

Poetry Series

**Douglas McClarty**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Douglas McClarty()

Born In Northern Ireland. I live near the beautiful Causeway Coast. On a clear Day I can see the Scottish Islands, Isla, Mull, both my parents where born in Scotland, met and married in Northern Ireland. They had eleven children, six girls and five boys. I used to write poems when I was a primary school and now at the age of 65 I decided to exercise the brain cells and decided to write poetry. Most of my poems are about life's experiences.

# A Boyhood Journey

I set a upon a journey,  
along the river path  
Following the winding waters,  
past Mountsandel Rath  
Walking between the bridges  
the Coleraine clock struck one  
I was getting terribly hot,  
walking in the summer sun.  
So I sat on the river verge  
beside the old grove shore  
And thought about the ships,  
that alas are there no more  
The Overton, The Silverthorn,  
Maythorn to name a few  
Now probably scraps of metal  
made into something new.  
Further down the river  
the railway bridge coming into sight  
I remember steam trains crossing over,  
during day and night.  
Sometimes the centre bridge  
would lift to let ships sail on through  
But now the years have past  
these ships a very few.  
Cul Rathain port has only ghosts  
along its old dockside  
The busy trade that brought ships  
here slowly, slowly died.  
Beyond the bridge above a ridge  
Ballycairn mount in view  
I stood on top many days  
admiring the Coleraine sights I knew.  
St Patrick's church with its majestic spires  
reaching to the sky  
Then I looked down on the little boats  
at Seatons as I passed by  
Just one more place I wanted to go  
before the end of this fine day  
A journey's end to a childhood haunt

that place was Dougan's bay.

Douglas McClarty

# A Child Of The Troubles.

I was a child of the troubles  
Got to know about bombs and bullets  
Empty parked cars were avoided  
If you were a child of the troubles

Tit for tat murder on both sides  
Wake up to another bloody day  
Afraid sometimes to go out and play  
If you were a child of the troubles

Worried always about my mum and dad  
To see them get home I was always glad  
Innocents were killed in so many towns  
If you were a child of the troubles.

Some of my childhood friends didn't talk to me  
Because they were the other side you see  
It's all there fault or could it be ours  
If you were a child of the troubles.

Yet I remembered when we all seemed to be free  
When we played together Seamus, Paddy and me  
At a time when our names didn't condemn us to blame  
If you were a child of the troubles.

Both sides trying to score more killing points  
A grotesque game played out each day  
Why should they make us all pay  
If you were a child of the troubles

Somehow one day the killing all suddenly stopped  
Then it was just shouting about who was to blame  
It's much better than bombs, bullets and blood  
If you were a child of the troubles.

Douglas McClarty

# A Fairy Poem

I walked across the meadow  
On a moonlit silver night  
I passed the bridge above  
the ridge  
As I searched for the  
fairy site  
Two barn owls hooted  
On a tree  
They flapped their wings  
to beckon me  
To sit on a flat stone  
'Twas the fairies throne.

In the circle I spotted  
Three squirrels and a rat  
An otter wearing a funny hat  
There were geese a fox  
and strange, some hens  
We all waited for the fairies  
Of the glens.  
On a grassy spot a moon beam  
Of light, lit up this sacred site  
Fairies appeared, it was just  
like a dream  
Their beauty was like nothing  
I've ever seen

They played music and  
hummed a mystical tune  
They danced and kissed me  
By the light of the moon  
When the golden dawn  
Stole the silvery night  
I awoke it was daytime  
No fairies in sight  
All alone on a cold  
slab of stone  
I scribbled on it,  
this fairy poem.

Douglas McClarty

# A Gate

The story of that rusting gate  
That's stood here longer than me  
Who thought, talked and planned  
Where this fields gate would be.

The shape, the size, the cost  
Who measured the length and height  
And built the grand pillars of stone  
To hang their thoughts, a gate.

Who forged the steel to make it  
And hammered rivets in place  
To create a unique masterpiece  
The smithy, with a blackened face?

I have seen a Rembrandt, Monet,  
And others hanging at the Tate  
Picasso, Da Vinci and Van Gogh  
But never this beautiful art, a gate.

Douglas McClarty



# A Lovers Dream

Many a journey home I've looked at Knocklayde  
I could tell its mood by the colours God made  
On a sunny day it displayed its many shades of green  
Yet long winter days looked grey, a desolate scene

Some day it's my dream to climb to the top  
Just to sit there looking, relaxing on a grassy spot  
Looking at the fields of Ireland, savoring the view  
But more important, I want to sit there with you

Together we'll climb each step hand in hand  
A journey unknown to my love, be unplanned  
When we get to the top, I'll bend on my knee  
Will be the perfect place to ask 'will you marry me'

Douglas McClarty

# A Moroccan Heaven.

I wandered through the Medina  
In the old town of Tangiers  
Looking for the Riad, Arous  
I will meet you at cafe Paris, he said  
I sit there drinking strong Maroc coffee  
Waiting for a stranger, to lead the way  
I have no rose in my lapel or sign to tell  
But I look foreign among this local crowd  
A voice behind said are you looking for Arous.  
Please follow me I am you honored guide  
The streets are bustling with noisy traders  
Trying to sell me their many treasures  
The Amman begins the daily call to prayer  
as I follow my guide through narrow streets  
It's hot, humid and smelly, but exciting  
I feel I am on a time machine transported back  
Burka covered ladies pass me by, why I ask  
There is a darkness in this, my inner soul cry's  
But there is also a beauty in their shape and form  
In a narrow empty street I stand at a large door  
Welcome to Arous, he says as the door opens  
The courtyard before me is a lush green oasis  
I have arrived at this tranquil palace  
a Moroccan heaven.

Douglas McClarty

## A Poet To Be.

I'm no literary expert  
still struggling to spell  
Stringing two words  
A challenge for me.  
But I'm determined  
To be a poet, writer maybe  
Not to write about daffodils  
Though I wish I could  
Or to write about mice  
Maybe auld lang syne.  
But made a start thinking  
About what I'd write  
To impress the likes of you  
Cause you're important.  
If I'm to be successful  
I need to be profound  
Words with the right sound  
Try and make them rhyme  
No not all of the time.  
Let you look into my mind  
Would worry about this.  
Because of what you'd find  
A half wit trying to write  
What could be called  
A load of, can't use that word.  
So I will value all opinions  
From literary experts not like me  
On how and what to convey.  
That'll brighten, enlighten  
Someone in every way  
Make their day and maybe night  
With words from a poet to be.

Douglas McClarty

Douglas McClarty

# A Rainbow

As I walked along Marblehill strand  
Watching rolling waves on the sand  
Was wet and dull a bleak grey day  
As I stopped and looked across the bay

In a moment the clouds began to part  
And within a single beat of my heart  
I witnessed a spectacular colour show  
A magnificent shimmering rainbow

Douglas McClarty

# A Real Cuckoo

I heard a cuckoo this morning  
It was as clear as the morning air  
Calling across a wooded valley  
Was the first I have ever heard  
Apart from a clock in our front room  
That was many years ago  
But this was a real cuckoo I heard  
Because my watch said five past nine.

Douglas McClarty

# A Simple Smile

A simple pleasure, costs nothing  
Can change the blackest day  
It means so much to lonely souls  
And we all have it, to give away

I stand, stare and think sometimes  
Wondering, is it just because I'm old  
I, m invisible, a nothing to the young  
Not worth the effort of just one smile.

Then, my minds mist lifts, reminding  
There is a price we have to pay  
It's not free, it just occurred to me.  
Give one, and you might get one, free

Douglas McClarty

# A Spanish Secret

I was offered the secret of Iberia  
There it was offered clear in print  
Was brought from a field of acorns  
And it would not cost me a mint

I was no clandestine agent or spy  
Just really hungry and extremely dry  
This strange offer to good to be true  
Was now on my plate ready to chew

For the secret offered was a bit of a pig  
Was the restaurant waiter taking the lig  
No, It was truly a Spanish secret surprise  
A piece of pork served with French fries.  
Yummy.

Douglas McClarty

# A Unique Family

You have been with us all this time  
Why do you want to leave us now  
Think of our past, our problems we solved  
Just crazy, leaving home to live on your own  
How do you think we feel, about us splitting up  
We shared everything, but do you want more?  
The wise have heard empty promises before.

Please take your time, think all of this through  
Our union will never be the same without you  
I know you will still be there, just next door  
But why can't we just stay as we were before  
The four of us may have our different ways  
But our needs in the past have made us one.

We are a unique family, respected and proud  
Pulling us apart, leaving for a promise unclear  
Cause us all so much turmoil this coming year  
At this time with the problems we all face  
Sit down think where we have been together  
Don't split us up for others selfish ambitions.

Douglas McClarty



# An Emerald Gem

How many eyes have looked  
at William Bald's creation  
How many have travelled this  
masterpiece built by hungry souls.  
This Scotsman cast his eyes  
upon the stunning Antrim glens,  
the causeway and beyond  
His dream laid out for all to see,  
explore, to enjoy each magic mile  
This priceless unique treasure  
A true emerald island gem.

Douglas McClarty

# Another Year

Like the end of a journey, going home  
A year, each day filled with sadness or joy  
Now drifting to that final farewell  
Many on last years journey sadly not here  
We are, so celebrate, have a happy new year.

Douglas McClarty

# Away With The Fairies

If you put an ear  
to this ancient ground  
You might just hear  
a mystical sound  
Only on nights  
when there's a full moon  
They will play and sing  
their haunting tune  
The Uilleann pipes,  
a harp and a flute  
there could be  
a boran a fiddle and a lute  
The fairies are singing  
and dancing below  
A place were no person  
is welcome to go  
If you venture near  
this fairy fort, beware  
No harm will come  
to those who just stare  
But for others who disturb  
these fairy sites  
they could be cursed  
with sleepless nights  
So be still and listen  
don't make a sound  
And forever you'll be drawn  
to a fairy mound.

Douglas McClarty

# Bad Memories

Yesterday's pain can hunt us still  
Bitter memories, lurking deep  
Waiting to disturb sweet dreams  
While you struggle to sleep

The darkness deepens the pain  
Awaking, laying bare all before  
Yesterday's secrets, bad news  
Replayed again, black is the night

Thoughts under lock and key  
In the deepest recesses of the mind  
Why is it unlocked, can't see why  
Am I not the owner of this key.

Sometimes takes two minds  
to close and lock these doors  
Those bitter, sad moments  
can be put so safely away  
Just to awaken share all  
With someone you cherish  
Someone you trust, a true  
friend.

