

Poetry Series

**The Paddy Martin
Fellowship
- poems -**

**Publication Date:
2011**

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

The Paddy Martin Fellowship()

We Walked In His Garden

As so many of you have had difficulty purchasing "We Walked in His Garden" at HP, I have decided to post the book here in its entirety. I do alas have one final request to ask of you. As this project was initially intended to benefit The Matthew Talbot Hostel, a homeless shelter that was very dear to Paddy's heart, I would ask that you please consider making a small donation to this worthy cause. The amount is entirely up to you.

Checks in any currency may be made out to the Matthew Talbot Hostel and mailed to:

The Matthew Talbot Hostel
22 Matthew Talbot Place,
Woolloomooloo NSW 2011
Australia

If you managed to purchase the book at HP, I assure you that 100% of what you paid will soon be on its way to them.

Thanks,

Patrick

We Walked in His Garden

For Mary and Chrissy

Forward

Let me say thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for all the messages of condolence and the extraordinary tributes that you have afforded my late husband, Paddy.

Where does one start when describing my Paddy, perhaps with the three elements that best defined him.

1. Family... his support system and his anchor.

2. His love of nature, this is where he developed his spirituality.
3. His poetry and other poets these were his oxygen towards the end of his life Paddy breathed poetry.

Paddy Martin the poet is a profoundly interesting study. He had next to no formal education and came from an extraordinary dysfunctional family yet, from a young age, was writing prose and poetry way beyond his years and the extent of his learning.

I fell head over heels in love with the little boy and my friends all told me I was marrying him for all the wrong reasons, none could tell me what all the right reasons were, the truth is no other girl I knew got a poem instead of a card on birthdays, Christmas and Valentines and no-one else wrote love poems like my Paddy.

I lived through the dark years of his addictions, his depression and his long crawl out of these black holes. I sat with him through three days of hallucinations where he saw walls falling down, spiders crawling all over him and bats flying through the ceiling. I thought he was going to die, but he never did. Three days later he wrote the first draft of 'The Garden' and he was still trying to perfect it right up until his death. I watched him write monumental works like 'The Ancient Poet' and 'I Am The Poet' in less than half an hour and other than correct a spelling error or a typo never touch them again but he was always trying to 'fix' 'The Garden'.

It was not until he survived his addictions did I, or anyone else for that matter find out about the rape he had endured when he was eleven years old. He sought expert help over three years in an effort to put this behind him. Paddy spent many, many hours on the streets and in shelters talking to men who had also experienced rape or molestation as children, and urged them to seek help to overcome the mental anguish they may still be suffering. Most didn't or couldn't, but some did and they would meet Paddy for a coffee or ring him 'just to have a chat'. To be around Paddy after these interactions was to be in the realm of great joy.

Paddy climbed many mountains in his life none greater or more painful than the loss of our daughter Trish. I never realized how much inner strength my husband had until then he not only climbed out of the deep depression of grief but he dragged me kicking and screaming up with him.

I hope in some small way this note gives a little more insight into the man you knew through his writings. By the way he would be tickled pink to know you refer to him as 'The Poet'. He would be embarrassed to admit it but he would none the

less be tickled pink.

May the God of your own understanding bless you and keep you safe, well and happy and thank you again.

Mary Martin

Who Are The Paddy Martin Fellowship?

Andrew Hawkins-As a child I wrote poetry. As I got older, I got too "cool" for such things. At the age of 40 I finally grew up and realized that what is important is what I think, and what I want. So we pulled the plug on self consciousness and self doubt and let the creativity flood out.

Bozhidar Pangelov-Bogpan (51) , Was born in Sofia, Bulgaria, where he works and lives now. He is an author of four poetry books, written and published in Bulgarian. Some of his poems have been translated and published in Italian, German and American poetry sites.

Chris Smith- Originally from Cardiff and has lived in Hemel Hempstead since 2004

Chrissy Reed- Paddy's granddaughter.

Ency Bearis-I am not a poet, only composed poems for the art of poetry. It is only my hobby in reading and love poetry as it tickled my thoughts and creates something and make my spirit alive. With the thoughts pouring into my pocket of mind needs to catch those and compose them into verses. I know its like a puzzle, but I have to arrange them into like a bouquet of flowers and must be presentable. And with the zephyr whispers of the words its like a song and poetry is mellifluous, melodious and sweet.

Fay Slimm - A poet from Cornwall U.K.

I was born with poetry deep in my psyche I imagine for as long as I can remember I have had pen in hand or been journaling to keep a record of feelings about the world around me. I have lived in some of the most beautiful places in England which has enhanced my gratitude for all things in nature. Being in love

with more of life every day I always have had much to celebrate in common with Paddy and our writing has for years been on the same plane where it could be mutually appreciated.

Writing from the heart and allowing full reign to poetic imagery has brought me readers from all walks of life for which I am humbly grateful and the piece I composed entitled Dear Heart which was chosen to represent poets from England and was read out at Paddy's funeral will always remain in my own heart a special poem and which daily is still bringing the spirit of Paddy to readers worldwide. Fredrick Kesner-Frederick Kesner lives and works in Brisbane, Queensland. He was raised by bards in a parallel universe when poetry was banned from this dimension at the dawning of the X-generation. A portal in Paddy's Garden of Verse became his opportune gateway into the known world where poetry has once again taken its rightful place.

Jenny Gordon- Born 27 November 74 Jennifer Sharon Gordon. I've been happily dabbling in poetry since 7th grade (1988) . Granted a quiet secluded existence, I while away the time in work and various pursuits, especially poetry since my recent entrance into the poetic community and membership in the wild and woolly world of PF.....'

JoAnn McGrath- I feel so honored to have used my words in the 'Authors' title [Note: it was JoAnn who suggested we call ourselves 'The Paddy Martin Fellowship']. When I last chatted with (Paddy) he was going to send me one of his books autographed. I had given him my address and then it wasn't a short time later he passed. I was so shocked He had told me a bit of how bad he was health wise, because I shared mine with him, and so we connected on many levels He was like a big brother or father to me because my father was no longer himself. Trapped in a fetal position body with Alzheimer's and has since passed Dec 28th,2010, himself. Paddy was a friend and confidant and touched many many souls through the use of poetry and story telling. I think of him everyday.

Joel M. Frye- Remember me through poetry, these words, and those I wrote before. Remember not the man, for he's much less...and certainly no more.

