

Poetry Series

**Tomás Ó Cárthaigh**  
**- poems -**

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# Tomás Ó Cárthaigh(22-12-1976)

Born in Galway, the author grew up in the small town of Banagher in Offaly.

Writing since a child, he published extensively on the internet on such sites as and among others, before self publishing his first title 'Writings In Rhyme' in 2005.

# A Bugle Played

A bugle as a warning played  
From a watchman in the spire  
Allowed a city to defend itself  
From attack by Tater fire

An one of the attackers saw  
The bugler making the warning call  
And with arrow fired pierced his throat  
Causing the music to cease and man dead to fall

And to this day in that town  
That music it is played  
From the same spire on the same church  
Where once it was a warning to a people afraid

A siren then, why is it now  
That sounds of danger are so plain  
Why cant he have something as sweet  
As the Hejnals sweet refrain?

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Cry, Silent, In The Night

A cry, silent in the night,  
Taken by angels heavenwards  
To the ear of God on high  
As if the Angels were birds...

At the ceasing of their flapping wings  
They give the words to God and say,  
Here is a cry, silent, from the night,  
But God: he waves them away!

One looks to the other in wonder  
As if to ask each other how can God not care  
But reading their thoughts, the Lord said  
"When the Cry was uttered: I was there! "

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Day Like Today

A day like today is many things to many men,  
Some cant wait for tomorrow, some dont want to see again,  
For some good and some bad, some by paths they did not choose,  
Some carved from themselves whether they win or they lose.  
God above is our guide, but we realise not he is near,  
Because we do not listen, his voice we cannot hear,  
God talks in a whisper, lost in a crowd,  
If we refuse to listen: why should he shout loud?

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Fool, By Dreams, He Lives His Life

A fool, by dreams, he lives his life  
And wonders why nothing comes true  
Little he tries, as his life away he dreams  
And he only has lost opportunities to rue...

Yes, dreams are good to possess  
Through them another way can be seen  
But if you've never tried: your dreams  
you'll never realise  
And but a waste your life will have been.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Gift From God

Every smile, every gurgle, every cry,  
It is to you a gift from God,  
Nurture it, and it will grow,  
As the seed does in the sod...

Trust in God and in his time,  
All for you will be right,  
For God is good in all that he does,  
That's as true as day follows night.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Horse Is A Horse

A horse is a horse and a man is a man  
And neither can be the other  
And each can survive but is much better  
In the company of one another.  
And while a horse is a horse and that is true  
A horse is but a beast  
As a cow is a cow, some ask how  
On its flesh we should not feast?  
For they do so in France as in other places  
And I don't know how they can  
For while a horse is a horse and is only a horse  
It is less a cow than it is a man!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



# A Lady Of Dreams

A lady of dreams  
Floats on the waves of slumbers deep  
And stares, a look that looks through the soul  
Of him who is asleep

An image lost on waking  
As the minds Inner Eye now blind  
Dancing memories of a vision  
That cross the now awoken mind

The light of the morning sun that shines  
Blinding to the minds sleeping Inner Eye  
Its strange that the image when sleeping seen  
Is lost when slumbers dreams fly.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Spirit Stands, Unheard, Unseen

A spirit stands, unheard unseen  
Watching over those he's left behind,  
As on their knees their prayers they say  
With him upon their mind.

In Belguims fields far away  
In uniform he went to fight  
The war of the old enemy  
So that to be free his nation might.

And in his land long past the day  
When his blood was shed  
Forgotton will be his sacrifice  
Listed among Britians dead.

For countrymen in Dublin town  
In Rebellion lit a nations flame  
Though failed: in long run would succeed  
And to the soldiers were brought shame.

For they fought not for their own land  
Though o do so, they did answer the call  
By leaders bad who tried to appease  
England: and saw their sons in thousands fall.

The family in time of his death were told  
And of him they were proud  
And for generations after he'd silently watch  
How his momory was not allowed.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# A Thought For Israel

I wish that when my eyes I open,  
A better day sometime will see,  
Through my actions or those of others,  
A better time for all will be.  
For as around at this world I look,  
Either in Europe, or the Holy Land there,  
I see hatred and bigotry,  
I see people who dont really care.  
Why is it that throughout time,  
When one suffers pain they once knew,  
That their more evil that those who opposed them,  
Is known by all but said by few.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# An Angel Pure Walks At Night

An angel pure walks at night  
And guides us through our dreams od sleep  
As it did through our waking hours  
And in safety us it does keep.

Never resting, our angel pure  
God given and divine  
Guards us from inspiration evil  
Thank God each of us can say 'It is mine! '.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# And There, On A Place Called Calvary

And there, on a place called calvary, hung the son of God,  
For all mankinds salvation, to absolve us of our sin,  
Should we desire to the Lord ourselves to reconcile,  
He would not be found wanting: Heavens Gates us through to bring in.

There are those who watch the world today and ask was it in vain,  
To suffer so for mankind, who for the sacrifice does not care  
And carry on sinning oblivious to Gods love and grace  
There may as well just have been a sheep crucified there.

But God is great, and God is Good, and God alone can see  
Those on earth who are good and through this world toil  
They are invisible in this world, only seen by He who sees all  
And in their time they'll till and tend Heavens own holy soil

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# As They Look Down Upon The Land

As they look down upon the land  
For which their lives were shed,  
What do they think of the mess we've made:  
Those brave soldiers: Irelands dead?

