, like her
Father, eating silently, staring.
Crow and rabbit inhabit, and
Stones tumble and lay still for a hundred years.

Each day a new apocalypse with one opening.
No wrappings, no ointments, no fresh wafer.
No throne to approach, no voice calling them home.
No seventh son to dip his finger in the well
And soothe.

Francie Lynch

Shades Of Bogey

Late last night
A spectral fog
Billowed off the lake,
Came clouding down my street.
I thought to grab
My feathered fedora,
And stand, leaning
Under the yellow street light
With hat pulled down
To my brows.
I'd light an unfiltered cigarette,
Fanning the match far too long,
And with the first pull
Blow smoke streaming out
My nostrils.
As I spoke, each word
Is punctuated with blue vapor:
'A cliche, ' I'd say,
'Is worth a thousand words.'

Francie Lynch

Shediac Sirens

In Shediac
The sidewalk threads up Main,
Past Church and hospital
To a yellow-frame,
Where wishes and the real world meet
Near Leger Street.
Here,
Quiet evening stairs leave cares,
And blueberries, Dahlias and Parley's foam,
Like sirens call our thoughts to home.
A quilt-work of faces,
Some young, some grown,
Looked through windows to a time unknown,
Past the ledger of Grand-mere,
Past Hector's chair.

Though
Emilie was consumed with cooking,
Quilting, cleaning and sometimes singing;
She fed the dreams of her dearborn,
And sheltered concerns of a heart well-worn,
Like a wrap around porch in a Northumberland storm,
On Main Street.

These
Porch steps led to worldly affairs,
Finance, healthcare, CN, shopwares.
Each step, each child, bore Emilie's breath,
Et dans l'eglise St. Joseph.

But
Bricks are brittle and paint will wane,
A picture or poem will fade and stain,
Yet sirens still call out your name
In Shediac.

Francie Lynch

Sliding Into Home

From here they filled the sidewalk,
Three abreast, heading east towards the corner
With their balls and sticks.
The flankers often turned their heads centre.
They'd return with
Bravado and shirts around their waists.
The stories I would hear, or read.

I recall Charlie beyond the rail and altar
Filling the thurible with frankincense,
Causing smoke to rise and the bell to ring, twice.
He held a body-length candle, dressed in soutane and surplice.
On occasion, he'd faint.

Another time, Dermott sat holding his tonnette,
Wearing the green cotton shirt
Mammy fashioned from scratch
To celebrate the honour of St. Patrick.
He was, after all, the only
Other Irish boy in the hall.

Another time, the black Honda 90 radiated
At home, on the lawn.
Shining so black it absorbed the sun,
Spreading silver wings.
I felt the rush when it sped away.

At night the damp sheets would shroud me.
Tomorrow would be another catch-up day.
Sometimes Sean would stop, turn away from
The other two, and face me.
I would stand still and wait.

We learned the art of escape early.
The car roof would glide past the window,
Giving the three minute warning to collect
And disappear through the front door.
We'd scatter and re-assemble later,
Tip-toeing past the head on a pillow,
Beside the table.
No need for a 'Do Not Disturb.'
Before 'The Tonight Show'
We boiled the kettle, and saw his
Chest rise and fall.
Later, he'd frame and block the archway,
Silent, rubbing.
Then amble off.

I've seen the photos on folded, cracked surfaces
In the late cool comfort of a pew.
While thinking on miracles and staring at the lamp,
I hope for a presence,

Or a tap on the shoulder to hear:
'Your turn.'
Then I could grab the bat and straddle the cross-bar,
Step over the body and use the back door.

I presume the light still burns;
Its flame rising and falling.
Now the only sound is creaking wood,
The only colours are in the panes.
Now I can straighten the wrinkled knees,
Fluff the pillow,
And slide into home.

Francie Lynch

Solstice

At Newgrange Tomb
The sun slides its golden finger
Through an ancient portal
To the cruciform
For the 5000th time.
I should like to be
A crack in that rock.

Francie Lynch

Sonnets Still Spring

If years could be booked, our pages lover,
Would spread beneath the covers,
To lay our plot and the life we sought,
For a setting like no other.

Yet shifting shapes from distant dates
Weigh heavy on our pages.
A ring appears throughout our years
To circle and engage us.

If years were versed, our lines would mingle,
Our two lives lived as single.
Sonnets would spring, and ears would ring
With cadence soft and beautiful.

