

Poetry Series

**Michael Cochrane**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2023

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

## Michael Cochrane(2 May 1959)

Written poetry since 1995 I went through a most difficult period in 1995 but God give me the way to reach the end of the tunnel, he gave me a gift which I share with others.We all need love and I was very lucky to find it in Margaret.I live in Scotland which is the most scenic beautiful place on earth.



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# Reach Out

Making each day count, reach out to your neighbors who are lonely, and suffering from despair. Offer kindness and support during difficult times. Where there is sadness give comfort. We each have a role to play.

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# I Feel You Close To Me.

I woke in the night, and I saw you in the light through the darkness. Beside me to know your love once again. A lifetime of memories, places and moments.

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# Spring Flowers.

Apple blossoms fall into the flowing river, salmon leaping catching flies, spring flowers bloom with exotic colours. Bees buzzing and the fragrance of the morning fill my senses in a morning stroll.

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# Winter's Walk.

I walked out on a winter morning, no footsteps lay before me, a majestic heron was fishing near the icy riverside bank. The snow hung on everything shimmering crystalline beauty in a dazzling light. The silence was broken by flying geese flying overhead. Such moments of solitude restore your soul.

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# Open Your Hearts, For Peace.

Only when we can end war and world suffering we will be free from the chains of hate, of greed, and neglect, of the rights of each person who should live in peace on the earth, open your hearts, to wash away a sea of tears by prayers to God who knows each one of us.

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# The Earth Is Weeping.

War and suffering is sweeping across the lands, total descent into the abyss, we pray for peace, for God to intervene in this evil which is in men's souls, free the children from the darkness and show mankind divided, the way to the light through you.

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# Sing Me Your Song.

Changing seasons, autumn leaves of gold through your hair, to love to care. To walk in country roads in the rain you're hand in mine. Only thing I ask of you is to love me.

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# Time To Reflect.

Care, love, give, share, each day, make a difference in the world. We walk in this life for a short period we need to take time to reflect on our journey.

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# Your Love Shines In My Heart.

You lit up my life, through many trials. You gave me hope to carry on. You showed me the way, many times I have cried, but you lead me lord to find you through pools of tears. I walked out into the light from the darkness, you called me. I woke and saw your truth and you were close to me. Your love shines in my heart.

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## Afternoon In Lake Como.

You filled my heart with the perfume of flowers. To love you to hear your  
laughter its joy. Walking through the trees looking across Lake Como our eyes  
melted! The birds were singing, a perfect sunny afternoon.

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# Lay Your Head Upon The Earth.

Give love the greatest joy, the gift from above. God is love, take time to be in prayer with him. He will wash away your tears. The path is open to us, we each have a choice to make. With faith see clearly the way, bring truth to your life.

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# In Your Eyes.

We belong together, your mine, you gave your life to me. That's the way it should be. I had a dream and it came true. Waiting for a girl like you, so long. In your eyes love shines through.

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# Whispering Wind.

The dragonfly skims across the pond, the scent of beauty of the forest canopy is enriched by the whispering wind.

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## Born In Nature.

What are we without the animals, plant's and the trees. Emotions of peace surround me in nature's glory. We are all part of this rich tapestry. We are born in nature. We need to see more clearly to preserve our precious earth.

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## Light Of Hope.

Fill my heart with song, let me drift on the living waters. As I reach for the light of hope, older and wiser you call me back to the land far away. I will return to you, and know that I am home.

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# Listen To Your Heart.

If we take time to stop in this busy world of darkness, we can wake and turn to the light. Feel the love of God, in your spirit he gives us strength at the most difficult moments of our journey. Love will shine into your heart through prayer and peace will find you. ?? Michael Cochrane © 2023. ??

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# Pray.

When we realise that God is in our reach if we open our hearts to him in prayer.  
He is the truth the way the life.

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# Endless Love.

Threads of vines climb around the autumn trees. We take shelter from the weather, soft raindrops fall on your face. Moonlight bathes us under the oak tree. I tell you that I love you, holding you close, kissing tenderly under the endless sky. This moment is captured in my memory forever, and in my heart.

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## As The Evening Comes.

When the shadows come and daylight has gone, my heart thinks on you.  
Sometimes in our life we have  
loss, but there's always tomorrow.  
You gave me life, joy and happiness, without you the sorrow remains.  
We are all like a drop of water in the sea, and a leaf in the wind.  
Love hurts and I miss you more than I could ever say in words.

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# The Setting Sun.

As I sit on the mountain looking towards loch Lomond, I toast a glass to all the friends that have departed. Thinking about the places along my way, one thing I know is that love has touched my heart more beautiful than I ever imagined. Truly I've been blessed. The road always leads me to you. Softly I dream of you as I watch the setting sun.

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# Riding The Trail.

With my palomino horse, I ride across Montana. Thinking about the Lakota who had total freedom before, the coming of the iron horse, and the miners, the destruction of the environment, and the people who lived on Buffalo herds, and had a way of life cruelly taken from them.

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# Holy Spirit.

When we are lost and in the shadows, holy spirit guide us through the storm,  
lead us with prayers and God's grace. Give us, hope, faith, in your light. Comfort  
and love us, lead us to eternal life.

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# You Touched My Heart.

I wakened and opened the shutters overlooking the bay of Naples, the sunshine filled the room with dazzling light. You touched my heart, and in your eyes love was the gift you gave me.

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## Glasgow Memory.1968.

Walking through the old wet cobbled streets, of the saltmarket near the clyde. A man sings his heart out playing an accordion. A wee woman knitting taps her feet to the melody. Children look on with bemused faces, people sell clothes from the railway lane called paddy's market full of puddles and junk in boxes, all life is here in the raw space of poverty which operated in a place which never changed since victorian times. My memory of old Glasgow.

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## Scotlands Gifts.

To stand where Scottish Jacobites fought and died. To feel the centuries of history, on medieval castle walls. To explore the ancient Abbeys of the past in the tranquility of the lush countryside. To see bluebells bloom in aspects of spring, dragonflies in the heat of summer, watching barnacle geese fly in winter overland and sea, Scotlands gifts for all to see.

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# Magnificent.

To be surrounded by the mountains, in the still of a Scottish summer evening, the only noise is the flow of fresh water cascading down the glen. The pine trees stand like sentinels clinging to the ancient land. An eagle glides overhead a magnificent sight to behold. Michael Cochrane © 2023

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# Home Paradise.

I take in the beauty of wispy clouds in the blue sky. The sunlight shine on your face. When you call my name my heart skips a beat! Peony roses are in bloom, the little birds sing their songs. Butterflies sit on the roses its a lovely day in our home paradise.

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# Turn Back The Clock.

Your spirit soars over the mountain tops, my heart takes flight with you. Through space and dimensions, the light guides you. If only we had another moment, to turn back the clock to the rare old times.

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# Mankinds Fall.

After the nuclear war nothing will remain of our existence. Mankind hasn't learned the meaning of life of love. Almighty God's son came to earth and died for our sins. In 2023 we are still in the darkness, the light hasn't reached our hearts, after countless wars over centuries there is no longer time for us, we are on the precipice of our own destruction.

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## Evening Serenade.

As I listen in the shade of the setting sun, the birds serenade my senses, as I close my eyes the melody washes over me soothing my soul. Im transported to forgotten childhood memories and I remember when time stood still.

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# The Fields Of Luddymore.

Overlooking the ancient site of the holy monastery, dwells the fields now filled with corn. Once filled with learning and quills, creating art and scripture written down by men of God. Holy scribes, who toiled the soil and sang of the divine Jesus. The air here is thin, on a luddymore morning you can feel their presence and spirit.

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## Memories Of Ireland.

Land of my father's green island home. Your calling me back to the land of my birth. I hear her like a bonny bird singing across the sea, like music to my ears. Bring me back western winds, to my hearts desire.

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# Loving Irish Eyes.

As I walk over the hill my heart skips a beat, the cottage is in view. Im coming home to you, from America's distant shore. As I walked through the door I see the look in your eyes, that tells me all I need to know.

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# Spring On Loch Lomond.

Ben lomond is in the horizon majestic and towers above the loch. A heron flies low to the water, the air is fresh and warm. A Father shows his little boy how to use his small fishing net. Mother carefully unraveling sandwiches calls them to lunch. The bees buzzing, visiting flower meadows, of colourful butterflies.

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# A Mother's Heart.

My Mother gave me life, joy, she cared for me and my siblings. A heart of love, and through my childhood was always there to pick me up. She weathered many storm's, as she lay in the hospital bed, her blue eyes opened for the last time, and for me it was a great loss, through a pool of tears, I tried to understand why? After twenty two years, that thought is very much with me. It all comes down to love.

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# The Flickering Candle.

Wavering yellow candle flame gives you a good feeling, to comfort us. We can connect with our thoughts, on our passed loved ones, in memory. Saying a prayer, and remembering them all. Peaceful solitude can be very precious and spiritual.

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## Kind Words.

Each one of us can make a difference, kind words can heal, give joy and hope,  
love is the key to opening hearts.

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# Starlings At Dusk.

High up in the cloudless sky the starlings murmur. A gift for the eyes nature in beautiful motion. Open up our hearts, take a moment and be humble.

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# Amongst The Bees.

I sit listening to the bees buzzing, visiting each flower collecting the netctar in the month of May. Thoughts drift of spring days in my childhood memory, of fields of bluebells and buttercups. Such bliss was discovered by innocent hands carefully cupping nature in its delicate creation. Watching birds build nests on high oaks, the scent of beauty was all around me. The touch of God in my heart and soul. Michael Cochrane © 2023

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# Your Heart.

Your more to me than any words can say. Put your heart in mine, my love. To lay in your arms, to sing, to dream of you and I sharing sweet memories.

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# Silhouettes Dancing In Sorrento.

Here we are dancing silhouettes on the terrace wall of the Belair Hotel Sorrento. The band are playing our song we glide across the floor arms locked. You were meant for me, and I for you. In the still of the night the moonlight rises on Vesuvius.

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## Beautiful Nature.