Greed and capitalism  
Remains our national shame  
Larkin and Connolly would be at home:  
Our morals and their world were the same.

We hate protestants for being so,  
And for it think we are Irishmen great  
Nothing of the Tricolour  
No gra for Tone, for freedom of faith.

A faith which many follow but dont practice  
Use it as a banner, thats all,  
Like the flag for which they dont care,  
Just wave it, and Irish themselves call.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Babylons Tower Fell Down

Babylons tower fell down  
After angering god by Heaven trying to reach  
And so God toppled the tower  
Confused their tongues, a lesson for to teach.

The seeking of perfection was not good  
No, the tower was built through pride  
It was not built of love, as be it should,  
No, but intent hard of heart was inside.

I, the writer, wrote long into night  
Verses for which I thought maybe in time have reknown  
And lost the disk on which they were stored  
And so my Babylonian poetic tower fell down!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Born Of Lonliness Are The Arts

Born of loniness are the arts...  
Spewing forth from depressed minds,  
Who, from soltitude of isolation...  
Inspiration they can find...

So it is said: I say is not so...  
For I love to life life...  
Find inspiration through life joys  
As much as from its strife...

And in the soltitude of slumbers  
Just before I go to sleep...  
Ideas forulate in my mind...  
Many are lost.. a few I keep...

And upon the morings waking...  
I find paper, and then,  
My thoughts and dreams in verse  
I comitt to paper with my pen.

Tis true the lonely can use the arts  
As a way to null their pain,  
And we, who are the recievers,  
Know not the agonys behind our gain...

To say all artists are lonely is not true,  
To say their blessed is true indeed,  
Whether lonely or enjoying life...  
To create is the artist need!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



# Calm Is The Dawning Day

Calm is the dawning day,  
As I from my bed I rise,  
That at that moment one has died  
I as little care as realise.

They have died because they had not to eat  
The food Ive dumped that from my breakfast I have left  
Though I never to them could it have given  
Though waste, it is like from them a theft.

Little knowing and less caring I make my way  
Through my world in which all is fair  
I ask my God the day I never see  
Of famine, and if I do, someone for me does care.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Can A Hand Outstretched Be Trusted?

Can a hand outstretched be trusted...  
Can we without fear accept a smile...  
Is all as it should be  
Or should we be cautious all the while?

It takes nothing to offer a handshake,  
Nothing to present a false face...  
Though they may have the look and gestures of an angel,  
Does not mean they possess their grace.

Such is the way of humanity  
To times end from when it began,  
Live the life the Lord wishes you to  
And be wary of your fellow man.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Crazed Beats Echo Into The Night

Crazed beats echo into the night  
A couple passing shake their heads: say its not right  
Crazy music, adored by crazy kids  
Lets, keep moving... one to the other bids.

Once on TV, a dance I saw  
A dance of emotion, wild and raw,  
Strangely graceful, I must presume  
I thought so because of age and contume.

Clothes worn by the dancers, shown in black and white  
Dancing the Charleston somewhere one night  
What now seems quaint because it is old  
Was in its time both daring and bold.

Crazier music will come to be  
The one tut tutting will be me  
Remebering respectable nights spent  
Dancing to Eminem and 50 cent!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Crying Spirit Of The Night

The crying in the night grew faint  
As to listen for it I slow,  
And there looks to be nothing now  
Where there was a woman a while ago.  
But then upon again walking  
Beneath a window stands  
Crying, as she brushes her hair,  
With a comb in age gnarled hands...

And I, though I have heard her  
And before my eyes her vision did appear  
Of the Banshee, Cryer of the Dead,  
I, passing, have no fear.  
And there's some inside who've heard her,  
And prayed as outside, she cried,  
And another within, who heard her not,  
Who later that night died.

Oh, to be born of noble blood  
Folloed by the Banshee to be,  
I wish that in my final hour  
One as devoted prays for me.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Dead Souls And Black Dogs

Dead Souls And Black Dogs

The little old lady had lived for long,  
She was great of age  
And the time was coming along  
For her to exit life's stage  
But there were those who dwelt beside her  
That strange things of her said  
She had contact with the other world  
And that strange prayers she made  
Some they were of her afraid  
And were not afraid to say  
That when she was dead  
It would not be a bad day.  
And so the illness struck  
And slowly she got more weak  
And by her her neighbours stuck  
And failed bad of her to speak  
For tis bad ill to speak of the dying  
And of those that are past and gone  
So to pray and think good they were trying  
Though they fooled no one.  
They were gathered in the bedroom  
More in the living room too  
There was but two for a broom  
For large houses they were few.  
And the toilet it was outside  
Water was drawn from a well  
As was normal for the times standards applied  
As many old people will tell.  
And the chatter of the neighbours  
As the woman drew her last breath  
Was silenced as from her room  
Came a shout at her moment of death,  
And of a sudden, out the door  
A big black dog fled  
Snarling, racing across the floor  
The spirit of the woman, now dead!  
"Twas Satan himself" more say

Came to take her soul to Hell  
And to their knees to pray  
In unison, they fell.  
Those near the door outside raced fast  
To the yard where the beast had been  
And light twas good though evening was past:  
There was no dog to be seen.  
If this is all true I don't know  
But to tell it I never fail  
For when there is conversation in flow  
It sure makes a damn good tale!