Jon London- A poet from the UK

John Stevens-I am just a retired IT specialist. I worked in agricultural research for 40 years with my degree in physics. Published a few papers. My job now is raising two grandkids 6 and 2. I enjoy my job. Most of my stuff is on I. I run my own server so if there is a problem I know who to call....me.

Thanks for doing this for Paddy. After reading a few of his poems and

comments I knew I had found someone special. He rather grew on me and I missed him when he was in the hospital. I miss him more now.

Jvl Narasimha Rao-I am from Andhra Pradesh, India. I am an English teacher by profession.I am a text book writer, resource person and teacher trainer in English. I write some verse in English. So I may be called an Indo-Anglican poet.I am 50 years old and my mother tongue is Telugu. I wrote many blogs on . Many of my poems are published on , , , and .

La Finita- Laura Inès Nùñez Cremades: -Born at Buenos Aires City, Argentina, in 1964. Graduated as a lawyer in 1988, from Argentine Catholic University. PhD in Buenos Aires's Notarial University, 'Registration' in 1989. Since then, working as a notary. I also studied music, flute and dance at the Buenos Aires's Collegium Musicum. I've been singing in different choirs since I was a child
In 1992 I began singing professionally with the ' Grupo Vocal de Difusiòn', known as G.V.D., which specializes in XXth's century music. I made 2 European tours singing with them. I left it at 2004. Nowadays I sing in two chamber choirs. I studied French and Chinese. I'm a mother of a sixteen years old girl. I still live at Buenos Aires. I started writing poetry in English (actually, my first poetry experience) in August,2010.

Lynda Robson-I love to read and write poetry, I am from West Wales, mother to three daughters, and I live life to the full and appreciate things more as I get older. I have made many friends through poetry and hope to continue to do so

Magnolia-Maggie from England

Marieta Maglas Is a poet from Romania

Marie Iffland- Hello my name is Marie and I am not a poet, but a reader of poetry on your website. I was first introduced to Paddy Martins poetry by a dear friend who gave me a copy of the poem 'An Unsung Song' after the death of my daughter.

This poem was such a comfort to me. It was as if someone was reaching out to me and saying 'This is how it feels isn't it? '.

I asked my friend if she had anymore of Paddy Martins poetry and she directed me to . That was two years ago and I have been a regular reader here ever since. I do so wish that as a reader I could have commented on Paddy's and other poets poems. Paddy's Mystic poems were my favorites, always a wonderful positive message, a design to live life by, but I also laughed along with the rest of you when his humour came out and how often I cried when he visited the streets or wrote of the waste of war 'A Small Blue Coat-A Yellow Star' left me in

tears for days as did 'They Watched Holly Die' which I can recite from memory, I read it so many times. I wish I could have joined in the fun of the 'Ciber Lunch' follies, I was amazed how this one man could write in such a way as to gather you all in on a worldwide adventure.

I would like you all to know that I may not be a poet but I'm here like many, many others who simply come on and click explore to read your daily offerings and feel blessed that you share your amazing talents with us.

Without I may never have had the privilege of reading the many and varied life works of 'THE POET'

Mary Martin - Paddy's wife

Meggie Gultiano- A government employee from the Central part of the Philippines. Married, with four children. A piano and choir teacher and does community work every week end. One of her post, 'A Prayer' was set into music by an international composer arranger, Stephen Paulus, sung by The Children's Chorale.

A simple person who is very much in love with the Lord.

Mike Bryant - I'm a Master Plumber who has always loved reading and words... I came to poetry late, (actually, poetry came to me and wouldn't turn me loose) at the age of 57. I'm 59 now and will write forever. Paddy Martin was a great friend, and I will always miss him.

Munia Khan - Hello! ! This is Munia Khan. I am from Dhaka, Bangladesh. I was born on the 15th of March, 1981 in Dhaka. I'm a lawyer by profession but I can't think of a day without poetry which is the true spirit of my life, and I'd be honoured to introduce myself as a great admirer of the poet Paddy Martin who will always remain a true inspiration for all the poets from around the world. I thank Patrick McFarland for this great Project where we all have the pleasure to pay our respect to this great Poet Patrick Paddy Martin through our verses, and thus our words are blessed and so are we.

Nimal Dunhinga - I seek political asylum in the USA with my beloved wife. A daughter resides in Boston with her family and another daughter in Australia, just approaching sixty years along the journey and don't know how many mile posts have to pass to reach Paddy's tranquil place leaving this inferno! Best wishes for (this) e-book and hope that goes to all over the World!

Patti Masterman - Patti Masterman was born in the central state of Oklahoma, in the United States, where she lived all of her life so far.

She was determined to be an old maid, but finally married, even though she

often claimed she would only do that when she could no longer take care of herself. She spends her days and nights devouring poetry as often as she has the time for it.

She believes that to write good poetry, you must read a lot of the best poetry and allow that to percolate inside of you for eons, until it finally ripens into critical mass. She has one astonishing daughter which, as it turns out, was more than

enough for a lifetime. She is obsessed with dragonflies and mermaids, and will probably only really grow up just moments before she finally dies.

Patrick McFarland- Patrick resides in Fort Lauderdale Florida with his beautiful wife of 24 years, two wonderful children, a faithful old dog and three worthless cats.

Pebbles- I am but a humble pebble that has been washed up upon this poetic beach. I will stay a while but if seas get rough I may find myself in a new land. May I be blessed on my journey through the mists of time.

Sandra Dodd-Sandra Dodd is a novice poet that felt inspired and prompted by the poetry of Paddy Martin. Over a year of correspondence and posting on she grew to love the simplicity of poetry and has felt the writing process very cathartic. More accustomed to writing articles and short stories poetry is now her written medium of choice. Paddy Martins influence on the love of poetry will be carried with her for the rest of her life.

Sandra Martyres- Sandra Martyres was born in Indore in the State of Madhya Pradesh in India. She is a post graduate in Economics with a Diploma in Business Management and a Certified Associate of the Indian Institute of Bankers. She is currently based in Mumbai and works for an International Bank.

Poetry writing is a hobby that she has been pursuing for the past 4 years - with a special preference for writing narrative Poems and the Japanese forms Haiku, Senryu, and Lantures. Her other hobbies include Reading, Philately, Music and Travelling.