Yet those seamless shapes of distant dates
Are yet to be our pages;
The ring appears around smiles and tears
And keeps us through our ages.

When words and songs fade and fail,
When our bodies grow old and minds grow frail;
When the final note wanes from this song,
The world will know our love was strong,

Francie Lynch

Still Running

We're still stars
Running track:
Leaning forward,
Glancing back.
The timer's thumb
Is poised to press:
I'll run with you
'Til my last breath.
Across our path
Like a finish line,
Wait all the loves
We left behind.

Francie Lynch

Stopping By Frost's Home

I spent today
At Greenfield Village,
It's a living history.
The very buildings
Grand ones knew,
Re-constructed tenderly.
I entered Robert Frost's
Real home,
Shaded by his window tree.
I heard his true voice recite
'The Road Not Taken.'
I was taken
Because of what he's
Meant to me.
I could have heard him
On the Net,
But being there
Made all the difference to me.

Francie Lynch

That Timeless Feeling

How could I know
So long ago
That I was in love.
No rhyme or reason
In our universe
Can form a law
To name that
Timeless feeling.
Not outside luck or chance,
If such exist,
Or serendipity, or
Imagination and will
Can define that
Timeless feeling.
No image or form
Confines the unbreakable,
Inseparable journey.
I call it that.
Compare it to the unknown,
Unfathomable universe.
The Big Bang.
Expanding, speeding, slowing down.
Entropic love.

Francie Lynch

The Cardinal

A cardinal, in full regalia,
Splashed down like the last drop of blood
From an anaemic sky.
He preened diffidently,
Drinking from a fossil-iced boot-print
Before shooting up
Like a dart
Past my window.
He made me blush.

Francie Lynch

The Coming Seasons

Fledglings,
Now long
From the nest,
Alight with grace
For a brief repast,
For a well-earned rest;
Then secret away
To beat December's threats.

Fleecy sheep,
The promise of Spring,
Are fatted and shorn
And blithely waiting.
Will feed on corn
And winter grain
In a straw-warm barn.

And you, with
Youth's eyes
Intent with queries,
Focus on
Your coming seasons,
When the nest's
No longer home,
When the wool
Has yet to grow,
And the barn
Has lost its glow
And cannot
Keep you
Warm.

Greet opportunity,
It's a subtle wink;
And briefer than
One may think.
Hitch your wagon
To a star,
And leave earthly woes
Behind.

Francie Lynch

The Dark Hour

In the dark hour
Of your soul,
When midnight's memories
Flare and hold,
And there's a storm
Massed on your pillow,
And your eyes
Are deeply sallow,
Rest.
Breathe in.
Our wrongs and rights
Fill days and nights
With silhouettes
Of what might be,
Or once was.
Life's rack
Is laced with phantoms.
Awakened,
We embrace the light,
And share the struggles
Of the night.

Francie Lynch

The Dream

I saw once in your eyes the dream of love;
A knowledge in the heart that pricked our tears;
And shadows were unwelcome as we strove
Towards a single pulse in coming years.

And when we loved that love was not unkind
To me or you; we have our hearts in hand.
Words one year ago now lovingly bind
Us still, forever ringed by a silent band.

In years to come we'll stock a wealthy store;
Tonight unfolds a vision without stain:
A love that's pure, strong, living and much more.
There is no glass to reflect our gain.

Our two hearts pledged in the same direction;
Our two lives fast in moonlight and in sun.

Francie Lynch

The Garage Sale Blues

George moved
Me with
His garage sale blues;
Unloading stuff
He'll never use.
I'll miss George
Like an older brother;
Told him as much
And got
A cheap snow-blower.

Francie Lynch

The Green Brier Fire

On the Emeral Isle when the brier's green,
Occur strange sights seldom seen.
There's golden rainbows and small clay pipes,
And wee folk dancing every night.

I've heard stories of the leprechaun, but
Before I see 'em they're usually gone.
Yet one green misty eve in the brier,
I saw them jigging round the fire.

Sean and I were in green Irish woods,
Gathering shamrocks, and just being good.
While searching low near a hidden creek,
We heard faint giggles from fifty feet.

Near the giggles grew a small green fire,
Perhaps six inches high - no higher.
We crouched down for a better look, and
To our surprise we saw a small green cook.

He wore a tall green hat and pulled-up socks,
He stirred a pot of simmering shamrocks.
Smoke curled from his pipe of clay,
Why, I remember his grin still today.

