

Carty's Poetry Journal

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Valentines Issue

New Poets:

Ken Hume :: Brian Heffron :: Emma Robinson :: Maureen Sexton :: Ingrid Andrew and more...

Submissions:

Email to cartyweb@hotmail.com

On the web:

<http://www.cartypoetryjournal.webs.com>

Submissions not featured may be used in future editions due to space restraints

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Unrequited Love

The poet and the beloved.

One of the great themes in the area of romantic writing is the theme of unrequited love, where there is the adored and the adorer.

The most famous in our little island among all of our writers is the case of William Butler Yeats and Maud Gonne, where she inspired him with her drive, and yet repulsed him with her fatal attraction to the concept of violence in her activism.

Which is strange to note, seeing how Yeats after was attracted to and wrote songs for the fledgling neo-fascist Blueshirt movement started by the Irish leader Eoin O' Duffy.

It is assumed the platform of conservatism and keeping the peace and the status quo as opposed to the alternative of the IRA and Communist Party of Ireland inspired revolutionary movement, that after all the excitement of 1913 lockout, the 1916 rising, the War of Independence and the Civil War had him all tired out, and he longed for a permanent peace, for which he was willing to fight for, or have fought for.

Yeats was quite the contradiction, and Maud Gonne was but one of the passions in his life, the other apart from writing was his attraction to the occult through the Golden Dawn movement of Hermetic, which at one point it seems Gonne was part of as well.

Shared passions in life, and a shared passion for life did not allow them to share passion, and she sought love in the arms of Sean Ac Bride, and was the mother of the Clan na Phoblacht leader of the same name.

Yeats too moved on, and found a love elsewhere, though whether it was as intense as the love he felt for Gonne, or whether it was more the kind between Casimir and Constance is not much on record.

However, his love for Gonne has left us quite a body of work, inspired by the woman who "sought Troy's to burn."

Republic Made Public

Welcome we the 61st Republic
With love, respect and responsibility
Freedom we achieved with great difficulty
Must be treasured with sovereignty

Not even a century
Could our nation breathe
The fresh air of sorority
The motherhood and fraternity
Faces Envious stoning and lusty legacy
Envelopes the serenity
With gloomy bustle

Numb nerves Stream blood cool
Lost furnace of freedom struggle
Unfurls flag with wee fervor
Shaking weak strings to air
A namesake celebration
Fading eyes of freedom-fighter
Helplessly watch
Their freedom - snatching
They are still alive to
View – makes freedom more tragic
A billion set of eyes stare the sky
A smiling tricolour
Waiting for warm wind

Effortlessly trying to make Republic
Public

Jyothi Singh

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Irish Lass At Sea

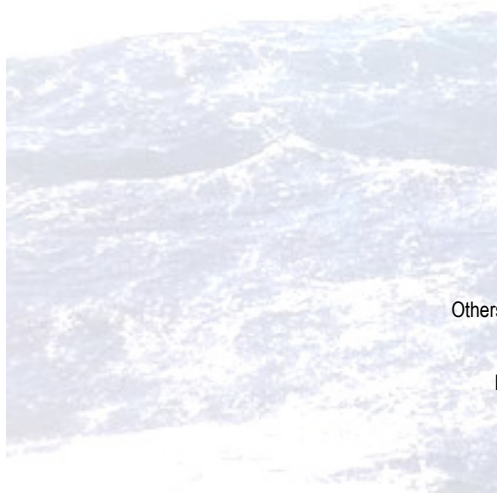
The passion in her eyes is beyond just comforting,
And there is no doubt about one thing:
Her beauty is a splendid ship at sea,
An ephemeral vision of sail and suddenness
Splashing the night waves like a dolphin.
This vessel is a marvellous schooner,
Striding across the sea, proud as a small town mayor.

But all around this lithe hull,
The vastness of the green sea is
White-capping hard, forming foaming rogue waves
That conspire to devour this graceful, spirited yacht.

Some boats survive due to crew:
A brave and experienced hand is put to the wheel.
And the pain is withstood while the line untangled,
And the anchors made ready once more.

Others ships are lost because of a faulty Captain and his broken fate.

But my love is a solid caulk,
Hammered hard into the seams it will keep this boat afloat
At sea through the worst storms,
Sailing on windy winsome emotion
And etching her name on the waves in her wake.