At one with nature is the most wonderful experience we can have its fragile and we need to protect it. Stand amongst the forest and the sounds of birds and the wind flowing through the trees. Smell the flowers the scent of the earth let it encompass you in all its richness. Peaceful stillness in our hearts and refreshing our spirit.

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## Choose Love.

Each soul is known to God, we need to choose love, and listen to our hearts and minds. To give compassion and support to everyone who needs help, to comfort them and give hope. Each day we can decide to do something to make a change in ourselves and reach out to others. God guide us in the right direction and show us the way through the holy spirit.

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## World Chaos.

Wars, famine, human greed, lack of humanity has spread across the earth, climate chaos, destruction of nature. Our time on the planet has caused such misery for many people, and the creation of God. The outcome will be one of the most serious events which will be catastrophic and ultimately be the end of life as we know it if we continue on the same path.

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# Take My Hand

Walk through this world with me Jesus. Show me your way I'm so happy to follow. We never see the time go by. A new dawn is on the horizon sunlight from heaven. Take my heart, praise thee, take my hand.

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# Find The Light.

Help us lord when we lose our way. Show us how to find your light, lead us out of the shadows. Guide us, heal us, with your grace.

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# Sunrise On Luddymore.

As the birdsong sings the dawn chorus. I watch the corn blow with the spring breeze, the horizon is all before me. Luddymore beautiful and serene peace surrounding me.

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# Flowers Of The Morning.

Sit down in the middle of the meadow, amongst the flowers of the morning.  
Refreshing your soul under the sun. The road is open to us all. Time is precious  
spend it wisely as it slips away from us.

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# Face Of Light.

Eyes that shine, face of light, love of my heart. So blessed with inspiration, Lady I am yours, let me hold you in my arms forever. You walked into my life, like a dream.

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# Helping Hand.

In this world of sorrow and suffering, we should offer a helping hand. Comfort the heart broken, the door to happiness opens wide when we care.

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## Florence In The Spring.

Italian fountains, beautiful paintings, ancient cobbled streets of antiquity.  
Engaging cafés with stylish design, perfect sunshine and surrounded by beautiful scenery. How this city can fill your senses and refresh your heart.

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# Afternoon Reflection.

In the afternoon reflection thoughts come to mind on what's really important in life. Family, health, and prayer, to understand fully our relationships and our purpose in this world.

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## Sweet Love.

In your eyes, lovelight. In your voice sweet words. In your arms heaven. In light you walk you teach my heart to sing, like a beautiful angel.

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# The Deer On The Mountain.

In the misty morning of Glencoe, the deer run over the valley. Of all the places that the west winds blow this is the best. Land of hearts and dreams, gleaming melting snow on the mountain tops. Clouds wispy and beautiful fill me with serenity and peaceful moments to wander free.

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# The Lassie Of My Dreams.

Among the mountains of Scotland my lassie of my dreams sleeps. On the bonnie shore the lapwing sings, the sunset comes over into the valley, and beautiful are the sounds of geese flying over the valley. Her face glowing by the light of the peat fire flame. Such moments alone with my thoughts in winter's frost.

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# Emerging Into The Light.

A growing bud of a flower, emerging into the light, our hearts need to be the same. We each need spring on the earth. To be reborn to extinguish hate in the world. In the midst of all the turmoil we need to climb out from the abyss that mankind has spread over the past with wars ceaselessly followed by another. Love is the greatest gift we need to spread it out amongst all humanity.

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# Native People.

The Lakota, Pawnee, Cheyenne, Comanche, Apache, just some of the noblest people who lived for thousands of years undiscovered hunting the buffalo on the plains of American soil. The blood of the brave warriors who fought for survival should be not forgotten. The trail of tears too! All men and women are created equal, the American natives suffering extreme poverty and cultural loss on the earth is a tragedy. Michael Cochrane © 2023

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# Gracious Hearts.

Like eagle's wings over sunset marshes, the light of stars about my soul. Love that raises gracious hearts. In God in faith in voice in thoughts and prayers.

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# The Enchanting Forest.

Over the glen to the valley, covered by ancient oaks and scots pine, through the heather covered hills, to the enchanting forest. The smell is fragrant that clears the lungs a stream flows through it and its dreamlike sounds fill the air. To be in the moment amongst the snowdrops and the essence of nature is an essential part of life.

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Cochrane © 2023

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## A Little Love.

The things I have to say, your smiling face reflected in a stream. You see im in love with you. The way your hair blows in the autumn wind. At the dawn of the day we watch the birds fly out to sea with our hearts entwined and arms around us. Michael Cochrane © 2023

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## Each Of His Children.

Love is the key to happiness give it recall it in your life. My heart exalted by calm so peaceful, sweetness and beauty. God loves us awaken to a new day. We are his children praise him! He gave us his gift share in his divine love. Michael Cochrane © 2023

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# The White Flower.

The white flower is encrusted by frost glistening in the winter snow, the pristine snowflakes covered petals are frozen like glass, beautiful and serene in the morning light. The mountain is silent and nature creates such splendor that lifts my heart in magnificent joy.

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# Pray For Guidance.

When we pray to God ask for guidance in your life. We all have a purpose in this world. Ask for forgiveness for your sins. Always give to others less fortunate than yourself, be humble be kind. You are loved, you are never lost in the light of God which transcends all things on earth. Michael Cochrane © 2023

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# Give Love Reject Hate.

The road is full of hurdles which we must overcome with faith. Regardless of the outcome, we encounter hate in many ways reject them, ignore them. Only love is the way the truth and the life through Jesus Christ. Michael Cochrane © 2022

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# Natures Beauty.

Sunsets mountains and flowers, are wonderful gifts we have been blessed with in the earth. Natures beauty is like a melody played in tune, and all the winds and seasons pass in time. Gentle thoughts and memories come to mind. Michael Cochrane © 2022

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# Silence Of A New Day.

Calm beautiful day a new dawn. Uplift our hearts and awareness of others. The seasons change each tiny flower unique and filled with colour. If we can only cherish what we have. Keep love in your soul treasure it.

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# The Gift Of Love.

Open our hearts take a moment to stop and think of others. Christmas is near remember that Jesus was born on earth to free man from sin. Holy night our saviour comes on angels wings. A gift of love given to humanity. Michael Cochrane © 2022

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# The Love That Is Never Lost.

When we sit watching the snow fall. Deep in our hearts we think of our departed loved ones. Their love is never lost its part of us always. The memory of them can give us many emotions and make us think of happy times and sad. Light a candle and

say a prayer.

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# Kingussie

A place of tranquility now, at peace. In 1745 the redcoats barracks on the hilltop is covered by ice and blood on the snow. The Jacobite rebellion was crushed by England's armies the brave highlanders are never forgotten.

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# Open Your Hearts.

Show care to others less fortunate by sharing, giving, be generous. Take the time to ask are you ok? How can I help? Look out for your neighbors, and especially the old and infirm. Every single thing we do can make a difference in this world. Michael Cochrane © 2022

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## Winter Walk.

Along the riverbank the ice forms, the snow crisp and dazzling white shimmering in the winter sunshine.

A dipper sits on a branch looking for a meal. A grey squirrel munches on a wooden table full of nuts. Watching nature's rich tapestry of wonders enriches our souls, and we see the beauty of the world around us, if we stop and take a moment in this busy life. Michael Cochrane © 2022

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# The Way To Peace.

This world can be very lonely and sometimes we feel like we are lost. God is with us you and me. Trust in his divine love speak to him in silent places and ask him to come into your heart. Pray to his son Jesus and the holy spirit will come to you through him. His love is eternal he will carry you over the hurdles and the deepest oceans he gives us hope and peace.

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# The Lassie Of Lochnager

Amongst the heather of the mountains, the bonny lassie lives. Day and night she is within my heart. The winds of time move on the seasons come and go. She sings her songs of love in beautiful Lochnager.

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## November Morning.

Above the snowy peaks a eagle swoops in the sky. The chilled air fills my lungs, the fallen golden leaves crunch beneath my feet, as I stroll through the pine trees. The silence is broken by a grey squirrel who darts up an old oak.

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## Wee Jim.

He works with his cattle in Lullymore tending his farm with blossom the dog. Tea later with John and Maureen catching up on the news. A country man of charm and kindness. Ireland's son who lives in harmony with nature.

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## Loss Of A Loved One.

We shared so many happy times, sitting by the fire me, listening to your stories, of sadness and hard times. You were the life and soul of our parties at Christmas and New Year, always singing here in my heart by Al Martino with such emotion, dear Mother. You left behind so many cherished memories that stay with me! When you passed all the clocks stopped and my world was on hold, a huge void lay ahead. Without you these twenty one years feels like it was yesterday, but you said don't cry me Michael, if I depart this life, as Jesus will open a door for me and I will enter his world. So knowing that you are in his all encompassing heart gives me inner peace and a unique insight into his love for each one of us who know the holy spirit through the Lord of Light.

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# Stormy Night

Your eyes I sink in them as a ship would on a stormy night. In the summer I think on you and watch the shells touch your soft feet. The sea is on the horizon with azure waves and flying fish. We are in our heaven and the sunlight reflects our beautiful world.

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# Love Is The Gift.

The generations pass on through family sadness and happy moments, each relationship has been given a gift of love. We each leave our indelible mark on the hearts of our loved ones. Over time only old photos remain for the grandchildren to ponder over asking questions on the passed relation. Its our role to keep them alive and recall all the beautiful times to share. We are only here for a short moment in this world. Create memories, and love completely, give joy give hope. Michael Cochrane © 2022

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# Sioux People.

In ages past they roamed free over the plains of the Blackhills. Proud Sioux people who were rich in natural surroundings, hunting and fishing only taking what they needed to survive. Wise and responsible for the ecological balance of the earth, spiritual, and in tune with nature.

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# The Message.

He came to us and said love thy neighbor. Love God with all your heart and mind. Give to the poor, help the sick, give love to others that are lonely and forgotten by society. Today the message clearly speaks to us, if we listen and act, as the apostles did over two thousand years ago. Change your hearts walk the right path to make your way home to your eternal life with Jesus Christ.

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## Hemitage Wood.