Sonya Florentino- I started writing poetry about four years ago mainly as therapy, to express myself, to understand myself and to reflect upon life. I never read poetry before (found them intimidating) but slowly I've learned to love reading and writing poems. Aside from poetry, music also moves my heart. I was born in the Philippines and moved to the U.S. in 1982 and currently reside in New York City

I've been reading Paddy Martin's poems since Dec.2008 when I started sharing my poems on the internet. I have not been affected by any poet (living or dead)

as much as I have been affected by Paddy Martin. He is an inspiration to me not just for his poetry but for his life's journey. I know for certain he will continue to inspire me both in poetry and in life.

Stella Armour-A poet from England.

Susan Jarvis-Poems are windows to a bright new world...I am polishing my glass and reveling in the vistas!

Tracey~ Writes poetry from a dream inside her soul...

Yelena Moony- (born 1984) is an author from Russia, linguist in the sphere of Roman-Germanic philology by profession. Her passions are writing, translations of Russian poetry, photography, knitting, amigurumi, crochet, music, nature, animals, gardening and astronomy. Her works are strongly influenced by the beauty of nature and the classical Western and Eastern poetry.

Thank You

I would like to thank all those who contributed to this charitable project in memory of our good friend Patrick (Paddy) Martin. I would also like to thank Eliot at Hellopoetry for generously agreeing to wave the publishing fee for this book, thereby enabling that 100% of all proceeds go to The Matthew Talbot Hostel in New South Wales Australia, a place near and dear to Paddy's heart. Finally, I would like to thank the family of Paddy Martin for all their help and support in bringing this project to fruition.

Patrick McFarland
March,2011

Paddy Martin: In His Own Words

I'm an Australian, born in a small country town in Western New South Wales. My mother died when I was three years old, my father got drunk and stayed drunk until he died shortly after my 16th birthday.

I moved to Sydney, or more precisely the streets of that city. I lived in doss houses, back lanes, door steps and slept in parks for a couple of years trying to find my feet. During this time I wrote poems on the backs of cigarette packets, used serviettes and scraps of paper. I have tried to relate this time in my poem 'Foster House, Summer 1963'.

I can't remember when I didn't write and it made me different, none of my brothers or sisters wrote, I often felt like I didn't belong (I think my idea of being the child of an ancient poet springs from this) .

I took to drinking which changed me for the better, for a little while. I was less self conscious and more assured I was able to network and get myself a job and somewhere to live, but the booze turned sour on me and I became addicted to it. I struggled with that addiction for 18 years and finally walked away from the bottle in 1985, with a lot of help.

Along the way I married and had three fine kids. Lived in India for six years and came home with a different outlook on life (this is only now coming out in my writing) .

Today I'm just an old man who often sits on a log looking out at the world thinking how blessed I've been, in spite of myself, and I wonder at the beauty of nature and the fact that there are those who love me.

Paddy

A Summary of Paddy Martins Funeral...

The service was held in a small chapel in the crematorium section. It proved not quite big enough, but somehow everyone crammed inside.

The celebrant invited Brian Pell, a poet friend, to open the service by reciting the poem 'The Garden' as Granma had requested. Brian went on to say of Paddy, 'The gardener has gone on to another garden where I'm sure he will continue to do as he has always done, cultivate friendship and love and encourage the growth of harmony, peace and understanding. Paddy once said to me he never met a man he couldn't like and he never met a stranger whom he wouldn't want to be his friend. Today my friends we are bidding farewell to the rarest of human beings and I'm going to miss him greatly.'

The celebrant then recited two tribute poems the first 'The Poet' by the Indian poet and close friend Sandra Martyres after a short pause he then read 'Dear Heart' (a term Paddy was renowned for using) by Fay Slimm an English poet and friend... There was a long break to allow people to stop crying, I think.

Paddy's doctor then spoke of Paddy's incredible endurance and courage and of his genuine kindness and caring. He said 'Paddy always asked about my health and the well being of my family before he ever spoke about himself.' A nurse who cared for Paddy when he was in ICU told of how he had asked her if she was 'Alright' when her mother was very ill. After she told him about her mother he took her hands and prayed with her, she cried as she described how seriously ill the man praying for her sick mother was. She told her mother about this and her mother sent Paddy a thank you card to which he responded 'Aren't people kind! '.

'Imagine that! ' said the nurse 'He was the kindest gentlest man I've ever met.' I was then asked to share and I spoke about the streams, the rainbows, the flowers, the birds and in the end just how much I loved Pop. I didn't write it down, like the others did, so I can't tell you exactly what I said mostly blubbering.

The Celebrant then read another tribute poem, by an American friend and poet known only as Mike, 'Goodbye-Hello Paddy'.

Marie Iffland, then told of how she was introduced to Paddy's Poetry when her daughter died and a friend gave her a copy of a poem Pop had written about my mums death 'An Unsung Song.' she said it was like someone reaching out to her and saying 'This is what it is like isn't it? '.

Marie contacted me on the internet and found out she lived in the next suburb to Pop but never knew.

Then we were joyfully surprised when two men stood up and asked if they could speak. They were Sunshine and Shoey. These men live in the streets and the homeless shelter Pop often visited and they were openly distressed. 'I'm going to miss him because he was me mate.' said Sunshine, 'Bloke never had a bad word to say for anyone, always told me a joke. He made you laugh, he was a funny bugger.'

Shoey said something then that I never knew about Pop ' Paddy always remembered me birthday, he never missed. Always give me a card with five dollars inside it. The bloke spent hours having a chat and a laugh with us, always turned up at the Christmas party to lend a hand, he never had to give me five dollars for me birthday, but he always did.'

'He give it to me too, ' said Sunshine, 'and a lot of the other blokes too.'

The celebrant called Brian Pell to close the service and Brian read 'A Fond Farewell' as Pops coffin went through the black curtains.

There was more but this is all I can remember and thank you to those people for giving me their speeches, without those there would be no summary at all.

All my love to Pops fellow poets.
As Pop once wrote on a card to me;
'May the God of your own understanding,
Bless you and keep you in the inside coat pocket
of his love... right next to his heart.

Chrissy.

Feb 15

by: Chrissy Reed

My Pop

I'm not really a poet I just wanted to write a poem for my pop. He's name is Paddy Martin and he is a poet.

My pop is special to me,
I am eight years old
I'm older than my pop
I think he's only three. (joke)

I love my pop because,
he sees flowers every where he goes,
he talks to animals like they're his friends,
and he calls parrots rainbows.