Brian Heffron



I am a TV Writer/Director/Producer
for an educational PBS station located
in downtown Los Angeles. KLCS

<http://www.wix.com/ShamathaPress/ShamathaPress> is my websote



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Lady of the Sweetest Smile

poem by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh



*Lady of the sweetest smile
In this town and round for many a mile
Laughter, fun, and all with grace,
The Mona Lisa should have had your face.*

II

*Now gone, to a better tomorrow
In Dublin: where future is present
Not for you the life of struggle and sorrow:
The factory worker: today's peasant.*

III

*God looks after, they say, the good
May He take care of you
Because thou art, and He should,
Fair of face, and heart that's true.*

IV

*Love for you I do not hold,
As I know it could never be
I wish the man whose yours well
And wish that it could have been me!*

www.writingsinrhyme.com



I Was The Reluctant Lover

Poem by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh

I was the reluctant lover
She was a Goddess divine
I was not as brave as a man should be
And so her heart was never mine

Oh, am I the fool of legend
Am I the only one
Who loved and lost as I never tossed
My hat in the ring till the girl was gone?

And as I look at the picture
Her face and smile come to mind
May we always find a beautiful memory of another
Though we may never meet another of their kind.

I was that hunter with his dogs
Who left the lady sitting naked and alone
To hunt for all the vanities of life
And lost the lady he desired as his own.

A hunter hunts for glory and alone
And relishes the company of his hound
But the greatest hunt is of the heart
And for me will the quarry ever be found?

Should she again come into my range
Then with arrows and hounds I shall descent
And stop the hunt, and run the hounds
And maybe for me be a happy end?

www.writingsinrhyme.com

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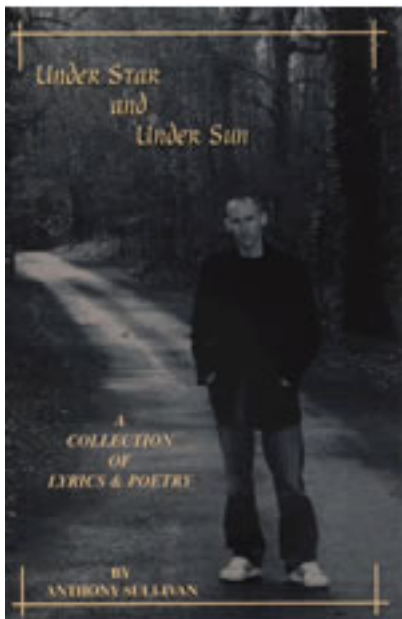
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SURE LOVE

Like a field of dancing daffodils
Golden, in their sway to Summer's
song
Sure love, when it's true eye heart
entwine
Makes ev'ry mile of this life, but one
heartbeat long

Like a photo found from yesteryear
That stokes the embers of
remembrance
Sure love, when it's true eye and hand
connect
In that one instant, navigate all
circumstance

Like those small acts of daily kindness
Shared humanity 'oft stands revealed
When sure love, eye and soul in
harmony
Find destiny, in life's most simple
moments sealed.



Anthony's first book "Under Star and Under Sun" – limited copies available from the author.

The new book is "Pilgrim in the Heartland"

THE LAST TWO LOVERS ALIVE

Ev'ry time I see you
I just want to kiss you
I don't want to talk at all
Not even to say hello

I just want to hold you
My body, one with you
With your breath upon my skin
The strongest feelin' I know

(CHORUS)

*And I'm ready for tonight to burn
In the heat of passion we create
Not to know your touch, would hurt so
much*

*More than I can even contemplate
The only way to ride this lightning
The only way I know I'll survive
Is for us to melt the stars tonight
Like we're the last two lovers alive*

Ev'ry time I see you
It's crazy what you do
You stop my heart completely
Then you smile and bring it back

I just want to hold you
Fill my senses with you
Surrender to the moment
No lookin' forward or back

REPEAT CHORUS

I want your breath to fill my lungs
The way your beauty fills my eyes
To feel re-born with ev'ry touch
For ev'ry touch shared signifies
The ecstasy of entwinement
Like sweet honey in the beehive
One is lost without the other
Like the last two lovers alive

REPEAT CHORUS x2

Darlin', lets melt the stars tonight
Like the last two lovers alive

Like the last two lovers alive.