Douglas McClarty

## Bad Reflection

I watched two ring doves sit together  
They came to visit almost everyday  
Other birds came and fed alone  
But they were always different  
Two very shy lovers as one, always  
I often thought how and where they met  
How they planned and built their nest  
Then one day there was just one  
I watched from my window  
It seemed lost sitting alone, later  
I found two wings like a small angel  
Imprinted on my kitchen window  
Below the dove lay still on the ground.

Douglas McClarty

# Black Days

I lived in the most dangerous  
part of the world  
At first I felt alone. I was petrified,  
but I survived.  
The bombs the bullets  
killing my friends, neighbours  
Bullets flying, bombs exploding,  
the eve of destruction.  
But I survived I survived,  
I wasn't, ready to die  
It made me wonder how evil grows  
sprinkled by hate

But there could be a new generation  
with an explanation  
Why did it happen,  
is there a cure for diseased corrupt minds.  
I just had to move on  
this long and scary winding road.  
Things just looked very cold  
I'll maybe die before I'm old  
Each day I become more immune  
to what's on my TV  
Living in this dead mans town  
oh god I long to be free.

Could they not see nobody's right  
if everybody's wrong  
Two sides kept singing  
two very different victory songs.  
Through this all I keep looking  
for the shoots of sanity  
Can we all not live like others  
, eat, live and die in peace.  
Or watch their apprentices  
building the walls of hate  
I now just live day by day  
hoping their walls will tumble.



# Butlin's

The magazine showed butlins camps  
But was further than the moon  
For the pounds and shilling to get us there  
Was never coming soon

So I dreamed someday we go together  
To this holiday camp in heaven  
Way Me brothers and my sisters  
And my best friend at school called Kevin.

But the milkman, butcher and grocer  
took up the holiday pot  
And left Ma and Da in a bit of a spot  
Butlin's this year was a definite not

My magazine grew thinner  
As It disappeared up the flue  
Like my thoughts of seeing Butlin's  
My dreams were getting few.

Dad announced that summer  
We would all be on a trip  
To a big red bus outside Portrush  
So we packed our holiday kit.

Ballyreagh was certainly not Butlin's  
But it gave us all the thrills  
As we played in the golden sand.  
And fished in the deep blue pools.

The big red bus was our summer home  
A house with windows and wheels.  
It's final stop was a grassy spot  
Looking out to sea.

I never thought of Butlins again  
As my brothers sisters and me  
Lived that summer in that big red bus  
At Ballyreagh..... by the sea.



Douglas McClarty

# Canuelo

The evening sun was falling behind Maroma  
When we reached the Pueblo Canuelo  
We had journeyed through the winding goat tracks  
Among the thousands of ripened olive trees  
The smell of the occasional orange grove  
Mingled in the fragrant Andalusian air  
Goats and some wild dogs drank  
As we crossed the gentle flowing river bed  
No sign post to guide the traveller here  
Just follow the tracks that lead upward  
The blue sparkling waters of the lake appear below  
As we reach the white village of Periana  
Old men sitting along the narrow streets wave  
Olive trees give way to bright yellow broom  
Bougainville adds to the blinding vibrant colours  
As we struggle on a rough stoney winding track  
Our destination now in sight beautiful Canuelo.  
We sip Tinto Verano on the Pueblo's terrazzo  
Like the eagles we look down on a paradise  
Mountains surround the blue Vinuela lake  
Now going to sleep as the sunsets in Andulacia.

Douglas McClarty

# Cape Verde Islands

Escape from northern Emerald's icy grip  
See Teide slipping away from this ship  
Sailing south to Islands sunny and green.  
Where dreams ended for unsuspecting souls  
Now standing on these balmy rocky shores  
I shiver, the thought of once rattling chains  
Thousands of lost dreams brought here  
Stripped of freedom, their final journey to hell  
While the Christian church bells rang the Nell  
Now here some of their kindred, smiling, free  
They look at this stranger, they smile at me  
You are welcome sir, welcome to Cape Verde.

Douglas McClarty

## Close To Home.

A dark lonely journey I have to travel  
The road is rocky, hills go up some down  
My destination unclear I wish I really knew  
I move through this darkness with hope

There are many on this road holding my hand  
They guide and help me face my constant pain  
Though I have time now to look back and reflect  
On the others who made this journey and arrived.

Douglas McClarty

# Cool Grasshopper

I saved a Grasshopper  
from the pool today  
He was wet and soggy  
when I set him on the clay  
I swore he was staring at me  
while he got dry  
Then it occurred to me  
the suns so hot he'll fry  
But one great leap he landed  
back in the pool  
How stupid,  
this grasshopper wanted to get cool.

Douglas McClarty

## Could Be Me

Just look, what thoughts go through her mind  
When she looks at me, though just glimpses  
Could she want to know me more  
What does she look for that excites her mind  
Do I fulfill all those sensual thoughts she might have  
Just this one chance moment in time  
Is that look that smile a sign to me  
I now feel breathless, could this be true  
This angel with eyes so blue, a faint perfume lingers  
As she steps on to the platform and disappears  
I am left alone to wonder,

Douglas McClarty

## Create A Masterpiece.

The most perfect art in the world  
That appeals to all the senses  
A painting to look at, smell the paint,  
A book to look at, stir the emotions  
Music to listen to, mixed feelings  
No the most perfect art, a plate of food  
I hear it sizzle in my hot oven  
I smell the aromas filling the kitchen  
I see It presented on my white plate  
I taste this perfect culinary masterpiece  
I touch while licking my fingers clean.

Douglas McClarty

# Dad's Life

Moscow on the river Volga  
Were Jock my dad was born  
A proud Scot the son of John  
Douglas was his chosen name  
His eighteenth year he moved from home

He travelled south to Carlisle town  
Another step in his life's unplanned journey  
With his tradesman's ticket now in hand.  
The calling came for this young man  
To fight for his country in a foreign land.

The green fields of France now red with blood  
His countrymen, friends fell in ditches and mud  
Wounded and weary plucked from Dunkirk's shore  
He survived the horror on the beaches of hell  
Back from the shores of his life's darkest hour.

Wounded body and soul the scars of war  
A young Scot grew strong once again  
Destiny was calling, a journey unplanned  
Across the sea to a green Celtic land.  
Ireland was this proud Scots new home.

From Downhill castle across the Atlantic sea  
The sight of Isla, the Mull, feeling closer to home  
But love sought him out dictating life's plan  
The Castlerock bells rang on a summers day  
Announcing Jock and Helens love as one.

With the passing of war, the blossoms of peace  
Two young married Scots now build a home  
Like the season of spring new life is born  
Sons and Daughters complete their lives.  
Now both lie in peace looking towards the sea.

Douglas McClarty



# Day Before Easter At The Zoo

Arrived. What will I see today in this maze?  
As I turn into 'soap powder row', as I call it

Last week I called it 'domestos lane'  
Right cheeks, left cheeks all staring

at filled shelves, depleting bank accounts.  
Temptation around every bend, bargains

two for ones, three for ones, sell by dates.  
Confused, abused by crashing carts, robbed

per litre, per gram, per kilo, pears over ripe.  
The lady with the calculator, calculating

the cost per gram, of the Italian Parma ham.  
I swear the asylum has been emptied, all here

Bank holiday appetites, the resurrection, stock up.  
The second coming, it's obvious, must be at hand.

Arrive at the checkout, at least twenty in the queue.  
Piled up trolleys waiting to hear that continuing blip

I almost flatlined as I was handed my final bill.  
More cash to the charity who packed my 5p bags

Pushed my trolley through the chattering crowds.  
Fresh air at last in the car park? Out of the Zoo

How time has past, I'm reminded, there on display  
A sixty pound parking ticket, 'have a nice day'

Douglas McClarty April 2017.

Douglas McClarty

# Delusion

For days a little bird  
tapped on my window  
Until I realised,  
It was chasing  
it's own reflection.  
Just wasting its life  
on a false illusion.  
So I decided to set  
It free from delusion.  
A wooden cat now sat  
Inside that window.  
I thought it's better  
a broken heart  
for a little while  
Than wasting a life  
On total confusion.  
How often do we  
chase our own illusions  
That end in delusions  
Stop this confusion  
Buy a cat.

Douglas McClarty

# Devils Buttermilk

I was always fearful, they where like ghosts to me  
Unknown souls finding their way, but still alive.  
Now looking back every town had one, two or three  
Though not as many as I see now, they were old then

Even as a child I remember, most were known by name  
These poor unfortunates brought those at home, shame  
They consumed their waiting, wanting families daily bread.  
Yet now the establishments they haunted are almost dead.

More of them stalk the streets, some are violent,  
I am older now but more fearful, not for me, for them.  
They consume in packs, pouring bile on to the streets  
Creating no go places during their nocturnal activities

They may expire younger than those who went before  
The poison elixir draws them, as if like a liquid magnet.  
The food of death sold to them, cheap on market shelves  
An endemic epidemic, spread by greedy corporate hands.

Douglas McClarty

# Dither

I'm in a dither should I hesitate  
Will hang back take my time  
Better being in two minds, they think  
I get flustered and panic in a tizzy  
Really getting into a crazy stew  
I'm told I always seem to faff about  
When I have to take a small decision  
I think it's better, ponder, waver, vacillate  
Indecision doesn't mean I'll delay  
Just like to ponder it's just my way  
Dilly dally, shilly shally that's just me  
Getting into a flutter when I spend a pound  
Just been told, ' it's my round'

Douglas McClarty

## Don'T Chase Nightmares.

Don't chase nightmares you might catch up  
Try chasing sweet dreams that become you  
You are the captain of the good ship, your life  
Plan the voyage carefully if you want to arrive  
Storms will follow be certain, but stay calm  
Challenges on your journey maketh the man.  
Sail only to shores that fulfil all your dreams

Douglas McClarty

## Everlasting Beauty.

When the beauty of the body begins to fade  
When we cross the line from young to old  
When the jet black hair has turned to grey  
When reading the obituary's takes up your day  
When with every year your waist goes up a size  
When you add lots more inches to your thighs  
When you take daily pills for aches and pains  
When you're using makeup to cover varicose veins  
When you take at least five supplements a day  
When you're minds forgetful, beginning to stray  
When an old person gets up to give you a seat  
When sitting in company you doze off to sleep  
When Summer turns to Autumn as it will be so  
Remember, the beauty of your soul doth grow.

Douglas McClarty

## Fairy Laces.

Lying in my bed in the darkest night  
I watched with open eyes a sight  
Fairies sat on my summer cherry tree  
Looking through a window at me

I blinked hoping they would all go away  
But no they were there to stare and stay  
Smiling, waving, lots of them sitting in threes  
Swaying to and fro like branches in a breeze

Each one had different coloured clothes  
On each lapel they wore a bright green rose  
Little red boots with no laces on their tiny feet  
They just sat there watching until I fell asleep

When I awoke it was a bright summer morn  
The trees were bare the fairies had gone  
Was it a dream I dreamt last night  
Or was it my age, my old failing sight.

