

Poetry Series

Theresa Daly
- poems -

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Born in New York, Daughter of a Limerick man and a Kerry Woman. Attended Our Lady of Victory Academy and Fordham University, New School for Social Research. Now Living in Galway, Ireland. Worked as presenter, camerawoman, editor and associate producer for 'Erin Focus'and 'Irish Eyes', WNYE and 'Riverdale Report', Riverdale CATV. Also worked with the Galway Film Centre as team leader for 'Caught Offside' a short documentary on Asylum seekers in Galway 2001 and as the Shorts Coordinator for the Galway Film Fleadh,2002. Poetry has been published 'Tribe of Scribes' (2 editions) in Ireland and 'Eternal Portraits' in the States, Revival 3(White House, Limerick) Dublin Chronicle.

Claddagh Solstice

A hooker docked
in the basin sways
in the wake of wild swans
who nibble from the red
gloved hand of a tourist.

A watercolour sky,
streaked and spiked
with Monet's light, frames
the locals lifting lobster
pots talking simple talk-
this Claddagh summer solstice

In the distance, a silver bladed
windmill swirls as we amble
past a field of lemon yellow flowers-
'cattle poisoning weeds', you say
A granite stone, sun soaked, shapes
a warmer seat than slate.

talking intensely, endlessly-
the conversation hovers;
we tiptoe beyond comfy boundaries
knowing we've tapped a fissure
in this fragile eggshell of intimacy.
Overhead a giant gull soars
racing the cormorant to the sea.

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Theresa Daly

Convergence

In the silence
of an empty
room

we
meet ourselves
again.

In the vastness
of a seascapes
edge

we unveil ourselves
in the edgeless
wind.

Theresa Daly

Lost

Mist
weeps across the stones
like tears that sweep
this woman's cheek

where
did you go to
while I was away?
The you I knew

has vanished, lost
in the seascape,
a ghost in the wind
that grazes the nape of my neck.

Theresa Daly

Moonbeams

Where are you tonight
this first glimpse of
spring? The night all
balmy, the moon full-

Jupiter sparking up
beside it, a cloudless
sky ablaze, bathed
in its glow;

the air, sweet scented
and light, sponge- cake
and springy, I want
to walk to the water

to wake the swans,
take to the swings;
to growl, to howl-for you to
slither into me;

but it is late
or early in the morning,
and no longer safe
to roam alone

and you are somewhere
between tomorrow and
yesterday; as far away as
moonbeams.

Theresa Daly

Pa & Molly

I remember past
St. Paddy's days
You'd whisper
'make a wish'
and pin shamrocks from home
to our lapels.

We'd have an early supper,
you firing turnips at our plates.
Pa'd sit quietly in his
window chair,
smoking camels, nodding,
smiling.

Jack McCarthy's voice
echoed from the screen.
Swathed in green sweaters,
green shirts, we's watch
all day for the Kerry contingent
to march by
then roar 'Up the Kingdom'.

You sleep together still,
beneath a dual sunbleached headstone.

My brother Mike's beside me,
a single tear,
held back
sparkles in his eye.

We stand in stenciled sunlight
and scatter shamrocks
across your graves.

Theresa Daly

Premonition

In a freeze frame
moment
you know what's happening.

A snake coils,
the hair on the cat's back is raised,
a Doberman's jaw snaps open

One intuitive flash-

as in the moment before
a first
kiss
is attained.

Theresa Daly

Promise

I promise to tell you someday
when I can let the words
slip through the gate of my lips;

when I've inhaled a
breath deep enough
to push out the words

if words are what it takes
to let you know
the depth of my love.

Theresa Daly

Reckoning

Again & again
I find myself here
in this limbo
of living.

Crafty illusion has
rocked my foundation.
I grow blinder
by the day.

Unable to see it coming,
especially from you;
who had piloted, uplifted me
with your words and stroke.

The cloak falls, a judgement impaired
by the mistaken belief that
your hands cupped and cradled
the shredded remains of my heart.

Theresa Daly

St Theresa's

In the hallway
of St. Theresa's ward
his six foot four frame
stepped slowly,
aimlessly

'you all right? '
a patient asked
he stopped-
'My mother has just died'
said he,

matter of factly,
slowly,
strongly,
it was the first time he'd
ever said the phrase

one by one we rose
to hug him
automatically, wordlessly
'you only have one mother' he said
going up the hallway.

A country man
in his intimate, yet
universal moment
shared with strangers
from the city

his composure,
his quiet pain,
the far away look
in his tear flashed stare
will stay with me-
a frozen snapshot
in the album of memory

Theresa Daly

Track

The sparkle in the lough
has dulled, its luminous water
now mud green speckle,

Trudging up yesterdays effortless path,
I pace this landscape
alone as I used to.

Once majestic reeds
convert to
choking weeds.

An empty space replaces you
in this life long version
of music-less chairs.

Again it's one shadow cast
and paling
in the waning sun.

Theresa Daly

Weary Fingers

The streetlamp, still aglow
casts a gloss over the footpath.
The orange light of morning gushes through the bedroom window;
your weary fingers scramble for the lightswitch,
as the seagull swoops for prey.

Somewhere long ago,
you marched through the fields of DeNang
twitching at the eyes of children concealing weapons,
your nervous fingers flinching the trigger startled,
as their weeping mothers fall and pray.

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