My pop loves rivers and oceans,
my pop hates war and fights.
my pop is so different,
he has the coolest insights.

My pop is going home tomorrow
and I'm going to miss him so.
I know I'll cry when he leaves.

I love you Pop, I don't want you to go.

by: Chrissy Reed

If I Could Paint My Pop's Eyes.

If I could paint my Pop's eyes,
I would paint them sparkling,
like a diamond in the sun.
I would paint them dancing,
a lively Irish dance,
full of life, full of fun.

If I could paint my Pop's eyes,
and paint them when he's sad,
I'd paint them midnight blue.
I would paint them broken,
Reflecting all the pain
those sad eyes ever knew.

If I could paint My Pop's eyes
then you would hear his song
and all your hearts would sing.
for I would paint his rainbow,
his trees, his flowers, his love,
and all the joy it brings.

by: Chrissy Reed

I Hear Music

I hear music every where I go,
sometimes it's loud and fast,
other times it's soft and slow.

I hear music in the rain,

I hear music in the wind.
Hush, there it is again.

I have a pop who never lies,
he says he can't hear my music,
but he can see it in my eyes.

by: Chrissy Reed

Paddy Martin
You are my music... I love you... Pop

Paddy Martin

Paddy Martin is a man
that I have never met
but his words and poems speak to me
in ways I can't forget

They speak to me of many things
giving voice to those unheard
Causing me to stop and think
such is the power of Paddy's words

If you don't know Paddy martin
I suggest you take the time
to read his prose and poetry
the blank verse and the rhyme

I'm glad to say I took the time
his poems filled a space
With the words of Paddy Martin
this worlds a better place.

by: Andrew Hawkins

Counting

Dedicated to all children killed. I wish success of the project because of the noble objective.

Sincerely

That's this night.
A flame is flaring up hardly.
A box of matches. Does it still
Indeed exist?
And a candle.
I forget to count
(not the cries – the tries
of the waken up sense)
the stars that are falling...
Lambs
one
... two
... three

by: Bozhidar Pangelov-Bogpan

Paddy Wouldn't Mind

For Patrick 'Paddy' Martin, a true poet amongst us all.

Take off your shoes, rest for a bit
Grab a pint, take a chair and sit
Drink to comrades that are gone
And their memory will be strong

If you get drunk, that's okay
As long as you're here to stay
We can talk about great poetry
Until our glasses turn empty

If those words you can't find
Well you know, Paddy wouldn't mind
That pint on the table, that vacant chair
You can feel him, he is sitting there

I didn't know him all that well
He had good poems he would tell
Offer up a comment in his own way
Tell the truth in what he had to say

Well God has to give us the test
Because He will only take the best
Now up there, in Heavenly light
You can tell for the Angels he will write

If those words you can't find
Well you know, Paddy wouldn't mind
That pint on the table, that vacant chair
You can feel him, he is sitting there

by: Chris Smith

Just Fade Away

With the passing of our friend Paddy, this is the concept hovering in my mind, or maybe Paddy's spirit whispering to me to compose this. So this is a kind of tribute to Paddy and to his family.

The ground, dry or fertile it doesn't matter
In there, if something will grow like a flower
Somewhat there will be life evolves then
That will make the place lovely like eden

Symbiosis created with such relationship
Thus with camaraderie or friendship
Think of how its like in the cyber space

Its dry, but somehow fertile with such grace

With abundance of those golden hearts
and dazzlement of talents they impart
So wonderful to be in that place within
With such tender care they had given

So be it, we are friend and friends
But we have this uncontrollable trend
That God will take our life anytime
As we only borrowed our life and time

And it is heart rending when this happen
to the one of our friends, God take the life's end.
But I would say the person is never gone
Never left, still here in the world beyond.

The spirit I believe might still here
Just wandering, somewhere, nowhere
And the person just fade away
still in our hearts with the legacy

by: Ency Bearis

A True Poet

On each gifted day the true poet lives
simply to be.

Without need of possessions or want
of control.

Will trust the whole twinned process of complex polarity.

And knows the way toward light leads
often thru' shadow.

Feeling nature as no less than self will

find life in harmony.

Heartfelt community living binds true
poets closer to peace.

Whoever believes all exist as just one human family is truly alive.

This gives thrust to writing ability and
reason to live and let live

-

by: Fay Slimm

Another Reality

Deep sympathy to Paddy's family from friends
worldwide who will never forget his special love

As each birth into earth-time comes to its
end stare not for long.
Do not sorely weep friend yet carefully see
souls are not there.

Shadows of angels are on the move quietly
to relay the secret that life
cannot stay still, as eternity wraps around
spirit, earthly appearance
destined for a completion, reaches for new.

Seek then for gleams as a rainbow appears,
breathe extra odour in scent,
accept thrilling dreams then hear how sweet
the songbird now trills,
see more light behind smiles, feel Presence
all the while waiting
for other signs as they appear on life's road
for make no mistake a way
through death's mystery will be made clear.

Capture from heaven's angelic essence this
message of Love,
that all come from and return to a Oneness
and that as one part
of life ends another reality is already begun

by: Fay Slimm

Crocus Buds

crocus buds burst forth
peep and poke through dunes of white
winter bows to spring

when the sun begins to shine again
life's vital truths made clear at road's end

by: Frederick Kesner

Dear Paddy.....

Your childhood was difficult
And skewered as a lad;
Abused and then to alcohol
You turned as many have.

Yet here a sweeter presence
And smiling cheer you brought-
What many has embittered
Was softened; and you taught:

Extolling nature's beauties,
For mercy you e'er called;

Enjoying life's sweet blessings
And simple pleasures small.

Child of the ancient poet,
In the garden of life
Along the river of words
Knitting melodies rife.

Adieu with love and sorrow...
Your passing through this scene,
Like sunshine merely borrowed
Yet lingers, sweetening.

by: Jenny Gordon

Rollin In The Clouds

I imagine....
through all your trials,
that you met St Peter
and he welcomed the Poet in.
For it's not how we start our life
or in the middle, (the better of course is a plus)
but how we finish.
You finished strong Paddy!
I see you there like in the story books of my youth.
The one with Jesus preaching,
and all the children sitting attentively at his feet.
But you have the young and the old there
hanging on your every word.
With laughter and euphoria abundantly flowing.
Truly heaven has a special story telling angel addition.
Every time I see the clouds roll by
I will think of you

by: JoAnn McGrath

Here's to ya, Paddy

Now, listen here, Bozo...
You had no right to up
and go where even the
silvered back of
my mirror can't access.