But when Autumn came and Cherry leaves fell  
I looked at the bare tree there was a story to tell  
For high on the tree were I seen many Fairy faces  
There was row after row of little red boot laces.

Douglas McClarty

# Four Bunnies

I have no fear of them  
Yet they fear me  
Even though they sit  
under my tree  
On my green grass  
they hop and feed  
When I arrive they  
take off at speed  
Yet nature dictated  
they stay with me  
These four bunnies  
running free  
Why do they see  
me as a threat  
When all I want  
Is trusting pets  
Who whispered in  
their bunny ears  
That I may be one  
of their biggest fears  
Yet sheep and cows  
some bigger than me  
They accept, no fear, yet  
The sight of me they  
take off and flee.

Douglas McClarty



# Ganges

Sitting on a Steam train, going to Belfast  
Leaving Coleraine Station I sit alone in fear  
For I have sold my life I'm just in my fifteen year.  
No hugs, no kisses no tears from mum  
I sit alone on this train just feeling numb.

I have joined the Navy I accepted the queens half crown  
I have to make this journey to a place near Ipswich town.  
Oh god I've sold my life away my freedom has been bought  
But I suppose when you have half of nothing you just accept your lot.

I had never travelled far from home and this was new to me  
I had been on my own to Belfast once but never across the sea  
No money in my pocket just a warrant in my hand  
I was now very far away in a very foreign land.

The life I knew was dying with every click of the track  
For now I was on this journey there was just no going back.  
My journey ended at Ganges the ship that became my hell  
I felt i was trapped in a prison marking time to the bosun, s bell

I remember the day the Captain said, have got anything to say,  
Before we pass punishment, I said for what  
You tried to run away, I just wanted to go home I said  
But six cuts on your buttocks dripping blood on the ground  
I think it's fair punishment, you accepted our half crown.

My fifteenth year has since long past yet I still feel the pain  
Lashed by a faceless captain was far from being humane.  
Looking back has made me stronger I value everyday. I'm free  
To do, to go, to breath and just to know my life's controlled by me.

Douglas McClarty

# Gathering Spuds

Outside our house in drumard Drive  
Sandy, s horse stands tired and still  
The five shilling coal bag is heaved aloft  
As he shuffles towards our empty shed  
Tonight we, ll feel the glow of heat  
Before we, re put upstairs to sleep.

The window panes are white with frost  
Our breath like woodbine without the smell  
Fades as we fall asleep  
We dream of wearing out our shoes  
On the slides we made on the icy street.

At six o'clock I here that shout  
Its time to get up, get out.  
To gather pretties from from frosty fields.  
The farmers waiting near Kyle's brae  
To hire lucky gathers for the day.  
Will I be taken, I could earn ten bob  
Or be sent home without a job.

The trailer bumps along the darkened road  
The straw I sit on is cold and wet.  
The drizzling rain begins to clear.  
As we reach the fields at the suns first ray.  
The start of my first back breaking day.

My leaking shoes squelch and squeak  
As mud gathers round my freezing feet.  
Gathering spuds is no easy task  
But ten bob can lighten the load for sandy, s horse.  
And I could have the warmest feet  
On drumard drives icy street.

Douglas McClarty

# Getting Old

Sit me down in a comfy chair  
With a blanket round my bony legs  
Just let me sleep, sometimes stare  
For I'm getting old and very tired  
Just want to sit with my thoughts  
Make conversation short with me  
And perhaps an occasional cup of tea.  
See my grandchildren for a little while  
They always manage to make me smile  
Please don't feel pity or sorrow for me  
For I had like you, days happy, carefree  
Now I replay them while I rest and dream  
The past is all all I have now, it would seem  
For all my friends and love ones are so few  
As far as visits go I'm now just last in the Que.  
I sit in a home full of strangers, all like me  
Just green bottles on the wall, I'm counting.

Douglas McClarty

# Going Downhill

A sad monument of human folly lies crumbling  
The wind of time has taken its heart and soul  
Those who lived here have now departed  
Leaving a small glimpse of the bishops dream

A harp plays softly, the temple looks to sea  
The golden beach erased past soft footsteps  
Were they walked in Downhill summer days  
And looked back at Shanahan's creation.

Above the cliffs Hervey's coach is drawn  
To the Lion's Gate from Derry to Demesne  
The Snow Leopard's in his arms do dwell  
Now this bishops monument, a pathetic shell.

Douglas McClarty

# Going Home

A road stretches and seems endless  
For those who never wander far  
In life how many steps will they take  
For some, like going to the moon  
I have journeyed and travelled it, partly  
along its many winding ways  
But always returning to where I started  
I like the many who set out to roam  
Just ended up coming back to my home.

Douglas McClarty

# Gone Fishing

A ten pence fishing line and hook  
was essential  
A pot of juicy black head worms too  
As my brothers friends and me set  
off to fish for the day  
Promised mum the biggest fish we  
would catch for tea.  
The two posts was our first stop a  
Coleraine popular fishing spot  
We heard stories of giant salmon  
caught here by, can't remember his name  
We cast our lines and sat, waiting for that tug  
Four, five, six lines waiting, then suddenly  
a bite, excitement as the line was pulled in  
What's on the lucky hook, a fluke, salmon  
trout? , no a wriggle eel.  
We all hated the slimy slippery things,  
the bravest retrieved the hook.  
We went down river to the hot waters  
and fished for the ugly bream  
And then to the Grove shore to fish  
for flukes, but got mores eels.  
As sun went down, we headed home,  
No fish for tea,  
But we would get a big one someday,  
my brothers, friends and me.  
Just like..can't remember his name.

Douglas McClarty

## Good And Bad.

In the beginning a God created the canvas  
The perfect painting, the perfect world  
The majestic heavens sprinkled with diamonds  
Animals two of each kind male And female  
Flowers, plants, trees breathless beauty  
Food abundant clear water to drink

But two of each kind meant bad and good  
Ying and Yang, Light and Dark and so it was,  
The scene was now set for war and peace  
The bad destroy, the good repair the canvas  
We struggle to achieve that perfect picture again  
That beautiful world were good for all prevails.

Douglas McClarty

# Guests

My guests arrive unannounced  
We never speak a word  
Their language not understood  
But then trust and love, no need

This feeling I'm told is universal  
Being unselfish, gentle, respectful  
Knowing each other's boundaries  
Building friendships to cherish

Each to give or take, expect nothing  
Arrive and go when they please  
They come, knowing I'm here  
My life becomes enlightened

When they decide to sing for me  
It fills my world with untold treasure  
I know they spread this joy to others  
Always returning back home to me

I have witnessed each generation  
For some these journey's sadly end  
But then the joy of seeing their new born  
They arrive no invitation necessary, from me.

Douglas McClarty



# Hair Of The Dog

Will it be red or maybe white  
Really can't decide which, tonight  
, Shiraz or Sauvignon blanc  
Don't matter going to get drunk  
The liquid can take worries away  
Payback comes the very next day  
Though more pleasure than a pill  
That second bottle oh God I'm ill  
Last nights party, got carried away  
Feel I traded one more precious day  
Need a drink will make me feel good  
And get me back in a party mood  
Merlot, Shiraz or Sauvignon Blanc  
Great life? Being a continual drunk.

Douglas McClarty

# Heaven Or Hell

Was I born in hell or heaven  
Grey dank freezing depressing days  
Hunger, struggle just trying to survive  
Bills to drive me to the depth of despair  
Taking pills and drink to numb the pain

But then, something happens out of the blue  
I awake feeling different, fresh, alive  
I begin to see, to notice what's around me  
With each breath of air my life's renewed  
There's only one unique me in this world

I may have empty pockets or a purse  
But I have much much more than some  
I can hear, I can see I can laugh I can sing  
I have everything I need, I am complete  
I just need a heavenly open positive mind

I can achieve anything I have all the tools  
Just need to use them, starting one at a time  
The days can be warm, the sky's blue  
No need to struggle just believe in you  
Leave hell behind, start building your heaven.

Douglas McClarty

# Home Delivery.

Herrings alive fresh here!  
Was the call in drumard drive  
Then the milkman would arrive  
Followed by the bread mans cart  
The vegetable van on his daily round  
The blockman, coalman selling heat  
In the fifties they arrived in our little street  
There was also the ice cream man  
In his fancy cart  
The man from India selling fashion  
at the door  
There was the lemonade man  
fizzy drinks galore  
All brought to our front door.  
The insurance man he called  
once a week  
This all happened in our wee streets  
The message boy from the grocers store  
Chickens delivered fresh to be plucked  
Peat was sold from a donkey and cart  
Then one by one they all seemed to go  
No fresh herrings to the door  
No milk or buttermilk or fresh daily bread  
Our home delivery's just went dead  
Now we walk miles around the culprits stores  
Looking at two for ones and sell by dates  
Heavy trolleys pushed to the checkout gates  
And then they invented home delivery

Douglas McClarty

## Horse Shoes.

Steel poles sometimes, hammered  
Standing upright, almost ceremonial  
Sodden boots trod damp soil measuring  
The blacksmith provides the horses tools of war  
The time is set for this ancient duel  
Smoke smouldering fagged lips face each other  
Some drink the devils brew, vessels tossed aside  
The game begins, metal is held in each mans hand  
Aiming, precision, tactics, then the clash of steel  
No horses hoofs mark this battle ground.  
Yet their cast offs are littered all around.  
The victorious take their due prize of war  
Lucky trophies, sometimes found, above their doors.

Douglas McClarty

# I Killed A Rook

I killed a Rook that sat high on a tree  
I watched it fall unto the forest floor  
It lay still no sound it would fly no more  
I killed that Rook lying on the forest floor

The Rooks that now sit so high on the trees  
Look down on me I can feel a chill in the breeze  
They knew it was me who killed that Rook  
Yes he killed the Rook lying on the forest floor

It was neither a friend or foe when I killed this Rook  
A life I wasted, shortened, yes it was the one I took  
They sit high judging me as they all gather in the trees  
Was him who killed the Rook that once flew in the breeze.

The trust I once had with the Rooks in the trees  
Is now gone, it's dead like falling Autumn leaves  
So now and for as long as I live, they'll never forgive  
For I was that man who had the power, to let a Rook live.