Ghost story lovers will love this story - its true, honest! - of an old woman who died in Longford some years back, whose soul, or that of the devil formed the form of a black dog on her death... and walked out the door! Hope that sends a chill up your spines...

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Eve

## I

In the eyes of Eve was not Evil  
But a desire of love for to know,  
And the act of Adam was not bad  
The act of Love to show.  
Nor was the eyes of woman evil  
That hold love in their hearts within,  
Nor evil are the lusts of men:  
Evil are those who call it sin.

## II

In the arms of Eve was not evil  
For how can it evil be  
Regardless of state of undress, your love to caress  
The reasoning I cannot see.  
To have the arms of a lady  
Around you in sweet embrace  
Is no sin when she dont belong to another,  
No evil is within her face.

## III

The serpent that spoke, spoke not of evil  
As he dangled from the tree  
Oh no, for love would have found its way,  
And so, not evil was he.  
And the heel that stamps him to the dust  
And said that all others likewise should,  
Knows only evil in his heart,  
As to know love he nevercould.

## IV

Desecrate the act of the showing of love  
By denying and condemning a need  
To be loved, and to give love  
Gave rise to indulgence of greed.

And so the act of love came not of the heart,  
But purely of sensation to feel,  
Which without love is empty,  
And without love is not real.

## V

And the loudest voice kept shouting  
Their version of the story to tell,  
So that now it is the only one  
Of how out of favour Adam fell.  
When hearts grow cold and love no more,  
And love is but a historical fact  
When we use each other for lust alone...  
Then sinful is the act.

## VI

And those who love have never known  
And to never know it, have planned  
Live not in the world of men  
And so cannot understand.  
For he who to love has closed his heart,  
Never love will know,  
And he who has never known love  
Never love can show.

## VII

So, was there Evil in Eden?  
Does the Good Book deceive?  
Tell us a lie and not why,  
As the Gnostics believe?  
The Bible is but a book  
With any opinions within  
Hearts of good and evil find their kind,  
And mark out what they call sin.

## VIII

For a man or woman who truly loves  
And their love they share



Are loved by God on his own  
For He knows what's truly there,  
In the deepest cavern of their hearts,  
From all the world hid  
It matters not the ceremonies of man,  
To heaven, on death, they'll be bid.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Ghandi: Indias Inspiration To Ireland

He faught not war, but a campaign  
Freed India from Britains reign,  
Caused only the British to shed blood  
If only Ireland would camplaign, like India could!

No need for Ghandi, armoured attack,  
He still broke the Imperialsts back,  
And now, what they thought could not be,  
India, as one of the worlds nations is free!

Ghandi, a saint for our days,  
As an inspiration in our minds hestays,  
His road by us and ours is rarely walked  
Though his ways by many are so often talked.

God bless Ghandi, and us all  
Few in his way, us to campaign call  
And so we fight, and so we die,  
Why dont we who've seen, his way try?

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# He Who Is Watched By The Unseen God

He who walks knows not he is watched:  
By a God who sees us all and is fair,  
Though not seen by human eyes,  
No one doubts that he is there...

He who is watched by the unseen God -  
By Him is not protected:  
From the obvious trials of life,  
And so by Evil he is more effected...

He who has tried to please his God...  
Will see heaven when he dies,  
Though to be holy in life often he failed:  
He repented: and most importantly he tried.

These mortals who holy themselves saw...  
And this sinner who was by them condemned...  
May find themselves in a different place:  
Then they expected by Judgements end.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# How The Clan Eoghanacht Got Their Name

From the sea they came open, not sneaking by stealth  
And they came for to parley, fosterage for wealth  
As silver was spied, and its wealth was understood  
And greed it brings war and also spilling of blood  
And so a son was given, so they'd not be harmed  
Or for harm to cause their hosts, who by him were charmed  
Was given three forts, within each a prophet dwell  
One called Fithicc, as were the other three as well  
There they lived neath the setting and the rising sun  
Stars danced the skies and maidens hearts were lost and won  
Until our friend bid one of the prophets to say  
What was to unfold in times after that day  
What the future that was to come for them did hold  
And an identical story by the others was told...  
A famine great was to strike in a mere three years  
The silver must be sold to keep away grief's tears  
And to buy much food the people hungry for to feed  
Coming times are to be tough, great is the need  
And this came to be and as the famine took hold  
Irish chiefs with armies strong came by force to hold  
A truce of just three days not to fight he did seek  
After which they could not attack, them being too weak  
Then the nobles he brought inside to a great feast  
The multitudes were fed with grain and slain beast  
In thanks they then made his son Alill as their king  
Praises of the generosity they did sing  
The name Eoghanacht was given as they did feed  
The name it meant the Family of the Good Deed.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# I Am Not Alone, Though Alone I May Be

I am not alone, though alone I may be,  
My God always is with, and watches over me,  
As I each day, in this world my way try to make,  
He applauds the good I do, and scorns each mistake.

I am not alone, though alone I stand  
My God stands beside me, on my shoulder is his hand,  
Through good and bad, from birth, and death until,  
God stands by me through my mistakes, caused by my own will.

My God I always thank, though rare it is I pray,  
By being conscious of his will, I give thanks every day.  
Though weeks, yes, and months indeed may pass,  
I worship and celebrate my God without prayer and without mass.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# I Cant Remember What I Chose To Forget

I cant remeber what I chose to forget,  
No matter how I try, no matter how yet,  
For the mind blocks out so the eyes cannot see,  
For if it cant be seen, than it cannot be.

