

Poetry Series

Mike Shanahan
- poems -

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Mike Shanahan(04/27/1945)

My Aileen

There was a whisper in the wind
A breathing.. as if by nature sent
To tell the lovers, of a child
A baby girl, that God had sent.

The wind it told of beauty rare
And softly murmured to the stars
As two gazed proudly at the child
Her name Aileen my sister born.

I watched and waited for my time
To join my sisters, brother sent
I heard their laughter in my mind
And felt their hands.. caressing care

And as I grew I felt her eyes
Her caring words, her gentleness
Her cleansing tears when I was hurt
Her being there to ease the pain

As if the stars had sent to me
A special guide to wipe the tears
When father passed, and Mother since
She held the candle, soothed my heart

The wind it whispers as I write
Of words of love, encouragement,
Of gentleness for living things
Of beauty born of beauty given

Her life now full with family, friends,
Their hed with love so freely given
This perfect Spirit to my mind
This prescious thing this sister mine.

I love her so, this shining light
This soul so pure, this Being rare
I'll love her till the day we part
And then I'll love her constant still.

As years go by, her hand held tight
I'll tell my story to the night
Of my love for one so special
Of my Aileen, my blazing light

Mike Shanahan

One Dawn Down Under

Awakening to the rays of sunlight
Stumbling from a Tent
On one deserted island Paradise
Disbelief on faces of friends gathered
Connected to the world by one small radio
Stunned silence from numbed minds
No comprehension of this nightmare Dawn
Listening to the banshee sounds of hell
Clutching mugs of coffee growing cold
Teardrops gushing Uncontrolled

Walking the beach
Sunshine streaming
Seagulls with yellowed eyes
Flecked red on white
I feel the Thunder far away

How to forget the dawn of Darkness?
How to feel a shared Humanity?
Borders, countries suddenly ceasing
In one day... receding
Like the Tide, sucking Galaxies of sand

Then firm resolve and anger coming
Welling like the waters, swollen
By the tears of a world at war
And as they spilled
This rush of adrenelyn through the veins
Heightening a total disbelief
There are no certainties anymore
They try to burn them
Yet as the Imprint deadly focussed
As the heartbeats calmed
Was birthed a mournful symphony of purpose
Candles lit in atomic waves
To purge this darkness from the soul
Of this frail planet.

In this light we pledged our troth

Bleeding hands held tightly clasped
To this end begin our drumming
To this purpose march our feet.

Mike Shanahan

Prophecy

I come with constant Drum
Through Corridors of Time eternal
In my new Array I move
To sate my appetite.
My Being to this end
I come to break the Seal
To become the One
I make the Night, My Place,
To Heaven raise my bow.
Thunder sounds
My Number Six by three
Unleashing Terror to the four winds
Two Towers Tall my breath upon them
My laughter echoes cross the lands and waters
And in the silence of the night that follows
The Beat of hoof uncloven, my purpose clear and certain
A Prophecy to fulfill
I Come.

Mike Shanahan

Should You Ask

Should you ask me on a Summers' day
Which rose I pick for you
I pick the one with deepest red and dew
The red is for the passion and the love
The dew is for the tears I shed for you.
Should you ask me on a winters' night
Which Star I pick for you
I pick the one that peeps beneath the clouds
And smiles only on the two
Should you ask me in a million years
If I still love you true
My answer would be so
'I will love you till the Pyramids are long gone
Till the Sun has flickered its last flame
Until the birth of planets new
And then beyond.'
Will I meet you, love you in another life?
Our destiny was written long ago
I will love you under any form or so
Until the cosmos burns unto eternity.

Mike Shanahan

The Awakening

I heard her crying through the mist of time
Her voice so mournful, sad, no hope to find
I heard the locked- in misery of her mind
A melody so pleading, tearing, so bereft of rhyme.

The great god Ra she could not awaken
She could not raise the mighty Ra
She cried from desert heights unto the sand her tears
And thought of ways to end this awful night.

And in the distant heavens heard the cry
And from his eon -slumber moved.. the mind
And slowly from the sleep of ages rose
And with a mighty force he whipped the sand.