Scottish autumn air fills my breath, sharp and cold. Through the huge canopy of beautiful trees I see the river, thick ice forms on the top glistening in the morning sunshine. Huge granite boulders formed millions of years ago stand as sentinels in the water.

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## A Beautiful Gift.

The green hills and the fields of corn, that sway in the breeze. The skylark hovering above the blue horizon. The essence of this land is the people who have a joy and a gift of spirit with genuine warmth which charms your heart.

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## World In Turmoil.

Turn on the tv, pick up any paper, evil abounds in this world of turmoil, we are on the precipice of a world war that cannot be won, complete extinction there are no winners. Pray for peace, and hope for humanity to endure this time.

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# A Little Kindness.

Each one of us can make a difference in this world. A little kindness goes a long way.

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# Luddymore Graveyard.

Site of early christian monastery, founded by St Patrick who left his footprint in a boulder. Serenity and tranquility over millennia, center of piety and learning. The air fills with spirtually and peace, and beauty.

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# Changing Seasons.

Our love is timeless, eternally.  
Your hand on mine as we walk.  
Autumn leaves below our feet.  
The seasons change but not you.  
The stars are twinkling in the sky.  
The smile that lights your face.  
Glow from within your heart.  
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## A Rose Grows In Lullymore.

Liam tends the fire placing each turf carefully. Susan's busy feeding sockie the cat treats, and sharing kisses. A rose grows in Lullymore, among the fields, and bogs. Love is everywhere as Susan sprinkles happiness and joy.

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# Bonnie Margaret

My heart is yours my bonnie lassie, rivers and lochs we roam. A voice that is sweet, and smile thats beautiful and serene.

We walk along the shore at dawn's light and we embrace the day, carefree.

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## Lean On God.

If we love anyone, the hardest part of our lives is the loss we feel when they part this world.

Each loved one held a piece of our hearts, sweet memories of our parents, brothers, sisters, wives and husband's family, friends. That is the time we truly feel that the earth has stopped, and we are adrift and lost in grief. God is indeed with you at that moment and knows how you feel. Lean on God call him in prayer. Be sure to know that you will meet them all again, when your time comes. Love continues eternally.

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## God's Love.

Dwell in the presence of God. Walk in his steps he will show us the way to him. Accept the spirit within your soul. Grow and be renewed by the love. Use your gifts for good, learn how to use them. Have compassion discover your true strengths, act with humanity to those who suffer and pray for them, give with your hands, sincerely with an open heart.

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# Buzzing Bees.

Black and golden swift and beautiful, nectar covered bodies hovering in out of flowers of every colour. Creation of nature moments of tranquility and peace in my garden.

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## The Number Two Bus.

From the Glasgow gallowgate the characters board. We pass the stop at the chippy, the driver shouts back soon! Poor service shouts a passenger, grunts and expletives. After relieving himself he climbs aboard. A wee drunk man speaks to a young Spanish lad. Your from Seville and have a holiday let in the east end! Gasps from fellow travellers! Comments flow, like does he know exactly what's ahead of him! The drunken banter spews out advice on how he can enjoy himself in Glesga! He gets off at his stop and looks bewildered by his run down surroundings, a rabbit in the headlights! The wee man bursts into song of I belong to Glasgow, and is given a round of applause!

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## Morning Walk.

On the banks of the river a linnet sings on a hazel bush and charms my ears.  
West winds blow, over the fields of blooming daffodils. Trout weave a path  
through rocky pools. Overhanging trees cast shadows, sunlight breaks through  
the canopy, its nature in all its glory.

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# Chimes Of Summers Past.

Echos of my childhood summer's past. Climbing trees overlooking the river cart,  
kingfishers fishing, songs of the forest so sweetly play over the canopy. Nature's  
beauty that filled my heart, my joy, exalted. Gifts of creation, love from God.

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# Wings Of Love.

Island of my heart, gulls swoop on the crest of the waves. Watching the fishermen come ashore. To gaze on the horizon, soothing dreams of you, caressing me in your wings and love.

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# Gone In The Winds Of Time.

In times past people spoke to the neighbour's. They never locked doors, the grocer asked how's your ma? The buses had conductors who kept the peace! Children played marbles and hide and seek! The ragman, the coalman, milkman, wee pokes of chips in newspapers! Sweeties in big jars! All gone in the winds of time.

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## The Austrian Gentleman.

Leaving Salzburg by train villages go by, each one more beautiful than before. A very old gentleman shows me his lifetime collection of stamps, totally in German. I only speak English I said to him. We engaged in mutual interest and shared nods and smiles after an hour, he says meine zughaltestelle. We said our farewells in our own language. This was before the age of the dreadful mobile world.

Michael Cochrane



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# Yellow Rose.

Green leaves, soft yellow petals, nature's beauty you rise towards the sun and the light. Spreading joy to the beholder, lifting our hearts and soothing our souls.  
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# Dancing In The Moonlight.

Overlooking the bay of Naples, love and romance. Stepping out on the floor we are dancing in the moonlight. Summertime breeze heavenly music. Living in a dream, longing for your kiss. Lovely tender moments.

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# Elvis

A man of the south who sang with his soul. He entertained millions with his voice. He reached out to our youth, and dazzled us by his moves. His spirit is in the land of Dixie. Rest in peace son of Tennessee.

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# Waiting For The Call.

Bright sunshine, above the deep blue sea. The soul of the fisherman waits for the call, farewell to the sounds of the dolphins and whales, and bonnie birds that sing.

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# Land Of Eternal Freedom.

Longing in my heart, you are calling me. Far beyond the earthly plane. When day and night is over carry me towards the land of eternal freedom.

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# Farewell To Galway.

On a black ship bound for America, we said our farewell to Galway shores.  
Poverty and famine we knew, what lay ahead across the sea, was unknown. Land  
of our hearts, gleaming rocks and isles, we dream nightly of white sands on the  
Irish shores.

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## Fragrant Meadows.

Over the hills let me wander, with you my lassie. among the fragrant meadows.  
You charm the birds from the trees, of all the flowers I have known you are the  
most beautiful and fair. The butterflies of my heart be still, as I pledge my love  
to you. As we lay near the glittering stream, I'm in awe of your beauty.

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# Moonlight In Montecatini.

Beautiful night of love, warm evening breeze and the violinist  
plays Puccini, jasmine flowers fill the air, and we kiss.

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# Water Flows Gently.

My dearest is sleeping, in the green valley. Crystal water flows gently by  
amongst the daffodils on the bank, and the songs of little birds. Michael Cochrane

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## Isles Of Beauty.

Down to the shore, the blue sky the sound of the oystercatchers fly by above.  
Isles of Scotland, your beauty is renowned. Quiet thoughts of life in the sunlight.  
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Michael Cochrane



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# Sleep Soundly.

Souls of eternal sunshine, by the sea. Sleep in the ocean fishermen, mermaids play music sweetly as seagulls are above the blue sky. The western winds blow across the isles, and the white shore.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Stornaway Melody.

Oystercatchers comb the beach, seagulls swoop, children play building castles.  
The fishermen chat on the catch of the day. I listen to the melody of life and look  
out to sea waves coming to the shore.

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# Solemn Angel

Radiant spirit of peace, magnificent solemn angel, who sings with heavenly choirs, a softness still in sleep I dreamed of being in your radiance night and morning. You showed me the way to the truth and the life.

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# Sleepy Village.

Born by the sleepy village by the sea, we played in the hills, along the paths and yellow fields. Summertime in the shade of the old oak tree, watching sunsets over the glen, the swallows flying overhead, and beautiful skies of violet and blue.

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## Heart's Of Wales.

Walking along the hedgerows of Wales, I hear a skylark singing. I pass through the valley's that rang to the sound of working men who toiled for generations in the belly of the earth. The memories are etched on the land and in the hearts of the people.

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## Indian Orphan.

He sits near the market hoping for some coins in his bowl, he's only eight an orphan. People pass him by he's invisible to the eye. He bathes in the Ganges, and makes a prayer for his future, that's unknown, a lady gives him bread, and a word of care, and such kindness for him very rare.

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# The Sea Calls.

The sailor sings of the tumultuous sea, the ancient mariner of the world.  
Luminous waves of the past echo in his ears. The smiles and the tears, of lost  
shipmates, he whispers a prayer across the grey horizon. His joys and fears take  
flight, do not grieve, the past, but keep it in your heart, and memory.

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## Mother's Memory.

My mother Mary created beautiful memories, for us all she gave us life, and showed by example how to make a difference. A spirit that soared over mountain's, she showed us the way to love to care for others I hear her voice when wind's are still, she waits for me.

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# Autumn Gold.

The chill of scottish air, sounds of a little stream rush by, the palette of autumn gold and yellow, brown, leaves I tread underfoot, God's canvas is all around. Silver cobwebs cling to branches, a robin sings on a glassy pond that reflects his image. The evening light shimmering through the canopy of pines. Here is nature in all its glory and infinite beauty.

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# Fountain Of Love.

God offers us a fountain of love, we only need to drink his water of life to quench our thirst.

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## Liam Of Luddymore.

A irish man of Kildare, a son, a brother, he's humble and kind. Gentle man who toils the soil with his dearest father. Mother Maureen, watches over him and Susan, create a garden of love. They walk through meadows of green, filled with the irish air, and later watch the moon rise over the horizon.

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# I Remember.

Looking at old black and white photographs, the years have slipped away.  
Innocent days of my childhood untouched by life then. Discovering the bluebell  
woods, the river Cart, hearing grannies stories of the past. Singing hymns at  
Christmas in the chapel, I recall scenes of long ago. Free as a bird, in flight.

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# Your Smile.

A beautiful and joyous heart, you came to me in a dream. A gentle soul whom, I love day and night and in the morning I delight in your enchanting smile.

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# Climbing The Old Oak.

The fields of summer flowers, the little skylark above the meadow. The river cart flowing swiftly, as a child discovering the perfect nature of the forest, the scent of pine trees, watching the changing shimmering light cast shadows and glimpses of the sun through the canopy, which was my playground. Climbing up an old ancient oak, to feel the air and survey the horizon, such experiences never leave me, they are etched into my very being.

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## Winds Carry My Love.