Can't blame you though.

I've heard from
outside sources
that the Wonderland
through your looking-glass
is wholly wonderful.
We're still all bozos (and bozettes) on the bus, Paddy.
Catch ya at the next stop.

by: Joel M Frye

Heaven's Poet

Among the vibrant shades
Of floral displays
An angel walks and calls his name

'Poet'

'Poet'

'Compose me sonnet'

'One so free, with wings upon it'

From within the trees
Of golden leaves

The poet emerged with a smile

With his crystal book
And pen in hand
He wrote in heavenly style

My words have long since left me
But I feel them just the same
My heart once sang with melody
To those who knew my name

And now I'm here in the gardens above
Where the flowers bloom in bliss
I still look back and smile with love
To the heart's I'll always miss

But know I'm safe and sound up here
Where poems flow in the streams
You'll find me here without a tear
Where God holds all of my dreams

I send to you, a sonnet so true
Upon wings of love, to comfort you.

The angel smiled

'I adore your style'

'It's as pretty as the flowers you tend to'

by: Jon London

Paddy Martin: Poet

A Great Poet has passed away
He came into our lives with much to say
About life, living and dying in his poetry.

I am a better man to have known him today.

The words he wrote will live on forever
Inspiring others in their poetic endeavour
We remember the man behind words so clever
Who set the bar high and did not waver.

May the Peace given to you in your final hours
Reach out to all who know you Dear Paddy.

See ya later my Friend.

by: John Stevens

I Shed My Incessant Tears for Paddy Martin

Where have you gone my friend?
I am shocked to know about your untimely end
You have always given us your wonderful heart
How can we forget your poetical art?

You lived in India for many years
Your demise causes US inconsolable tears
Death is a cruel and gruesome monster
His ways are always sinister

The poetic world has stopped for a while
Our faces are totally devoid of any smile
I don't still believe your demise is true
I can never forget you and your view

As a poet you have no spiritual death
You might have left this transitory earth
In our hearts you always get re-birth
Nobody can redeem your immeasurable worth

Your tomb is unfortunately not very near
But I shed my incessant tears here

You always dwell in my heart dear
I listen to your sane voice very clear

Yours lovingly,
INDIA

by: Jvl Narasimha Rao

Music Elf

This poem was inspired in Mr. Paddy Martin's poem, ' The Eagle flies alone',
beautiful indeed.

He reminded me of a magician,
an elf, escaped from other world,
caressing the white and black piano's keys,
his thunder voice said: 'Hi, there'.

After that, memories're entangled,
but I clearly remember that first song.
He was guiding, I was following,
we learned that Bach's piece all along.

The melody landed on my chest,
I knew then, never to be erased.
The Wings of Music embraced me,
meaningless would be my life without them.

In that simple turn of Destiny,
the music elf opened the gate:
unforgettable embroidered melodies
are my soul, my bones, my flesh.

by: La Finita

The Eagle Flies Alone

In 1978 I met a poet in New Delhi, India, his name was Nazim Khan. Nazim wrote the words for a famous song 'A Vatan Ke Log'. As a writer he was goaled many times by the British during the struggle for independence. When I met him he was an old man, but he was still an eagle.

The eagle flies alone,
soars between mountain peaks,
glides into deep vallies,
Oh, great eagle,
how your mind has soared,
as your pen has glided,
oh, master poet,
how your wisdom has nestled,
in the valley of my mind.

You walk not in fear of shadows,
for you know behind the shadow,
there is light and no light shines brighter,
than the truth in the poets words,
Honour not the poet, for if,
there be truth in the poet's words,
Than the poet has honoured himself.

It was the soul of you, Khan Sahib,
that became the fisher of me,
I know you fear not the rest that comes,
for death comes as love comes,
the soul sees both as beautiful.

Paddy Martin
Sometime in 1979

Paddy, the Gardener

I once, met a fine poet,
talented, gentle,
brave and kind.

He sowed poetry
in my heart,
as my soul
he lifted up.
He opened the door,
to friendship,
to sharing,
to Art.
And, all the way,
he bravely stood
against all odds,
a shooting star.
Today, he turned
into a guardian angel,
although I'll miss him,
-as he taught me-
I'll cherish Life.

by: La Finita

Seize the Moment

Of hard combinations,
this one's the most, I bet:
my old, grumpy mother,
my distant teenage daughter,
and this clumsy poet. What else?

Still, The Gardener's wise words,
sparkled in me, once again:
'Don't miss, but
enjoy every minute,
with your loved ones. Give your best.'

That one and only memory,
made the gloomy air, change:
I embraced and kissed both of them,
they laughed happily, right away.

I guess Paddy would be pleased...

that his words are alive, I bet.

by: La Finita

A Man So Humble

For a man so humble and true,
He had so much love to give
For me and for you
He never criticized
But left an inner glow
I will always love the Poet
With my heart and
With my soul
He left us a legacy
His poetry and his goal.
For a peaceful world
Where man does his best
For his fellow man
God Bless his beautiful soul

by: Lynda Robson

Light a Candle

Come, let us light a candle now
We will light one for the brave

Pray in the glow for absent friends
For those we hoped to save

A moment to reflect in peace

A flickering flame, a silent tear

But also to celebrate the life
Of a soul who was held so dear

by: Maggie

River Dance

Two leprechauns
in a bar on this night
Said, someone is missing
Something's not right

The Poet is not here
on this special day
Get him a Guinness in
But he can pay!

Then off they went
To take their chance
And did a fair job
of the River Dance

While up above
at St Patrick's' right arm
The Poet was waiting
and with all his charm

Said, forget the Guinness
A nice malt will do

Have fun my friends
I am watching you!

by: Maggie

A Tribute to Paddy Martin from a Reader

Hello my name is Marie and I am not a poet, but a reader of poetry on your website.

I was first introduced to Paddy Martins poetry by a dear friend who gave me a copy of the poem 'An Unsung Song' after the death of my daughter.

This poem was such a comfort to me. It was as if someone was reaching out to me and saying 'This is how it feels isn't it? '.