Anthony Sullivan

Anthony Sullivan is a Lusmagh native and has been writing song lyrics and poems for the past long while.

He brought out a book of song lyrics and poems a few years ago called "Under Star and Under Sun", with the follow up "Pilgrim in the Heartland" being published in 2009.

His latest project was the entry to the Irish Eurovision contest of a song he has written, sang by a local singer, which we hope to feature more on in the following issues.

On the web:

www.anthonysullivan.biz

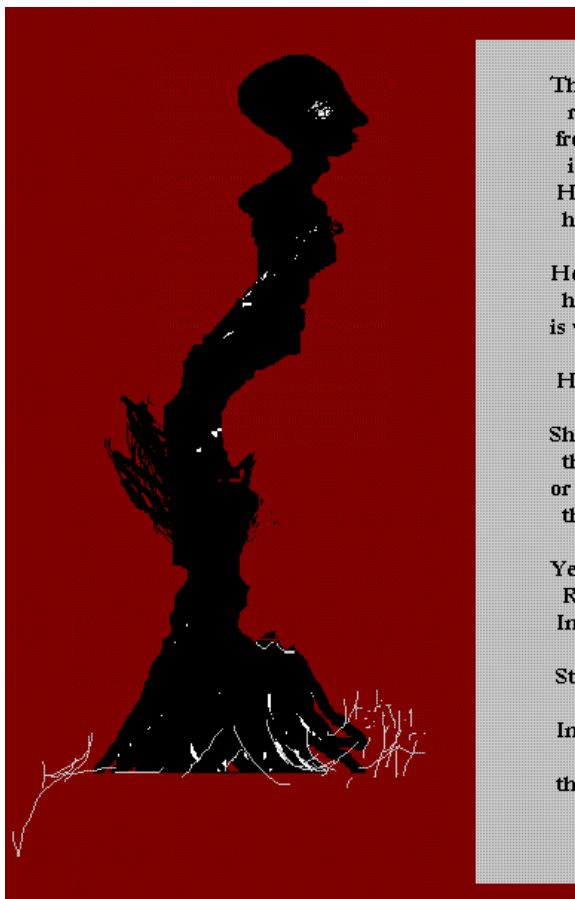
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The charcoal woman
rises
from the land; here in the burning bush
is where she stands.
Her smouldering head is turned towards the hills;
her body's rooted in the ashen soil.

Her torso's ebony and deep, dark blue;
her splintered and broken back,
is where the light comes through.

Her breast is cobweb thin.

She can no longer hear
the magpie's lyrical morning song;
or ever again,
the haunted cries of women and children.

Yet, here she stands.
Risen again from the land.
In the country of cars and chain saws.

Still presence.

In her womb is a brown seed.
In her womb, is a brown seed,
that will *flame*
in to a green leaf.



artist ~poet
singer songwriter

www.myspace.com/heartssong

Ingrid Andrew is a new writer of whom I have made acquaintance with thanks to Roibeard Mc Elroy, and here we promote some of her work.

As well as a writer, she is also a digital artist, using spray/graffiti effects in her imagery to give a sense of clarity to her subject matter.

Her MySpace page is at
www.myspace.com/heartssong



They are tearing down the mountains
where the wild birds sang;
they are burning down the forests
where the huckleberries grew,
they are pushing out the old souls
who lived on and loved the land;
they are mining for the coal seams
because we think we need the fuel.

And the mountains and the trees
that grew over centuries,
are levelled and burnt down,
and the little country towns
are filled with ash and dust,
and the rivers and the streams
where fishermen once dreamed;
are poisoned and laid waste,
what's to become of us?

And where once the eagles flew,
and gazed down on green and blue,
and the early morning mists
curled round, caressed and kissed
the mountains, trees and streams;
there is nothing left to see,
not a river, not a tree,
where they are levelling the mountain tops,
and burning down the forests,
to mine coal for you and me.

We thought that mountains would endure,
and the air stays fresh and pure,
where illuminated trees stir within
the gentle, evening breeze;
but now from sky to sky,
just nothing meets the eye
except the wastes of ash and dust
where they are levelling the mountain tops,
and burning down the forests
to mine coal for all of us.