Douglas McClarty

## In The Dark.

Only nights I see them, like twisting snakes  
Eyes sparkling like bright winter stars  
They twist sometimes, but always pass me by  
Though others have been taken by the beasts  
I am careful, I face them sometimes, always wary  
Never turn your back I'm told you could be devoured  
In the blackest of nights they can take their victims  
Some are left by the side unharmed, others die  
I have faced one, sometimes two or three together  
They are often small, others long twisting, turning  
Then they quickly disappear into the darkness.

Douglas McClarty

# It's A Small World

In almost an instant,  
as the camera points  
We see places, cultures,  
people struggling to survive  
If only we could step  
inside that screen  
Just for a moment  
to be on that other side  
Now what you see, you live  
the reality of it all  
Not just watch, feel, smell  
live others living hell  
Only then will we realise  
We all need each other

Douglas McClarty

# Join The Club.

Join the club  
Membership free  
I Don't qualify  
I think you do  
So many join  
So many leave  
I'm in no hurry.  
It's compulsory  
Don't I know  
Not ready inside  
To take the step.  
It's unfortunate  
But it's for others  
To decide for you  
If you're in or not.  
When will I know  
If I'm in our out?  
Just accept you're in  
The time has come  
You reached that age  
Memberships begun  
So enjoy the benefits  
I hope, for years to come  
Now that you are finally clear  
That you have become,  
A Pensioneer.

Douglas McClarty



# Just Being There

I do not see you every day  
Or every month or year  
We say no words today  
Or tomorrow. no set time  
Yet no one breaks the bond  
It's always there imprinted  
Who we are what we do  
Our paths have varied  
Our years travelled separated  
But our minds and soul still one  
Never to forget our beginnings  
Who we are is unique, be proud  
It's nice to know on this special day  
We are all still here if not together.

Douglas McClarty

# Just You

A meeting of minds  
Kind words shared  
Similar thoughts, maybe  
Seeing you a treasure  
Beside me a pleasure  
A soulmate found  
Loneliness conquered  
Without, I feel lost  
Even for a moment  
No words need spoken  
The invisible bond unbroken  
Shared moments and dreams  
Tears, sadness melt away  
Because you're there with me.

Douglas McClarty

# La Vinuela

The morning mist settles on the lake  
The Shepherd leading his flock to drink  
I hear their tiny bells clanging as they go  
The Iberian sun rising from its sleep

The mountains look grey this time of day  
But like a curtain raised their beauty unfolds  
Olives trees dotted across the scorched land  
Brings the artists canvas live with green

The blue lake sparkles in the warm glow  
I feel the gentle breeze cooling my face  
I stand, I stare at natures beauty  
As the white village above comes alive

Around me the vivid colours of the land  
Lantana sways in the gentle wind  
Bougainvilleas a pleasure to the eye  
Almond blossoms fall like confetti

As Day passes Maroma the majestic mountain  
Like a Chamelion the colours change  
Grey to green and finally red  
When the Iberian sun slips slowly to bed.

Douglas McClarty

# Let's Run Away

The urge always there  
To roam, to get away  
From the drudgery of it all  
Were everything seems grey  
Could there be a better life  
Dreams of warm sunshine  
Lying on golden sands  
The perfect paradise  
Leave all worries behind  
But it's not easy for me  
To get up and go you see  
Friends and family are here  
And all that I hold so dear  
Some days seem dark  
But when my eyes open  
I see you lying beside me  
You brighten my every day  
So if I want to ever run away  
To some island in the sun  
And if this could ever be  
Trust me my true love.  
It will just be you and me

Douglas McClarty

# Life Changing Moment

I sat with others perplexed, lost  
He stood staring straight ahead, silent.  
Not a word was spoken to the crowd  
Minutes past, still not a single sound  
Like a tailors dummy, this was really absurd

Then he turned his back, chalk in hand  
On a blackboard he began to write  
'With every adversity' and then he stopped  
He look at all of us straight in our eyes, silence  
For minutes nothing said, then writing again,

'There is a greater or equivalent benefit'  
Nothing. We all sat, staring at a blackboard  
Try to make sense of the unspoken words  
Like the Budda sitting under a Bodhi tree  
Enlightenment was buried in confused souls.

At we waited hunger grew in our greedy minds  
What's is our master, our teacher, trying to say  
Staring at the greatest salesman in the world  
And yet the silence remained not a single sound  
And then lips of this phenomenal corporate star

Stuttered, he stammered, 'with' took ages  
'Every' the same, 'adversity' even longer  
'There is a greater or equivalent benefit'  
Was for him the longest sentence in the world.  
But this man, his words they changed so many lives.

Adversity should never be an excuse for failure.  
A salesman, sales trainer, chief executive  
With a speech impediment, could this ever be  
'With every adversity there is a greater or,  
Equivalent benefit'. Believe it, you will see.

Douglas McClarty

## Life In Axarquia (X R Key Ah)

The mountain air is pure  
On top of the plateau  
Looking at the still lake  
Touched by a warm,  
light gentle breeze  
It's silent, no sound  
The white villages alive,  
The widows in black  
Brushing passing leaves  
Everyday life in Axarquia.

I gaze around the olive,  
tree covered landscape.  
An eagle circles overhead  
The Iberian sun highlighting,  
It's golden stretched wings  
Then I hear the tinkle of bells  
I watch the Shepard  
leading his flock of goats.  
They drink from the blue lake  
And then disappear over the  
Green mountain path.  
Everyday life in Axarquia.

Douglas McClarty

# Living In The Heights.

I could say we were almost  
extended families  
But not related in anyway,  
We all lived on the estate  
we called the heights  
More than neighbours,  
almost like a common market,  
a borrowed cup of sugar  
could be paid back  
With a few slices of bread,  
or a jug of milk  
A single shilling for the gas meter  
until payday no interest charged  
We had an almost open door policy  
No one knocked, you just walked into  
each other's houses  
as if we lived there  
A cup of tea was always shared,  
No biscuits or buns  
Sometimes on birthdays  
We had jelly  
Our new fourteen inch television  
cost us a few friends for a while,  
A jump to far,  
getting above ourselves  
Then when they got to know  
it was on the tic  
Relationships got back to normal  
reasonably quick.  
Nineteen fifty five was a difficult year  
My dad was unemployed,  
nearly broke his back at his now  
Non existent job.  
The tic television was no more  
So to survive we would knock a few more  
of our extended families doors,  
A bowl of sugar,  
a few slices of bread,  
helped keep our penniless family fed.

Douglas McClarty



# Los Romanos

On the mountain side Los Romanos  
Surrounded by ancient olive trees  
The white village looks across the lake  
Magnificent Maroma rises to heaven  
Now red in the hot midday sun  
Yet a small sprinkling of snow on top  
Vacant villas dot this Iberian land  
Waiting the return of those swept here  
By the cold northern winds  
Ruins remain from those who passed by  
The moors came from the Sahara sands  
centuries before, leaving their mark  
Orange, lemon groves abundant  
Planted by their ancient hands, remain

Douglas McClarty

# Magical Place

I had a dream to live near a stream or a river  
Surrounded by trees green fields even a bog  
Just to get away from the grey smokey town  
Not to be smothered by noise and pollution.

I found the place where I would build this dwelling  
I would sit on an old rusting gate looking at my field  
Hours would pass looking at my patch of ancient land  
Wild flowers set in a background of vivid green

On top of the Livery hill the air was still and I could hear  
Rippling waters passing by the ancient Celtic raiths  
Across the valley the ruins, a monument to life before  
The halls the rooms, the pitch pine floors hear no footsteps

The cottage I built now stands in the Livery hills  
My dreams fulfilled laid out like a Giants grave  
The destination to a searching soul  
A place to live out a life of tranquil dreams

Douglas McClarty

# Marble Hill Strand

The water's cold grey and bleak  
As it ripples around my purple feet  
Barefoot I paddle along marble hill beach  
I love to hear the seagulls cry and screech  
The cold Atlantic winds chill my face  
Now the tide has turned I quicken my pace  
For I am alone, just me on this golden strand  
Water now almost covering every inch of sand  
The foot marks of those who walked here before  
Are erased as the sea washes this desolate shore  
I feel like a small grain in these long golden sands  
Walking on this beautiful Donegal ancient strand  
I look across to Downing's on this stormy day  
A rainbow appears in the centre of the bay  
This place is truly one of nature's treasures  
A time to reflect on one of life's simple pleasures.

Douglas McClarty

## My Brother.

No pill can ease the pain  
Maybe time will I cannot tell  
With us, then in a moment gone  
Left with just memories  
Sad at this moment in time  
Waking up each day without you  
Dark even though the sun shines.

Where you have gone to  
You will feel no more pain  
We know you valued everyday  
You filled every hour in your own way  
Left behind lots of loving hearts  
If only you could hear the remarks.

I wish I could be what you were  
What you meant to so many  
The people you filled with laughter  
And others you helped to ease their pain  
The day you passed away David  
Was a sad day for your Coleraine.

Douglas McClarty

## My Darkness.

I am sitting alone looking at the lake  
In darkness illuminated by a waxing moon  
My thoughts are as dark as the night  
Yet when morning comes it will not alter  
The sun does not lighten the darkness  
Or brighten and warm a darkened soul  
The lake will still be there no different  
Its waters still dark, even in the light  
only when clouds disperse things change  
Yet it's not I who can make this melt away  
I can only wait until the gloom disappears  
But I have to believe it always will for me.

Douglas McClarty

# My Great Grandmother.

The plot was half an acre  
That was her world her home  
Never ventured far from here  
No need her life was all there  
Mother hen, mother goose  
She was all of them  
Thirteen bairns washed  
clothed, fed and scrubbed.  
Until they left the half acre  
one by one gone to places  
She would never want to know.  
Some returned now and then  
bairns to feast on her griddle  
Soda's, scones, jam and tea and  
buttermilk from the half acre cow.  
Visits got scarce as the years past  
As each of her bairns passed away  
Some in far away places, others  
beneath foreign clay.  
Yet she never left that half acre  
And now one hundred years gone by  
she lies alone with fading memories  
sheds a tear and gently falls asleep.

Douglas McClarty

# My Love From Cushendun

The winds blow down from Orra  
As I walk upland from Cushendun  
The Antrim hills now white with snow  
Make this treacherous journey slow  
No man or beast was made to bear  
The sleety winds you get up there  
But to see my Kitty, oh the love I feel  
Is worth every mile I walk, to loughguille  
My pockets now empty  
but for a golden ring  
The thought of her, my wife to be  
Makes me want to shout way glee  
But my steps on Orra are getting tougher now  
As I struggle waist deep in snow  
It's going to take a bit more time  
just a few more miles to go  
But now, can't feel my freezing feet  
as I drift into the deepest sleep  
morning time will come..

Clutching a ring beneath the snow  
melting in the sun  
The loughguille church bells  
played a different tune.  
For my love from Cushendun.