We will only see if we open our eyes,  
Allow ourselves to remember to our great surprise,  
Lift the cloak of guilt overlaid to disguise,  
And the consequenses of your deeds let you realise.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# I Heard A Cry Outside My Window

I heard a cry outside my window  
Of a lovers anguished despair  
As with her beloved she quarelled  
It was but a sound faint out there...

His voice could not be heard  
As her sobs grew louder still  
To his unheard - by - me - responses  
Drew a retort twice as shrill

The voices in time disappeared  
As on their way they went  
And I, not caring much  
Went to sleep again, content.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# I Reside In Slumbers Deep

I reside in slumbers deep  
Dreams around my mind creep,  
Things strange in my dreams I see  
That in the woken world could not be.

The mind at rest of the world knows not its chains  
Reason on creatrivity has no reins  
Imagination is wild and free to fly  
And weave wonders for the sleeping eye.

Alas on waking most is lost  
Great is consciosness cost,  
How many wonderful ideas are lost to man  
Because of waking since time began?

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh





# In Times Of Despair I Ask My God

In times of despair I ask my God,  
'Lord what will I do? '  
And thee my God, though nothing you say,  
Reply: 'I'll look after you.'

And I, the sinner, when times are good,  
Ask not 'What will I do'  
Proceed to go my sinful way,  
And though my sins anger you.

I wish that I to my friends  
Could so patient be,  
When they do not as I want  
As you are with me  
When I proceed to sin again  
I know you still have love  
I the sinner have to repent  
And ask forgiveness from above.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Ireland, Is It But A Notion?

Ireland, is it but a Notion?  
Ireland... is it but a notion  
Of a land that never was...  
But in the dreams of our dreamers...  
Who had those dreams because...  
The reality of no land  
Was for them too much to bear...  
And so where there was no land...  
They imagined one for themselves there...

The isle of saints and of scholars...  
A land of Gaelic and Green  
A land where all were of Royalty...  
Was it a land that has never has been?  
The land of the Celtic Tiger...  
So silent to most was its roar...  
To those deaf to its bellowing  
Life was just as before...

Lots of work and little pay...  
Give all of your money for rent...  
Dont complain... no but be grateful...  
Shut the hell up and be content.  
Never get to own your own home  
Though you pay as much to live in a flat...  
Think of the money you'd save and could squander  
If you moved into a squat!

The Ireland of dreams and of dreamers  
Aye, it is an Island of Dreams  
The truth is sen in today and tomorrow...  
Nothing is as green as it seems...  
To get ahead once again the Irish  
Toforiegn lands will have to fly  
As the Slav from the east makes a new life in Erin  
The Gael in America will die...

For that is capitalism  
It consumes a nation: whole

Displaces entire peoples...  
Destroys a nations soul...  
But Erin is resilliant  
We will absorb like before  
And evolve to Slavo - Celts in the furture  
And a fututre we will have once more...

So heres to the Irish and Erin  
And her children all over the world flung  
To our language, our culture our heritage  
Here is to our native tongue...  
In fity years time we may speak Polish or Russian  
Though now it seems almost absurd  
Wouldn't it be great that those who forced us to lose our language  
Would find on our island of theirs not one word?

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Live Not By Your Dead

Live not by your dead though you revere them  
By the living you'll find your way  
Though they made us what we are, they are not what we are  
For theirs was a different day.

All men are not good, and bad men are not all bad  
No man from the mouth of God speaks  
And he is a fool who lives by their rule  
Alone - and his way though life by their words he seeks...

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# On Deaths Embrace, I Shall Sleep

On deaths embrace, I shall sleep  
With all my worries o're  
And those who liked or not, in memory me they keep  
They shall speak with me no more.

For under blanket of the clay  
My bones till Worlds End will lie  
Pray not for me: for yourself pray:  
For you, like me, will die.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# On Open Hills I Have Walked

On open hills I have walked  
And from their summits to view I stood  
All that nature before me spread  
As many others often would.  
But I, not looking, often saw,  
Only what was physically there,  
Not the hopes and dreams and fears,  
Of those that there dwelt, and did not care...

I cared not for the farmer in the tractor  
Whose harvest was another battle won  
To build a farm and a family  
To hand one day to his son.  
Nor the lady in the cottage  
Passing the last of her days,  
Who by others was despised for her frequent scorn  
For she was too set in her ways.

I saw not the joys and the disappointments,  
Of those building the future or reflecting on the past,  
All I saw was a tractor and old woman  
As across the scene my eyes I cast.  
For those not looking will not see  
The truth before their eyes that's placed,  
For they don't look, and they don't care,  
As through their lives they've raced.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Once There Dwelt A Scotsman

Once there lived a Scotsman  
Whose years nobody knew  
Who was seen by all in town  
And known by very few.  
For men, for loners such as he  
Were left that way... alone...  
Scorn and pity and indifference  
By the townspeople to him was shown.

This Scotsman was nobody  
None knew from where he came  
Bar the obvious. from Scotland...  
Few even knew his name.  
And the children in the dusty streets  
Making song of him... the sang  
For he was also a simple sort  
Who spoke in Scottish slang.