I asked my friend if she had anymore of Paddy Martins poetry and she directed me to . That was two years ago and I have been a regular reader here ever since. I do so wish that as a reader I could have commented on Paddy's and other poets poems. Paddy's Mystic poems were my favorites, always a wonderful positive message, a design to live life by, but I also laughed along with the rest of you when his humour came out and how often I cried when he visited the streets or wrote of the waste of war 'A Small Blue Coat-A Yellow Star' left me in tears for days as did 'They Watched Holly Die' which I can recite from memory, I read it so many times. I wish I could have joined in the fun of the 'Ciber Lunch' follies, I was amazed how this one man could write in such a way as to gather you all in on a worldwide adventure.

I would like you all to know that I may not be a poet but I'm here like many, many others who simply come on and click explore to read your daily offerings and feel blessed that you share your amazing talents with us.

Without I may never have had the privilege of reading the many and varied life works of 'THE POET'

Your humble reader

Marie Iffland

Dedicated to Paddy Martin

It's time to ring Church bells on this new day
When dawn still means sad tears for a friend
A very dear friend who's gone away
'Cause fought a fight of faith until the end.

The bark and leaves of willow tree still bend
His time on death row found another way
His spirit into heaven will ascend
It's time to ring Church bells on this new day.

Though gentle wind through branch of tree would play
He stretched his clouds to rain upon the land
We need to cry with him, we need to pray.
When dawn still means sad tears for a friend.

In words sad tears learning how to bend
Let roses live their dream of yesterday
And try to say goodbye to our friend
A very dear friend who's gone away

When things are transfigured in their way
To death the roses all perfumes can lend
We read his poems and for him we pray
'Cause fought a fight of faith until the end.

His love made everyone to be his friend
He wrote in such a fine poetic way
But human heart will be a piece of land
'Cause spirit goes to reach The Lord today.

by: Marieta Maglas

To My Gardener.. Goodbye, Paddy...

Paddy will always live here in my heart.. he is like a brother to me..He went all the way in a wheel chair to light a candle in the hospital chapel when he learned of my brother's death last year.

(I) want to share Paddy's comment on one of my poems.
The Last Embrace.

.....

Meggie I believe the true gift of a poet is empathy through observation and here

it is in your wonderful reminisce of a person you were very fond of.. great write.

Paddy Martin

You will forever take care of the Lord's garden
you will water it with hope, faith and love for us
Till we meet in God's embrace... goodbye..
My gardener...

By Meggie Gultiano

Goodbye, Hello for Paddy

Paddy said 'A Fond Farewell'
in poetry a year ago
He had lately heard death's knell
it was a sound he came to know

Of course he never rushed the end
He gently cared for family,
encouraged them, and poet friends
His works explained eternity

He is still here in you and me
His gentle magic words live on
He saw the things we couldn't see
He grew his gardens in his songs

I see him now beside life's stream
skipping stones and writing reams
of poetry that always seem
to lift us up and free our dreams

Paddy, keep your candle lit
We'll be along in just a bit

by: Mike Bryant

Epitaph On A Poet (A tribute to Paddy Martin)

Here he meets the eternity's dawn
The mournful earth's been left forlorn
Beyond the time across millions of miles
To be freed his poetic soul smiles

by: Munia Khan

God's Choice (An Elegy)

Your verses are your voice
When You are God's choice
Blessed be your day
Now that you're away
The world holds its breath
As you embrace the death
Heaven opens the doors
For it becomes yours!

by: Munia Khan

Patrick Paddy Martin (An Acrostic Tribute)

Pronounce the sacred name
Along with his famed fame
The pure poet spirit
Rings up the merit
In order to compose

Clear poem and prose
King of literature

Polite in nature
An Aussie forever
Devoted and clever
Dreamer of dreams
You can find him by the streams

Merrily conversing
All his works are great and piercing
Really he converses with his own mortality
Through poetry he attains the immortality
In lifetime he's been blessed since "Nineteen Forty seven"
Now heaven is blessed from "Twenty Eleven".

By: Munia Khan

Your Words

Paddy you are gone
But never away
In our aching hearts
You'll stay forever
Until the time comes

When we'll meet you
In your garden
Of paradise
Under God's care

And you'll rule
Eternal
Poetry

Up there
With your

Words

by: Munia Khan

A Parcel from Overseas Beyond the Great Barrier Reef!

Humbly to my deceased friend Paddy Martin in gratitude!

As a habit, firstly
I check the sender's name & address
Oh! It's from New South Wales
Australia, My dreamy burial grounds
To rest in peace with Aborigines!
Guess who sent the precious gift?
Brother Poet & Humanitarian
Paddy the Martin!
Two pocket size books
His poetry Anthologies.
'Poems that bloom in my garden
And The ancient Poet.'
I have not yet started the reading
But that smells a rare fragrance of a flower
In the garden of Eden!
Where the Humanity begun!
Thank you is not enough
For the soft soul's honest smile
And I add this; 'Let us be friends
And smile together until we reach
The Horizon, Zenith or Infinity
Whatever, it is a promise to shake hands warmly!

by: Nimal Dunuhinga

My Beloved Said

My dear friend I am not going to be here for few weeks after next week as I am going to have an operation on a blockage in my brain in the hope that it will restore my ability to speak, which I lost as a result of the stroke earlier this year. I will message you when I come home.

Paddy

* To my dear friend Paddy Martin!

My beloved said;
'Whole night I was awake of your non-stop laughing.'
'Yes darling really it's funny and I was dreaming you and the next door tinsmith walking on the beach.'
'Then where were you? '
'I was rowing a boat with his wife.'
'She's worried'
'Please do not leave me darling.'
'Never but if she calls then I have to go.'
'Who? '
' Big breast Miss Deathy.'
Then she cried.

by: Nimal Dunuhinga

Bodhisattva

I first saw you in a dream,
sitting beside an ancient road,
grasping a blue stone.
You said it contained,
a thousand lives you had lived,
the days you've left to live,
and the lives yet to come.

I looked into the stone,
I saw a girl child playing,
a young woman dancing

an old woman floating
a few inches above a stream,
that flowed to the Eternal Ocean.
It gave me great inner peace.

You looked at me and smiled,
a smile that created the waves.
I heard you sigh, a sigh,
that created the moon and stars.
Then you laughed and created light
and the flowers grew and bloomed
and I knew you were my mother.

Paddy Martin

Bodhisattva Two

I closed my eyes, you were there,
You laughed and the wind blew,
the grass swayed and danced
as if waltzing to life's opus.