Douglas McClarty

## My Tree.

Could I ask, do you belong to me.  
You have been here my sixty years  
I love to see your changing beauty  
You are growing old with me  
I have watched your naked form  
Shivering in a winter storm  
Then slowly you put on that dress  
Your favourite colours for Spring  
You dance and sway while I watch  
In the gentle balmy summer nights  
To the songs played from your heart  
As summer nights begin to fade  
I love to watch you slowly change  
Into your favourite warmer dresses  
Day by day I watch as you change  
I stand staring at your stunning beauty  
Wearing that golden Autumn dress.  
Could I ask, do you belong to me.

Douglas McClarty



# No Hiding Place

He who carry's guilt  
Cannot hide from the deed  
The inner self will remind you.

Douglas McClarty

# Not Ready Yet

The organist played solemn tunes  
As the empty front pews began to fill  
The timid sit to the back near the front door  
Waiting on those who have gone before.

Silence as the deceased is brought in  
Then all stand to sing the first hymn  
The righteous sing, others just mime  
For this soul taken, before their time.

Nothing said bad about their past deeds  
Only happy stories as the service proceeds  
Then comes the sermon, that final blow  
As he points at me, are YOU ready to go?

I sit stunned, thinking I'm not ready yet  
He said you sinner, not paid your debt  
The wages of sin has dammed your soul  
Repent now before you're next in that hole.

But I only came to say goodbye, to my friend  
Never thought a second about my own final end  
Do I want a crowd to sing hymns at my wake  
When I know St. Peter will never open that gate.

Douglas McClarty

# Old But Happy

Enemies are now my friends  
Worries I have no more  
Yesterday's pain seems better now  
Can't recall how it was before  
The world seems to be a better place  
Dark days seem to have gone astray  
I have never felt so happy now  
As my memory gently fades away.

Douglas McClarty

# On The Road To Agra

Was on the way to Agra  
On this road I sat amazed  
So many animals on this busy route  
A Zoo materialising in the haze  
There were camel trains  
Herds of goats, Elephants  
and packs of dogs  
The lorries, cars, trucks  
just moved with them  
in the stench, heat and smog  
So many sacred cows wandering  
mixing with the human crowds  
Water carriers line the route  
dressed in sack cloth shrouds.  
When I step out to stretch  
my hot aching joints, I realise  
I am the attraction in this zoo  
So many bodies push and shove  
To get a glimpse of me  
All is normal on the road to Agra  
But for this new exhibit at this zoo  
Hands reach out to take  
They have nothing to give  
Unless for the lucky few.  
I, m on the road to Agra  
I've seen life in the raw  
I know I will relive the memories  
Of everything I saw.

Douglas McClarty

## Past Good Deeds

Days pass no thoughts  
about family, friends  
Until the calm waters of life  
start to ripple again  
Sometimes a light breeze,  
then comes a storm  
Leaves fall, decay, forgotten,  
though once useful  
Past good intentions erased,  
judged only today  
Feel I am being punished  
for my past good deeds  
Such is this selfish life,  
Hard to be popular always  
But is it worth while trying?

Douglas McClarty

# Past Regrets

I made and shot the arrow  
it did not kill  
It just maimed a broken heart for life  
it was double sided  
Two hearts were broken  
in a single shot  
The hunter is now haunted  
by his reckless aim  
As the victim he once loved  
is left with pain  
Regret cannot be reversed  
the shot was made  
The price for a thoughtless  
act must be paid  
When their eyes meet  
they both reflect the pain  
I made and shot the arrow  
I now live with the shame.

Douglas McClarty

## Past Winters.

As a child I hated winter days  
Waking up to Jack's frosted glass  
Life's breath, clinging to the pane  
Wishing I was born to hibernate  
I rush to the kitchen stove for heat  
Just to chill-out my frozen feet  
Then get into yesterday's clothes  
After toast and tea, a walk to school  
Sit shivering, until a cold milk break  
School over, get home before dark  
No time to play on the frosty street  
There's chores to be done I play my part

I became a coal man aged eight.  
No horse or cart to carry coke or coal  
Just a bogie made way wood and wheels  
From yesterday's child's redundant pram  
To Watts coal yard I made many a trip  
Way five shillings in my frozen hand  
To buy one bag of coal or coke  
For a hungry stove to fill and stoke  
My socks will be dry for tomorrow's feet  
Now hung around the stove to heat  
So up aloft to warm cold sheets  
Time for a good long winters sleep.

Douglas McClarty

# Planting A Tree

My field lay bare almost barren  
Grass competing with rushes  
Natures stored energy wasted  
As if it was waiting on me to decide  
What life form will this field provide  
I finally decided on some local trees  
Oak, Ash and beautiful Silver Birch  
Some Wild Cherry trees and Willow  
Then Apple, Pear and a few plum  
My field finally reborn new life begun.  
I watched my field as the years past by  
As the field gradually changed its form  
Rewarding me with a true rich treasure  
I could never have found so much pleasure.  
Watching mother nature at her work  
Growing trees now towering over me  
With new guests arriving almost everyday  
Various little animals and birds of prey  
Bees, nectar abundant from cherry trees  
Wild flowers planted by the gentle breeze  
Rabbits, squirrels never seen here before  
Now feed and play on my forest floor  
A once barren field, now an oasis for me  
A world that I changed by planting a tree.

Douglas McClarty



# Politicians

Visionary, hope of a green utopia  
Like old hippies peace and freedom thoughts  
Run riot with their prejudice and hate  
Stirring the vile pot, nationalist pride  
The charlatan selling false potions & cures  
How can they live with the lies and deceit  
Helped to put so many in untimely graves  
I am repulsed as I watch and listen  
They are still there, white teeth, Armani suits  
Makes no difference, their trust was sold.  
Still we allow the pied piper to play the tune  
We have been lead to the crossroads again  
And again.

Douglas McClarty

# Problems

Who do you run to when you hit a brick wall  
Who do you turn to when you tumble and fall  
Who do you think of when you feel down and out  
Who do you cry to when your living in doubt

When your Mum and Dad are not there for your pain  
When your friends with their problems are not the same  
When your sisters and brothers do not want to know  
When your options are few and your feeling so low

Were you are now, remember this, others have come to  
Were you want to go to, others are standing in a long que  
Were you have come from is not your final journeys end  
Were you are, just another troubled soul waiting to mend

Douglas McClarty

## Reflecting.

I woke up this morning staring at reality  
The reflection was of me, an older man.  
Yet inside this aging shell I feel young  
I still have dreams of things I want to do

The years have past by so quickly  
The people I rely on look like children  
The doctor, dentist not long out of school  
Now everyday reminders of getting old

The wrinkling brow and sliver hair, a medal  
For I have arrived today, others haven't  
The beauty of the body may fade now  
But the beauty of my soul can flourish.

I have more to give now than I every had  
More valuable than pots of gold or silver  
I have toiled many years in the fields of wisdom  
Knowledge, life's experiences unique treasure.

I could remain silent refuse to share it all  
If others on the same journey through this life  
Had not written or shared their harvest  
Then I may not be staring at the man I am now.

Douglas McClarty

# Reincarnation

All that I am is held in the gods nano light  
Look at the universe, the stars the power  
Your eyes are cast upon tiny sparks of life  
They are you and you became of them  
And you will return to them a different light  
When the atom explodes it does not die  
It's reborn as part of the gods universe  
Of different form but still it lives to die again  
So you and all you know will be forever, amen

Douglas McClarty

# Rey Del Noche

By day duties calls  
Wealth creating essential  
To fund his nocturnal journeys  
To his palaces that are many.

When the sun goes down  
Designer robes come out  
For this is his birthright  
He's the King of the night.

The bars in the costa's  
Lay out the red carpet  
No one gets in the way  
Of Rey Del Noche

Dark glasses and Armani  
Essential fake tan  
Girls just love him  
He, s King of the night.

On the floor of the disco  
From night until day  
He dances, romances  
El Rey Del Noche.

Champagne and shots  
And an odd San Miguel  
This guy lives it up  
Because he's king of the night

A carriage awaits at dawn  
To take him back to his throne  
Such is the circle of the life  
Of, Rey Del Noche

Douglas McClarty

# Sailing Home

We sat upon Pegasus  
My son, my friend and me  
On a brisk Sunday morning  
We set sail on the open sea  
Slipped moorings at Cushendall  
Now facing a fresh morning squall  
The telltales on the shroud revealed  
As we pass through Rathlin sound  
For we are sailing on Pheobus wings  
Together we battle the storm and rain  
The spray stinging, burning our eyes  
Our course set for the town of Coleraine  
Eight hours we struggled against the sea  
Trusting Pheobus to guide us safely through  
As he rode Pegasus a boat bearing his name  
Trusting these gods the waters slowly calmed  
As the sea fog lifted, we sailed towards land  
Saved by the gods, to sail with them again.

Douglas McClarty

# Sharing.

That kitchen chair was the  
best in the house,  
Sat between the cooker  
and the stove.

On winter mornings it was always  
a race to sit on that old wooden chair  
Get warm by the smelly coke fire.  
Arguments would break out about  
who got there first.

The oldest would demand it, soon  
to be ejected by Mum or Dad  
They ruled whose turn it was to have  
that hard old chair.

The losers went to the dining room  
To draw with their fingers on the  
tripled glazed windows  
One layer of glass with a sheet of  
frost inside and outside.

Then breakfast toast and tea  
was served

A slice occasionally traded for  
a seat on the chair.

Sometimes deals would be made  
If I get the coke for the stove  
Can I have the chair.

Sometimes it worked other times no  
Depended on parent power or moods  
But was always worth a try.

Summer and Spring the chair  
sat lonely the stove was cold  
But attention was turned to the  
one seat garden swing  
It was easier to share  
Pushers and swingers would  
each take there turn.

Douglas McClarty

# Silence

How can I describe this silence  
Sitting on an Iberian hill at midnight  
Not one single sound, just nothing  
light from a bright winter moon  
and from some sparkling stars

This is food for the human soul  
I just sit and stare, my mind numb  
My thoughts have been erased  
I am totally at one with something  
That I cannot think to understand.

Douglas McClarty



## Snowdrops.

looking out a window  
On a bright winters day  
Under the cherry tree  
I see a beautiful display,  
Awake from your sleep  
You bow so gracefully  
In the cool gentle breeze  
Like a welcome visitor  
Arriving when you please  
So pure and so delicate  
A sweet shy white flower  
Announcing winters end  
Pretty little Snowdrops  
So good to see again.