And all unknowing of him went  
About their business from day to day  
None spoke of him when he was not seen  
Bar the children when at play  
'Where is Mad Jock, the Scotsman:  
By this way he has not walked,  
So we get to mock no more'  
So of him the children talked.

Some months passed until one day  
A burglar an open door spied  
It looked an easy job, he thought  
As an escape route he eyed.  
But upon entering the house  
He did not rob, but instead,  
Stopped to mouth a silent prayer  
As he found Mad Jock rotted and dead.

And though long passed to the other side  
God to love him never ceased  
To pray for the passing of his mortal soul,



God sent the burglar... not the priest.  
'For God was with him at his end,  
As through his life' the church bells to ring began...  
As the cortege passed by the a house...  
Once there lived a Scotsman.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Paris Doorway: Red Light

Those who had not lived and loved  
Who would never get to, huddled  
In the Paris rain, in queue

The Bordello madam smiled  
Business boomed: city burns  
Sins consequences forgot.

Young men learned it was not much  
With wages they never spend  
They paid, there's no point saving.

Enough left for their mothers  
Who would cry, pray for their souls  
Who'd know nothing of tonight.

Tomorrow, each give their body  
For the gratification of generals  
In the whorehouse of the battlefield.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Paul Polansky Sat In My Kitchen

Paul Polansky sat in my kitchen,  
Eat pudding and drank black tea,  
As if he were but a friend,  
Who passing happened to be.  
A man who worked so tirelessly  
To help the Roma nation,  
A far off name in a far off land,  
Who for me was an inspiration.

And as we talked of politics  
And culture, and history,  
He was as I, and I as him,  
As he chatted to Lubo and me.  
Some say that God is far from this world  
But I think that he is in  
People like Polansky,  
Though they're human and subject to sin.

And you – and I – are like him!  
Or can be, in what we do...  
And we can find the that God himself  
Resides within us too!  
Everybody has a Kosovo  
Your family may be your Roma nation...  
Let God be seen in your deeds,  
Let others find you an inspiration.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Prayer For 2006

All is over for now, and yet its but beginning..  
All ahead of us: it is now new  
We cant change the past: that chapters over...  
But we can chage the future by what we do.

And as we together face the new year:  
Lets hope its better for us than the past,  
Let our labours and our words make it so,  
Lets not lose the next as we lost the last.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Prime Contact With Another World - Stanza One

On the stars rotation between its fifteen suns  
The interstellar spaceship set its speed,  
And eyes from our world on another one looked down,  
Some with hope, and more with evil greed.  
Beneath them, beneath those clouds, a peaceful people lived,  
Who are not for power or glory,  
But they were soon to learn, and their peace they were to earn,  
And so started a long and bloody story...

To be continued...

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Random Haiku - Set 1

Why do others ill  
Speak of people they do not know  
Just to have a say

Mc Gonagall: poet  
Yet others say a fool  
But he is remembered! ! !

The rain is falling  
And washes the plants below  
In all the seasons

I know of no man  
Who can say for certain sure  
That heaven exists.

There is no God at all  
Faith is the belief of fools  
Say the foolish.

My faith may be weak  
But I believe there is a God  
As I know Him

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Shannon, Silver Goddess, Flow To Sea

Shannon, silver goddess, flow to sea  
And life bring you with thee  
To the oceans loud and proud swell  
Thy waters come, as if from a well  
From which all of Ireland drinks  
Your waters pure, the midlands links  
With the seas wide expanse  
With whose waters yours joins in a dance.  
And so, silver goddess, each mile you grow,  
Blesses be your waters that into the Atlantic flow.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# She Loved Not Him Who Her Father Chose

She Loved Not Him Who Her Father Chose

She loved not him who her father chose  
A man with castle and land  
Oh, no, it was but a humble serf  
Who asked the daughters hand.  
And to spite his pleas and all he said  
And in fits of rage did fly  
The fact he was her father made  
No difference, she did defy.  
She a girl who ne're spoke once  
A word against her fathers will  
But such is the power of romance  
Now she cries with anger shrill  
As her love from the house is cast  
Never to return shes sure  
For there are men who've killed in the past  
Waiting for him on the moor.  
And so she cries and unstairs runs  
As a broken woman she does feel  
And her father smiles at his three strong sons  
And sits down aain to finish his meal.  
And upstairs from a window on the roof  
From the room to where the maiden fled  
A figure frail emerged to display her loves proof  
And she landed on the ground cold dead.  
And that night at heavens gate  
The lovers danced in glory  
Her father was left desolate  
And here ends our story.  
A man may be poor and have a home small  
And a gril father may not have been proud  
To have a daughter as commmoner call  
But to see her each day hed have been allowed.  
He used murder to seperate the lovers two  
For nothing surmounts death  
But the girl in the afterlife knew  
And their dancing in heaven yet.



Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Should You An Idea Hold

Should you an idea hold,  
Cherish it, to spite being told  
That the dream that you hold dear  
Impossible, it does appear.

Yes, so it may seem  
But man is nothing who has no dream...

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Sitting There Saying Nothing

Sitting There Saying Nothing

=====

She sits there saying nothing  
A wee woman and her wains  
We know not who she is  
That sits there with her bains  
As the Scots would say if seeing  
What my father claims to have seen  
That sitting on a wall  
In broad daylight had been...  
Going to the workhouse  
Stopping for a rest a while  
A woman and two little ones  
And one of the three smile  
But just sitting there  
A word by none was said  
My father knew from famine times there were  
Victims of, and dead  
The dead will not harm you  
Sometimes themselves they show  
So another at another time  
Of their pain will know.  
Maybe twas too much poitin  
Da knew how to make it pure  
And enjoyed his brew testing  
But I am not so sure.  
If dead they be, from famine times  
And they to show themselves cease  
I hope they rest at the bosom of Mary  
And their souls now know peace.