Over cold blue skies the geese fly to Canada. On the bonnie banks of Loch Tay I watch the autumn trees turn copper and golden and red. I think on you my love and my heart recalls your parting the shores of Scotland. The northern wind carries my love to you.

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# The Smile That Lights Your Face.

Warm summer evening on the beach varaggio, we stroll hand in hand, the sea breeze, moonlight walk, I look at your face, the look of love you gave me. I kissed your lips and I felt the same, then came the smile that lights your face. Heaven on earth so close to me, joy of joy that fills my heart.

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## Beating Wings.

The smell of scottish pine forests, the scent of the earth after rain, the sound of leaves when walking through the glens. The sound beating above the blue sky, of birds beating wings. Buzzing insects, waterfalls cascading on to ancient rocks.  
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Michael Cochrane



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# Spiritual Life

Only God knows us truly, in quiet prayer, we connect with the divine. Lead us,  
guide us, to understand our beating hearts and show us how to love.

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## Father's Words.

My father told me about his childhood poverty, and how important education was, he was very strict and found it hard to show emotion, he was in his shell and he mellowed with time. He once told me that he loved me, and it's was so special to hear it from his heart. His memory hasn't faded over the seasons of my life, he's always with me his voice and words resonate each day.

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# Serenity.

Wildflowers in bloom, tender sunshine on my skin. My reflection in the pond, as dragonflies fly past. Nature's colours of pastels, Im in a perfect slumber on my garden chair. The wind chimes are like a melody my inner soul is calm. I ponder life's destiny as I watch birds navigate the sky.

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## Simple Love.

With the perfume of jasmine, my love. My senses discovered you, in lightness and tenderness. You illuminate the night, and I awoke with you at my side making the earth sweet.

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## Venice Memories.

The love that we have known, my heart sings a song of you eternally. Your face rises with the sun and the stars, each day and night. I recall Venice the echos of our summer, the evenings along the Grand Canal by moonlight.

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Michael Cochrane



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## Scottish Autumn.

The grey squirrel collects food on a carpet of golden leaves which covers the wood, the river is full of life, a kingfisher darts from the bank catching a very small fish. The air is crisp and sharp, the mountains are covered by snow. Autumn in Scotland is a tonic for the soul.

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## Two Of Us Together.

I give to you love, as we float on the Grand Canal in Venice, passing along the romantic cafés, and the music of life, surrounding us. Your my hearts delight my everything.

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# Spirit Of Grace.

Garden birds sing, a mild breeze caressing the flowers. The bees are buzzing, visiting each rose. A place of peace, of prayer, no shadows, guided by God's grace.

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# Silence Of The Night.

Slid into sleep in earthly night dream of snow at Christmas, walking in summer meadows, along forest floors of bluebells. Church bells ringing down in the valleys, candles flickering in the night nodding off to happy Isles surrounded by the sea.

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# Faith

Open your hearts to all, believe in God let his light guide you. We are born to love. The path is clear      open your eyes, you shall find a life of joy and peace.  
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# Amapola.

Shining stars in moonlight, you took my breath away, as we kissed, watching the ships sail in the Bay of Naples. The memory of how we danced to amapola. I loved all the charms about you. I always knew some day that you would come along.

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## Grafton Street Dublin.

She played the music so serene and I felt a tear run down my cheek, it had an impact on my heart instantly. Sometimes we are enlightened by life and our senses are lifted by the moment.

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## Sunday Mass In Kildare.

Through meadows of green and flowers, the people walk to Mass, to the chapel  
with stained glass and white washed walls. Black shawled women pray hail marys  
and men hold rosaries in faithful bended knees.

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# Lend A Helping Hand.

Many are in need in this world, don't look the other way. The road is long with many turns, and burdens, its by giving that one receives. Lend a helping hand.

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# Once Upon A Time In Dublin.

During winter nights around the peat fire we sat on wooden stools listening to grannies tales of fairys and banshees. We had cabbage and potatoes and soup, as the storm wailed down the chimney. I can remember the time what happiness was. She played the tin whistle and we fell asleep to the sounds of an Irish air. Sweet dreams of old Ireland.

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## Canadian Autumn.

On the lake I paddle the canoe surrounded by birch trees and the silence is broken by a loon calling in the distance. Maple leaves float in the water. The air is sharp and the canopy of the pristine forest goes on forever its a wonder of nature.

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# San Gimignano

Hilltop town of medieval towers, and beautiful countryside, of cypress trees, we walk through the Piazza Della Cisterna, old ladies in black sell Italian lace, children play and laugh eating ice cream, lovers drink wine in small cafés and steal a kiss in the afternoon sun. It's a feast for the senses and for the soul, the Duomo bells ring and a bride and groom step out a horse and carriage love is in the air.

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## Divine Love.

Jesus saviour of the world, you came to us with the message of peace and divine love. On Good Friday you died for our sins, we praise your holy name.

Michael Cochrane



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## Lights Of The Village.

As I walked through forests the night draws in, the western stars shine, across the fields of barley I feel the scotch mist on my face. Climbing over the hills, the wind enwraps me. From here I see the slumbering village, lights twinkle a lassie waits for me, here is paradise, here is love.

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# The 31 Bus From Castlemilk Glasgow.1967

We wait in line for the 31 Bus. Me in my baseball trainers, sloppy Joe t shirt, eating a piece in jam sandwich holding my mother's hand. Here it comes the green and orange corporation taxi to the city. We pass the chapel, then kings park, whizzing down carmunnock rd like a rocket downhill to Hampden Park the football roars of the fans echo as we pass on this Saturday afternoon. The bus conductor stands on the open deck with shouts of fares please, he holds a fantastic ticket machine with multiple tickets of blue, red, green I'm excited as he gives me mine. We pass the gorbals it looks grim even in the sunshine. Then the Carrick ship berthed on the clyde. Arriving at St Enoch Square, next to the Railway station and the Glasgow subway which I ask my ma to let me smell the unusual scent of the air which comes up from the tunnels, it's amazing. Off we go to the shops for back to school clothes the fun of freedom is coming to an end.

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# Moonlight Opera.

Evening in Montecatini, Madam butterfly, and you in my arms. Oh my love how sweet is the Italian night, moonlight glows, as we listen to the music. It can't get any better than this moment.

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# Solemn Thoughts

Gentle waves in tranquility, the rainbow comes, water fresh as a dream,  
sunshine is born in a new day. Birds sing joyous song in May. Fond memories I  
recall in smiles and some solemn thoughts of sad events all linked together in the  
journey of love.

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# Ayrshire Afternoon

Surrounding hills of green and heather I bathe in sunshine. Watching the gulls swooping across cloudless skies. I hear the songs of a blackbird, and a linnet echo in the Ayrshire afternoon. My soul is refreshed, calmness and tranquility in the springtime.

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# Tuscan Summer

Through the vineyards and the sunflowers we stroll together in the tuscan summer, visiting old ancient churches and listening to a musician play Puccini in the afternoon sunshine.

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# Contemplation On Life.

Season's change our memories are rooted deeply in thoughts of all the people who we have met on our journey. Sitting on the beach watching the tide roll away, calmness peace fill me. Love is at the center of life.

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# The Fireside

Sitting quietly at night, listening to the cracking fireside, the ticking clock above the mantle, I pause to remember my mother's love for me. Peace and time to reflect on my memories as I too grow older.

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# Sea Of Life

Standing on the beach I watch the sea of life come alive crashing waves, salty taste on my tongue, blissfull rays of the sun wash over me. I'm caught up in the melody of nature. The golden glow of the dawn. I'm awakened for a new day brings forth a beauty in my soul.

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## Be One In Nature.

When we listen to the sounds of the morning, soft wind's, insects humming, the woodlands, we renew our souls to grow stronger. In a world of urban noise we need to escape to reconnect with nature.

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## Cycling In The Scottish Borders.

From cockle kitty cottage we awake with bird song, then off we go along thorny  
hedgerows we cycle, hearing distant bells of a church in the valley below.

By Melrose Abbey on ancient weathered stones we rest in the summer sun,  
eating our picnic in harmony with nature surrounding us.

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## Frost On The Rose.

Petals encrusted by white frost the beauty of the rose. Sleet falls softly before the coming of the heavy snow. Ice covers a spiders web that trails between the thorns.

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# Prayer Is The Key.

When we connect with God in prayer we turn a key to open the door to his divine heart.

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## Winter Walk To Mass.1965

Cold midwinter Scotland my father takes my hand in his towards the chapel.  
Blackshawled widows bless themselves passing the stations of the cross. Old men  
pray holding rosary beads heads down on the wooden pews. When it's all done  
we throw snowballs at each other such fun a little memory pressed into my  
heart.

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# Metal Mickey

Metal Mickey went out on Sunday mornings, to search for gold. He found lost rings and earrings and coca cola cans, he earned cash to fund his holidays to Texas to watch the cowboys rodeo. Always smiling and happy metal detector in hand combing Ayr beach.

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# Christmas Walk.

Among the trees of holly a grey squirrel darts along the branches. The little robin sings in the snow. The ice is glistening on the lake and geese fly overhead. Christmas is a time to reflect on the earth and all its unique and beautiful creatures.

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# Christmas Prayer.

Peace and love for all, giving sharing, God's blessings to the world, a child is born in Bethlehem surrounded by angels. He came to save our souls by his sacrifice.

Praise his name Jesus.

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# Christmas Morning In Castlemilk 1966.

Frosty windows inside my house, children playing outside in the snow with joy.  
Mother is busy keeping us warm stoking up the coal fire. Laurel and Hardy on the  
TV. Unraveling our presents each one wrapped with love. Simple Christmas  
memories that I cherish.

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# Venice Cafe

We hold hands in the old Cafe my love. As the boats float by romantic moments of love. Summertime the sound of mandolins, and dancing cheek to cheek. My heart opens wide as we hold each other.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Memories

Photographs bring us right back to people moments in time capturing our life in each stage as we journey on, childhood, school, wedding day, birthdays. We all need love it's the very essence of who we are creating happiness in our lives to look back in the autumn of our days.