The Great god Ra, her tears had brought to life
Like raindrops bringing Natures gift
To nourish and to feed the desert sands
Her melody so sad to make him rise

I saw her sadness turn to joyful pleading
I heard her song of sadness now transformed.
Her melody of beauty.. new notes high
Great Ra but smiled and proffered forth his hand.

He led her to a land she had forgotten
He showed her memories once sealed
He cleft the tombs, released the burdens in her soul
And breathed to her "I bring.. but what already lies within"

And in the night her melody continues
Moving Stars to let it dance the Milky-way
The Great god Ra... she has awakened
And she who sang her song is now to stay.

Mike Shanahan

The Dreaming

Far across the Ocean
In the "Land of the Free"
I met a Laughing Flower
And then life changed for me

Her voice it was like music
Its melody so sweet
Her soul and heart so beautiful
It drifted in my dreams
And like an Eagle soaring
Red sunsets did I see
And in the night the Dreaming
Brought her home to me

We'd met before I'm certain
But did not know the time
And in the land of Dreaming
We'd held each others hands

I heard her voice of longing
Saw passionate embraces
And through the Dreamtime passion
Remembered her at last

We'd together go on journeys
To galaxies beyond
Thrill to our adventures
Lost in space and time
All through the night the Dreaming
With music pure and sweet

I wondered where I'd met her
And if we'd ever meet again
For in the Realm of Dreamtime
Dreaming is for real

Oh let her come this Laughing Flower
Let her come to me.

The Feather

I found it drifting in the wind
I saw its vibrant colours in my mind
I found it soft and hurt and picked it up
I held it to my breast and felt it breathe
My feather, floating in the Wind.
So soft, so gentle and Oh so beautiful
My feather rich with living colours bright
Yet so fragile. I must be careful lest I break it.
My feather, lifting, breathing life.
Reading the pulsating updraught from my heart
Lifting my mind and soul unto precarious heights
This mystic, playful and myriad coloured thing.
Should my feather feel the stormy night
Seek shelter from the darkness and the gale
I will but hold her to my breast so tight
And pray I do not break her fragile heart.

Mike Shanahan

The Last Day Of The Stars

If this were my last day
What would I do, say, think?
I would fly to be with you
I would say I loved you
I would think upon a certain night, a Star
If this were my last day
Would I laugh or cry?
I would laugh for the joy we had
And cry for the joy
That passed our lives
This may be my last day
So I'll fly to you
I will say I love you
And that I loved you true
I will think upon that Star
Remembering that night
I will dream that dream again
Of how I held you tight
So when you wake one certain day
And find that I have gone
You will know I Loved you
You will know for sure!

Mike Shanahan

The Nightingale And The Rose

The song, it echoed sweetly
This melody of purity so fine
To cause this bud to life
To cause this rose to form

The price to pay... the thorn
This precious price to pay with life
Pressed against the heart of purity
So pure this gentle heart

For in the name of love was formed
This rose so red, so rare
And with this blood so red
This sad song so sweet this night so long.

Until the thorn so sharp did pierce
This gentle feathered heart
And spilled the blood to form
This red rose, so rare.

And as her song of love grew faint
And as her life it spilled unto the rose
The dawn approached to quicken this endeavour
Lest this rose of love be less than perfect formed

As wilder grew her song so sweet of love
As bitter grew the pain as life it ebbed
So slowly born this death that does not die
So one heart grew the other passed away.

Borne on the wind this melody of song
This song so sweet to cause to life
This rose of blood, of love, of pain and tears
And yet so easily cast into a gutter.

Mike Shanahan

The Rainbow

After the storm comes sunshine..
Then the Rainbow..
Dressed in its finest colours
To amaze my mind
To make me smile
To lift my soul.

The path is clear
Is certain to the end
To ride upon the yellow or the blue?
I sift the colours through my mind
To dissolve the beauty into a single drop
And gently place that droplet on your brow
Opening up your world to sunshine
And dissipate the terror of the storm
Forever from your soul
I hold your heart in the palm of my hand
Then clench my fist
And never let it go

Mike Shanahan

The Waltz

Have you ever waltzed amongst the stars
Travelled through the milky night,
Seen a moonbeam dance,
Been to heaven for a night and then dreamed of romance?
Have you ever seen a teardropp fall
Then turn into rain
And then into a storm,
A storm to shake the night?