A band of gold encirlced his brim,
My little finger was bigger than him.
He had golden buckles and a puggish nose,
Glimmering eyes and curly toes.

Sweet music floated on wings of air,
Fifty-one leprechauns were dancing near.
They passed the poteen with a smack of their lips,
As each one in turn took a full Gaelic sip.

Then suddenly the gaiety quickly calmed down.
Sure we were that we'd been found.
But they all looked North with reverent faces,
Bowed their heads and stood still in their places.

The Banshee's wailing was heard from afar,
O'erhead the Death Coach carried a full car.
The wee folk respect, it must be said,
Erin's children when they're dead.

Soon flying fast through the green night air,
We spied King Darby hurrying near.
He rode atop his beloved steed,
O'er dales and glens, woods and mead.

His hummingbird lighted on a leaf,
And all impatiently waited beneath.

With a golden smile he waved to all,
To officially begin the Leprechaun Ball.

Tiny green fiddlers fiddled their fiddles,
That sounded just like ten thousand giggles.
Dancers danced on mists of green,
And pipers piped, but n'er were seen.

They danced and ate and passed the jug,
And kicked up their heels to Irish reels.
We enjoyed these sights late into the night,
But suddenly they gave us a terrible fright.

They saw us cowering behind the trees,
So they cast a spell, which made us freeze.
We'd heard what happens to caught spies,
That now are spiders, toads or flies.

Well, old King Darby drew us near;
Sean and I were in a terrible fear.
With a grin and a snap he made us small,
And requested our presence at the Leprechaun Ball.

We reeled and laughed with our new found friends,
'Til the green mist lifted to signal the end.
With a glean in his eye the good King said:
''Tis sure'n the hour yous be abed.'

He waved his shillelagh to return our height,
Wished us well and bade good-night.
And as they rode the winds away,
I suddenly remembered it was St. Patrick's Day.

I'm sure the lot of you think me
A Blarney liar;
But that night, I assure you,
I danced 'round a green fire.

Francie Lynch

The Gypsy Woman

'Whist, is what Mammy said,
As she whisked us off to bed.
Usually we'd go quietly.

But a gypsy woman sat
At our table,
Reading tea leaves,
Pouring prophecies.

Guests were few,
And she, I knew,
To be a special one.
She saw dark clouds in cups.

My sisters,
Past the tender age,
Stayed up longer,
Heard her bray:
'Tall dark men
Are on their way.'

I pricked my ears
Up stairs,
I tried to put both
On the vent,
Both of them
Were forward bent.

Just then my father
Climbed the stairs;
I saw the dark mop
Of his hair.
He was tall,
He wasn't humming.
No one else foresaw
His coming,
But I made it to bed.

Francie Lynch

The Heart's My Reality

Spirit.
What is it?
It's too ethereal
For me.
If you see ghosts
Or angelic hosts,
That's your reality.

Soul.
Where is it?
A shoulder
To cry on!
A love
To rely on!
Does it enliven
The breath in me?

Heart.
I've got it,
Too painfully.
It's emphemeral,
I can feel it,
At times I must
Heal it,
It's inside and outside
Of me.

Francie Lynch

The 'I's Have It

If a picture is worth
One thousand words,
Why's there one word
In Selfie?

The 'I' creates
One thousand shots
So shooters
Feels more worthy.

Francie Lynch

The Other Holocausts

After all, we're not savages. We're English.
And the English are the best at everything.
(Piggy, Lord of the Flies)

The hovelled huts
Near school house ditches
Hardly sheltered starving children.
Emaciated, pale and ghastly;
Three million lost.
Exports defined them,
Imports denied them,
The world was told their hunger
Was the wrath of God.
For seven hundred years
Untolled Rachels wept.
That's twice times the length
Than Jews were kept
Enslaved in pagan Egypt.
This was Ireland,
Not Auschwitz.

Beneath the banners of
Labour and Freedom,
Toiled the innocents.
Eyes burning from hot peppers,
Bodies weak and racked
From boarding;
Skin torn by flogging
Thousands of Cypriots.

Over soup and sandwiches
A demarcation's drawn,
So Hindus now face Muslims
Seeking their new homes.
Three million displaced
During lunch,
Brain salad served up on a hunch
By a line
Drawn by one man.
This wasn't Treblinka,
But Pakistan.

