

Classic Poetry Series

Niall Montgomery

- poems -

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Eyewash

EYES always open eyes
onions we were all found under
eyes never in a hurry wait for me
blink at the smash preserve the negative hold on a minute
(we are taking actuality as a section through sentiment at that point)

MICROPHONES tearing the remote controls controlling tears
twisting the tender cables urgent flowers suffer so
in evening close the door you can't come in
deface the setting sun when they is done
(three guggly waters play at hide and seek the moon what time is it)

CLOCK out important messages on his vanishing brain
rimless offerings to fear before he forgets
that formula for gratitude accumulating at compound interest
doubling itself measuring pulling that rolling drain that
their civil service filleted with nourishment

TWO of the girls I won't have to name
myopic charity and bitter shame
they will have the same again
at least one hopes to be buried at the current rate of exchange
with god the father in glasnevin or into dust in deansgrange

CROOKED smiles swell the anonymous elation quota
the park railings glazed from fellows leaning against them reflect
as the boys say an inability to adjust their suspenders quickly
 but why should she caress what she won't need
 sprung thighs splayed from the limp proscenium where
 the cost of living grins from hip to hip with
 roses nuzzling in the apron goodness knows
 that dreams and crumples like a pregnant fool
Ah! Beauty, sprung from cardiac failure and ammoniated quinine
Hi-ya, baby! The verdict's justifiable suicide

1 said piratic Jesuits with their ingrown eyes
Patrol all secret ways to Paradise

GIVE me a drink before I love you too
young man I easily must have met before
so sweaty are your teeth so green your hands
your voice crawling alive with home-grown poetry

ICE always opens up
taxiing off with data day and night
eyes panning trucking fading yourselves out
remembering the dry-throated black-board at school
(these things are all available to salvation they say)

Niall Montgomery