And just as all the small birds choked,
shrivelled up in flame and smoke,
and their songs are silenced now;

They Are Tearing Down the Mountains

Ingrid Andrew

so may we all one day perish
because we do not cherish
this extraordinary world.

Mountains of a million years,
with all their diverse life and trees,
have fires set amongst their leaves,
then the top soil is removed,
and explosives laid in grooves
and the mountain's blown away,
and nothing's left except thin stubble,
and the valleys fill with rubble,
and the rivers toxic waters,
poison mothers, fathers, sons and daughters;
we do not know what life is worth,
oh my days, what are we doing to
the good earth?
What on earth?

They are tearing down the mountains
where the wild birds sang;
they are burning down the forests
where the huckleberries grew,
they are pushing out the old souls
who lived on and loved the land;
they are mining for the coal seams
because we think we need the fuel.

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Because *Ingrid Andrew*

Because
so many
are torn away
too soon
too
young
unsung

I'll make a sacrament
of every day
a hymn
to every tree
to every cloud
a song

And when
the dusk and twilight
fall

I will remember
I will
recall

that each new day's
a gift

Because
so many are torn away
too soon
unsung

I will remember
and remember well
one night
one day
I too
shall be
undone

My time
will come

And I'll be
free
to grow
into the lineaments
of a tree
a breath of cloud
a wave that rises and falls
and sighs
and sighs

and sighs

an amaranthine

sea

Waiting

EmmaRobinson



Shall you ring me today? Text or email?
O would it kill you to pick up and dial?
Is this too tricky? You constantly fail.

I'm desperate, hoping, are you worth the
while?
Gloomily I pace the hall and the stairs
Time and again I check the handset
works.

I glare at the phone, whispering soft
prayers.
Evil phone leers back, I could swear it
smirks.
Then I remember how you clear your
throat

And go on and on in that dreadful drawl
Your unpleasant laugh sounds much like
a goat
And you're the same shape as a rugby
ball.

But deep down inside I know I'll answer
Shouldn't be too proud; fading romancer.

Quote from the poet:

*"A bio? I'm a messy Wigan English
teacher who loves words and hates
football. I write poetry and prose and
have also tried my hand at performing
my work."*

Parents' Evening

Parents' Evening, Parents' Evening
The death dull, graveyard shift of a November
dusk
Cold rain drizzles down the glass of the
scholarly prison
The parents' stride or canter, strut or march
inside
Dragging their offspring behind
Waiting to hear confirmed the wonder of their
child

But me?
Just once, one night
One vacuous, meaningless, insincere night
I'd like to tell the truth

Mr and Mrs Smythe, come in, do
Yes right there, your Matthew did a poo
No really, it happens all of the time
To 15 year old boys, really it's fine
Charlotte wows us she's one of life's winners
Down her shirt you can see all of her dinners
Josh's signs of life are difficult to measure
So we're having a séance, for the little treasure
Lucy shares everything she's really nice
And by everything I do include lice
Liam swings on the chair, doing his diploma
We can only hope he comes out of the coma
An inquisitive one is your son Max
He's always sniffing at the girls bum cracks
Your Jennifer is quite a little puzzle
It's been necessary for her to wear a muzzle
And James' enthusiasm is infectious
In fact, we've all been given a tetanus

Of course it's not all bad
Some of the kids are really quite... alright
And it's nice to see their parents
On the drear November night
Telling them how their child hasn't actually
regressed
And how they're hardly ever a pest

But maybe, just once before I retire
I'll be able to gently enquire
A question that's been niggling, bothering me
I'll gather my courage and I'll turn to the
parent:
And your child, she really is a beauty
But can I ask something, not being snooty
I've always wondered, why on earth did ya
Decide to name your daughter Chlamydia

Take This Longing

- Maureen Sexton

(villanelle)

Please take this longing from my eyes
my thoughts are lower than a mire
my gaze is fixed upon her thighs.

To me she is the perfect prize
she feeds in me a burning fire.
Please take this longing from my eyes.

I know my thoughts would bring surprise
if she knew of my deep desire.
My gaze is fixed upon her thighs.

Revealing my want would not be wise
my innocence rests on a spire.
Please take this longing from my eyes.

My love for her is based on lies
and my condition is most dire
My gaze is fixed upon her thighs.

Too young for me my conscience cries.
My mouth is dry, my hands perspire.
Please take this longing from my eyes
my gaze is fixed upon her thighs.