Millions placed in labour camps
In what they called
The Dark Continent.
The torture was horrendous,
With random executions.
Think the worse, your still not there,
Think ravenous dogs and mutilation,
Rape and human degradation.

Eyes gouged out, ears cut off,
This was Kenya,
Not Warsaw.

Winnie wore
Crocodile shoes; he sang the blues,
While blocking friendly supplies;
Letting three million hungry die.
His callousness was cruelly matched
When delivering Mahatma's epithet:
'Has Gandhi not starved yet? '
This was Bengal,
Not Dachau.

Their bloody count adds up.
Their new policy was errant:
Imprison all the peasants.
It was racist to the Nth degree,
A million desperate detainees
To exile when they're freed.
But half died on their knees
In Malay, not Buchenwald.

The Boer War and Apartheid
Were granted Royal assent;
And in Amritsar it was target fire
To cut down the Innocents.

This isn't just in history,
It's happened all too recently.
Argentina's watery graves
Yawn from The Belgrano,
Sunk by royal torpedoes
For a rock of sheep.
Such was the work
Of a band of brothers,
To fly their flag
Over Falkland waters?

There's no denying
The atrocities
Of maternal ferocities.
The Spinners
Wrapped the glories
Furled in Jack's war stories.
The winners
Have detoured their crimes,
And enjoin us denouncing
Nazi times;
But the sun hasn't set
On Empire fires:

China, India, Kenya, Aden,
Ireland, Africa,
All invaded.
All degraded.
Imperialism is not benign,
The legacy lives on
In Palestine.

Under pretence
Of flag and king,
They may well be
Best at everything.

Francie Lynch

The Poems in the Clouds

A flash of brilliance.
A crack of insight.
The skies open
And the ground swells
With similies and metaphors.
Punctuation pools in puddles
Of alliteration,
And form rivulets
Of comparisons, causing
Streams of consciousness to run free,
For all to dip their toes.
Figures of speech will cascade before
Evaporating
Into the Ph cloud
To wash over again,
And soak us in blue verse.

Francie Lynch

The Poet's Right

There are poets
On this site
S/He's underated,
Under harsh lights;
Struggling with words,
Trying to be heard;
Presenting feeling
In their write:
Hoping they
Got it right.

Francie Lynch

The Translucent Curtain

The cell rang the same as the old land.
I am the last drape to be drawn:
I like the familiar comforting ring of history.
The voices; however, have changed.
So many satellites and unseen connections
With disembodied voices moving me on to pull
The mate drape along the rod for clear viewing.
Along unseen lines, and in every direction.
Misused gadgets sending messages so near,
But I don't see a word, hear a sound.
Draw back, look for yourself.
There are dimensional messages,
Unheard, unless connected by the unseen and
Untouched.
The shears on this side are drawn,
And the waves roll on.
The unseen, unheard, undead,
Still moving us on.

Francie Lynch

Thirty-four Holes Make a Home

There are thirty-four holes to fill in your home.
That could do.
All things gravitate their way.

I brought capsules
Filled with the smells of spade-turned earth,
And a sun-dried piece of carpet beneath my knees,
Lying between morning rows of an unwed garden that
Touched my arms, as I reached out.

Holes begin to fill.

Then there is the touch of a cool coin in a pocket hole,
The sound of gravel crushed beneath tires on a promised Beach Day.
There, swaddled in towels, waiting.
The heat is piled on the hood, and mixes with the
Smoke-soaked upholstery.

Several holes to go.

I smear mud, made by man, and mixed with the
Smells of a parental bedroom, worn work clothes,
A sweat-dried pillow, and an open window.

Holes are disappearing.

The nursery ceiling has been dimpled beneath hot-wired survival smells
You too will know.

Fewer now.

When you moved to another room,
I filled with a tree and a bone,
Holidays, blankets, music and soothing cover stories,
Then sanded above me,
Behind the mask of a mime.

One left.

So, I finished the job,
Smoothing and painting over the scabs.

No picking. No scratching.

Francie Lynch

Three

I love the number three
In all its numerology.
The universe,
Yes, every atom
Builds paragons
With protons and ons and ons.
Three illustrates our progression
As the sum of all before.
Our music finds accord
When three notes
Form a chord.
Love and all we deem
Of worth,
Is here,
Third planet,
Earth,
Where life gives birth
To you and I and us,
Dependant on
Animal, ore and vegetations
For our regeneration.
We grew, grow and nurture
In past, present and future.
Our words, thoughts and deeds
Are civilization's seeds
For a wholesome, safe and peaceful life
With Faith, Hope and Charity.
Yet,
I've three better reasons:
Andrea, Maggie and Kathleen.
Now,
With the birth of Aine,
I'm in love with four.