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# Rui Yang

You came into my life and became my friend, sharing and caring. Humble gentle Rui you are far from Glasgow but very close in my thoughts. Kind hearts are very rare but in Beijing a loving son of China gives great care to his mum.

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## Thoughts Of Life.

I recall my mother calling me in from play unaware of her hardships, she hid from us. Tears of sadness in living each day. Walking seven miles to and from the hospital to visit my sick brother in winter's snow. A mother's love is the strongest for her children. Cleaning stairs for a pittance, in cold damp Scottish weather. Love is what she gave each one of us, and it's the greatest gift I ever received in my life.

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# Love Is The Key To Life.

Enrich each day by giving. Lift up your heart to the less fortunate. Be humble not selfish. Love is the key to life. Tread softly over the earth. Let this be your prayer, guide us lord with your grace.

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# Autumn Thoughts.

Clear night's of golden sunset  
skies. Seabirds flock on the evening shore wading and singing. I breathe in the  
Scottish sea air walking slowly through the soft sandy beach. Many thousands of  
starlings cover the sky as they murmur in flocks. Nature is such sweet caress for  
the soul.

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## Hymn Of Love.

Your eyes of green illuminated by the sun. Like a dark butterfly you move in the wind, I gaze at you eternally in flight my heart fluttering to the beat of your wings. Let me go with you always as we sing a hymn of love.

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# Ireland Home Of My Ancestors.

Green land of celts who toiled the fields and suffered greatly from famine and wars. Your struggles are not forgotten in history. The songs of the past are etched in our hearts and souls.

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# Tuscan Sun.

Among the cypress trees we picnic in the Tuscan sun a bottle of wine and some bread. Honey coloured village on the hilltop, medieval church bells ring, children play in the fields, oh heavenly is this place of old stones and towers.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Uncle Peter Happy Birthday.

Seaforth Highlander, Railwayman, cobbler, his greatest role was being an uncle, wise kind and generous and loving. A gift of putting people first and at ease with prince or pauper. Bone for bone we were the same. I remember him with love today on his birthday he's in heaven now. The last post plays for a man for all seasons.

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# The Butterfly In My Garden.

Gracefully on a mild wind the butterfly comes from the sky like a messenger of pure joy, nature in perfection. It is only when we stop and take in such beauty we understand our connection with each gift God has given us on earth and its fragility we are all connected to the universe, and how we act has meaning in a spiritual way to teach us how to live a spiritual life and cast away any shadows from our souls.

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## Cinque Terre.

Beautiful coast of Italy full of colourful houses, washed by the sea and sun. Life is all around children play, on small tied up fishing boats on the shore, mother's hang out washing catching up with all the news from neighbors.

Fishermen sit and repair nets, the scent of cooking fills the air and I drift away soaking up the beauty of a perfect day.

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## Plockton Sky.

The night sky is filled with the constellations of the milky-way mirrored on the loch of glass. Silence, stillness and a sense of creation and beauty before my eyes. God is indeed great.

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# Broken Hearts.

Life is fragile like a crystal glass as we get older we realise just that, hearts can be broken but healing starts when we know God loves us through prayer we find our strength and peace.

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# Love.

A life without love is like having a garden without flowers.

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## Compassion And Love.

Show compassion on your way through life, find the love of God to give and not to receive, to be kind and true of heart. The world is enriched by love for this is the meaning of the mystery and Jesus gave us his existence and his sacrifice for all mankind.

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# Thoughts Of You By The Crystal Fountain.

The church bells are ringing in a small Italian square. I bring you red roses, my love. We embrace by the crystal fountain and we kiss with tenderness. My heart beats like a drum in this romantic moment.

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## Evening Shore.

We stand at twilight on the beach the sea spray splashing on the rocks. Gulls fly on high our souls flee to meet them through the waves to the heavens above. We are one together in you my dreams live for eternity.

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# Peace Came Upon Me.

To love God and accept him as your salvation is all you need. Peace came upon me.

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# Starry Night.

Starry night of love I held you in my arms. Your fragrance fills the air like a summer meadow. Life began again the day I took your hand.

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# Awake Before Sunrise.

Morning I awake before sunrise, coming over the mountains. Breathing in the earth and sky. The stars are twinkling with a crescent moon. Thanking God for another day I pray.

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# The Photograph By The Mantle Fire.

Frost and snow cover the ground. Firelight we huddle over recalling your memory of sacrifice in the great war of 1914. Only 19 years old a boy of Glasgow Town now Frozen in time in a yellowing photograph on the old mantle.

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## Dandelion Clock.

A single dandelion clock sails in the afternoon winds across my garden of roses,  
it brings with it a change in the season of coming autumn walks, fresh mountain  
air and renewed love.

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# Empathy.

Human souls need love like flowers need light and water, each of us has the capacity to enrich the world through understanding of each other's struggles by giving them a voice and to help them by listening, and a helping hand. Each day take time to care for the less fortunate the lonely the poor the forgotten.

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Morning Prayers.

Listen to the sounds of the morning the birdsong, feel the sunlight from heaven.  
We are all beings of light praise God.

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## Autumn Day.

On an autumn day in October I walked through forests of Perth with my love.  
Beautiful colours of frosted leaves lay on the ground. A red squirrel darts up a tree, a hawk flying overhead swoops from above catches its prey. The river high flows over mossy ancient rocks of scottish granite.

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Michael Cochrane



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## Big Danny.

Danny was a clydebank man, full of wit and charm, he loved life to the full,  
always smiling and laughing. A true friend of mine, his loss was deeply felt. But  
happy memories remain of him dancing on the disco  
floor the oldest man, with a young heart.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Romantic Sail To Cinque Terre.

Sailing with my love to the Italian Cinque Terre, we pass houses set into cliffs of many colours like an artists palate set on an azure sea. Old buildings washed by the sun, all life is here washing strung along the streets, among fishing nets and little boats tied up for the day. Sitting by the bay we have some wine and watch a groom carry his bride from the chapel into the sea laughing and embracing the moment.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Lucca Sunday Afternoon.

Sitting in Lucca surrounded by ancient medieval churches, I listen to a violinist play, old people and children's laughter fills the air as the balloon man ties another animal creation. Church bells ring as people cycle over the town square. Lovers hold hands and kiss drinking each other with their loving eyes.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com



# Peace Garden Largs Scotland.

Summer afternoon in the peace garden, an elderly couple do a crossword, a disabled man reads his book, surrounded by nature and tranquility, such moments are rare in a noisy world. I watch the sunset over Arran when all is still no breeze, only Swifts drinking water as they fly over the duck pond.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Sitges 1967

Glasgow to Sitges. Hot sun, fried chicken on a spit, a culture unknown to us,  
sunburn and suntan, beautiful warm sea, flamenco dancers, nightlife, happy  
smiling people,  
sombros, bullfights another world for Glasgow children, friendly exotic people  
it was stepping in to another dimension of vivid colours of  
an impressionists painting, forever in my memory.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Summer July Glasgow 1966

Children play marbles, kick the can, hide and seek, mothers hang out washing in backcourts catching up with neighbors, suddenly a trumpet blasts loudly filling the ears of excited tots who shout in unison the ragman! ! They ask for old clothes from frantic parents to take to the man clutching old torn jumpers and jackets, each one receives a balloon and a packet of cowboys and Indians. They pat his horse and his cart moves along to the sound of another time recalled in Old Glasgow.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Loch Katrine

Beautiful loch, autumn gold and amber trees clear crystal water. Cycling through the wooded paths the air is pure and crisp, warm sunshine shines through the oaks and elms glistening, wild flowers carpet the ground. With my beloved we embrace life and nature.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Sailing To Your ; Heart.

As we sail towards Portofino, we gave our love. No other love can warm my heart, no other lips, my dream is here at last. All I longed for was you.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Sunday Morning Snow.

I wake and pull the curtains to see winter's snow has fallen. Church bells ring,  
children laugh walking with sledges to the big hill with each step expectation of  
joys of childhood fun. As I stoke the fire and think of snowball fights, and  
snowmen, my lost childhood now in the distant past.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Divine Light

Pleasures of life and eternal strife all stream along and flow, like a gentle river or a rushing torrent. Grace and love from heaven fills my soul and inspires me above every star and moon above, a more enlightened mind that seals your divine light in my heart.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Opera In Montecatini.

Romantic evening by moonlight, listening to Puccini, you and I are in our heaven.  
Montecatini. Love songs to feed our hearts.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com



# Andrea Bocelli

Maestro of Tuscany, a blessed voice, spiritual man, tenor of the world once heard he touches your heart and brings tears to your eyes.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Proud People.

Trail of tears, Wounded knee, a people's hearts broken. Peace treaties wrapped  
in lies. Lands stolen, they died fighting for survival proud people forgotten.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Connect With God.

We all need love. Our very being is part of the universe, and also every atom that first came into creation. God is the way the truth and the life.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# The Old Hobo

He was a father, a son, a brother, an uncle a former soldier a hero in the great War the old hobo, he walked paddy's market on old Glasgow cobbles. Many years he played a harmonica, in all seasons, for pennies to survive he's gone now no tears for a forgotten man.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Spirits Of The Blackhills.

Warrior braves seek out the buffalo herds on the Blackhills, riding bareback, firing arrows that find a target. Young Red cloud watches from the hill like a swarm of bees they move as one on the horizon. A way of life a song of the spirit.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Walking In Austria.

Beautiful mountains, alpine meadows, as I walked out one morning, with my  
heart's delight her ruby lips and cheeks of soft roses, eyes of emerald green.  
Dreams do come true.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Cycling In Lucca.

On ancient walled Lucca we cycled, romantic town filled with the music of Puccini  
for all eternity, violins play, the butterfly chorus. Our hearts sing in unison,  
entwined in love.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Sitting In My Garden.

Sunday afternoon listening to the blackbird song, watching apple blossom fall softly, on my garden. Peaceful reflection on nature, peony roses, lily's sway in the light airy wind such moments are precious. We are all part of the unique and beautiful creation.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# People Who Make A Difference.

Kind hearts. Words of comfort. Giving others a helping hand. Compassion and love in times of trouble. Understanding each other's lives. Sharing and caring. We all have a part to play in our spiritual journey. People who make a difference.  
Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Sunday Childhood.

