

# POESIA AO MEIO DIA

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com SUSAN HOY



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# *The shrine of St Valentine at Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Dublin*

photo by Arthur Carron





# *Ephemera*

by W. B. Yeats (written 1884, published 1889)

*'Your eyes that once were never weary of mine  
Are bowed in sorrow under pendulous lids,  
Because our love is waning.'*

*And then she:*

*'Although our love is waning, let us stand  
By the lone border of the lake once more,  
Together in that hour of gentleness  
When the poor tired child, Passion, falls asleep:  
How far away the stars seem, and how far  
Is our first kiss, and ah, how old my heart!'*

*Pensive they paced along the faded leaves,  
While slowly he whose hand held hers replied:  
'Passion has often worn our wandering hearts.'*

*The woods were round them, and the yellow leaves  
Fell like faint meteors in the gloom, and once  
A rabbit old and lame limped down the path;  
Autumn was over him: and now they stood  
On the lone border of the lake once more:  
Turning, he saw that she had thrust dead leaves  
Gathered in silence, dewy as her eyes,  
In bosom and hair.*

*'Ah, do not mourn,' he said,  
'That we are tired, for other loves await us;  
Hate on and love through unripening hours.  
Before us lies eternity; our souls  
Are love, and a continual farewell.'*

# *The Planter's Daughter*

by Austin Clarke

*When night stirred at sea  
And the fire brought a crowd in,  
They say that her beauty  
Was music in mouth  
And few in the candlelight  
Thought her too proud,  
For the house of the planter  
Is known by the trees.*

*Men that had seen her  
Drank deep and were silent,  
The women were speaking  
Wherever she went –  
As a bell that is rung  
Or a wonder told shyly,  
And O she was the Sunday  
In every week.*

## Note

by Leanne O Sullivan

*If we become separated from each other  
this evening try to remember the last time  
you saw me, and go back and wait for me there.  
I promise I won't be very long,  
though I am haunted by the feeling  
that I might keep missing you,  
with the noise of the city growing too  
loud and the day burning out so quickly.  
But let's just say it's as good a plan as any.  
Just once let's imagine a word for the memory  
that lives beyond the body, that circles  
and sets all things alight. For I have  
singled you out from the whole world,  
and I would - even as this darkness  
is falling, even when the night comes  
where there are no more words, and the day  
comes when there is no more light.*

# *Pride 2017*

by Rosamund Taylor

*Summer solstice,  
we lie without covers,  
room scented by buddleia.  
Our new rings gleam.  
This is old as kissing –  
two bodies of the same kind  
loving one another. We are new  
because promises we made bind us  
in law as well as love.  
At the close of the Soviet Union,  
we were born: you on the Polish border,  
I by Scotsman's Bay.  
We didn't know it was the right time –  
strangers already marched for us.  
In bitter years of boys' hands up our shirts,  
our names on bus stops and walls,  
we didn't know our luck:  
that we would find this moment  
when we sleep safe  
this shortest night,  
and wake to a rainstorm,  
frogs leaping in yarrow and lady's bedstraw.*

# *The Man with a Bit of Jizz in Him*

by Paul Durcan

*My husband is a man –  
With a bit of jizz in him.  
On Monday night in Sligo I said to him:  
“Let’s go someplace for a week,  
Before the winter is on top of us.”  
He said: “Where would you like to go?”  
I said: “Down south – west Cork or Kerry.”  
He said: “Too much hassle.”  
I said: “Where would you like to go?”  
He said: “Dublin Airport early tomorrow morning.  
I’ll drive halfway, you drive halfway.”  
We caught the Aer Lingus Dublin-Nice direct flight:  
180 Euro return.  
Driving to Dublin he phoned his niece in Hertz.  
He said: “I want a car in Nice.”  
Hertz gave us a brand-new Peugeot.  
Only thirty miles on the clock.  
(If you’re over forty-five, they give you a big car.  
If you’re a young fellow, they give you a small car  
That you can go and crash.)  
There’s only two ways out of Nice Airport –  
West or East: simple.  
At the first filling-station he stopped  
And asked the way to St-Paul-de-Vence.  
“St-Paul-de-Vence? Exit 48  
And do not come on to the motorway again  
Until you want to go back to Ireland.”  
An hour later I was lying on a duvet  
In a three-star hotel in St-Paul-de-Vence.  
It was spotless. Spotless!  
I was that pleased with him I shook his hand  
And pulled him under the duvet with me.  
An attractive middle-aged housewife I may be but –  
There is nothing to beat a man with a bit of jizz in him.*

## *On A Day Far From Now*

by Theo Dorgan - after a line by Cesare Pavese

*Death will come and have your eyes  
and I will go into her arms  
without fear or hesitation.*

*Frost on the slates  
of our beloved square,  
the cars riding low under  
a hurrying sky when  
I open the great hall door  
and take her hand,  
her long black coat.*

*The bare-flagged hallway, frost  
and perfume on the night air.*

*I watch her let down  
her gleaming hair,  
open her slender arms  
in your exact gesture.*

*Death will come and have your eyes  
and I will go into her arms  
alone and unafraid.*



# *The Linen Industry*

by Michael Longley

*Pulling up flax after the blue flowers have fallen  
And laying our handfuls in the peaty water  
To rot those grasses to the bone, or building stooks  
That recall the skirts of an invisible dancer,*

*We become a part of the linen industry  
And follow its processes to the grubby town  
Where fields are compacted into window-boxes  
And there is little room among the big machines.*

*But even in our attic under the skylight  
We make love on a bleach green, the whole meadow  
Draped with material turning white in the sun  
As though snow reluctant to melt were our attire.*

*What's passion but a battering of stubborn stalks,  
Then a gentle combing out of fibres like hair  
And a weaving of these into christening robes,  
Into garments for a marriage or funeral?*

*Since it's like a bereavement once the labour's done  
To find ourselves last workers in a dying trade,  
Let flax be our matchmaker, our undertaker,  
The provider of sheets for whatever the bed –*

*And be shy of your breasts in the presence of death,  
Say that you look more beautiful in linen  
Wearing white petticoats, the bow on your bodice  
A butterfly attending the embroidered flowers.*

# **Scaffolding**

by Seamus Heaney

*Masons, when they start upon a building,  
Are careful to test out the scaffolding;*

*Make sure that planks won't slip at busy points,  
Secure all ladders, tighten bolted joints.*

*And yet all this comes down when the job's done  
Showing off walls of sure and solid stone.*

*So if, my dear, there sometimes seems to be  
Old bridges breaking between you and me*

*Never fear. We may let the scaffolds fall  
Confident that we have built our wall.*

# **Grace**

Róisín O, Aoife Scott, Danny O'Reilly

Grace | Róisín O, Aoife Scott, Danny O'Reilly, | Centenary | Easter Monday  
2016 | RTÉ One 2

*...in beauty  
est in the  
with me through  
meet thee as  
I arms  
est. we*



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