Francie Lynch

Tight Tonight

Have another round boys, the time's on me;
Use the good time while you can boys,
In morning you sill see.

Don't ponder vain dreams, lads,
They thicken in your blood:
Leave it on the rocks, sir,
For there it will inspire, for certain
Something's sensed.

    Keep me alive, don't let me die
    Tonight. If I stayed at home,
    I wouldn't be too tight tonight.
    Sensing delight in drinks tonight's
    By me.

Let your insight falter, slip another disc.
Stay seated where you are boys,
Don't bother to resist.
Thrill your lungs with tapered incense,
The myrrh of barroom bliss.

    While rambling through the ale and lager
    We remain serene...
    And all too soon I lie alone
    In sober company.

Francie Lynch

Timothy's Lullaby

Sleep, Timothy, Sleep.
Let wishes dance
About your feet,
For now.
Let angels fill your dreams
While all is yet
As it seems.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep.
And worry not of
Place or times,
As yet be happy
With childhood rhymes.

Sleep, Dreamer, Sleep.
Let your fancies
Fill your age
Forever,
And keep your heart
As sage
In waking hours.

Sleep, Angel, Sleep.
From our Father with
Candent smile,
To brighten
Then light again
Where Angels sleep.

Francie Lynch

Turn Away

I only want to talk to you,
To walk and spend an hour.
I only ask to see your smile,
And love you for a little while.

But you say:
It's not your turn to look at me,
Or listen to me breathe.
You cannot touch, you will not hear
The rustling of my sleeves.

It's not for you I ask these things,
It's just my lonely disposition.
My situation's getting tough,
My demands are not so much.

But you say:
It's not your turn to stay awhile,
Go and find some winning guile,
Turn away you can't stay long,
Your desires are prematurely born.
Go away.

And now these days lag like wounds
That will not heal or seal my pain.
My need is more than I can endure.

Yet you say:
Offer some other church your money,
Call some other Mary honey,
Nail some other rightless wrong,
Offer some other girl your song.
Hoard it for the white-necked lay,
Don't cast a shadow here today.
You know you cannot stay.
It's not your turn today.
It's not your turn.
Turn away.

Francie Lynch

Under Veneer

Our skin is a thin veneer
Plied over masks
That put a face on
Our many selves.
The visible features are shallow;
Beneath, we are quick change artists
Looking through eye holes.

Francie Lynch

Uniform Poets

Uniformed and re-upped,
We are the mind sweepers;
The navel gazers picking lint
Waiting for the image to strike.
We are the missals,
And the launchers,
Looking at cross-hairs
From think tanks.
We captain verse vessels to shore,
Unload and return for more.
We are the Romantics,
Ancient subconscious mariners
Stitched in hammocks.
We are the rocketeers.
A force
To be reckoned.

Francie Lynch

Usk

That field stone bridge, as bridges do,
Waits over brown waters, joing roads where
Legions marching, marched on and on.
Her waters breached the ocean, bringing back
Bottles, birds and songs.

In the morning between the columns,
The water breaks from sloping bends,
But under the evening light, when the house
Across the bank shimmers,
They return - marching, dipping, flowing.

Time and time the ebb and flow disturbs ripples
In my mind.
Reflections change from foundations and windows;
Boots and birds go by
With the Usk to deeper water.
The same water, always.
My time here joins roads with the bridge I walk,
Feeling leather below my legs, as Legions did
Before the dig.
Their shields and spears resting, they bend over fires
And drink clear water that cleverly moves
In and out beneath the bridge.

These waters ripe in paradox keep days and nights still;
Where past and now meet in diurnal echoes.

Francie Lynch

Walls

From first flesh we walk down widening halls
That lead to lives of wonderous walls.

Our spidered fingers gripped walls of brick,
Cruets, cups and candle sticks.
Incense burned near open graves,
When we two believed we too were saved.

Within Annex walls we learned our phonics,
On tin-roofed walls we lived our comics.

Garage walls scaled showed distant views,
Kitchen walls steamed soups and stews.

Our school yard walls tallied pitches,
To mark our summers of youth and wishes.

