

Poetry Series

Keith Moynihan O' Brien
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Keith Moynihan O' Brien()

Keith started writing poetry at the age of 11 until he was 22. Predominantly seen through the prism of teenage life, his poetry dealt with the usual mix of love, questioning the self, emotion, and a gradual maturation.

His works went largely unnoticed until some were posted by some people in the explosion of social networking in the early 2000s. Initially distancing himself from the earlier immature poetic style, he now accepts it as the beginning of an evolution of his worldview, and his place in it.

He still writes, but hasn't released his recent work to the public as yet; themes are mostly political, and about his experiences of emigration and travel..

A Night For Dionysus

We laughed and danced, we were entranced,
our hips were made of fire, and lips could never tire,
our bones felt the beat; we turned and gave a partner greet,
and sailed weaving ship to shore, and ignored the closing door.

Some lights came on, we had our fun
and ignoring the broken floor, tripped lightly to the door.
The door was locked, and we were shocked,
but giggled all the more, kissing by the score.

Come the dawn, my dancing fawn
was awakened by the knock and opening of the lock,
The day poured into the room -with voices through the gloom-
and both took sight, of the remnants of the night,
upon each others faces. And separated in good graces.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

A Time For Sleep

Let me lie down in these sands of seconds,
And have the tide of time flow past,
Into the conch of my ear, as eternity beckons.
Swashing minutes, and hours, blissfully fast-
From lifetimes of lassitude soaked deep.
Back to when life, and love, was born,
Down to where the dreamers sleep;
Those whom Hope and Peace adorn.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

A Time To Breathe

The time will be long gone when we remember
The times we laughed in September, the fights in December.
We will have moved on, in diverging streams;
Or maybe, perhaps, we held at the seams.

A weakness to be so gentle with my hands,
Or take care with my mouth and were it lands,
To hold you on par and admire you close and from afar.
A desire to let you bloom, free from fault or marr.

I should have been the warlord and held you in my fist.
Dulled your talons and tamed you; a falcon to my wrist.
Brought across reddened waters in boastful conquest -
Draped in night's silk and bright stars, and held above the rest.

Such was the thought when I lay in fault, of too much care.
And rather than hold my breath and burn within,
I learned to breathe and deeply drew a fresher air.

One month and some time on, do you feel it on your skin?

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

A Tranquil Dedication

This oft used cage of loving thought-
Gilded in gold, holding two crystalline creatures of avian tune.
Crafted over the years to protect; in golden bars wrought
With precious ore from the same mountains Adam and Eve had hewn;
The song that springs between them, so long in the creating
And longer in the mating, of voices, to reach true harmony
That discourteous onlookers might remark upon such belating.

Yet this devout care in its making, more the holy man's testimony,
Of nights and days spent in tranquil folding of golden leaves,
Scoring fervent prayers in quiet swirls across each slumbering bar.
And in rhythmic chant, stirring awake each sleeping piece,
To a radiant new world, of burnished gold and shining souls- no fault or mar.

In this cage, of loving thought, may we love in peace.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

An Ordeal

Your words burned though my soul,
They burned like the smith's reddest coal.
Hammer and tongs to my heart;
Pincers and pliers, they tore apart.

Your words enslaved my mind,
Branded on my brow for all to find.
Fix to my head this thorny crown;
Fasten me fast, and chain me down.

Your short words flayed my skin,
Lashed me quick and cut me thin.
Whip and scourge to my face;
Blood and tears, left your trace.

Your words broke my back,
Snapped my courage with a knock.
Shear the muscle from my spine;
Take this cross, it is not mine.

Yet,

Your words will bring me home,
Erasing my life from this tome.
Honey and water to my lip;
Hand in Hand, ever tighter grip.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Beneath The Table

Some cats played between our legs that evening,
Concerned as we pretended to be with the warm tendrils
Of coffee and tea, that caressed the air between our breathing.
The gentle insistent purring that we pay them heed, thrills
Up legs to chests, and curls around the smiles of our mouths,
Seeking to tremble our voices and sooth some doubts.

Entwining these felines, vibrating against the foundations themselves,
Heads bumping and bodies caressing sinuously against our support,
Taking few mischievous glances at each other when each hand delves
Underneath the table, to scratch under chins and satisfy our rapport.

The conversation deepens in time with their slower pace.
And we turn to matters of honest nature, and mouths widen cheekily.
Tails flicking languidly towards the others face,
Even as hearing our heady words we cast eyes down meekly;
Seeing two cats rubbing noses, fueling a tempest as they purr
And trail tongues around each others faces, washing fur.
Darting deviously with small pink tips
Oblivious of cheeks being alighted with curious lips.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Calm

I was a hurricane resting with thunderous
potential
upon the door of Poseidon's realm, sending
ripples of awakening
across the divide to conch ears, to one
slumbering the ages.
Ancient and unforgiving, his arousal rose
the waters in fabulous torrents,
and joined with miscreant joy the eye of the
storm, to see anew.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Come Tend My Garden

Come to my garden Teacher.