Douglas McClarty

# Social Unrest

I cannot understand why you who worship  
Them, who want you to suffer also, believe me  
If you do not conform to their twisted ideology  
You will become a victim or a damned martyr

I have seen with my eyes the destruction  
Watering eyes, bottles of fire thrown.  
Feeling safe in the feral waring mass  
Out of the gutter like rats they are vermin.

No thought for how the story ends  
For the innocent who stand and stare  
Like a bull attracted by a waving flag  
They run like demented fools to the sword

Douglas McClarty

# Sorry

A cold silence broke  
No more words spoken, after  
Both embroiled in a war  
of verbal destruction  
Now severally wounded.  
a standoff takes place  
They reconsider the situation  
Two souls and minds bleeding  
Who will open the medicine chest  
The cure is there, just takes guts  
Only the brave will survive  
But it's almost beyond belief  
They ponder, whose going  
to administer, deliver, the antidote  
'Sorry'

Douglas McClarty

# Spanish Nightmares

When I was younger than today  
I dreamt of living far away  
Spanish blue sky's days of sun  
Just endless retirement days of fun

I found my Casa, love at first sight  
Paid a ransom to have all legal rights  
Lawyers, Notaries the local Townhall  
Gave me titles, documents I had them all.

Paid all my taxes year after year  
Then the nightmare became quite clear  
Your house is illegal, on protected land, but  
I have all my legal documents in my hand.

Now prisoner one hundred thousand and one  
Who came to Spain to retire in the sun  
Now locked, living each day in this hell  
Have a so called illegal home that I cannot sell.

They took my life's saving, I have no where to go  
Waiting each day for that one final blow  
Inside I'm holding back my final screams  
As bulldozers come to demolish a lifetime of dreams

Douglas McClarty

# Staying Calm

The wind is howling down the chimney  
Smoke from the burning logs uninvited  
In my now very hazy room,  
Watery eyes, coughing, cursing these  
never ending storms.  
The chimney cleaner will have a clean  
face this year  
as last years soot covers  
my once cosy home.  
How long will this breath from hell  
Continue to blow  
Don't think the weather men  
Even know.  
Choking and spluttering  
I reach for the door  
A blast from the storm  
Almost land on the floor  
And then in a moment  
a flash in time  
All calmed, things are  
Just fine  
Put down the shovel,  
and dirty brush  
Siting enjoying silence,  
that welcome hush.

Douglas McClarty

# Stormy Days

I cannot see you, but you're there  
Given a name for every mood  
A delight to walking lovers  
On a blue sky sunny day

Cursed by others. Lives ruined  
By your sudden treachery  
No one spared your wrath  
Cut down in your chosen path

Then as if nothing happened  
No apologies expected  
Life, rebuilding goes on  
You've proved your might again

We love you when you're gentle  
Your warmth breathes life into all  
Or when I shiver on a still cold night  
For that moment you're held in awe.

Douglas McClarty

# Stranocum's Rath

Monuments to wrath or woe  
Now animal trodden dug pits  
Decaying homes lie vacant  
Silent, forgotten families  
Just melted like ice and snow  
Under our feet remnants lie  
Buried snapshots undiscovered  
Waiting for a thirsty soul to dig  
Uncover from natures grip  
Secrets beneath histories tip.

Douglas McClarty

# Sweet Dreams

Our memories are scattered  
like pieces of a puzzle  
Little bits here and there,  
past life in fragments  
Spilling out into our  
thoughts and dreams  
More often bitter than sweet  
Disturbing a nights  
peaceful sleep  
Each day adding to  
the pile of junk.  
Though sometimes  
dreams come true  
Be they are very few  
But that's what  
makes them worthwhile  
Like magic extracted  
from that file.

Douglas McClarty



# That Kiss That Never Came.

Some of us had under clothes  
the poorest of us had none  
But then who worried  
we all swam naked  
in the bog burn pool  
A child of the fifties, most  
had empty pockets  
But our hearts were full  
of fun and laughter  
Simple wants like  
being fed, a warm bed.  
No iPads, iPhones  
Then, Just a red box in  
the street for all  
A bit of green grass  
to kick a homemade ball  
Water to make a slide  
on the icy winter street  
Chalk to play hop skip  
and jump, and chasing  
for the older girls and boys  
Looking for that kiss  
that never came.

Douglas McClarty

# The 13th Lucky Day

A crisis meeting took place  
In our good room.  
With Uncle Willie, John and my Dad  
I remember it was a Sunday  
Before the thirteenth day, they said  
We were all about to be blown away  
One bomb in Belfast will kill us all  
Was this all about Cuban cigars  
Why should the world end this way  
I was now counting every precious day  
Should we build a shelter in our backyard  
But using our spade it would be too late  
Unfortunately there was no way to escape.  
We watched our little black and white screen  
To watch the Cuban crisis becoming  
Our very worst dream.  
As the Russian ships sailed to deliver  
their cargo of doom  
Silence fell in our little front room  
We watched TV as president Kennedy said  
with a serious frown.  
Mr Khrushchev your ships must turn around  
Like watching the final of a football match  
The tension was building, who will win  
They faced each other like matador and bull  
Will the red flag win or stars and stripes  
Or will both fall in the last bull ring  
The final minutes past, are we all going to die  
Then in a moment the Russians gave way  
Proving for history the 13th was a lucky day.

Douglas McClarty

# The Bee

The field was a park, without trees or flowers  
I would climb our garden fence to enter  
I always loved the smell of fresh cut grass  
After the scythe men finished their task  
In summer we built haystacks and huts  
Hours could pass playing on these sunny days

It's was on one of these, that I heard a sound  
I saw this boy go round and round and round  
Holding a long cord attached to, I thought a bee  
Only it buzzed louder than any I heard or could see  
So my friends and me went timorously to have a look

It was a thing attached to string flying around and high  
The boy who owned it was attached by lines to this bee  
It went up, down and around but finally hit the ground.  
We all rushed with the boy to see if the bee was okay  
It was silent as it lay on the ground I was sure it was dead.

My spitfires broke I heard the boy choke, but it will fly again  
A little glue is all it needs, tomorrow it will look like new  
From that day I was hooked, I wanted my own flying bee  
So for months I saved my pennies, until that special day  
When I became like that boy, flying my own model bee  
In the that special field, around the summer hay.

Douglas McClarty

# The Betrayal

A great betrayal in life is  
when your doctor dies before you  
Years of advise binned  
The pills to keep me around  
Advice now suspect  
not that sound  
Feel like the pilot  
died on the plane  
Rest of my days  
will not be the same.  
I took every word  
he said as right  
And took his pills  
to help me sleep at night  
The drugs to keep  
my pressure up or down  
Everything prescribed to  
keep me above ground.  
Since he obviously decided  
to quit before me  
I think it's only right  
that I should see  
What advice and pills  
he took day and night  
Perhaps my alcohol, fat diet  
and smokes was alright.

Douglas McClarty

# The Bog Lane

The bog lane was not far from our homes  
A place my pals and me to explore and roam  
We fought battles with giants neither orange or green  
We crossed bridges over the bog burn stream

We netted the sprickleys that swam in the burn  
We made camp fires for tattles we found in the fields  
A feast for the adventurers when we tired that day  
We would eat the blackened spuds as we lay in the hay.

The plantation that lay beyond the bog burn  
Was a place to explore from the huts that we made  
From sticks and the branches that lay all around  
We just huddle inside and sit on damp ground?

Those sunny days when we were all free  
So much adventure for my friends and me  
We searched for berries, picked them by hand  
For our mums to make some homemade jam.

Home to the griddle and the smell of soda bread  
Recalling our adventures and then off to bed.  
Drift off to warm summer night dreams  
Swimming and fishing in that Bog Burn stream.

Douglas McClarty

# The Countryside

Wide open spaces, breathing freedom  
Green fields, hedgerows and trees  
Cows that moo, white sheep bleating  
Birds, rabbits, foxes, and badgers  
Butterflies and honey bees buzzing  
Natures art gallery, always open  
Always different collections revealed  
Colours change as the sky turns blue  
Or the red sunsets, then morning dew  
Or when the wheat turns golden from green  
Painting a unique countryside scene.  
Some magic moments when the air is still,  
Across the meadow natures show begins  
Blackbirds, Robins, Wrens and a Cuckoo  
Sing their Spring and summer love songs  
No sadness here, only happiness and joy

Douglas McClarty

# The Cruise Ship

Not far from shores of plenty  
A swallows flight, no more  
Another ship of pleasure arrives  
From their warm, cosy nights dreams  
Here, will see others living nightmares  
Some lost for words, Armageddon arrived  
Defrocked children, like filthy rag dolls  
Wandering streets with begging hands  
They, like ghosts appears before them  
With silver in their strange white hands  
What's changed for them, are they still slaves  
They are free, but not for sale, just no buyers  
Wandering, looking at this human zoo  
No one to feed or cloth these retched souls  
and bid not for them, but only their bobbles  
Trophy's that become yesterdays story  
As the ship sails away for another shore

Douglas McClarty

# The Dance Hall

They face each other  
at the weekend dance  
The rules always the same  
The battle of the sexes begins  
Some lose others win  
Men choose, ladies refuse  
Chaos as the music starts  
The crowd mingle,  
searching  
For that life  
changing moment  
The winners leave  
hand in hand  
The losers sit  
listening to the band  
Next set is called  
hearts beating fast  
Could have been lives,  
look and walk past.

Douglas McClarty



# The Dark Hedges

Like arthritic joints on display  
How did trees grow this way  
Did evil hands plant the seeds  
As a fitting monument to bad deeds  
Do the Hedges have a dark past  
They alone only know the mystery  
Left for others to stand and stare  
Ugly but there's also beauty there  
If you travel along this narrow road  
There unique, mother natures art  
You will marvel at how this could be  
One dark night if lucky you might see  
The Dark Hedges Ghosts behind a tree.

Douglas McClarty

# The Fairies Dance

I watched the misty moon that night  
As I walked along the Fivey Road  
Though dark there was a sliver glow  
A beam from the heavens to the earth below  
Like a giant spotlight shining on Knockglade  
Then in a moment it began to fade  
I stood in silence there was not a sound  
And then I felt inspired to look around  
Fairies were dancing on Stranocum Rath  
They emerged in pairs from an open shaft  
They were tiny, some dressed green others white  
I stood in awe at this wondrous sight.  
They joined hands in a circle dancing around  
Humming a sweet lullaby a beautiful sound.  
Then the circle broke they turned looked at me  
And beckoned I join them to sit on this tree.  
In the centre of the ring I relaxed on a branch  
I watch until dawn as they merrily danced.  
Then like the misty moon they faded away  
As the night changed to a bright sunny day.  
For years now I walk when there's a misty moon  
Just hoping to see them and hear the same tune  
Only I know, beneath that mound of green grass  
There lives the fairies I watched dance,  
at Stranocum Rath.