Now lift memory's pane and go back,
To boarded walls of a secret shack.
There in confusion we would cling
To the unknown wonders girls could bring.

These young boys' walls are but a few,
New walls arose as we did too.
Coffee House walls offered all that's new.

Wet kisses lingered near shadowy walls,
While a poem's recited in a backroom stall.
Black lights and posters draped lofty walls,
And recreationals made our new skin crawl.

Cliff walls were breached by stairs of clay,
Carved by Incas on a turquoise day.
Tent walls echoed with impish fray,
Green walls beckoned at the end of day.

Those walls gave rise to hot desires,
Where Vikings planned funeral pyres.
New music, cheers and weekend guests
Stood us erect to pound our chests.

Those walls no longer ring our shores,
Time swept us forward with worldly lures.
We doffed our coats of suede and frills,
And donned new clothes and worldly skills.

The walls of work are a stony climb,
We left old walls for the more sublime.
These towers and turrets of heart and hearth,
Guard all we know of any worth.

I see walls recede on cliffs and fields:

Where do they lead? What will they yield?
But there three shadows are climbing still
One more wall. Then all is still.

Francie Lynch

We Are Stars

We are stars
Above the sun;
No one hears
Or sees us come.
But surely when
Your sun fades,
We shine brightest
To light your way.

Francie Lynch

We Shoot 'Em All

Beneath the calm
Of moonlit leaves,
Lying lovers
Shoot the breeze.

When in the moment
Of the mode,
Between the rhythm
Of stride and strode,
Shoot off your mouth
And not your load.

Corner thugs
Will deal you drugs
To smoke or snort
Or mainline shoot.
It's a slippery slope
Of lost freewill,
The up is high,
The trip's downhill.
You're in the cross hairs;
Drugs shoot to kill.

The shooter feigns
Heeding advice,
So craps himself
On loaded dice.

The lawyers grin
Without remorse;
They shoot your savings
With your divorce.

The pool hall hustler
Cues his cool,
Looking for
A snookered fool.

Naively, when the children play,
Yell, 'Ah shoot! ' instead of say,
'Ah shit.'
We say that's okay.
Like saying, 'Damn! '
When they can.
It's in the Bible, see?

Sports Illustrated
Puts out a shoot
Of photoshops
In skimpy suits.

When we say
We shoot meat,
Do we stalk roasts
On city streets;
From our hide
On city blocks,
Do we use crossbows
To down our chops;
Do we rope breasts,
Then use buckshot?
It's euphemistic,
An artful spadeful:
We shoot 'em all,
And that's no Bull.

Francie Lynch

Well, Dear:

I knew I would be right.
We believed it to be true.
But

(and bear with me here
As I do my male analogizing) ,

It's the third period;
The fourth quarter;
Fifth set;
Tenth round;
Last round;
Last lap

(can you think of another
to describe my situation) .

In thirteen hundred weeks
I'll give you confirmation
And you'll have an epiphany.
You'll have to agree

(sorry about this next part)

I was in the game 'til
The fat lady sang,
'Hallelujah.'

I told you I'd love you til I died,
But you threw in the towel.
And I don't even get to say
'I told you so.'

Love, Always

Francie Lynch

Were There Five?

There were four high pines, straight, that branched out
    over the hedge with holes.
They stood beside the cement goldfish pond
    near the fence and alleyway.
From our rows of potatoes
    and sprouting weeds,
The hedge ran across the back,
    connecting the Tethercotts and Taylors,
Beneath the line of drying clothes,
    all through the summer:
Boys stood betwen spade blades heeled into
    mounds, and spruces, posing.
Over the hedge, baby carriages
    and bicycles rolled between houses
With porches and silver antennas, chairs and striped umbrellas
    on patios surrounded with green lawns.
Near one of the spades landed a red and white rubber
    ball.

Francie Lynch

What's a Plumber's Ball?