Fields of wild flowers in summer bloom, turquoise skies and trees of oak and beech which I fought the imagined enemy's from, I was Geronimo fighting off the 7th calvary, flying off arrows in all directions. That afternoon I was a commando in my dugout hole with a midden bin lid to hide in winning World War 2 with my pals George and James, when I got home I had my supper and a bath and I was Michael again with homework to do for Monday morning.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Lourdes By Candlelight.

Holy site of pilgrimage, deep faith and spiritual healing. Spring water of heaven.  
Hymns of the blessed virgin Mary by candlelight atmosphere never experienced,  
divine light and sacred place.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# I Always Knew That You Would Come Along.

We danced the evening in moonlight, you in Chinese silk elegant and beautiful.  
My love I always knew you would come along! With your smile so warm your  
charms so soft.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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## As You Lay Dreaming.

Watching you sleep I kiss you softly. Two of us together in our own world, I knew from the moment that we met that you were the one for me. There's nothing I wouldn't ever do to make you feel my love.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Sunset On Loch Lomond.

On Loch Lomond we sit embraced on the beach, the sky of pink wispy clouds  
float by like candy floss. Pretty sweet woman my soulmate by my side, our eyes  
meet, we kiss as the red sunset goes behind Ben Lomond.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Crossing Over The River.

Wide is the river to you. Once you walked in the valleys. Healing, preaching teaching. Listening to your words, stillness comes. I believe you are the light to show the way.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Lover's Lament.

Tears like falling rain, heart beating like a drum, the lovelight has dimmed in your eyes, we walked through green fields hand in hand. I only know I will keep on waiting for you to return.

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com



# Winter Thoughts.

Cold winds blowing frost on spider's webs. Snowflakes of every shape. Fire on the grate hearing the sound of the storm. Scottish winter's wrath bone chilling. Ice on the windows, having thoughts on the poor homeless souls without shelter.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Little Sparrow

Chirping in my garden the little Sparrow darts through the flowers and shrubs.  
Only when we take a moment to engage with natural beauty we can find inner  
peace and unique insights into God's world.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Faith And Hope.

Each tomorrow is yet to come let us make a difference. Beloved God our shepherd guide us along the narrow path.

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Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Memories Of Yesterday.

Summer meadows, linnets song, bees buzzing, climbing trees, swinging across the river on a rope, dirty knees, torn jumper, shouting for a jam sandwich up to my ma, who threw it out the third floor window in a brown paper bag! Happy times innocent and carefree I wish I could step back into that moment of joy.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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## John T. Cochrane.

My Father had a hard childhood in poverty. He always said it was the greatest crime. In Ireland he went door to door asking for bread barefoot. It left its mark a man who was tough and kept his feelings closed like a unread book never letting me open a page. A man of few words quiet and hard to get to know. He passed without us knowing as he was spirited away by siblings who caused a lot of hurt and pain. Happy Father's day dear da.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Let's Trust In Our Saviour.

Fly away from darkness look to the light of the world, happy will be the day when we are lifted up in glory to be bathed in his divine grace.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Mother's Hands.

She cleaned stairs for the rich, with hands that worked so very hard in cold Scottish winters. To give us everlasting love. To bring Christmas to little children who didn't know her struggles. She's now in heaven and never a day goes by that I don't forget her sacrifice.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# The Country Road To You.

As I walked out on a journey along a country road, flowers are smiling bright,  
love is in sight, my beating heart takes flight. I sing a hymn of love to you.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Stars Over Montana.

Overlooking the Blackhills of Montana, we gave our hearts. Horse riding over the plains. Watching shooting stars at midnight as we lay down on the Prarie, who says you can't have it all.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Hunting The Buffalo.1870

Young native americans ride along the Prarie with bow and arrow on beautiful ponies bareback to bring back meat for the coming winter in the Black hills. Young braves of the Sioux nation, a perfect scene in harmony with nature only taking what they need, spiritual mountains wide open spaces to roam, such was the life lived in freedom.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# The Women Of Ireland.

Mother's of Erin's isle many sacred prayers held in rosary beads by hands  
outstretched in love to dear departing children who crossed the ocean, who's  
thoughts keep returning to that distant shore.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Places I Remember.

Tuscan hilltop villages with honey coloured ancient buildings, old people dressed in black sitting outside in a summer morning knitting and church bells ringing. Sitting in a cafe watching life go by such moments are etched in my minds eye. Memories sweet like wine, quiet thoughts of Italy.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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## Dublin 1888

She stands on Grafton st with her barrow of roses amongst the fruit sellers of Dublin. Nearby an old woman plays a tin whistle of an old Irish air. A little tramp dances a jig as the people clap in time and sing a perfect moment in the past.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Postcard From Italy

Sitting in a small cafe in Venice, listening to the mandolin play I look across St Mark's square thinking of you. I didn't see the time go by my youth is gone, the bells are ringing now at sunset memories come to mind I don't remember getting older swiftly flow the years.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Sorrento Waltz

Let me live my song, dancing by the fountain let me drift away with you, hear the melody. See the moonlight hold me tight don't say goodnight let us waltz forever.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Peace And Love

Sailing on the Cinque terre I see fishing boats on the shore, little houses of every colour. Sky of blue you by my side smiling softly. Holding your hand is perfect peace and love, I never want to let it go.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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## Lizzie And Mary Hill.

A Dublin summer morning singing Skibbereen, sisters Lizzie and Mary Hill went to Port in pony and trap to sell the fish from the Skerries laughing and enjoying the Craic amongst the fishermen.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Glasgow Italian Cafe

Marco gives out pokes of chips to hungry weans and asks how's your maw getting on? Ice cream cones with raspberry and a flake such moments of delicious delight. He sings of Sorrento his eyes well with tears. He tells me of the sun that always shines and the sea of his childhood past.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# The Dolphin

Across the Irish sea the Dolphin came to the Scottish shores, surfing wave after wave until he heard the calls of the rare blue Dolphin. They swam to a grotto in a cave where fishermen tell of hearing singing still when the sun goes down.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Cycling In Mull.

From Oban we take the ferry to Mull Island Scotland. Haversacks and panniers of clothing, summer cycling we see the sea hawk and a family of seals. Tobermory is in view houses of many colours, fishing boats and nets. Whiskey shops and tartan blankets and kilts. We have sandwiches and drinks watching the world go by. Happy times.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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## Glasgow Hero.

An old tramp holds a tea cup in his hand clutching it as a drowning man would catch hold of a floating log. Hours have passed and its time to close, such moments recalled he picks up his life in a duffel bag and shuffles off to seek shelter from the biting cold a forgotten man once fought for freedom in a war now in the distant past.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Opening Our Hearts To His Divine Mercy.

Jesus saviour lead us to your heavenly sacred heart through our hearts and prayers and thoughts every day. We ask for forgiveness and mercy and we praise you for all your glory and intervention in our lives.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Song's Of Ireland.

Whispering past echos of Irish music and songs have filled old ruined crofts etched in the very stones of a people's struggles and hardships. Ghostly memories and voices heard in the dawn as the tides come in.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Glasgow Past

Ragman blows his trumpet children ask for toys for old clothes. The ice cream man plays a tune a queue quickly forms a double nugget mister and a pokey hat! The coalman black as night goes into tenements lifting his load. The middenman chased by hordes of weans trying to get a hudgie on the back of the truck laugh as they hitch a ride such moments in time are recalled now in my autumn years.  
Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com



# White Rose Of Paisley.

A white rose of Paisley a woman who's smiling face brings joy to the world.  
Laughing eyes and portrait of love. You are the only one that knows my heart. In  
you I find all my dreams.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Dr Martin Luther King Jr.

Man of God, of peace and love and spirit. Speaking the truth walking through a sea of hate, you led your people like Moses out of Egypt only asking for equal rights and to be inspiration to the world.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Castlemilk Summer

Wild flowers as far as I could see, bumble bees, butterflies and skylark songs.  
Climbing trees overlooking the river cart watching it ebb and flow, my brother  
Pat sitting swinging on the old rope. Such moments etched in childhood  
memories of Castlemilk.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Liams House

Sitting by the peat fire wee Sox sits perched looking at Liam as he watches the Celtic play on TV she's waiting on a treat patiently. Purring softly she goes outside to see if Sally has left any scraps of food. Liams got fencing to do so Sox goes to her sanctuary amongst the peat in Lullymore.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Butterfly Moments

Looking at my garden flowers of roses of many colours I see a beautiful butterfly with beating wings flowing softly slowly in that very moment I see a creation of love.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Wings Of Angels

Human souls are like glass so each one is crafted by the divine. We have one love which transformed the world in the body and blood of Jesus. Seek God ask for forgiveness in your last breath. He will raise you up completely on wings of angels.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Atlantic Winds

I've traveled all over this world and no matter where I go my heart recalls your parting the shores of Galway banished from your country by famine and poverty. You fled towards the Atlantic winds my heart went with you on that irish shore.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Shangri-La

A garden of yellow and red tulips roses of red and pink. Time goes by like a lotus flower floating on a pond still opened to catch the sun. Cherry blossom hangs over us enclosing our favorite spot we watch the birds of many colours feed on our tree of red berries. The world changes love remains. I close my eyes and recall us on Lake Como you like a white rose eyes of green illuminated by the sunshine your smile.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com



## Moments Of Life.

Time goes by like a blinking of an eye. Life has melodies and songs that gives us sunshine. Beautiful days and memories I climb up to the sky like an eagle, and listen to the sounds of the past winds and oceans. Oh my love always remember me you found the light in me and lit my heart.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Esme

A canny lass from Newcastle toon, on the banks of the river tyne. Jimmy nail,  
Newcastle brown ale and St James's Park she will give you the tour of her city  
and the Angel of the North is Esme ah loves yee pet.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# An Afternoon In Florence.

Ancient architecture filled with marbled creativity of artistic genius. Art of the Italian masters cover the walls. Beautiful creations gifts of divine grace of the human race.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# A Song Without End.

