

Poetry Series

Conal McCarthy
- poems -

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Conal McCarthy(March 17,1992)

My name is Conal McCarthy, I am a young and aspiring poet. I am inexperienced but my emotions are strong and in time my writing will equal them. I mostly write love poems, and also sad and deathly poems.

Caged Bird

Trapped in the unchanging world,
Day by day time passes,
Forever will my world be,
...Caged.

The key hanging just out of reach,
The yearning to break free,
Free from the bars,
The bars that bind me,
In the confines of a coop,
The shell of 'Protected life'.

To live free,
To see,
To feel,
To smell,
Everything.

The life of an unchained bird,
To fly high,
To explore new boundaries,
To meet new friends,
To find love.

Love that would be lost.
Lost in this trapped world of mine...

Conal McCarthy

Dying Wolf

And I remember standing in a wide open meadow
Staring up at the night sky
Listening to the melody of darkness
Embracing the tranquil void
Like a mother loving her cubs
Standing there while the grass swayed in the wind

And I remember walking towards the silver moon
Searching for a blood soaked feast
Finding an unsuspecting herd of deer
Stalking them in the shadows
Like the Grim Reaper waiting for the last grain to fall
Standing in the sinister shadows

And I remember running in the deep forest
Biting and clawing my prey
Coating myself in its crimson blood
Devouring its dead carcass
Like a starved demon
Standing in a pool of fresh blood

And I remember breathing the cold moist air
Standing over the bloody body
Feeling the blood soaking into my paws
Hearing the bloodlust fading
Like a pacified beast
Standing in the cold forest

And I remember thinking of the crimson sea
Walking into the open meadow
Resting in the tall green grass
Listening to the melody of the night
Like a man wishing for eternal rest
Feeling the darkness embrace my body

Conal McCarthy

Eternal Love

Living in a false identity,
Emotionless and empty,
A meaningless existence,
The living lie was I,
Until you came,
Into the presence of my.

With your caressing song
I came running,
Finding you standing,
Your outstretched hand,
Pulling me,
Out of the fading maze,
Into the brilliant garden.

Your affectionate smile,
Infatuated my essence.
My soul opened slowly,
Filled with new-found feelings.

With your tender kiss,
My life became yours,
Living to love you,
Creating memories of you.

Memories of our eternal love.

Conal McCarthy

Frozen Kiss

My frozen tear,
Lay upon your pale cheek,
The grimness drawing near,
Enshrouding your tender soul.

The Darkness dragging you,
Away from my loving eyes.
Embracing your body,
Screaming in agony.

Searching your sightless eyes,
For a remaining glimmer.

Kissing your frosty lips,
Sealing my love.

Living on,
Feeling the heart-wrenching pain,
Filling my body.

Day by day,
Remembering,
The icy kiss.

Conal McCarthy

Hell

Alone in the deepest hell,
Searing agony,
Screaming silence,
Repeating death,
Eternal damnation.

Room of burning blood,
Scorched flesh,
Bones of ash,
The oven incinerates,
Again and again.

Many corpses lay still,
All a single soul.
Burned slowly,
Each body,
Ten years.

Conal McCarthy

More Precious Than Gold

Here I lay, listening to my beating heart,
Wondering if it's all a dream.
I think about your beauty as art,
Looking at your face a gleam.

Longing to hold you in my arms,
Thinking about your shining smile.
The mistress of my charms,
With your adorable life style.

Your presence fills me with pleasure,
As I think about us growing old.
You are my greatest treasure,
More precious than gold.

Conal McCarthy

My Beloved

You are the flame of my heart,
Even in the darkest cave your light is seen,
In the coldest tundra your heat is ablaze,
Nothing can extinguish your flame.

You are my firefly,
Guiding me through the dark forest,
Away from all the harmful creatures,
You make life painless,
Your light fades the bad memories,
And clears away the darkness.

You are my night sky,
Full of splendor,
Your stars are countless,
Your moon is the pearl of my life.

Conal McCarthy

The Fox And The Hounds

The fox playing in the wood,
Stopped where it stood.
The trumpet sounds,
Starting the hounds.
Through grass and root,
The fox ran astute.

The hounds chased and paced,
As the fox raced.
Through troubled trees,
The fox could squeeze.
Past along the ground,
The fox was found.

Cornered by the hounds,
The fox could see no burial mounds.
The fox could see only victory,
While stating its valedictory.
The fox ran into the hole,
And lived body and soul.

The hounds are furious,
Acting spurious.
The fox was trapped,
The fox was sapped,
The fox's role,

Became a stole.

Conal McCarthy

To Live, To Die, Unforgotten.

To die forgotten,
Is like fading dust,
Into the winds of eternal time.

The memory of you,
Is shattered like a mirror,
Only shards remain,
A multitude of tiny proofs,
Worth nothing.

To die unforgotten,
Is like a vivid painting,
In a museum for all to see.

Every stroke of paint,
Every small detail,
All create a masterpiece,
That will not fade,
Or be blown away,
In the wind of time.

Conal McCarthy

True Love

I am lost in time,
But when I'm with you,
Time is lost with me.

I look into your eyes,
And lose all deathly thoughts.

I see your smiling face,
And forget all sadness.

Without you,
I feel sadness creep,
Back into my heart.

I feel cold,
Without your warmth.

I feel worthless,
without your smiling face.

I stare into the stars,
Wondering if you are too.

Loving you is my purpose,
It is my happiness,
And you are the only one,
Who I call my True Love.

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