

Poetry Series

Maureen McManus
- poems -

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Maureen McManus()

Irish writer living in Prague.

McManus has had poems published in many small magazines in the UK and Ireland, including, Tall Lighthouse Review, Poetry Nottingham International, Orbis, Chanticleer, tHe sHop etc. Her play, The Ladies Cage, was staged in London at the Finborough Theatre, and the Manchester Royal Exchange in 2007.

Ammo

The act of love is for soldiers
executing complicated physical manoeuvres
silently entering the camp
blowing up the ammunitions dump.

Maureen McManus

In The Night

In the candlelight
the long thin leaves
point spindly fingers at me,
poking at my guilt.

Nighttime gladioli ghosts
fingering me for what
I fear I am.

Tendrils touching,
from the shadowy dark
the fear and fright,
which surfaces;
wakes me in the night
and makes me
light a candle
to write.

Maureen McManus

Joking Apart

When you say I can't touch your furniture
I think you mean I can't touch you
and I say I wouldn't.

I sit there looking away from your eyes
wondering, why your pupils never dilate,
why I'm alive.

'Whereof one cannot speak, one should not speak'
said Wittgenstein, that philosopher,
in his first book.

By the time he got to the next, his last,
he claimed language was a game. I don't want
to choose between

you and your furniture, but I want to know
if you can be you and not you at the same time.
Ambiguity

a woman tells me is hard to come to terms with,
and I know what she means. When you say
I can't touch your furniture

I say I won't come round so,
but I mean
I don't want to touch your furniture.

Maureen McManus

Like Christmas

Your voice on the phone was like holly
spiky with red berries,
like Christmas white
feathery snow and cold brightness;
the sound of bells on a horse drawn sled,
a cinnamon stick of hard sweetness,
the prick of a sharp thin conifer leaf,
the crisp cold heights of a slope,
territory of the sublime
a white-out dry-out heaven
on the line.

Maureen McManus

Smart Like Camus

All my life I felt I should apologise
because I'm smart.

Like Camus,
as though my intelligence
was an insult to someone.

I'm not that smart you know
it's an act.

When I stand in front
and you see smartness,
you reflect.

All it is,
is hunger.

Maureen McManus