You lifted your finger, and,
one by one the stars lit up,
the sun chased the moon,
playfully across the sky,

You smiled and rain fell,
each dropp a different color,
splashed across the earth's canvas,
each color becoming a flower.

I opened my eyes, knowing,
I had returned to my garden.
With an ear deep inside my being,
I heard my soul sing.

Paddy Martin

Bodhisattva Three

I have known you to be there,
though I could not define you,
but now I see you more clearly,
you are the first observer.

It was your heart that felt,
the vibration of our beginnings.
Your soul that sang the first,
of all songs ever sung.

Still your song resonates,
in the hearts of the poets,
Still your sweet words dance,
on the lips of all our souls.

I can give none my heart,
for it is attached to my soul,
both belong to a greater cause,
than the mortal coil understands.

I sat many years in my garden,
listening to the sounds of life,
before I heard your soul singing,
the song of the Universal Poet.

Paddy Martin

Paddy

Someday I will think of you and smile...

But not today

Today I will miss you
Today I will walk in your garden
and you will not be there
And today I will sit alone by the
stream weaving words alone

But someday I will hear laughter
and think of you
And someday I will walk in my own
garden and you will be beside me
And someday my heart will be filled
with joy remembering the friendship
we shared...

But not today...

by: Patrick McFarland

It's Love, I Will Remember

I knew a man once, knew him
Deeply, from the outside in
Someone on another continent
Who had become a friend.

In time, he came to tell me
About things that he had lost,
But also what he'd gained-
And he never counted costs.

He'd buried a daughter,
And a brother too;
He'd done a lot of living
Though the years now seem too few.

I thought we'd have a lot of time

On this marble of blue-green,
But I think that he knew better
And the future, he had seen.

But like a true gentleman,
He kept it all inside,
For he had the quietest dignity;
He had a gentle pride.

He saw the good and bad in life,
And spoke about his garden;
Others might grow petty, mean
But his heart would never harden.

He made himself stay vulnerable
To the lessons he would live,
And now it's plain as day to all,
He had a lot to give.

And although he's gone away now,
His words still speak quite clear:
I'd like to think that someday soon
This world he loved, can hear.

by: Patti Masterman

The Weave of a Poet's Dream - Dedicated to Paddy Martin

Thank you for all your advice and help Paddy - Death is not final, it is a journey,
just as is life.... Maybe we will still hear your words if we listen quietly enough
down by that river of hope
Feb 4

Hearts are bleeding
Tears are falling

Collect your coat

Wave goodbye to your friends
The soul of a poet
Has reached a new place

A beautiful freedom is felt
And he is now
All that he should be
All is good in his world
All is as
One day we all shall see

Words floating in the willdness
I will search by yonder tree
Im sure I heard him singing
To all the poets
He sing's that he is free
I journey down to the river
where the child still weaves his rythm's
And he will be sitting peacefully
As only he now has the time

all we need to do is listen
all we need to do is believe
all we need to do is notice
the sound of the river
the touch of the wind
The warmth of the sun
cradle this thought within
and he will surely live forever young
Withing the weave of a poet's dream

by: Pebbles

I Rejoice (adios amigo Paddy)

As I say adios amigo to Paddy Martin I wonder how a man I never laid eyes on
left such a huge imprint

I rejoice
that in the moments
I felt a breath of human warmness
a caress of a kindred friend
the aura of all divine
three or four beats shared of a long long waltz
that made the path
I sojourn
all the sweeter to have
journeyed
as I brushed by you
in your garden

by: Sandra Dodd

A Tribute to Paddy Martin

It is difficult to imagine
This site without you Paddy

You touched the hearts
Of so many with your poetry

Your kindness was a given
We will miss your talented pen

But most of all we will miss
The true compassionate poet you were

May your soul rest in peace
Amen

by: Sandra Martyres

Let Us Take Up His Pen

A quote from one of Paddy's messages to me from last year:

What I'm about to say may sound strange to you but I believe there is a connection between poets. Poets inspire one another and they come from a place of compassion not competition. I have somewhere inside me an abiding belief that on this planet there are children of the Ancient Poet and these poets are somehow (even if they don't know each other) united for the good of this planet.

Paddy Martin

Let us take up his pen
The pen of the Ancient Poet
He has planted the seeds
Let us take care of the harvest

Let us take up his pen
His loving spirit guides us
He is still around
Hovering above us

Let us take up his pen
We, children of the Ancient Poet
He has laid down the path
Let us follow in his footsteps

Let us take up his pen
The pen of the Ancient Poet
Let us honor his work
Yes, we!we the children

by: Sonya Florentino

Understanding Sky

I wanted him to live...
... l o n g e r...
I wanted him to
.....OVERCOME
I wanted him to
.... h~e~a~l muchfaster
I wanted him to
.... come back STRONG

But alas on Feb 4,2011
Paddy Martin the poet was called upon
There will be no more new words from him
But he will never ever be forgotten

For yes he's lived and loved
and yes! how he has laughed
And oh so much! he's had to overcome
Yes he has survived! ! and yes he's healed
his spirit purified and flowing clear

Paddy Martin yes, today you're gone
But you leave behind the spirit of your poems
Something your family and friends will always treasure
Your love for man and nature is without measure

Feb 4,2011 is a sad day
A beloved man has suddenly passed away
But having entered the gates of heaven
surely this is cause for celebration
For a good man is now one with his God

I wanted him to live... longer
I realize now he will live F O R E V E R

P.S.
Paddy, I know you're up there sitting on a log,
'looking out at the world thinking
how blessed I've been, in spite of myself,
and I wonder at the beauty of nature
and the fact that there are those who love me.'

by: Sonya Florentino

The Poet

His light glows brightly
His spirit graces us all
He is 'THE POET'

by: Stella Armour

Death is but a Breath of Ever After...

