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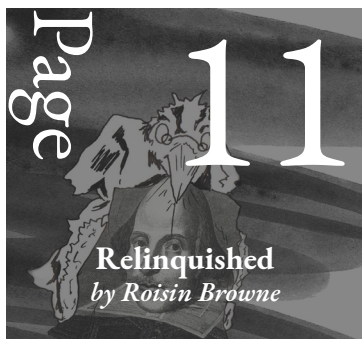
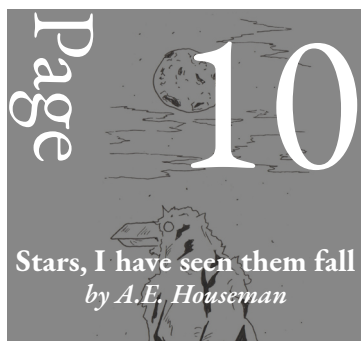
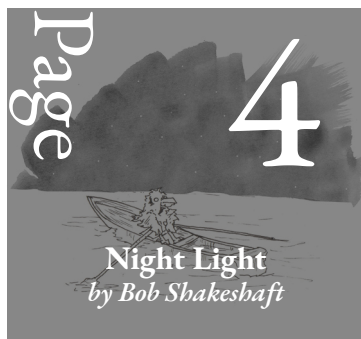
FinZine

Poems From Fingal and Further!

FREE!



CONTENTS



Written in the Stars.



*Illustrations by
Matthew Kelly*

Ah, Moon—and Star!

Ah, Moon—and Star!
You are very far—
But were no one
Farther than you—
Do you think I'd stop
For a Firmament—
Or a Cubit—or so?

I could borrow a Bonnet
Of the Lark—
And a Chamois' Silver Boot—
And a stirrup of an Antelope—
And be with you—Tonight!

But, Moon, and Star,
Though you're very far—
There is one—farther than you—
He—is more than a firmament—from Me—
So I can never go!



Night Light

Lone fisherman
clined in currach-pitched waves
drowning oars gripped, straining,
the moon leaning down, staining
brown limbs silver.

Stygian sky holds scintillating stars
in infinity, inhales foggy mist
drifting. The edge,
his eyes limited, sense
no limit

in meandering, musing;
in pause he leans to quiet
the oar in stillness beyond,
seeks effortlessly to reach
the world wombed-deep.

Empyreal freedom maps
imagination, travels light
from seamless eternity,
life returns, takes grip
and oars

to distant shore he longs for —
the other world,
real and equal
as the coruscating stars
held high in his gaze.





spéir-dhreach

Turas Gan Teora

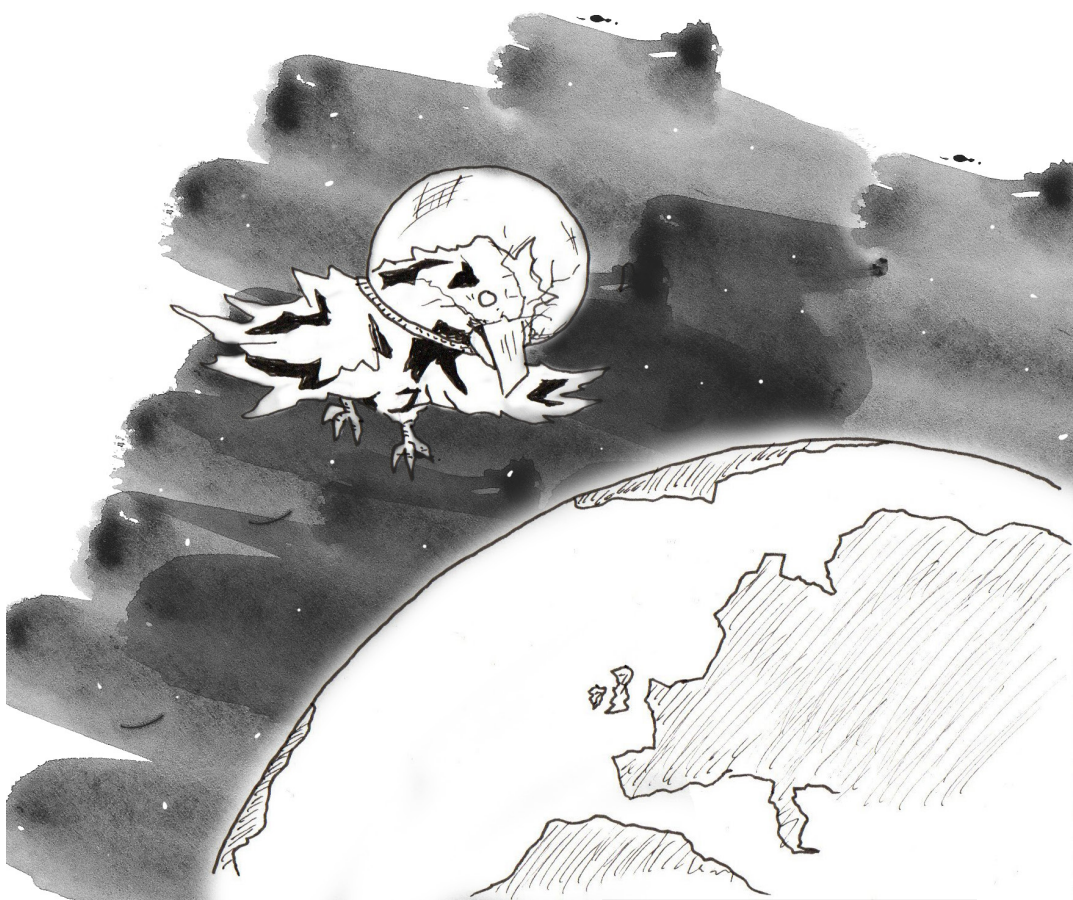
Casann an domhan
ina chaiseal álainn sna spéartha,
ag fiodrinne roimhe
faoina bhréidíní bána
ar mhíle míle san uair,
lá agus oíche dá thoradh
in aistear lae,
an ghrian ag éirí is ag fuineadh
de réir cosúlachta.