We walk through Montecatini in a enchanting summer evening, we listen to the sounds of Puccini. Elegant in your dress you smile at me little moments happy times I now recall. All I longed for was you.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Ripples Of The Shore

Half remembered names of the people who we met along our journey, and songs of our life play meaningful memories. Such moments recalled of the past reflect in misty waters. Till tomorrow comes lift up your glass and dry your tears.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Irish Tears

Cruel was the bleak day when the English landlords broke our hearts. Burning homes of Irish poor, evicted out in the snow, abandoned. Our rents we could not pay. Crops failed and cattle died. We fled to American shores. In the rain of New York, no one could see our Irish tears.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Saturday In The State Cinema 1966

Pat and I took the number two bus to the palace of dreams. We paid for tickets and bought our ice creams. Batman and Robin on the big screen fighting the joker and the penguin it was a scream. The dynamic duo had come to our school days before. Castlemilk Cinema Paradiso of memories

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Moonlight In Lake Como

As we stroll along watching the moonlight on Lake Como I'm in heaven sharing this moment with you, the scent of jasmine fills the air I embrace you as Italian music plays a melody of love. Life is a song when I'm with you, thanks for the memories.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Padre Pio

Padre Pio give us hope and guide us in our spiritual journey to the sacred heart of the divine Jesus keep us safe, show us the way the truth and the life through Jesus and the holy spirit, blessed be your name.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Thoughts Of Yesterday

Simple times of moments among the fields, picking brambles, listening to the skylark how I recall torn jumper and skinned knees from climbing trees. It was only yesterday but it's flown like a butterfly a childhood memory of happiness.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Dublin Granny

Granny sang her song about Skibbereen with tears in her eyes, and recalled her youth in Balbriggan, troubles came and went, but she endured many hard times. Granny danced a jig with me in my childhood and took me to Carfin to see the blessed family, always pious and devoted to her faith. Angel granny I'm smiling still.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# King Of The Wing.

Wee jinky fast as lightning moves in and out at speed, a flash of number seven,  
towards the goal, then amongst a sea of green an uproar of ecstasy and passion  
all at once, the Glasgow Celtic sing as one, as the king of the wing holds court in  
his paradise of dreams.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Irish Shores

Evening has come and daylight has gone, I light the fire and think of you in your  
irish shawl by the shore. We met on that day in winter's frost and snow, speak to  
me in this empty room, your not forgotten I think on you, as rain and wind rage  
outside, we will be together soon our paths will cross again flowing water like a  
stream coming awake.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Sleeping Butterfly

You are like a moonlight night, full of shining stars so beautiful bright. Soft as a butterfly you fly off into your dreams of the sea at dawn's early light, me holding you in my arms as we await the new day, and listen to the waves of the ocean and the morning songs of birds.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Summer In Venice

Beauty is all around in Venice, marble villas, ancient art sacred churches. Water is all around such magnificent canals, boats and people of every country gaze in awe to take it all in, breathless sighs of Italy in its glory, such a place to experience this unique and special city. The light is still in the summer evening, the water shimmering like gold reflects the sun. Walking in St Mark's square a mandolin plays, a bride and groom kiss and embrace, whilst people drink coffee and watch the sunset go down.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Troon Autumn Sunset.

Afternoon strolling on the beach, happiness is me holding your hand, passing comments on the beauty of what we see on the horizon. Seabirds sing, waves shower our feet, our hearts desire is only to be in the moment, we cherish time after time to be as one, we watch the autumn sunset and with one look loving green eyes smile back at me, and I'm in heaven.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Dance Till The End Of Time.

In my arms my sweetheart let's, dance it's a lovely day. The best things in life are free! Music is playing our song, let our hearts beat as one. Love is the sweetest thing, I saw you one night across a crowded room and new then you were the one. I dreamed a dream just a dance we came together the longing for you, my love. All my life I waited for an angel, let's dance to the end of time.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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## Paddy's Market 1975

Glasgow voices shout two for a pound, amongst piles of ragged clothing, puddles and junk cover the ground as people scramble to get a bargain. A man tries on a pair of glasses amongst a huge pile on a barrow, squinting until he could see through them fifty pence shouts the hawker. A wee boy selling superman comics is laughing. A old lady sits knitting a scarf selling lighters and roll up tobacco. It's a Saturday afternoon and celtic supporters are singing as they make a bee line to the Empire bar.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

# Moonlight In Sorrento.

Gave our hearts, we came together as one. Always on my mind, remember dancing on a moonlight evening on the Italian terrace, the violin played cheek to cheek we moved, in harmony with the music and life itself.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Valentine

Many memories, soft moments of thoughts of you. Candlelit evenings nights of love, by the moonlight. Let me make a bed of flowers with perfume posies for you to lay on, we will love till dawns early light. Your love is eternal and we will share each other forever in love, my dearest Margaret.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



PoemHunter.com

## Sunday 1975

Walking through the barrows market, the hawkers shout out three for a fiver, little Glasgow women clutching children looking for a bargain. Fish and chips are eaten and people go through the stalls of antiques, German helmets and medals of foreign fields of battle, such moments of life, country music is played on a record player full blast. Tourists barter with the stall holder trying to buy an old mantelpiece clock, hobos drinking cheap wine argue with themselves, and songs of the Celtic fill the air. People eat whelks from the stall and the candy floss man hands out the sticky treat to a crying child who suddenly is silent. Memories of my days spent here are etched in my mind, sunny days of my youth.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Yesterday

We walked hand in hand over the sands, watching the waves roll in, oyster catchers, seagulls flew above. Children played on the beach and couples kissing on a warm Scottish summer day, such moments of love. We dined next to the marina and watched the boats come and go, drinking wine without a care, how now I wish we could be there, the world has changed but our love remains.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Eastern Solitude

A clear moon climbs over the Tibetan range of mountains, the sky is glowing. I  
blow out the candle to enjoy its glow. At dawn I start my journey, through valley  
after valley. A mist flows softly above, below the river snakes along. My ears  
hear faint chants and I arrive at the temple, incense fills the air among monks in  
robes, reflecting in meditation in this ancient solitude of the world of gongs and  
bells and prayer.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Linn Park Winter

My childhood memory of walking in winters snow, fresh footprints I made and a sense of wonder as I crossed the river cart on the stepping stones. Trees of pine and elm, oak laden with dazzling snow, squirrels busy dancing with delight at my feet. How simple life pleasures of the past are etched on my mind. A little boy at play it was only yesterday. Swiftly flys the years one season following another.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Liam

Liam of lullymore of erins isle, he walks in green places of his childhood memories. He hears the gentle winds, and songs of the barley fields that once were sung. He thinks happy thoughts of Susan how fair of face, and waits until they meet again, in Kildares lovely sirens chorus of larks in morning's dawn.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Christmas Devotion

Thinking past of long ago my thoughts are one of love which my mother gave us wrapped in gifts of kindness and deep affection. She cleaned the stairs of the rich in snowy winter months to give us Christmas memories, which I remember now in middle age. She worked so hard and it was a labor of her love she fed us each day. Never can we really know what hardships she faced. She walked to East kilbride in deep snow in darkness without the bus fare to visit her very ill son, but never heard her complain as I held her hand tightly across the miles to the hospital which lay far from Hombyre rd. Yes it's only a mother's love that can endure and be cherished this Christmas and never forgotten.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Castlemilk Christmas

Thinking past of long ago my thoughts are one of love which my mother gave us wrapped in gifts of kindness and deep affection. She cleaned the stairs of the rich in snowy winter months to give us Christmas memories, which I remember now in middle age. She worked so hard and it was a labor of her love she fed us each day. Never can we really know what hardships she faced. She walked to East kilbride in deep snow in darkness without the bus fare to visit her very ill son, but never heard her complain as I held her hand tightly across the miles to the hospital which lay far from Hombyre rd. Yes it's only a mother's love that can endure and be cherished this Christmas and never forgotten.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Castlemilk Childhood

Summer days of childhood. Bumblebees, skint knees, making a camp fire,  
climbing big trees, by the river cart, woods of oak, elm, ash, birch, shimmer in  
the light of Castlemilk. Memories we brothers recall in the autumn of our days.

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Michael Cochrane



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# Autumn Journey

Travelling in a wet grey morning out of Glasgow towards Aviemore the train windows reflect the urban decay, graffiti covered slums which many call home. We are transported towards a rural landscape of autumn trees casting leaves of many colors. Snow covers the Perthshire hills ice fills the ponds in the fields, my thoughts are very much on your love which is my joy, the mountains are in the distance majestic and wild, we have known many seasons, we are older and have a thirst for life. We walk through the snow hand in hand and breathe the Highland air and part of me thinks on how lucky we are to share such moments and memories together.

Michael Cochrane ©

Michael Cochrane



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# Gods Love

Springs of light in my eyes reflection, child like heart that pulses in my beating. A spiritual thought growing singing its song like a bird I fly through a door that you opened, I enter into your grace and see you in dazzling light which fills my soul.

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# Empathy And Love

To listen when no one seems to care or understand we all need to know we are not alone in a world that is consumed by money and greed. To give our time people need human touch and love. Go out into the world and give empathy and an ear to the unloved and broken hearts, reach out with a hand to help those who are in need the poor the forgotten don't ignore your fellow human beings, give love always open your hearts.

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# Angel Mother

My childhood days of so long ago, I recall your loving voice, calling me for dinner  
in Castlemilk. Memory lasts of your love, you gave me life and set me free to  
choose the right path my angel mother.

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# Thoughts Of God

As I stand on the seashore I watch the waves come in to my feet. Looking up at the moon the velvet night with the heaven's above I say a small prayer to God who knows what is in my heart.

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# Mother's Memory

A smile for all a heart of gold, one of the best this world did hold. Silent thoughts of times together, hold memories that last forever. We speak your name with love and pride, I smile through tears I try to hide. You left a place no one can fill. I miss you ma and I always will. These simple words are very true I will always love and treasure you.

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# Lake Como

Beautiful lake of gods creation, wonderful beyond compare  
Colour's of an artist at work, I'm in awe of your art,  
stars shine above the alps, and the moonlight  
shines in the coming of midnight on the water.