Strange question indeed, so
I asked one and all:
Explain to me: 'What's a plumber's ball? '
Family and friends heeded my call,
But none could confine it, refine or define it,
(Yet Paul was sure he could design it.)
Still none could satisfy my caterwaul:
'What the hell is a plumber's ball? '
Does it sweat the pipe or wiggle the snake?
Can it clamp the nipple, for heaven's sake?
Could it snap on the cock-hole cover'
All these queries made me wonder.
Has it something to do with hardness leakage,
Or screwing the ball-cock to stop a seepage?
Has it anything to do with a saddle valve dripppppping,
Electric eels or two pipes mating?
And I heard of male and female fittings,
(And should one worry if one's standing or sitting?)
If you're discharging the head or elongating the pipe,
Does a plumber's ball help it snug tight?
Is it in my tank or in my bowl,
Beneath the floor near the drainage hole?
Is the plumber's ball in the back of the truck?
(Jeff laughed and said one could rub it for luck) .
I asked Michel if he could tell,
He sensed it was something one might smell.
I sought out Ray, perhaps he'd know,
But he was on call to restrain his backflow.
I couldn't reach Gary for his wisdom and sense,
He was wigglin' the snake to unclog a wet vent.
Henry, Rick, Scotty and Brian,
Gave shameless answers I couldn't rely on.
It's not a crapper, tail piece of Johnnie-bolt,
Or catch basin, reamer, O-ring or pipe dope.
So I searched the net with a fool's wonders,
And read of ball-checks, gas cocks and plungers.
I know it's too late to ask Rolly or Ross,
For both of them knew, and that's our loss.
(And Ernie's gone golfing so I can't ask the boss!)
With final resolve I fell to my knees,
To pray St. Ferrer with grace intercede.
His silence left me in a state of depression.
Had Ferrer washed his hands of the plumbing profession?
So nothing could settle my wherewithal,
I still didn't know: 'What's a plumber's ball? '
Suddenly it hit me - he's never wrong-
The Dalai Lama of diptubes, I'll ask John.
Where others did falter, John's a rock,
He knows the difference between a gas or ball cock.
With a knowing smile he embraced our hall:
'Here, poor friend, is the Plumber's Ball.

Francie Lynch

When Jesus Ate Asparagus

When Jesus ate asparagus
Did his pee smell like mine;
When he ate his plate of cabbage,
(as that was the habit)
You didn't sense Divinity,
In his sublime proximity.
When he talked of sowing seeds,
Did the Magdalene accede?
I know this sounds quite absurd
Talking about the living Word,
But when he ate a plate of beets
His urine incarnadined.
(Perhaps that's how he made the wine) .
When he had his private dump
He wiped with The Roman Times.

Did Jesus use a hankie
When he blew his nose;
Or did he place two fingers there
Or wipe it on his clothes?
And if he thought he wasn't seen,
He might well use his gaberdine.

When he bathed in Jordan
Did he clip his toes.
I haven't read this anywhere,
The Bible won't disclose.

Yes he really was a man,
Doing the same as I Am
That I Am.
If he were here
He'd get the joke,
Crack a beer
And light a smoke.

Francie Lynch

William Tell

I rolled out and noticed the
Bed across the room. Empty.
The room was cool.
The unwashed everywhere,
And the door was open. Usual.
I had the flights and landings measured.

Funny. His bedroll was not on the couch arm.
I searched.
My mother's kettle whistled; her mug soon filled.
I heard the familiar tsk, the click
Of her teeth, and the spoon circling and swirling
The bag.

Through the window and over the picket fence,
The maple now stood with opposing limb missing.
Like a cactus or fork, and I, soon
To be four.
I once dangled from there, to
Rossini pulsing through my neck to my head,
Above the wheel tracks in the wetness below.

Hmmm. Not behind the couch.
The cupboard?
Under the hanging lace tablecloth?

The T.V. was dead.
The lasso missing.
His initialed boots gone.

So, now I loosened my knotted iodine neckerchief.

Hi-ho, Silver.
Away.

Francie Lynch

Wimbleton 2014

Bouchard hits hard
At Wimbleton.
Ranoic serves faster
Thank anyone.
Those amazing Canucks
Beat all coming schmucks
With grit and skill and pluck.

Francie Lynch

Winter Lights

Between autumn's offerings and spring's wings
Our winter lights are everything.
Crisp sky nights string tinsel streams, and
Crystal air hails winter's dreams.

Poplar trees that snowed in summer,
Are treasures held in winter's slumber.
Bare branches reach in silhouette,
For crowning stars where none now sit.

Here dreams of flight and fancy thrill
Shimmering eyes on a gif-wrapped hill.
Shorelines once rubbed by reeds,
Are splashed by our moonlight beads.
Knolls wrapped in wreaths of herring bone,
Like sirens call us from our home.

Stars held i place by poplar fingers,
Ring our ponds like carolling singers.
There nestled by framed winter scenes,
Our winter's lights glitter red and green.