Douglas McClarty

# The First Time

The first time I saw her.  
Passing by, what made me stare  
Still after all these years I ponder  
Why her, what was the attraction?  
There were others that drifted by  
But this time something happened  
A moment in time our destiny was written  
An invisible chain locked two minds into one  
That day the arrows of love  
Found two unsuspecting targets.

Douglas McClarty

# The Garden

My dad would take a spade and dig  
Turn the sods over in dry winter days  
They were left in the garden to dry  
Warmed by dry spring air we had soil

Raked to and fro until smooth as sand  
Then land, laid out with blistered hands  
There were beds, drills in neat little rows  
Potatoes, cabbage, turnips and a hose?

I stood looking for my dad to give the nod  
Hose in hand waiting, I had the watering job  
For weeks I watered the vegetable rows  
As I stood amazed watching things grow.

Then my daily watering job came to a stop  
As we all gathered in the vegetable crop  
Our garden now looked so barren and bare  
Until in a flash weeds grew, here and there

The winter came. All plants withered away  
All that remained was a garden full of clay  
Out came the spade, dad digging the sod  
I knew I would be back soon to my watering job.

Douglas McClarty

# The Gerona

From Spanish shores they sailed  
Victory was in the wind for Rome  
But the gods turned against the tide  
Galleons scattered, evil plans died.

Some set sail for home against all odds  
No one can defeat the might of the gods  
Violet storms and seas devoured so many  
Gerona, against all odds, she survives

This vessel heavily laden with others saved  
From cold Irish waters, so many's grave  
Thirteen hundred souls now taken onboard  
Sent to convert protesters with the sword

From Killybegs a ship full of dreams sets sail,  
for home, to Andalusian warm sunny shores  
The Gerona now sailing, unknown to oblivion  
Facing the finally battle, against the Celtic storms

Lost, as she founders in the turbulent waves  
Dunluce rocks lay claim to this Galleons brave  
The castle, a memorial to those Spanish souls  
May they rest in peace in their watery graves.

Douglas McClarty

# The Goat Herder

Sunrise the herder sits on a craggy rock  
Leaning on his bramble crooked stick  
He seemed oblivious to the multitude  
Suddenly a whistle from his parched lips  
Ears cocked the herd moves on, chewing  
as they move down the valley bells tinkle  
along the dry trodden track to the lake  
The midday sun beats down as they drink  
Then through the clear still air the whistle  
The tinkle of the bells soon fades away  
As they climb hill after hill until the sunsets

Douglas McClarty

# The K McDonnell Trio

I stood in smokey Masters bar  
Accompanying singers on my guitar  
Kathleen, Bernard would sing aloud  
Entertaining the drunken crowd

The hazy lounge stale with stout  
Give us a song, they began to shout  
Come on Kathleen sing this and that  
When she sang they silenced and sat

The voice of an angel in Master's bar  
To hear Kathleen they had come from afar  
Songs that brought tears to grown men  
As they sat fixated from seven till ten.

At ten on the dot the music would stop  
As McMaster called time to close shop  
The last song of the night ended with joy  
As Kathleen would sing. 'Oh Danny Boy'

Douglas McClarty

# The Kiss That Never Came.

Some of us had under clothes  
the poorest of us had none  
But then who worried  
we all swam naked  
in the bog burn pool  
A child of the fifties, most  
had empty pockets  
But our hearts were full  
of fun and laughter  
Simple wants like  
being fed, a warm bed.  
No iPads, iPhones  
Then, Just a red box in  
the street for all  
A bit of green grass  
to kick a homemade ball  
Water to make a slide  
on the icy winter street  
Chalk to play hop skip  
and jump, and chasing  
for the older girls and boys  
Looking for that kiss  
that never came.

Douglas McClarty



# The Light

If Jesus were here today would he be a Christian  
Would he want to sit among the self righteous saved flock  
Who look down at others with their arrogant thoughts and mock  
Condemning them to Hell because they do not see it their way.  
Or because they are confused by their frozen views

Would he condemn those who seek the truth  
Just because they would look for proof  
These people who seek to use and control  
With rules that punish seekers of wisdom

For too long the innocent have lived in fear  
Just to ask questions just to see things more clear  
Would Jesus have expected you to blindly accept  
What you have been told is the ultimate truth  
How dare you seek or ask for a little more proof.

I think not, if he lived among us today.  
He would want the lost to find their way  
Through the jungle of lies and preachers of hate  
He would be standing at the open truth gate  
To help you find your own life's true fate.

So throw off the shackles of man's self control  
Become your own seeker on the journey for truth  
Forgive your own sins and learn from your past  
You know what is good and what is not right  
Your own life's journey will lead to, the truth and light.

Douglas McClarty

# The Light Of Life

From darkness the light of life is born  
Each moment changing before our eyes  
Nothing stands still as nature works  
Creating masterpieces in a single blink  
That reflection or shadow there now gone  
replaced with something new to see, hear, smell  
Ripples turn to waves, black instead of blue  
Clouds white or silver now changed to grey  
Nature continually moving rearranging all  
You will never be the person you were, again  
As the changes that apply to all, apply to you.  
Nothing in life passes away, decay is new life  
Old will become new again, different but reborn  
As light turns to darkness, nature never sleeps.

Douglas McClarty

# The Love Of Your Life.

The most wonderful thing in life  
Is to have your loving wife.  
To love and beloved every day  
To share laughter and tears,  
that will surely come your way  
Growing old together looking back  
cherishing the memories shared  
and hugging each other  
when tears fall for sad moments.  
Recall the happy time spent together,  
lying in the holiday sunshine  
Or shivering in a winter fall of snow  
Planning together other places to go  
Just need to tell you my loving wife  
this life of mine would be worthless  
If I could not spend all my time with you.

Douglas McClarty

# The Movies

I remember excited Saturdays standing in a crowd  
Waiting for the doors to open just to get a seat inside  
To watch the Lone Ranger and Tonto ride across the screen  
And listen to hi ho silver as we ate our cold ice cream.

The hazy smoke made us choke as we sat in the cheapest stalls  
The torch light shone in our watering eyes if we made the slightest noise  
Someone let penny bangers off when a baddy shot his gun  
The smell of gunpowder filled the air adding to the fun.

When the doors flung open after the show we galloped unto the street  
Our cap guns banging as we all shouted! Hi Ho Silver Away.  
Our destination was a reservation which sat on the top of a hill  
We would cross the bridge below the ridge and all meet at Hillmans way.

We would pass killowen where the Indians lived just above the old pates lane  
We held our cap guns aiming high in case Geronimo had set a  
As the sun went down we crossed open ground before day turned to night  
At Somerset ridge we looked at the aul bridge glowing in the fading light.

My friend Billy and I and our trusty steeds had survived another cowboys day  
It was time to take off our saddles an things, leave trigger to eat some hay  
Just then I heard the big chief calling from our fort in drumard drive  
It's late, getting dark time for bed, so get yourself back inside.

Douglas McClarty

# The Overton

From the bridge I see my mother wave  
As the Overton slips through the gentle surf  
For Liverpool she is bound  
From Coleraine harbour my Dad and me  
On my first adventure across the sea.

At six years old I smell the sea  
And watch the seagulls call to me.  
On this rusting tub me dad and me  
Are sailing across the Irish Sea.

Birkenhead I remember well  
As we approach her docks on a morning swell  
I see a foreign land with ship galore  
As me dad and me step ashore.

The captain gave me a shilling to spend  
Twelve penny's to buy something grand  
Me Dad took me to some market stalls  
And way my pennies I bought me mum a shawl

When we Sailed for home on the next new tide  
I remember the fear as mountain high waves  
Came splashing and foaming over the side.  
At the barmouth she calmed and let us sail through

And soon we where heading to the opening bridge  
On the Overton deck, me dad and me  
We seen my mum waving way glee  
My journey had ended where it begun  
I was glad to be home way me dad and my mum.

Douglas McClarty

# The Perfect Holiday

Can, t wait to get away  
Got the tickets ready to go  
Got the case packed full  
Leaving the torrential rain  
Off to hot sunny Spain  
Three hours at the airport  
Two hours in the sky  
Arrived hot exhausted  
Kids want to go home  
Wife having a breakdown  
All part of the perfect holiday.  
Far from home  
Sitting in hot sunshine  
White bodies getting toasted brown  
Blue sky's a change from grey  
Eating foreign fish and chips  
Socks and shoes put away  
Too hot to have a proper sleep  
Or to cool my swollen feet  
One hundred bodies in the pool  
In hot water, trying to cool  
Some redskins join the fun  
In the shade not the sun  
All part of the perfect holiday  
Last day was cut in half  
Vacate your room at eleven  
Case full of holiday junk  
Now four kilos overweight  
£100 extra at checkin gate  
Three hours at airport  
No money for duty free  
A two hour flight back to rain  
All part of the perfect holiday.

Douglas McClarty

# The Perfect Place To Live.

One man one vote if we get it  
Will put things right for good  
We'll all live in peace and harmony  
The perfect place to live, love thy neighbour  
Green tea with orange biscuits will be the norm  
There will be Paddy Sean, Billy and Fred  
All under one peaceful household roof  
You see one man one vote is the missing link.

But this green land was covered with peoples blood  
It the price you pay you see if we don, t agree  
One man vote will change everything wait and watch  
The vote was won, what next just wait and see  
If the ten demands are met and prisoners are free  
We'll all live in peace and harmony  
The perfect place to live, love thy neighbour.

Votes, flags, free to walk, born to pray in a different way  
Let resolve all we are told one by one  
Then they will agree to put down their guns  
We can live and work, hopefully see another day  
When the battles won just wait and see  
We'll all live in perfect harmony  
The perfect place to live, love thy neighbour.

Douglas McClarty

# The River

The babbling river  
Has secrets, never told  
I stand watching its waters  
On a journey to the sea  
Then the circle, is reborn  
Life sustained, continual  
Thirsty mouths quenched  
Empty bodies nourished  
Gods creatures cleansed  
Journey's started here  
Others have ended  
It giveth and it taketh  
Sometimes raging  
And then calm and still  
Creating a perfect place  
Soothing a troubled mind  
A place to reflect in silence  
Just sit, watch and listen  
All sounds blend with the river  
Natures orchestra always there  
All creation is attracted here  
All understand its language.