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# Angel Of Peace

At night when all are asleep you come to us in dreams, soft are your wings that beat as in rhythm to our hearts, that seek peace from a world of painful suffering. Our souls need love and if we are channels of empathy and open to others we are enriched, and not empty. God is love.

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# Mother Remembered

Mother I now know how much you loved me in so many ways, I think of you each day and at night before sleep I wipe away a tear, you said always do good to others and be kind. Cherished in my heart.

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# Glasgow Shadows

Near trendy bars, tattooed trout mouths, speak to faked baked pals, never listening checking Facebook messages from people they have never met. Near by hungry homeless with cardboard homes, cry alone forgotten in a city that doesn't care.

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# Humanity

Start each day with prayer. Look inward within your soul. All humanity needs love. We need to enrich the universe, by giving of ourselves, doing good unite this world. We all have this power to change others with acts of love and understanding.

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# Portofino

We sailed to Portofino, the houses of pink, ochre, red spread before our eyes,  
hand in hand we walked to the church of San Giorgio. We came upon an Angel of  
white marble shining in the midday sun. We viewed the deep azure sea high  
above, watching many boats. I kissed you and held you, my memory of the  
moments we shared is timeless. Your always in my heart, that's where you will  
stay.

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# Heartbeat

Take time to listen to the songs of birds, the trickle of a stream. Watch the sunrise and feel its warmth. In peace comes understanding find the song in your heart. Sing it and find yourself, be kind to all. love is all we need.

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# Angel Of Dublin

Granny had an open heart, beautiful rare in every part. Dublin she was born the best of soul's a spiritual face, of ideal grace. You touched my heart in childhoods faith I love thee with all my breath, today, tomorrow and evermore. Smiles you gave me all of my life. My thoughts sweet express happy days of old, never forgotten always on my mind dearest granny.

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# Christmas Memory

Remember Christmas past, precious moments in our hearts. Christmas eve sitting at the coal fire, listening to the wind coming down the chimney, mother tells us a story about a star of old and three wisemen. I wipe the frosty window, and watch the falling snow. Mother says it's time to sleep, we dream of toys and Santa Claus. Waking we find presents tied lovingly by the tree, memory of childhood recalled. Merry Christmas.

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# Oxford Botanical Gardens

A magnolia tree blooms, tender your voice calls to me. Sunlight fair shines on your face, happiness fills my heart, soft petals fall from above touching your feet. That moment I want to walk through them and hold your fragrant body close to mine my love.

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# Love In Venice

Summer in Venice the ancient houses of delicate colours, bathed in the sun, you stand near a yellow gondola bobbing on the bank. You smile softly at me I gaze back only wanting to kiss you passionately as I take your photo. We are surrounded by people but I don't want this moment to stop, in my mind St Marks square in the background, happy couples are all around, but I only see you, my heart beats with love, for you. At twilight we stand on the bridge of sighs looking across at lovers young and old, we embrace and kiss, love in Venice is all around.  
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# Memory

True love is always hard to find, my heart sailed like a ship drawing me into your light. My dream was made whole when we held each other for the first time, how I recall in my memory that moment. You on the horizon my eyes lit up with your beauty wrapped in Chinese silk, I sing my love now for everyone to hear, because I'm so happy I found you I was lost at sea, now I truly know my dearest one what your love means to me.

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# Victorian Christmas

When I think on Christmas eve 1895, my memory recalls your leave. I watch our child sleeping, an angel at rest. You always told him, mother knows best. No more golden days of joys, only your empty chair filled with tomorrows toys. I sit sadly and shed a tear, dear departed wife for you alone were my whole life. You died a year ago like a withered tree. Heavy is my breast now thinking of thee. I know im not alone you see, looking at winters snow through frosted glass my heart does glow, as i remember my one true lass, the times we shared in the past, that sadly did not last.

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# The Swan Princess

She dances on the midnight air. Soft and sweet with brown red hair. Narration shines thru a figure of grace. A soft veil hides her pretty face. Sweet love has not touched her heart, she lives for her creative art. With a pirouette she dances divine, to know her i clearly do pine. This graceful swan is mute for now, to hear her speak would cast a spell from this distance its hard to tell. I only know one word from this rose, music and enchantment she would compose. To see such expression flow, graceful steps do cleary show. Soft like a warm summer breeze. Gently flowing through the trees. Over country red white, and blue, sea and sky, soft perfumes. White dazzling swan of plumes, fly to me in balmy winds of air. Words of friendship do we share.

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# Christmas Light

Jesus born of mary pure, angels sing mankind free from sin. Heaven sent the child holy in wondrous light appears the saviour to free the world praise be to him. Lord god in human form to save our souls by his birth, may we be blessed this day in his holy light this christmas day receive his gift of eternal life.

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# Childhood Memories

looking back at a black and white photo of me and my mother in Carmounnock park 1963, brings me sad and happy reflections, my mother is a memory which is caught for me to cherish in my middle age. She had a wonderful smile and I wish now I could step into that moment in time and tell her just what she meant to me, I know we shall meet again but the world kept turning when I lost her, nobody knew of her departing, only then I knew the space in my heart that she left.

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# Scotland

We walk together hand in hand looking across to argyll and dunoon, the hills and mountains are majestic, the water blue it's beauty like a sapphire it sparkles in the sun, we take time to gaze at the Scottish scenery. The ship's pass to the pier up and down silent and swift we walk to inverkip marina, we watch the sun go down and have a drink, enjoying life and love.

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# Happy Anniversary Margaret

Sitting in our garden, I rest thoughtful on our past fifteen married years my love. We saw many places, many sunsets. But home is where I find the soulful meaning of our life. You reading, me taking in the beauty of your work, the flowers, plants and shrubs, the pots of colour the hanging baskets, that you tendered bringing nature to life. I gaze in mid afternoon sunshine, at the pink plant that the bees love buzzing from, stem to stem. Spiders webs softly glisten the wind blows them, the silken threads shimmer. The yellow rose, is pale in beauty next to you, for the most perfect picture to me is you devoted wife love to you always. Happy anniversary dear Margaret yours Michael.

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# Beauty

Every day we will find beauty if we take a moment to stop and look at what the earth has given us all around us. Hold a flower in the palm of your hand look at its

Creation unique like no other the perfume we are all God's creation all connected to mother earth hear the wind listen to the trees open your spirit and feel nature love all living things and love yourself and do your very best in life's journey do God's work love one another always.

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# Dawn In Scotland

Morning comes we open our eyes the Scottish air is sharp and clear the birds sing the sun comes over the mountains, we walk amongst the Heather and falling autumn leaves the loch is like glass still, an eagle soars down to the pine trees, we are one with nature and with the earth.

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# Wedding In Seville

On Grafton street near the park, I saw a sight that left its mark. Music so serene was I in a dream. Such could break a heart, I saw the grey old lady play notes that filled my eyes with tears, when I thought back to the past years. That day in June you made me joyful vows were spoken yes I do. Now I pronounce you man and wife, go and have a happy life. My eyes are now in a hypnotic stare, and I see you standing there, in the old town of Seville. In a wedding dress so pure and white. Which filled my heart with such delight. Never have I forgotten the love we knew in 1942.

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# Love Divine

Jesus saviour of the human race, streams of your blood roll down your face.  
Flowing for me a purple tide. A spear sharp pierced your side. My lips now drink  
your cup divine. Our soul's thirst and clearly pine. In Jesus we come to know and  
find, the sacred hymns and prayers of the mind. Your frame was racked in mortal  
pain, nailed to a cross and brutally slain. I think now on your realm above, and  
thank you for your love. Hear my soul in newborn light, till you call me in the  
dead of night. Parting life with gentle closing eyes, I'll flow upwards to you and  
rise.

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# Dawn

Sweet thoughts of you in desire, nature's prime impassioned, heaven did bestow  
you from above, earthly pleasure at dawn is waking with you in simple light in  
my arms, my love.

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# Love In The Afternoon

Waterdrops fall softly from the old italian fountain, flowers bloom in the shade. I hold your hand white like marble as we sit under the cherry tree pink with blossom. Soft sunbeams light up your beauty of your face, we kiss and love sparkles in your green eyes, we are consumed in that moment of tenderness, my delight my beauty, my soul mate.

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# Ali Honourable Hero

Humanitarian of courage, fleet of foot and charm. A lyrical poet, spiritually good,  
of splendour and grace. Hero of the human race. rest in peace. God bless you.

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# Beloved

You smile at me as I waken and I kiss your lips which are moist and soft as petals, your sweetness restores my being. Face to face we lie in our loving embrace beloved. Your eyes gaze on mine and I want to be in your arms entwined for ever we are one, my heart sings and I want to capture this moment for all time my love.

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# Loving Cup

Thinking on you my beauty as I walk the riverbank covered in flowers of yellow and blue, you come to mind my heart beats, and overflows with love for you. Like an ocean of water I thirst for, to drink from your mouth and close my eyes and I'm in heaven.

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# Margaret

Your smile so radiant, you are sweeter than jasmine flowers. To kiss you to hold you, your softness is a pillow for my head, I overflow with love my beauty you gave light to my world, your the gift of my life.

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# The Angel Of The Night

When in my darkened room I fear the coming of tomorrow, what sorrows await me there, how they make me despair. Fear not is the message in my head, I am ever near the bed, I will heal your heart within. Love is the source of my coming in the night, walking in shadows searching to give you sight, I am the angel of the night, let the healing now begin.

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# The Blind Man

Sitting alone in a Dublin bar feeling sorry about my mental scars. I came across a folk singer, an Irish voice which did linger. A blind man began to smile on hearing the sound of an Irish air. I asked myself why does he care? Then I saw him begin to laugh and clap his hands to the Irish jig. My problems were nothing compared to his. If only we could see as well and realise we are not in hell.

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# Morning Dove

Your love is enough for my heart, takes wings you are my freedom. What was sleeping in your soul will rise towards my heart. You and me are like an old road echoes of the past, nostalgic voices come to mind. In the morning I awoke and saw a dove that had been sleeping in your soul. In you is the dawning of my day, you arrive like dew, that I cup in my hands, overflowing in me like a stream you are my horizon, your voice sings in the wind, like pine trees in the forest. I hear you still my love.

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