(i) wain: child (ii) bain (baby)

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

## Somethings Never Change

With a wicked eye, a short sharp glance  
Disapproval at once was seen,  
And quickly apart they did move,  
The lovers who together had been.  
The knowing nods of an opinion shared,  
Gesture to each other who think the same,  
It is not right, either in day or night  
In white with coloured, there is shame...

Sure today there is no slavery,  
As once upon a time there was blacks in chains,  
But the look of an eye shows opinions dont die  
And, as if bound, the heart suffers times immortal pains...  
A gamble on future that may not be  
And fight against all shes shown...  
A jump in the dark with the man she loves,  
Or the comfort of what she has known...

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# 'Ten Ducklings And Three Men'

'Ten Ducklings and Three Men'

In the quietness of the evening  
Towards the end of day,  
A duck and ten ducklings  
Slowly made their way  
Towards a pond at the end of the road  
Across a road of traffic lanes ten  
Looked upon with amazement  
By the DJ and his wife when  
They walked by quacking  
And to the DJ's surprise  
Three ducklings fell into a grating  
Before his very eyes  
And the mother about turned so quick  
Her lost young for to find  
And lost the rest who walked again across the grating  
As ducklings do, behind  
Their mother, for where she walks  
If safe they can be sure  
But it seems somehow  
This duck's judgement was poor!  
And, oh, the panic of the mother duck  
To see her young were gone  
And looked for the danger around her  
Who took her chicks, each one!  
And finally seeing none  
She let a wailing cry  
The anguish of a grieving mother (duck! ! !)  
As she looked to the sky  
The last bastion of danger  
Of hawks and all their kind  
Never of the sewer beneath her feet  
Came upon her mind.  
And the observing human  
Said he must intervene  
And save the chicks that were lost

That once behind her had been.  
And three shadows with bloodshot eyes  
With slowly shuffling feet  
Reeking of cheap off-licence alcohol  
Came from the flats across the street,  
Yes, those men from those flats  
From the other side  
Men of no morals or character  
Within those walls reside  
And without much explanation  
The grill from the street was prised  
And one of those rough characters  
Slid in to the sewer, in front of the duck, surprised  
And one by one from the mire  
Where the DJ and his friend did stand  
Ducklings ten, so gingerly  
Were found and freed by hand  
And as if it were the most natural thing in the world  
On seeing all were fine  
Mother duck walked down the road  
Her ducklings ten, in line.  
And neighbours who before were strangers  
One who thought the other two were scum and tough  
Looked at each other as humans  
And the look was enough  
One said as they walked away  
'I love animals, you see'  
And the rich man the DJ  
Saw that they were the same as he.  
So the next time you see rough people  
And at them you look frown  
Ask yourself, would you climb into a sewer  
If ten ducklings fell down?

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Thank The Lord In Your Needful Hour

Thank the Lord in your needful hour,  
He's watching over you,  
Hes by your side, helping you bear your cross...  
Sharing all that you go through.

Its hard bearing the things you do,  
You know it is not fair,  
Sure its tough holding up when helped by the Lord...  
Imagine how bad it would be if he was not there!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Apple Of Eden

Fruit of a tree that begot sin  
And led poor Adam astray,  
When misled by a lusty Eve  
In Edens garden one day.  
I have indulged in your fruit  
But sad am I to say,  
It takes more than eating you,  
To by girls be seduced today!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



# The Ballad Of Old Clonbroney

The Ballad of Old Clonbroney

One night dark walking along  
A lane onto its end,  
A neighbour walked up to a house  
To call upon a friend.  
The neighbour was new, his friends wife too  
Had arrived not long ago,  
And friendship new as neighbours do  
They called on one another each other to know.

And as he approached the house,  
He wondered at how strange shadows moves,  
It looked as if it were a hearse,  
And all of a sudden a sound of hooves,  
And a wall through at terrific speed,  
Driven by a horseman with no head,  
A hearse up through the feilds fled  
To Old Clonbroney with its dead.

Our hero stood there shaking,  
Wondered if he imaged was what he had seen,  
When the woman opened the door to the house,  
Asked where the horses had been?  
He raced into the house so fast,  
Slammed behind him the door,  
Told how the hearse before him passed,  
And where it came from before...

That it went up to Old Clonbroney,  
After driving through a wall,  
But it was not real: twas but a ghost,  
For the wall was not damaged at all.  
And drinking whiskey strong his nerves settled down,  
Though still great in him was fear,  
Though you may mock and you may frown,  
You too would shake if the headless horseman did appear...

And in time the husband returned,

A miller he was by trade,  
He came to see his wife terrified,  
And his neighbour, a man strong, afraid,  
They told him of the horseman,  
Of the hearse, that the man had no head,  
He shrugged his shoulder with a sigh,  
Declared one of the neighbours dead.

It was like the banshee,  
The miller said of the apparition,  
When these neighbours died, the spectre you'd see,  
So was local superstition,  
And so all a prayer they said,  
For their own and the deceased sake,  
Its not told the name of who was dead,  
Or if the miller and his neighbour slept or stayed that night awake!