Douglas McClarty



# The Roundabout

I was told by them in my dream  
You had taken the righteous path  
It's time to take you on that journey  
Your destiny now agreed and planned  
The coach I entered was small and black  
And rode upon the smoothest track  
My fear mounting as I watched  
As we followed the beast with eyes  
Red like blood, blinking, staring, flashing  
Like a devil it made haste with speed  
Always keeping this coach in sight  
Never letting us get near  
I could hear the dark wind outside  
It was hissing and howling  
Had the righteous been misjudged  
Had the others before me, gone to hell  
Just then I seen souls on the other side  
Like bright white angels they flew past  
Their destination I'm sure was heaven.  
Then in a moment the beast stopped  
We followed as it turned the way we came  
I was breathless I just did not want to believe  
The angels I seen just turned to red eyed devils  
To late to discover, maybe all tracks lead to hell.

Douglas McClarty

# The Silver Carpet

Cannot walk on this silver carpet  
Neither can Kings, Queens or Gods  
It stretches before me, almost unending  
In the morning it will be gone, replaced  
By red or gold, sometimes nothing  
Arranged to awaken your senses  
Many have painted the gods creation  
Others like me just stand and stare.  
Beauty unplanned, laid before me  
Even on this darkest night, it's there.  
Yet in a moment, the carpet's lifted  
Now like a room in total blackness  
There is nothingness, souls disappeared  
The mood now changed from night to day  
As this carpet weaver slowly, slips away.

Douglas McClarty

## The Silver Surfer.

Would wait for the morning light  
Toss and turn most of the night  
Another day could start with little to do  
But I always managed to see it through  
Was not always like this before I got old  
Was a real grafter so I had been told  
All those years experience tossed in a bin  
Was just wasting away getting awfully thin  
I didn't play golf and I didn't have a dog  
My whole life had been devoted to my job  
So from morning til night I would sit in a chair  
The past was all I had, would just sit and stare  
Then I read in the papers about this new fad  
And bought it with my savings, a new apple iPad  
Now I have Twitter, Facebook, Youtube and more  
This silver surfer has a new life and friends galore.

Douglas McClarty

# The Social Ladder.

My 'friends' who think they might just know me,  
in their passing hours, will they give me a tiny thought.

Did I enlighten just one or more for a single moment,  
are there days when our thoughts might connect.

Uncle John, I wrecked his only old black bike,  
kissed a girl in a bus shelter on a shivering night.

Had a winning ticket, thousands lost that night,  
I told them all, yes it was me, I posted the details.

How many votes will I get from what I displayed,  
would they stop to tick the box just for me, please.

Did you think of me after you got your final count,  
could have been my tick that got you 'one sixty one'.

I got fifty likes today, showing a picture of a dog,  
last week I got five for posting a selfie of me.

Elvis would have got five million if he were alive,  
my life is now about results from all my 'friends'?

I got depressed this morning not a single like,  
I posted my hundredth picture I took last night.

I thought I looked great from that right side view,  
the results are in, I can't change what they think.

My worst nightmares, bad dreams on a screen,  
have my never met 'friends' turned their backs on me.

Like and love have the same meaning in this book,  
numbers, triple digits important on 'this social ladder'.

Douglas McClarty

# The Taxman

Just think, if you lived a century ago  
People were poor because pay was low  
But then a tv, dog or driving licence did not exist  
Neither did vat, council tax or a car tax disc.  
Like petrol tax, car tax, even tax on water  
You need a licence to marry your daughter.  
For the house they will buy will cost them a mint  
The taxman cometh probably leaving them skint  
Just a little stamp duty is all they ask  
Oh and a little more on the heating and gas  
But just remember its prudent to save.  
Your left over taxed money For a few more years  
As Long as you remember he will cometh again  
To take a further share of what you didn't spend

If you save a fortune and leave it for others  
He will standeth at the front of the Que.  
Looking for what he the taxman is due.  
So we might earn a fortune but it's really not ours  
Are we much better off, when the taxman devours  
He's looking for taxes on you wages, your dog, your tv, your car  
Your part time job, your house, the insurance when due  
Even if you need a rest that holiday flight you pay tax on that to  
You pay tax when your born, when you marry and die  
We are prisoners under the taxmans control  
With the exceptions of the wise who stay on the dole.

Douglas McClarty

# The Wild Home And Colonial Boy

At the age of eleven I was,  
the Home and Colonial boy  
I got ten bob a week  
And a lovely green bike  
To deliver their groceries  
By day and by night  
I delivered in snow,  
hail, storms and rain  
Even to the out backs  
In the town of Coleraine  
To Fernlester, the Heights  
and the most of Calf lane  
I was the colonial boy  
without the fame.  
Wild I might have been  
I was just aged eleven  
But I had this job from heaven  
I got tea and broken biscuits  
Almost every working day  
I got tips and lemonade  
And my weekly pay  
I was the wild  
Home and Colonial boy.

Douglas McClarty

# To Old To Dream

McDermott's second hand  
furniture store  
Was on the Bedford Road  
Coleraine  
I remember my da took me  
there  
I was only a bit of a wean  
He bought me a wind up  
gramophone  
I remember to this day  
I would sit outside on our railings  
And wind it up to play  
The one record that came with it  
Was played over and over again  
Until I could have sung it backwards  
As every word stuck in my brain  
Now fifty odd years later that  
song had a message it would seem  
The song that stuck in my memory, was  
'When I grow to old to dream'

Douglas McClarty

## To Rich To Smile

So many people, walking, going nowhere  
The smells, the sounds, the poverty facing me  
The smiles from children lift the darkness  
As we mingle in the sweltering Mumbai streets  
The noisy avenues, cars avoiding sacred cows,  
tuk-tuk's of every shape and size, honking horns  
Dabbawalla's delivering food to hungry mouths  
Bodies lying under filthy blankets hands held out  
I feel like a white living ghost among dead souls  
They stare, no fear of me, or me of them as I pass  
I watch sack clad bodies shuffle past looking in bins  
for a morsel of rancid food to satisfy their starvation.  
And yet I have seen more smiling faces in a moment  
here, than I have seen in western streets of wealth

Douglas McClarty



## To Sasha.

Sasha died today  
Heartbroken I must say  
No one understands the pain  
Had her just seventeen years  
Now can't hold back the tears  
She was our loving friend  
Who was loyal to the very end  
She sensed our every mood  
Be it sad, happy, bad or good  
Our home will feel empty  
for a while  
You had that magic  
to make us all smile  
We always new this day would come  
And old age for you would be no fun  
So Sasha now that you're in doggie heaven  
Remember this....no walkies after eleven.

Douglas McClarty

# Together Always

I want us see flowers grow  
In every colour and shape  
To discover ones we missed  
I want us to see trees grow tall  
Watch their autumn leaves fall  
See them reborn again in spring  
But most of all I want us both to be  
Together every second, minute, hour  
For us to breath, see, hear and taste  
We will both share all life's pleasures  
Together, we see every colour, shape  
We will discover and treasure all  
And when our winter together comes  
We will have all those warm memories  
To recall in the dark nights that follow.  
Until all fades and we fall asleep together.

Douglas McClarty

# True Love Never Fades

Two shadows walked hand in hand  
Along a stretch of golden strand  
Born from the rays of a shining sun  
A reflection of their love just begun

But time passes the sun slowly fades  
The shadows now follow knowing,  
What is here will soon be gone  
But the love reflected will live on.

Douglas McClarty

# Watching The Clock

Time seems to pass so quickly  
When you're running out of it  
Minutes seem like hours for some  
While hours melt like snow for me

So quickly all passes when you're older  
Faces I have known, changed in a flash  
Babies now, grown men and women  
Another reminder of the fast ticking clock

Good news becomes scarce each day  
As another name has just passed away  
Just a little reminder from Father Time  
That no one will ever be, left behind

So the passing minutes, hours and days  
Live as if the clocks ticking, has just begun  
Time is still weaving a rich tapestry for me  
I am still here winding, and watching the clock.

Douglas McClarty

# Wet Summers

used to turn the mangle handle  
Squeezing water from the wash  
A weekly duty, a ritual preformed  
The fresh smell of carbolic soap  
Drained from the cast off clothes  
Water splashing around my feet  
From newly washed clean sheets  
Then like bunting hanging neatly  
The summer clothes line was full  
All sorts of colours, hung to dry  
In a warm summers gentle breeze  
Sometimes, a call all hands on deck  
Panic as it began to pour down rain  
We would all rush out to gather in  
A spoilt harvest, now wet and soggy  
So back to the mangle turning again  
Squeezing out that summer rain  
Back to the clothes line to dry again

Douglas McClarty

# Where Have All The Shops Gone

Where have all the shops gone.  
So many doors have closed  
On so many others dreams  
Life quickly changing, before our eyes  
The high street shifted, to hands and knee  
Shopping around the clock non stop  
Now no need to pay for plastic bags  
Just sit and wait on the next post drop  
More paper, boxes and plastic all free.  
An old life disappearing, before our eyes  
A revolution silent, destroying lives  
Stay at home, no need to go out  
Everything delivered to your door  
From the cloud? Anonymous stores  
Talk, shop, everything for you  
Will of course, lead to more free time.  
So buy lift the tablet, mobile or PC  
Help more shops shut, it's guaranteed.

Douglas McClarty

# Wishing You A Merry?

We wish you a very merry what?  
What else have you gone and bought  
Are you spending money we haven't got  
On things To make us all so happy

What's makes some this time of year  
Run like Lemming's to jump off a cliff  
Getting sentenced to a financial jail  
Or struggle to pay for a load of junk

Happiness bought on the never never  
The bonus comes with a load of misery  
Struggle to pay it off the next twelve months  
Just In time for a repeat of the previous year.

This year give a present to bring you all joy.  
Forget the latest gadget, game or another toy  
Give a small amount to those in great need  
The best present bought, your good deed.

Douglas McClarty

# Yesterday's News

Life goes on I think I have seen it all  
More suffering, disasters, just appalling  
Waking up from uneventful dreams  
To find for others their world is falling apart

Then i listen to the petty words of the elite  
No comfort to thirsty souls struggling to survive  
Look at the destruction has Armageddon arrived  
Unfulfilled promises yesterday's forgotten news.

How quickly we forget the continual suffering  
Miracles seem to happen as the picture disappears  
The political classes have ate all the do good pies  
Voices of yesterday's victims have had their say

The media masses start to disappear one by one  
In less than a heartbeat all is well lives renewed  
It's seems we have been mislead by our history  
Maybe, just maybe, Rome was built in a day.

Douglas McClarty



# You Are Forever

All that I am is held in the gods nano light  
Look at the universe, the stars the power  
Your eyes are cast upon tiny sparks of life  
They are you and you became of them  
And you will return to them a different light  
When the atom explodes it does not die  
It's reborn as part of the gods universe  
Of different form but still it lives to die again  
So you and all you know will be forever, amen

Douglas McClarty