Ár bpláinéad gorm agus glas
ar chúrsa forleathan thairis sin,
na ceithre shéasúr againn
i rith mórchuairt bliana
timpeall na gréine,
sinn ag scinneadh romhainn
ar sheasca míle de mhílte
gach uile uair a' chloig
dar le saineolas na linne.

Anuas air seo arís,
ar mhalairt treo,
rothlaíonn an grianchóras
ina chuid dhílis
de Bhealach na Bó Finne,
timthriall na n-aoiseanna
ar sciúird roithleagáin
tuairim is leathmhilliún míle
in imeacht uaire.

Triallann an réaltra chun cinn
siar amach go héigríoch,
breis is milliún míle san uair
de dheitheanas orainn
ar ár gcamchuairt shíoraí
i ndoimhneacht an spáis.

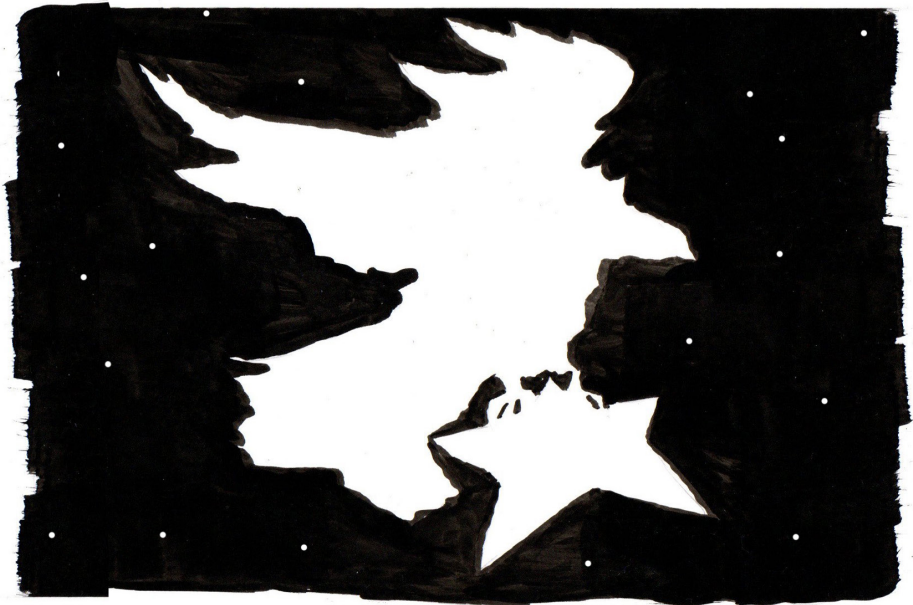
Luas nach feasach
do dhuine ná deoraí.



An Ceirtlín Órga, Coiscéim 2021

Bright Star

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.



Moonface

You would expect heat
but her face is luminous, not blazing.
She had scuttled behind the curtain
until the shaft came
that paralyses and displays.
Smile, you're on TV.
Smile, you're pinned in a glass case.
Shine, you're a trophy.

She prefers to sit in the dark
where she has no face.
It goes without saying
that dark is the prime source
and that it contains answers
if only it could know itself.
She lies back and lets time flow through her,
turns the breath of her inners to tides,
contemplates her lone importance
and the subtle spread of her feet.

She's a watcher in the dark,
a waiter you can't summon.
No click or yell or thump
will displace her.
And when you don't see her
how can you tell if she
is mustering her troops?

From: *Twelve Beds for the Dreamer*
(Arlen House, 2011). A sequence of
dreams and nocturnal ruminations,
observed according to one month's
passage of the moon through the
astrological constellations.

"Moonface" is from Cancer.

Stars, I have seen them fall

Stars, I have seen them fall,
But when they drop and die
No star is lost at all
From all the star-sown sky.
The toil of all that be
Helps not the primal fault;
It rains into the sea
And still the sea is salt.



From: A Shropshire Lad

Relinquished

— after Sharon Olds

I relinquished her to amber evenings and covert stars,
to shucked oysters and tarred currachs.

I relinquished her to saffron shadows and emerald canyons,
to pink-blush parasols and Sufi dancers.

I relinquished her to chess board floors and celloed ceilings,
to botanic aviaries and orchid springs.

I relinquished her to a Pacific Ocean and Indian tides,
to fossilled jewels and sweets of pebble.

I relinquished her to gaberdine souls, sodden by a Tuesday bus stop,
to laughing babies, their chubby bellies bouncing wide.

I relinquished her to amber evenings and covert stars,
to us, to air, to here.

First Published in Live Encounters, December 21
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Stars

How countlessly they congregate
O'er our tumultuous snow,
Which flows in shapes as tall as trees
When wintry winds do blow!—
As if with keenness for our fate,
Out faltering few steps on
To white rest, and a place of rest
Invisible at dawn,—
And yet with neither love nor hate,
Those stars like some snow-white
Minerva's snow-white marble eyes
Without the gift of sight.







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