The birds of my heart have long since flown,
And the silence tween the mottled boughs has leaden grown.
In the sunrise be the chorus of mornings' glory,
And in the noon tell of Dionysus' story.
In the night be the whistling gale,
Whisper in my ear of some furtive dale.

Come to my garden Teacher.

Scarce the lavender and the rosemary on the breeze,
Rarer now gripped in winter's freeze.
Scented memories, they warm me sometimes in the eve,
Jasmine and honey in foreign winds on exotic leave.
Heady the breath and quick its draw,
Drinking it in, its addiction no flaw.

Come to my garden Teacher.

Overgrown and unknown, bring your fingers there
And burrow neath the weeds among Angels' Hair.
White is the colour of the petals in my soul unfurled;
The oceans of your eyes I drink from chalices pearled,
Slake the thirst of my arid land,
Spring anew life in rock and sand.

Come to my garden Teacher.

Dim the eyes and dim the skys o'erlooking here,
Yet radiant in brilliance your fiery hair.
Weave strands among the pathways bare
And notice by evening some flowers rare.
On my chest lay a river of molten gold,
Come teacher, let us grow old.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Conversation With The Self And The Other

Are you ever here my dear,
Upon this earthly plane?
I feel the need to laugh and read,
Before I go insane.

No longer here, but somewhere there,
And foregoing our pleasant game.

You seem to bore of me easily,
Unsatisfied with your lot,
And the weeds from Lethe's wharf
Harbour in our love, and rot.

I have not a word left to give, and not a reason left to live.
For words are all I had, my livelihood and in raiment clad.

You seem disinterested in that poet you loved, who gave you lips of rose
And hair of fire and gold, who opened his eyes to you and you he chose,
A willing and loving muse.

I wonder now, upon the how, your eyes can distance,
When crescent lips beseech a second chance.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Dew

I sought to give you the world that cold April night,
But instead we ran past golden window light
And into fields where dew climbed our legs lighter than Eros' fingers.
Much like loves touch, the memory lingers
And plays upon, wherein ebbs our breath
With the promise of a flood, and carries on,
To trace the hills with their gentle sloping faces,
The dales with their shadowed places,
And trail fingertips through dampened green blades
That grow even as the light fades.

Of the things you took from me,
The greatest was a kiss under heaven's starlit tree..

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Escapism

Magicians are we, with sleight of hand and eye,
Can turn the serious into the rye.
Great jesters are we, who build on laughter an ivory tower
And fool ourselves that the storm is but a shower.

We perform tricks that man can not yet explain!
Why hearts can vanish, and yet in the chest remain.
We create trapdoors for some dramatic exit,
And from shadow to darkness quietly flit;
Masters of Deceit, and Illusion's halls-
'Tis the world through the trapdoor falls.

No bonds, chains, or ties- or tanks that drown.
We slaves to our trade are not held down.
Turning away from our greatest feat;
Parting calmly, as if two strangers on the street.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Gach Oíche Téim Amach

Every night I go,
To a place where time runs slow.
Where mist gathers over water's edge,
And keep my solemn pledge.

Every night I go,
To watch the white ice grow
Upon the bladed grass,
And pray my quiet mass.

Every night I go,
To see the lake all aglow,
With fire and diamonds bright-
My vigil's candlelight.

Every night I go,
To feel the silence flow,
Upon my tightened skin,
And watch two swans swim.

-

Written, 22.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Homily

Set the sun,
Upon your brow.
And thread your hair
Through the discord.

For I see the sunset shadowed
By a black eclipse.
Goddess,
Thread your hair through the darkness.

And lead your lovers home.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

My Mind Clamours

Surrounded by those that need me.
Succeeding in nothing, drained of motivation
To excel, wishing to shake free
Of the miasma that drains determination
So conjunctive to my living.

Vampiric pathetic effigies to an unloved humanity.
Glasses of avoidance and pills with momentary respite
That only further the depth of our society's insanity.
Another burden on mine, another's battle to fight.
Encouraging flagging wills to live.
How much more can I give,
Before I give my will to live.

'Never wake up' 'Sounds serious enough'
'Do you like me? ' Not like this. 'What now? '
'I'm lost'

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Ode To Demeter's Daughter

They sprung unnoticed over-night,
Bursting from the dry soil to crisp star-light,
Caressed gently by the wind's slumbering breath
And stirring to arousal those bound by death.

They reverberate with the spheres.
Lakes of music dance upon Green Shoots,
Who kiss the dwellers tween these forest roots
That ripple over a battlefield of tears.