=====

The story of a man who met a headless horseman when calling on a neighbour after moving into the area.

Apparently this is actually true, the miller he was calling on was an uncle of mine who lived in Clonbroney, where an old road led up to a disused cemetery, and a new road now led to the village. The old road partly made the lane to his house and mill that used to be on the side of the old road, but the road was blocked off at the rear, where both sides had grown in to form one hedgegrow that went up the fiends to the old cemetery.

The poem is to be edited later to make sure the information is correct, but this is the first draft.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Banishment From The Garden

The Lord looked down and saw man  
The man who could not see  
That he was naked as when born  
And that neither was she.

And after eating the apple,  
They saw, and to thier shame  
They hid from view as humns do  
And gave as 'Private Parts' their genitals name.

And God looked down in anger  
For disobeying he did shout  
Admonished and banished forever...  
To the four winds cast them out...

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Church Of The Quill

I, the sinner, in church I am not seen  
Because Im not missed, Im never asked where I've been  
For I, few times my face in church has shown  
And so, by those ho frequent it are not known.  
By those to whom I'm unknown Im not missed  
And to be known to them I resist  
But do I than them, love God less?  
And does he, them more than me bless?  
I who formal prayers rarely say  
I worship God: through stanzas of faith I pray  
I worship in verse and to do so I will  
Prar to God in the Church of the Quill.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Devil Is A Clever Chap

The devil is a clever chap  
Asks non to worship at all  
Sits back and little does  
And watches souls to his trap fall.

The God that created man and the world  
Tries each and every day  
To guide mankind who to him is blind  
And insist to walk thier own way.

Among the flames he counts the names  
Of souls who are condemned  
Greater shall be the share that has he  
In Hell at the Worlds End!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Gateway Of The Dead

On breaking of dawn and at twilights arrival  
Is the walkway of the dead  
Spirits evil enter and leave a realm  
At least so it is said.  
Drawing their last breath whose sold their soul,  
The Devil lies in wait,  
The barriers are up the guard is on,  
None enter Heavens gate.

The Angels are on high alert  
As Satan rules supreme: for now he rules  
This is the time of niether day or night,  
A time for madmen and for fools.  
He directs those whove walked his way  
Their souls as his he claims  
And they see now the bad side of the deal  
A the dwell among eternal flames!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Hungry Grass

The Hungry Grass

A shiver runs up my spine  
As stories I recall  
Of people dead in times gone by  
I was told of when I was small.  
Of famine dead who to the workhouse went  
Dropped dead as they our gate did pass  
And the ground on which they fell  
Became known as the hungry grass.  
For should one walk upon it  
Even though they did just eat  
The hunger gnawing would strike them  
Till they were quick upon their feet  
And nothing would quench the hunger  
So the story's said  
Bar milk and break hand torn  
The only sustenance of those now dead.  
You could eat meat untill full  
At any other time be you would  
But this time the hunger only by bread  
Hand torn, washed by milk would  
Quench the hunger of the dead  
Who outside our gate died  
Not so terribly long ago  
Who to survive tried  
But the Lord in mercy took them  
Though grain was exported at the time  
And people died for want of bread...  
Oh the shame for Britain of the crime!

Some people don't believe the story  
When I tell of the Hungry Grass  
Should I go there I tell you  
On the other side of the road I'll pass!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Meadows Through Which My Dancing Heart

The meadows through which my dancing heart  
Has often ambled with abandoned glee  
Are now overgrown by thorns  
Through which it now cannot walk free.

And a heart like mine that will not sit,  
But wants to run and play and dance  
Gets scratched and torn and ripped and worn  
When'e it boldly takes the chance.

We all tend to the meadows  
In which our own and others hearts play  
And prune the briars with kind words  
And clear through a paths way.

All you say and do cuts a swarth  
In front of where it stands  
Should it cuts weeds or dancing hearts  
Depends upon your hands.

Swing your syth, take care  
And take good aim,  
Clear a pathway for a dancing heart,  
Or for its death take the blame!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



# The Most Horrible Sight To A Man In This World Is The Beauty Of A Lady's Smile

'The most horrible sight to a man in this world'  
Words I reads somewhere that escape my brain-  
'Is the beauty of a Ladies smile'  
A sentiment I found insane!

For how can the fact a woman is happy  
And the smile she bears God in his grace gave,  
Be a thing: a sight to someone horrible-  
Surely, must be the thoughts of a knave!

But no, this man was a lover...  
And the smile was that of his lady dear...  
And the reason he thought her smile in its beauty so horrible..  
Was all too soon made clear...

Her smile, so beautiful, was for another!  
Who from him had taken her away...  
And that is why, with a broken heart,  
Those strange but true words he did say.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Singing Bird Gives Thanks

The singing bird gives thanks  
By the melody of its song  
Which you and I enjoy  
As beneath we walk along  
A pathway neath a tree  
In the shade of the wood,  
The hymn the bird is sining  
Is, 'I Sing: The Lord Is Good.'  
All we hear is twittering  
From a bird in a tree  
Maybe the only twittering  
Are the hymns in church mumbled by you and me!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Soul Is Soothed By The Lord

The soul is soothed by the lord,  
Wh us safe in His hands does keep,  
The tortured mind and the troubled heart...  
While resting in slumbers deep.  
And while awake he speaks to us  
Of a better way for us he's planned  
To help free us from our current woes...  
But his words we mortals dont understand,  
A he speaks in alanguage thats not ours,  
A language that is alien to our ear  
And when our pastors to interpret try,  
We refuse to listen, so do not hear.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# The Waked Corpse

As is alive, she sleeps serene  
Never again to wake...  
And neighbours from near and far call  
To give comfort, for the families sake.

