Poetry Series

Naoimh Spence

- poems -

Publication Date:

February 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Naoimh Spence on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Allison

A sigh escapes her lips
As she watches the world from dark eyes,
All the while hating the silence.

Her long hair obscures her eyes
As she walks into the Springtime,
Hopeful, free, barefoot.

Naoimh Spence

Clouds In October

These days grow dark
Though palled not as before;
    Awake, awake and fly,
Fly to the sacred place
Where the ashen leaves never fall;
    Under the elemental sky.

Naoimh Spence

Dirge

I hear it all,
The inner city song.
The droning dirge of decay;

Tires screech
Cars groan and roar
And grey ash waltzes on the air,

Lightning screams
On the void of night
The cold thrill of life here.

I walk on
With my hands in the
Pockets of my leather coat

And I step on
Dead grass and cracked stone
And all I can think of is that I

Really need to get out

Naoimh Spence

Dreaming And Waking

Forsaking all my thoughts to sleep and the stars
While my heart circles in skies not seen before.
I linger, as a bird, in twilight, for all the dark hours
Spent escaping a dreamless sleep, the hateful roar
Of her name in my ears brings no rest.
And yet I seek respite in images of her, cold and clear
photographs illuminate my dreams and nature's jest.
Beholding the face of the one I hold so dear,
Yet only in a reverie. She remains my painful waking dream.
And while I seek her out against my own desire,
Against what I know to be wise and true, I yet seem
To be drawn to her, a moth unto the fire.
And yet it cannot last, this chasing of light,
It is painfully poignant but will never be right.

Naoimh Spence

Empathy

Empathy
It's an odd thing.

There are kind strangers with
faces you don't recognise
But you can't mistake a good deed
when you see one
So therefore

I guess I'm not crazy after all.

Naoimh Spence

English Horses

Starting with old and new;
Strip everything apart.

Away, my love, away,
Back to the clear blue;

There’s no hate left
At the bottom of my heart.

Oh, I’ll show you inside me
Where the old horses graze;

Off old paper and through time
Under an English tree

Beneath a sky so white
With star-flecked haze.

Naoimh Spence

Love Transcends Death

I said to my love
'Do you ever get to rest? '
'No' said he.
'I spend my life at your side.
So it is now, so shall it be
Even when I am dead.'
I replied 'And if you die before I,
You shall never get to Heaven.'
'Ah, my love.' said he
'When I am with you,
I am in Heaven.'

Naoimh Spence

Passage Of Time

That was the past
This is now
This is the future

The past when
Nothing belonged to me
Has gone.

This is my past
and this is my present
and this is my future

And this is everything.

Naoimh Spence

So Precious

After so many long lonely months,
My dear friends were returned to me.
My solace, my companions,
My dearest stars in my night sky...

The desert sands,
The airy oceans,
The ghost in the cornfields,
The scarred and beautifully hideous shadows.

They are...
my solace.
So precious.
So loved.

Naoimh Spence

Somewhere

White wings ripple the surface
Of a lake overgrown with brambles.
Stars twirl overhead, regal dancers
In the moon's warm spotlight-
A quiet wraith drifts above the surface,
As the hoof beats thunder past
In the dense brushwood.

Naoimh Spence

Sonnet VI

Gone are the days when I freely spoke my mind;
I haven't written from the heart in a long time.
I turned from my feelings, fearing what I'd find
If I dared to admit it; to love her is a crime,
One I cannot comprehend. To the roof I climb
And seek out my Heaven, a lonely place afar
Wherein she cannot hear my song, my rhyme
To her, and cannot feel the burning scar
Of where we once touched beneath a distant star.
But that was long ago. Left behind like desert sand
And ancient tales and the strings of an old guitar.
Desire is something I'll never understand.
Still I remain here, complete but brokenhearted.
Perhaps it would have been better had we parted.

Naoimh Spence

Summer Rose

The sweet scent of a distant rose,
Clouds above in the summer sky,
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

The dew glitters in the light, morning glows
with light and birdsong that cannot deny
The sweet scent of a distant rose.

The faraway rush of a river that flows
And has always flowed, never running dry,
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

The river knows not where it goes,
It can only distinguish, somewhere nearby,
The sweet scent of a distant rose.

I lie in the grass and take my repose,
Feeling a peace too complete to deny;
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

A scene such as this is one that shows
that the dawn of a new life is nigh;
The sweet scent of a distant rose,
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

Naoimh Spence