They tinkle in silver mirth neath the moon,
And know their ringing will reach it soon.
They dye a summer sky upon the forest floor,
And peal softly to those gone before.

-

They call the land to choir,
And chime in time with its chorus,

A land glorified with life and promise.
Bluebells in the hands of Dionysus' daughter.?

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Probability's Fate

Never place decision on the coin's spin,
For fear of the answer it'll bring.
Seeing Choice run deafened by the din,
Fate smiles hearing the silver coin sing.

For she's patient, waiting in the quiet.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Reflection On Sexuality As A Poet

No man or woman am I,
A poet open,
Unto the fields and to the sky.
If Wordsworth saw Dickenson on the sly,
They might have had a child as I.

These softened hands can conjure love,
Or ruthlessly murder that cliched dove.
I am neither Aries nor Aphrodite,
Though they would have made a child as I.

I could drink and dance with Pan,
Or roll die with the Hanging Man.
Neither the Warrior nor the conquest,
But perhaps with a child as I.

I am no King, nor a Queen.
In some eyes one I'll seem,
A poet is twixt between.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Requiem Éire

There is a place not far from Yeats' Tower.
No life grows there, no lively tune, nor poets power
Has ever rang of this land. Yet here I may recall,
In remembrance, Roscommon; land of the funeral pall.

Headstones have they planted in every field,
Springing forth from grey faced loins, and thus a graveyard yield.
The dead outnumber the living, the youth long gone from the yard.
Inevitably interred in the adjoining garden, they stamped down hard.

There was a wedding there amongst the old dying firs.
The bride wore white, with flowers from a broken wreath.
A funeral plot the wedding gift- a family grave.
Life was buried there; man, woman and unborn child.
What they had, they gave,
And into the ground they piled.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Salvage

I will sail across this wild ocean of emotion
And nail my colours to the mast,
Cry defiance to the storm
As I chase her to the last.

She contains the sapphires of the seam
Her holds brim with jasmine oil
And she bears the flag of the free.
Oh, the thought of her lost makes me boil!

I blame the Captain that spun her loose,
Abandoned her to uncertain cold waters.
His neglect shall see the noose,
Never to know sons or daughters.
He jumped ship to save his skin,
Immature and afraid of destiny
The afterlife will know his sin.

Salvaging her shall take the best of me.
Lines are thrown across her decks,
As I pull 'longside and draw her near,
She will not join the list of wrecks.
Sea and sky on the horizon, clear.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Saturday Morning Solitude

This silence is pervasive.
Frankly, its invasive.
Assaulting my ears with solitude
This clamor of nothing needs rectitude.

-

The rooms of my mind seem stuffed with silence-
Crowded, clamoring, chaotic, neurotic.
I'm left alone with my thought's self-violence-
Fighting, brawling, conquering, despotic.

The vaults of my heart are flooded with quiet-
Crashing, swallowing, rising, reprising.
I am locked in alone as emotion runs riot-
Destructive, instructive, deductive, deriding.

The caverns of my soul echo with the din-
Intangible, unmanageable, insensible, immaterial.
I am helpless before this reproach of nothing-
Formless, shapeless, nebulous, ethereal.

-

Broken by the sharp ping of the kettle,
Wrap my hands around hot metal.
Breath and steam, suspended in the air-
Ice-white clouds in a pair.
A burnt hit of coffee on the tongue;
Enough to get a last verse done.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Sweet Sorrow

I have no regrets my love, my love I am silently joyous,
I can never forget my love, of each caress sounding Heaven's chorus.
I will never part my love, from these memories of sweet and splendor,
I can never relinquish my love, such a gaze so calm and tender.
I will not leave my love, your lips of rose and violet

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

Thoughts So Wry

I wonder what he dreams at night, my curious coffee man?
Of frustrating coffee stains, of white cups upon whiter plates,
Or wispy steamy tendrils? Of what my roasting journeyman,
Do you dream? Distract me from my troubled states.

He glances with consideration at my fare.
Yet I, unlike my cup, am brimming.
I so soon before had stripped my madness bare,
Drowning words that lay in a coffee mug swimming.

And he serves me; cool, detached.
I know nothing of his world, save cups and tables.
But should our fates be matched
I would entertain him, with love and fables.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien

What To Do?

You've got it all, you've got my name,
Got my heart and, got my pain.
What'll you do now my dear?
Sing it softly, sing it near.

I've lost your ear, I've lost your air,
Lost your tune and, lost your hair.
What'll I do now my friend?
Shout round the corner, shout `round the bend.

We've tried it all, we've tried the same,
We've tried a drought and, tried a rain.
What'll we do now my heart?
Our time is short, yet more time apart.

Keith Moynihan O' Brien