Death is but a breath of ever after,
Your smile now beams in rays of grinning sun;
The tease of summer's breeze bursts with your laughter,
Midst whispers of green leaves we hear your song.
Tickling tears of joy douse skin in showers
From fluffy clouds that scud in flooding skies;
The wonder of your smile blooms in the flowers,
The wink of twinkling stars glint with your eyes.
Your word is heard in rhythms of a heartbeat,
And rainbows splash the colours of a mind
Crammed with truth and beauty born to artists;
Your poetry's a gift where life's defined
In wise and winsome verse where one can see
The garden of your soul eternally.

by: Susan Jarvis

A Ruby Red Kiss

Forever in our hearts Paddy..xxx

A mirror was placed in my hands
and the reflection wasn't mine
it was a face of a stranger

A woman with tears streaming
down her pale and translucent face
a mystery of time, of sorrow, of a love
forgotten by the winds

I smiled to myself and with wonder
and delight knew I could do something
to ease her pain

I placed ruby red lipstick on
looked into the mirror and kissed
her lips

A woman a girl
touched by each others souls
one is the other

Forever is the night
forever are the reflections
in the mirror

What is it you see?

by: Tracey

A Finger to Wipe Away the Tears

Paddy Martins response to Tracey's 'A Ruby Red Kiss'

I look into the mirror,
I see a man broken,
It is not the face of a stranger.

A man with sunken eyes,

unshaven face, trembling lips,
A mystery of sorrow and of a pain
forgotten by the wind.

I look at him he is familiar,
I wonder if I can do something,
to ease his pain,

I place my finger on the glass,
and brush aside the tear,
that is running down his cheek.

A man, a boy
touched by each others soul
one is the other.

Hand in hand into the night,
they walk together
reflections in the mirror.

What do you see?

Paddy Martin
18th January 2011

Our Paddy

In memory of the Eternally Reborn Poet
Patrick 'Paddy' Martin (1947 - 2011)

Something is lost.
Speechless we are.
Outside it rains.
World doesn't stop.

Dreams have to stay.
Hopes bloom inside
Cleansing the scars,
Shedding the light.

Poet is here.
Poet is now.
Feel, he's reborn
Deep in our hearts.

by: Yelena Moony

The Garden

Look at your life as a garden,
through the eyes of acceptance.
Accept that the purpose of your life is
to tend the garden of God's life force.
Be not angry or resentful if some things
do not grow in your little patch.
Accept that your soil may not
be the soil for another's growth or
that your temperment may not be the climate
in which someone else's flower may bloom.

Just as you rejoice when the new seed flowers,
be prepared to accept that which grows in your garden may,
in time, fade and die.

Be always willing to plant the new seed.
From the new seed comes the adventure
of watching tomorrow grow.
Plant well the seeds of tomorrow with your deeds of today.
From these seeds come the treasures of your life's work...
Memories.

Accept all who come to your garden.
Make those who criticize as welcome
as those who come to admire.
Listen to all advice and be willing to change...
Change is needed for the good of your garden.

Tend carefully life's garden.
Cast out the thistle of anger, the weeds of resentment
and the intruders of pride and jealousy,
before they eat away the heart of your life's efforts.

Water well the seeds of pain with the tears of love.
It is from the seeds of pain the hardest plants grow
and on the nourishment of love they thrive.

In the sunset of your endeavour
find a corner of solitude in your garden.
A comfortable place where you find pleasure
being who you are and feel
the joy of being with yourself.

by Paddy Martin

The Stream

You and I sat here often, watching the stream flow by,
as we waited for your rainbows to arrive,
As I sit here now these beautiful birds flutter by,
and I am reminded of the great love you had for such things,
It astounded me, when we were young, to find in you,
this affinity with nature.
Through this I discovered,
the never ending source of spirituality you possessed.
I watched you survive the night mares and fly the dreams,
You taught me to listen to the music in a magpies song,
and see the wonderment of the bud of a new bloom opening.
You taught me the religion of love, care and responsibility,
of those less fortunate than yourself you called it Humanity.
We walked together for forty one years, not long enough.
Now I sit alone on this old log, beside the stream, wondering,
'Why me, why was I so blessed to have found you? '
'How did I get so lucky to have you fall in love with me? '
Perhaps the stream knows!

by: Mary Martin

A Fond Farewell.

When I leave the focus of your vision,
stay not in mourning of my passing,
remember with joy our togetherness,
then return to our meeting circumstance.

Were it that we met when we were buds
in the garden of our childhood,
when our imagination was boundless
and our innocence was incorruptible,
or were it in the the blooming years
of youth, when we were indestructable,
when love or lust was all there was to live for.
Go,
be with your children, relive with them
the wonderment of all our beginnings.
Find me in their eyes
as they experience the world,
long forgotten by our hearts.

Were it that we met
where words of rhyme danced,
as soft rain in the spring mist,
or echoed like stock whips,
in the Australian bush.
Where we recited verse of sweet love,
or told stories of romantic heros.
Go,
where the poets challanged me to be myself,
in my talents, and stood beside me
when I dared to show the world my heart.

Were it that we met in church halls,
and small rooms,
to escape the ravages of our addictions.

Standing out like beacons,
on the shores of recovery,
carrying the message of hope
to those in need of it's sweet caress.

Go,
there to the fellowship of the spirit
that gathered me unto itself and
returned me to health and sanity,
then allowed me the grace
to live in dignity.

Were it that we met in one and other's homes,
as brothers in the universe,
to share with each other in the family of life.

Go
embrace the love in your home,
sing and dance in the joy of that love.
As we were once for one another
be now for each other, and
remember me in your love and laughter.

Were it that we met in our sunset years,
when the awareness of life's brevity dawned upon us.
Here we come to see each flower as beautiful,
no matter it's colour or it's origin.
Arriving here as our forebears did,
having learned the same lessons they had,
we knew some of these lessons cannot
be given to our children,
lest we rob them of their own life's experience.

Were it that you and I could not be together,
when I left the focus of your vision,
I bid you godspeed, my cherished friend,
and across the ether I hear your fond farewell

by: Paddy Martin

Don't be Scared of Being Scared

It was the best day ever,
when my pop woke up,
I hugged him so tight,
and told him I was scared.
he said 'Don't be scared,
of being scared! '
I knew he was alright,
he was talking upside down again.
I didn't really get it,
I didn't really see it,
I thought it was because,
I was a kid he was special,
because he was MY granddad.
Now I get it, it's because he's him,
that's what makes him special.
and I know you all get it,
Is that because you're all special too,
Oh, now I GET IT! ! !

by: Chrissy Reed

From: 'I Am the Poet'

I must go now to the Land of All Knowing,
There I will hammer my fist upon the gate
and a voice shall call out 'Who begs entry? '
I shall reply in my proudest voice,
I AM THE POET!

Paddy Martin

The Paddy Martin Fellowship