Those who know not, think the deceased is loved  
By sundry and by all  
But when alive, it was heard not  
The names the deceased others her did call.

Not to her face: no, but in whispers  
And glances, understood by each other when seen  
But though hidden from the eyes,  
Each understood by the deceased had been!

Speak not ill of the dead, so it is said  
And so good of her and prayers for her by all are uttered,  
But, it seemed to some - maybe it was the rum -  
Her lips moved... and 'God Damn You All! ' she muttered!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

## To Be, Or Not To Be A Bee

What a horrid life it seems to me,  
To be the drone, a male bee,  
Who lives for love and lust alone  
For it hes bred, fed and grown.

But the bee to woo the Queen,  
Is among many who scorned have been  
He who tried and failed has flown away,  
To chase and woo another day.

But druel is fate to the bee,  
Who finds that successful is he,  
For though he gets to love, and do so well,  
He ties from it, and so of it never gets to tell!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# To Grow In Love Is What God Asks

To grow in love is what God asks...  
Or lest not grow at all,  
And let happy being small be...  
Should be when large not be good at all.  
For theirs nothing wrong with being small  
Though large all other things appear,  
And we strong to ourselves may not seem,  
Which causes us to have fear,  
For it is good to be small:  
Its decreed by God above,  
To be small is a blessing  
If your filled with love!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# To The Recently Deceased

The Angels they are calling, and you, you cannot stay  
When the angels of the Lord beckon, we all must obey  
Happier you will be, back where you are from  
Now is your time, someday mine will come.  
And when my day does arrive, and when my time is near,  
I hope I can face the world without a hint of fear,  
Admit the sins I've committed, and with them was content  
But I knew I was wrong, was sorry, and for them did repent,  
Just like you did, as now your crop you reap,  
Beside you and the Lord, a place for me keep,  
For if I am good enough, I will get my reward  
And then I will join you, in the house of the Lord,  
Though large in number, not great was any sin  
And I feel, the Lord been good, eventually will let me in!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# What I See Before Me

What I see before me as I look around,  
At where there is nobody and nothing  
I see peace, I see heaven, in the tranquility,  
As a chorus of songbirds start to sing.

At another time, such a scene I see,  
I would find it distressing, feeling alone,  
For what we see, we see not as it is,  
But rather how we feel on our own.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



# When The Potatoes Did Not Grow

When the potatoes from the blight they did not grow  
And the leaves they wilted and turned black upon the stem  
And the growing tubers beneath the earth they shriveled  
Hunger awaited the people who depended on them.

To pay the rent for homes they gave away their crops  
Soldiers in uniforms guarded the barns that held the grain  
Ships at the docks under guard loaded their stocks  
Brought wheat to lands of plenty to be sold for their gain

Help us help the people who starve, went the governments plea  
As to pray for the dead tolled bells from the steeple  
And when ships came with aid, they passed in the the ports  
Ships laden with food exported from a land of hungry people.

Let us not forget that in those now distant days  
There was food in Ireland to feed its people and more  
But to pay the landlord class, by the order of the church  
The food went to lands of plenty far from its shore.

May God smite the rich and the clergy of the time  
Who said let their bills to the landlords must all be paid  
So that if from hunger they did die they could look God in the eye  
And that they were honest and pay they're bills they could to him have said.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Which Wolf Controls The Soul Of Man?

The Germans a story tell  
American natives tell one like it as well  
Of two wolves that in us dwell  
In each and every man  
That howl to the sky of our soul  
An in our lives each play a role  
In their own way make mankind whole  
Have done so since time began

One causes within us hate  
Laziness, makes a man irate  
Wants, without effort to gain, compensate  
The quick pound without work  
The good fortune of others to begrudge  
To talk of others, and about them to others wink and nudge  
When seeing the infirm, from our seats to refuse to budge  
And share with our kind a smug smirk.

The other brings out the best in a man  
A man who strives hard to work when he can  
His boss on him can rely, with him can plan  
And of his boss he has not a bad word.  
For others good fortune he is glad  
Of their misfortune he is sad  
He gives his seat, all all that he had  
And not an ounce of regret in his heart stirred.

Which one, one asks, dominates our soul?  
Which one rules, which makes us cruel or whole  
Which beast of each man has control  
Of his mood, his thought and deed?  
The truth of it let me tell  
The Germans say, and the Native Americans as well  
The wolf that dominates us over us has no spell...  
It is whichever one we feed!

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

# Why Should He Listen, The Burdened Lord?

Why should he listen, the burdened Lord?  
Ignored by sundry and all  
Who deny his mere existence  
And his name in vain often call.  
Why Should he care, the Burdened Lord  
For your or my good,  
We think nothing of others or our own,  
Though we know we should.  
Why should he forgive, the Burdened Lord  
Who bears our hopes and fears,  
And is wronged again and again for helping...  
Yet he forgives and dries our tears.  
It is often that we find,  
He who bears the most, the least will mind.

Tomás Ó Cárthaigh