I have waltzed amongst the stars my lover holding tight,
I have danced the Milky Way with moonbeams in my heart.
I have seen my teardrops fall, then felt the beating rain.
I have lifted to a storm and shaken through the night.
I have danced with my lover true and felt her beating heart.
I have waltzed the dance of love whilst gazing in her eyes.
I have heard the music pure as I held her close.
I have stayed when she left and gazed into the night.

When time is still and memories linger
Sweet music haunting me,
I waltz that waltz again
And feel her beating heart.

Mike Shanahan

Walking Dead In The Night

Walking dead in the night
Thinking on the wisps of steam from the gutters
Learning about myself and the devils in my mind
Screaming at the lights to end it
Laughing as the sound disappears with rubber smells
And silence comes
Comes like to claim the night
To bring the daemons, batlike, swarming things
Walking faster now, driven
Quickening to the beat of lightening flashes
The heat pervades as I running, the dawn seeking
Blanket covering me....
Suddenly the world below..my kingdom foul
The slowly moving trail of light lit humanity
I smile..and let my body fall
Walking dead in the night.

Mike Shanahan

When The Sun Sets

The fiery orb slowly disappears
Leaving tiny traces of past glory
As you disappear out of my life
Tiny remnants still remain
A lone star in the night
A broken glass
A pillow set alight
The many, many nights of love
Some real some travelling through the night
But all important in my life
A tender kiss, a trembling hand
The laughter echoes in my mind
A children's storey read as we embraced
The consummate sacredness of the final act of love
Like no other nor can ever be your love
Two hearts beating fast we listened
We pledged as our blood intermingled
Two hands wrapped in eternal promise
Two tiny red candles burning bright
Casting mystic angels on the wall
The sad goodbyes as I cried
The illness that descended on my soul
But no comprehension of my plight
The final solution as I struggled with my mind
The things I said and did not do
The things you promised yet did not mean
Into time you fade and yet I love
Until the end of time I love
And when the Pyramids shall turn to dust
I'll still remember and wait for you
In the stars some things are written true
And one of them is my great love for you.
This was no lie no sacrilege
Or thinking that you never knew me well
Never saw the tender bloodied heart
Never heard the cries I cast your way
You moved on quickly unto another night
But if forgiveness does not know another soul
Then all is lost its clear and so I hurt

Yet know the sunlight will at last emerge
The birds will sing their melody once more
And as I grow old I'll think of you
And remember that waltz of love
Travelling hand in hand to the stars
With one Princess met before
And yet to meet again.

Mike Shanahan

Whence From Above

Coming upon a silent wooden scene I thought
To address a smallish bush of lemon scent
And as I succumbed
My mind sent reeling
I adressed the the silence thus.

Whence from above you come to deal
And dice with our humanity?
Who gives the right the inter- dom authority
To Ordain the penalties severe
Yours to dispense at whim?

At your displeasure do we burn
Or, lauding your praises
Lift unto immortal bliss
Its' written so.

So I defy your romp
Through the instant eternal clock
And question such vanity supreme
That casts aside
The precious frailty of your own creation..

Unforgiving Forgiveness.. madness
What Being art thou to behave so flippantly?
I question and bring to bargain thus
Your pleasure with our souls.

Like unrepentant teenager I cast the doubt
And hold the gaze
And cry the tears within, holding back
A yearning lost, never known.

Mike Shanahan

Why?

Daddy daddy please tell me why
That spider ate that little fly?

That spider ate the little fly
So she can live.. so he must die

Daddy daddy please tell me why
Those ladies waved and then they cried?

Those ladies waved their Sons goodbye
And Daddies too...who soon might die

They go to far off lands you see
To fight for freedom..you and me.

Daddy Daddy please tell me why
Where they all go to when they die?

To heaven son, that's where they go
That's where they go rain hail or snow.

Did little fly feel any pain?
Do men who die come home again?

Mike Shanahan

You Said

For all the time I knew you
And all the times we smiled
For all the times I held you
And all the times we've cried
I never knew you'd leave me
And vanish as my friend

I never sought to doubt you
As so you doubted me
I never did not love you
As so you loved not me
I never did not come to you
When you called for me
I never left you for another
As you did for me

It always was a mystery
What you saw in me
You said you saw my heart
But this you did not see
You said you'd always care for me
But this was not to be.

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