

POESIA AO



St. Brigid's Day

MEIO DIA

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com SUSAN HOY



The Second Coming

By William Butler Yeats

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

The Cure Of Troy

by Seamus Heaney

Human beings suffer
They torture one another,
They get hurt and get hard.
No poem or play or song
Can fully right a wrong
Inflicted and endured.

The innocent in gaols
Beat on their bars together.
A hunger-striker's father
Stands in the graveyard dumb.
The police widow in veils
Faints at the funeral home.

History says, Don't hope
On this side of the grave...
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea-change
On the far side of revenge.
Believe that a further shore
Is reachable from here.
Believe in miracles
And cures and healing wells.

Call miracle self-healing:
The utter, self-revealing
Double-take of feeling.
If there's fire on the mountain
Or lightning and storm
And a god speaks from the sky
That means someone is hearing
The outcry and the birth-cry
Of new life at its term.
It means once in a lifetime
That justice can rise up
And hope and history rhyme.

Snowdrops

by Paula Meehan

So long trying to paint them, failing
to paint their shadows on the concrete path.

They are less a white than a bleaching out of green.
If you go down on your knees

and tilt their petals towards you
you'll look up under their petticoats

into a hoard of gold
like secret sunlight and their

three tiny striped green awnings that lend a
kind of frantic small-scale festive air.

It is the first day of February
and I nearly picked a bunch for you,

my dying friend, but remembered in time
how you prefer to leave them

to wither back into the earth;
how you tell me it strengthens the stock.



** Snowdrops are small white flowers which bloom at the colder times of the year, in late winter or early spring. Although they are native to continental Europe and the Middle East, they have spread across the world as a symbol of warm weather and a season of rebirth to come.*

Recalling Brigid

by Orna Ross

Queen of queens, they called her in the old books,
the Irish Mary. Never washed her hands
nor her head in sight of a man, the books said,
never looked into a man's face. She was good
with the poor, multiplied food, gave ale to lepers.
Among birds, call her dove; among trees, a vine.
A sun among stars. Such was the sort of woman preferred
as the takeover was made: consecrated cask,
throne for His glory, intercessor. Brigid said
nothing to any of this, the reverence
or the upbraidings. Her realm is the lacuna, silence
her sceptre, her own way of life its own witness.
Out of desire, the lure of lust or the dust of great deeds,
she was distorted: to consort, mother-virgin,
to victim or whore. I am not as womanly a woman
as she. So I say: Let us see. Let us say how she is the one.
It is she who conceives and she who does bear. She who
knitted us in the womb and who will cradle our tomb
-fraying. Daily she offers her arms, clothes us
in compassion, smiles as we wriggle for baubles.
Yes, it is she who lifts you aloft
to whisper through your ears, to kiss
through your eyes, to touch
her cooling cheek to your cheek.

Of a Thousand Years

by Anne Powell

Of a thousand years
Within the triangle
of three monasteries
walk the women of a thousand years,
steadily
singing the song line of creation
and pleading for the world.
Their feet are bare
where rock and earth
sedge and Spirit
beckon to the edge of things.
They know what prayer is.
They know how sorrow and joy enfold a day.
They know the power of facing east.
They know the intimacy and solitude of
all spiritual beings in human bodies.
Within the triangle of three monasteries
walk the women of a thousand years.
Butterflies fold their wings.
To gaze is to know what prayer is.

St Brigid's Day Litany

by Selese Roche

As a secret pulse through the warming dark
as a blackbird nestles in the shadowy hedge

as the gleaming eye of the evening star
as protection from the three-fold death

as a sudden tribe of starlings rise
as wings lift off on an evening breeze

as a flame that comes upon dry grass
as winter peers through a web of trees

as the breath of poets upon the world
as the silence that follows a fox's cry

as clouds drift over the tender blue
as the old year departs without a sigh

as Hag of Winter, Our Lady of Summer
as goddess herald of hope and good cheer

as Mistress of the reed and the sacred well
we salute St Brigid each day of the year.

Death of an Irishwoman

by Michael Hartnett

Ignorant, in the sense
she ate monotonous food
and thought the world was flat,
and pagan, in the sense
she knew the things that moved
at night were neither dogs nor cats
but púcas and darkfaced men,
she nevertheless had fierce pride.
But sentenced in the end
to eat thin diminishing porridge
in a stone-cold kitchen
she clenched her brittle hands
around a world
she could not understand.
I loved her from the day she died.
She was a summer dance at the crossroads.
She was a card game where a nose was broken.
She was a song that nobody sings.
She was a house ransacked by soldiers.
She was a language seldom spoken.
She was a child's purse, full of useless things.

An Old Woman of the Roads

by Padraic Colum

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house – house of my own –
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

my mother, wearing a pencil skirt, in a meadow

by Liz McSkeane

it's a dark pencil skirt and she's the first
girl in Dublin to get one from Madame
Nora's of O'Connell Street with a crisp
white blouse and the sheen of fine silk stockings
black patent stilettos tossed on the grass
she leans back slender legs curled up and crossed
at the ankle yet one hip tilted towards
the camera right arm stretched above her head
some kind of flower a daisy I guess
in the other hand a half-smile playing
on her lips that glint of mirth in her eyes
the cloud of blonde hair gleaming in the sun
a first date but no they've known each other
longer than that still far too smartly dressed
to go walking in the country though grand
for a stroll in the park perhaps tempted
by a lush meadow to kick off her shoes stretch
out while my father steadies the camera
to frame her reclined figure as she smiles
those eyes luminous with the same vital
beam she fixes on me not long before
they decide to take her off the fluids
and she tells me that I mustn't forget
to clean the fridge the very sparkle
you'd have once thought would be immortal

Song for St Brigid's Day

by Victoria Keating and Aine O'Gorman

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bFa8Oj--TP8>



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