Inspired by Leonard Cohen:
"Take this longing from my tongue"

The Outsider

she is the outsider
city girl in country town
she sees her reflection
in a shop window and cries
her short, spiked hair skinny
legs when all around town
young girls, shapely, wholesome
with healthy, full cheeks, long hair
she is android among
humans not the girl next door
outside of herself now
finds solace in fantasy

beside herself, the out
sider lives inside her head



Website: <http://www.maureensexton.com.au>

BIOGRAPHY

Maureen Sexton is a freelance writer, poet, haikuist, editor, photographer, digital media artist, webmistress and event organiser living in Perth Western Australia. She has vast writer-in-the-community experience and has a Bachelor of Arts degree in Writing, which she completed at Edith Cowan University, with some of her studies undertaken at Murdoch University and Flinders University. She was a co-founder of WA Poets Inc, the annual WA Spring Poetry Festival, Creative Connections Art and Poetry exhibitions, *The Word is Out* Poetry Journals, *creatrix* poetry journal, the Mari Warabiny haiku group and Walking on Water readings. Her poetry and haiku have been widely published internationally and nationally. She has also had success in national poetry competitions, and many of her short stories, articles and reviews have also been published. She is currently: HaikuOz (Haiku Association of Australia) WA regional representative, Project Coordinator of Creative Connections Art and Poetry Exhibitions, committee member of WA Poets Inc, and on the editing team/selection panel of *creatrix* poetry journal (haiku). Believing in the importance of poetry, Maureen has been actively involved in trying to raise community awareness of the relevance of poetry in our lives today. Poets throughout history have also been at the forefront of political and social challenges and changes, and, she believes, need to be more active at this time. She is also an ecofeminist and is concerned about the environment, climate change and social injustice. Maureen finds haiku writing and haiku's awe of nature, to be particularly meditative, healing and inspiring. With the frustration and anger at the continual destruction of the environment, she finds haiku is a way of keeping herself calm and in the 'now'. But she also plans to use her writing, photography and art as a way of voicing her concerns, and hopefully helping to bring about awareness and change. She is a regular reader at venues around Perth, have been a regular guest reader at venues around Perth and Adelaide since 1995, and have organised many readings in WA. Also, she has studied Photography, Web Design and Maintenance, and Secretarial Skills at TAFE in WA. She was a TAFE lecturer in Oral Communication at Challenger TAFE in Rockingham. Maureen is an advocate of Aboriginal rights and respectfully acknowledge that she resides on Nyungar land.

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Buck Up *Shaun Maxwell*

Moaning
Morning
Taxes
Jobs

Immigrants
Targets
Scapegoats
Yobs

Criminal
Subliminal
Adverts
Costs

Money
Banks
Millions
Lost

Government
MP's
PM
GB

English
Manx
Welsh
Scots

Irish
Catholic
Protestant
Rhetoric

Talks
Speech
Write
Stop

Go
Slow
Strikes
Bop

We better buck up,
Or you better fuck off

Rex

Dinosaurs invading
Tertiary boundaries in my life
Old fears – old ideas
Unaware that they've had their
time

Stagnant gene pools
Blue blood cannibalised
Hexed, sex, what's next?
Annus' horribilus pro tempore Rex

Partners in clay

What do they say?
We're partners in clay
She looks over my shoulder all the time
Flat broke are we
Just pennies to see
Melt into each others line of sight
Why do friends weep?
On my frozen cheek
And give us dead flowers lilly white
Why do they cry?
Transferring denial
Saying "Maybe it'll be better next time"
There is no wild wind or that kind of thing
Just the seasons passing by
Here comes summertime again
Marbled autumn splashing rain-
Snow to ice then on to spring
Years are such trivial things
Eternal overlap we twine
In heavens above
Unquestioned love
Bound circles blissfully so blind
No miss you or shame
No loss or pain
Our ghosts cost physical decline
Together again not partners in clay
My love is yours & yours is mine
In the summertime again
laughing tumbling unconstrained
It's really summertime this time.

Nan

What was she supposed to do?
Empty milk bottles shone like
new
On a donkey stoned step
Of cardinal red
A crystallised statement of truth.

Tight lace curtains kept her
inside
A hair net wore in Methodist
pride.
She had such beautiful hair,
It was no ones affair
She was a nana, a mother, a
wife.