Those lights that through our window stream,
Bring to mind warm Christmas dreams.

Francie Lynch

Winter Veins

Strip veins and bury
Bulbs and hatchets.
What of winter?
Think of May
And Mary and water
That washes the sweat
Rolling between
Your eyes, and down
Your nose, across
Your belly.

Look deep into the
Eyes of March;
So deep that it
Allienates another's life.
Pedal to pagan shores
Of worship.
Wear dark glasses.
Watch Mary cup the wines
Of winter, squeeze
The harvests of summer.
Acknowledge the vericose veins
That clutch the last leaf
On the last tree
In Sarnia.

Francie Lynch

Wishing For Death

Have you wished someone dead?
Self doesn't count.
Terminally ill don't count,
In fact, that may be construed as kind.
No. Someone vibrant, strong,
Sure and vain, like:
The relentless bully,
The cop at your door,
The ridiculing teacher
Who made you the fool.
The betrayer and rumour monger,
The bad news-bearing Dr.
The machine voice,
The government,
The rapist and child molester,
The boko haram (all terrorists) ,
Even your parents.
You can't wait for Karma
Or God, or for them to go to the devil.
You can't depend on toilets falling,
Or houses in hurricanes.
It's not illegal, half of us do it.
I envision driving the final nail myself.
At certain times, it's true,
I regret the absence of hell
With its gnashing, its unquenchable fires
That burn without consuming:
The smelly, curling, shrinking flesh,
The bubbling of fat through skin;
Because sudden death
Just doesn't cut it.

Francie Lynch

Yestergames

There is a silence in the evening,
A silence I find quite displeasing.
It's not the absence of mowers running,
Or bedsheets flapping, motors humming.
The trains still shunt, foghorns blast;
Where are the sounds from our past?

It's not the sound of contrary laughing
Walking from a parents' lashing.
Something's missing, sounds are gone,
Familiar sounds from our lawns.

The sound of rope slapping cement,
Fantasy games kids invent.
An echoing slapshot before, 'Car! '
These missing sounds are so bizarre.

As dusk when hide and seek is best,
Those yestergames that we caressed.
But outside games gave way to screens,
I'd rather hear the children scream.

Francie Lynch

You Know What I Want

You said in exasperation:
    'You know what I want! '

Therein lies the problem in
Our relationship.
I do.

Francie Lynch

Your Emerald Eyes

This time, this place
I mime control;
When we meet
Face to face,
I avert my eyes
To save face.
To save memory.

The hands will sweep
Past midnight again,
The dewy hours
Lift by ten.
I'll remember
Your emerald eyes
When they looked
At me
In midnight's memories.

Francie Lynch

Your Eyes Only

My secret
Is richer than a winning ticket;
Buried,
Like waiting treasure;
Fresher than rain;
Secure,
Like my PIN;
Complex
As a combination lock;
Password protected;
And deeper than thought.

My secret
Is Confessional sealed;
Private,
As a boil;
Personal,
As a shave;
Ignominious,
As the front page.
The bartender doesn't know.
If you listen
You'd discern
It's for your eyes only.

Francie Lynch

Your Eyes... Stealing Light

Before you turn and finally part,
Unwind this tourniquet from...

Enough! You know the rhyme and how it ends:

"...blah, blah, blah... from my heart"

Too much angst for me. I refuse the rejected lover's curtain call.

No more: "Your neck gave no early warning
Of warm seduction in the morning."

And some: "Your neck gave no early warning,
That it needs shaving in the morning."

This is cathartic.

You might have liked: "Your tresses, spread like Sif's woven gold,
Are plated to my inner soul."

But now: "Your tresses spread like Sif's woven gold
Will thin and grey as you grow old."

Ouch! But I'm feeling better.

I could have written: "Your nose bridges eyes and lips
That shame bright flowering May cowslips."

Instead: "That nose that bridges eyes and lips
With time and gravity will droop and drip."

Are you getting my inner self yet?

You will miss: "Legs that lead to heaven's gate,
Held promise if I deigned to wait."

I won't miss with: "Those legs that lead to heaven's gate
Now hinged for all below the waist."

Funny, isn't it, how one's outlook changes.

Oh! Your eyes and teeth.

"Your eyes are black holes stealing light,
Your teeth will yellow like stars at night."

Do I feel any better now?

Francie Lynch