Mrs Spiders Ghost

I killed a spider
thank you said the fly
but now I'm going to buzz you,
night and day, day and night
'did you ever think of the
spiderettes, motherless in life',
'I came here to offer myself,
the ultimate sacrifice

I fled into the garden
when another voice in turn said..
'you better be cremated'
spat an angry worm
for when you die we'll find you,
no peace in deathyou'll
writhe
we'll bore into your coffin
so all can get inside'

through my dark act of violence
I'm haunted for all time
'Quite right' said Mrs Spiders
ghost
'indubitably' quipped Mr Fly

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Kenneth Hume



My name is Kenneth Hume & i'm 30 year's old. I live in Tullamore, Co. Offaly. Writing, and poetry in particular has always been an important part of my life as a means of making of my thoughts & the situations going on in my life. But it remained a hobby until 3-4 years ago when having written film reviews for the paper (Tullamore Tribune). Having the reviews published in the paper every week for nearly 3 years affirmed me as a writer. What's more, it gave me the motivation to pursue my passion for poetry with much more confidence and determination, in that if i can get reviews published every week, then i can certainly write a poetry book. And so here it is, the beginning of what i hope will be many poems and many books.'

On the web:

www.myspace.com/musicmoviesandmedia

SLEEPING HEART (Does It Still Beat?)

VERSE I

I'm looking at this girl walk by,
Through the coffee shop window pane,
Oh, my heart stirs and I wonder why
I've been so long out of the game
Of love that once made me try
Flush those feelings down the drain?
But it's impossible to deny,
Her beauty is greater than my pain!
Do I go...?

CHORUS

*Fishing for just one more chance
In that still sea of tired romance,
To see if my sleeping heart still beats,
Does my sleeping heart still beat?
Hoping I can remember the lines,
Be more than a one day Valentine
And see if my sleeping heart still beats
Will it beat because of her?*

VERSE II

The next day she stops walking,
Smells the coffee and comes inside.
I try hard but I can't help gawking
At her as she orders, then sits beside
Me and starts gently talking
To me but my tongue get's tied.
I feel that old fear is stalking,
My mind and leaving me paralysed.
Can't go...!

CHORUS

VERSE III

Time for this caterpillar heart of mine,
To crawl out of it's cocoon,
But I'm scared of love's sunshine
I'd rather she let me stew in
My loneliness one more time
Easier than flying to the moon
Or Venus, if I could read the signs
On butterfly wings, but I assume
It's easier to let down a line
And go.!

GYPSY KIDS

Paul Polansky
www.savethesekids.com

I never ran across Gypsies in the mountains,
unless they were buying a horse from a shepherd,
or looking for old things in abandoned farmhouse
to sell as antiques.

I always found the Gypsies living in hovels or caves
dug out of a hill next to a town dump. No one bothered
them there.

Kilometers away, I knew I was nearing a Gypsy
community when I heard loud music. Every hovel,
every cave, had a radio blaring a different station.

Gypsy kids and their skinny dogs always rushed to meet
me, until they saw Chulin. Then the dogs
ran back, their tails between their legs, some kids
showed how brave they were,
letting Chulin lick dirt off their hands & faces.

Chulin loved kids but had an instinct for anybody
with bad intentions. He didn't hesitate to chase a person
who smelled like a thief. Beggars he could put up with.

I often stayed with Gypsies. It was their tradition
never to turn away a stranger, esp. one with a dog they
valued more than his mule.

I preferred to stay in their caves. Always cool in the
summer, warm in the winter. The floor, walls and ceiling
always white-washed. Very clean homes until
the kids came inside, smelling of garbage.

After their mothers washed them with a hose,
they were just normal inquisitive kids asking a thousand
questions about the trails I took, riding from
America to Spain.

---oO---

**It gives us great pleasure to once more feature a
poem by the Roma rights activist and writer Paul
Polansky.**

**Paul first came in close contact wit the Roma in
Iberia, and their culture and ways left a mark on him
and set him on a course for life to work for their
benefit in trying to improve conditions and fight the
prejudices they meet on a daily basis.**

**Pauls book Black Silence, telling of the horrors of
Lety concentration camp in Bohemia, has just been
republished as a paper and PDF.**

www.BlackSilence.info