

# POESIA AO MEIO DIA

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com SUSAN HOY

# *The Falling of the Leaves*

by W. B. Yeats

Autumn is over the long leaves that love us,  
And over the mice in the barley sheaves;  
Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,  
And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves.

The hour of the waning of love has beset us,  
And weary and worn are our sad souls now;  
Let us part, ere the season of passion forget us,  
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

# **Autumn**

by Patrick Kavanagh

I will make you a pillow of leaves -  
Leaves yellow and red  
Fallen from trees that are dreams  
Imprisonéd.

A long silent lane. A sweet singer  
Singing over the dead  
We walk as the veil is drawn closer  
Over each head

Mystical Autumn - Fulfilment -  
Mother of Bread  
Young laughter that carries old age  
Vanquishéd.

## **October**

by Harry Clifton

The big news around here is the fall of leaves  
In Harrington Street and Synge Street,  
Lying about in pockets, adrift at your feet  
As you kick them away. The other news is the trees—  
Their yellow, as I speak, is unbelievable,  
Not that you need me to tell you. Everywhere  
The house is falling down around our ears  
And it's wonderful, in the dry, spicy air,  
How quietly it happens. Close your eyes,  
Don't think, just listen. Hear them fall, the years  
We came towards each other, out of a sun  
Already westering. Look at us, even yet,  
Exchanging tree-lore, twenty years on  
In a leafless cathedral—bride and groom, well-met.

# **October**

by Simon Armitage

All day trimming branches and leaves, the homeowner  
sweeping the summer into a green heap;  
all evening minding the flames,  
inhaling the incense of smouldering laurel and pine.

Or careering home from school down Dog Shit Lane  
between graves and allotments,  
past the old churchwarden propped on a rake  
in a standing sleep, bent over a fire  
of cut flowers and sympathy cards and wreaths.

# ***The Halloween Party***

by Aidan Mathews

I hoist a knitted skeleton on a drip-stand in the porch.  
The children are coming, a hundred and twenty last year.  
Remember the white-face zombie in her communion dress  
And the imp with the actual scythe and his separated father  
Standing shyly out at the gate as if it were Saturday.  
Later, the lights gone out in the scared terraces,  
There will be no safe house for the lads in the black bin-liners.

I place a candle on the ledge of the lunette to illumine  
A later myth than the carnival of Samhain -  
This is no shambles, it tells me, this is Shangri La;  
The Fall, the Flood, those are our fathers' phantoms.  
But a bumble-bee with long yellow stockings of pollen  
Gorges on a folding passion-flower and cannot help herself  
On the eve of November as the month of the dead begins.

# *The Ghost Hunter*

by Caitlin Doyle

My father kept his motion sensor tuned  
to frequencies beyond me, the flux and sweep

of spirit women's dresses along the floor.  
I couldn't even make them haunt my sleep,

his ghosts less real to me than bedtime tales.  
But I still followed him from year to year

through long-abandoned houses, tapped the walls  
the way he taught me, held my breath to hear  
the sounds he swore were more than just the wind.  
The time the needle on his sensor shook

so hard in some dim stairwell he snapped a photo  
and rushed home to his darkroom, I couldn't look

(blurred figure caught inside a web of light)  
for long enough to make him think—look closer!—

that I believed it wasn't a double-exposure.

# *The Banshee*

by John Todhunter

Green, in the wizard arms  
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,  
An isle of old enchantment,  
A melancholy isle,  
Enchanted and dreaming lies;  
And there, by Shannon's flowing,  
In the moonlight, spectre-thin,  
The spectre Erin sits.

An aged desolation,  
She sits by old Shannon's flowing,  
A mother of many children,  
Of children exiled and dead,  
In her home, with bent head, homeless,  
Clasping her knees she sits,  
Keening, keening!



And at her keen the fairy-grass  
Trembles on dun and barrow;  
Around the foot of her ancient crosses  
The grave-grass shakes and the nettle swings;  
In haunted glens the meadow-sweet  
Flings to the night wind  
Her mystic mournful perfume;  
The sad spearmint by holy wells  
Breathes melancholy balm.  
Sometimes she lifts her head,  
With blue eyes tearless,  
And gazes athwart the reek of night  
Upon things long past,  
Upon things to come.

And sometimes, when the moon  
Brings tempest upon the deep,  
The roused Atlantic thunders from his caverns in the west,  
The wolfhound at her feet  
Springs up with a mighty bay,  
And chords of mystery sound from the wild harp at her side,  
Strung from the hearts of poets;  
And she flies on the wings of tempest  
With grey hair streaming:  
A meteor of evil omen,  
The spectre of hope forlorn,  
Keening, keening!

She keens, and the strings of her wild harp shiver  
On the gusts of night:  
O'er the four waters she keens—over Moyle she keens,  
O'er the Sea of Milith, and the Strait of Strongbow,  
And the Ocean of Columbus.

And the Fianna hear, and the ghosts of her cloudy hovering heroes;  
And the swan, Fianoula, wails o'er the waters of Inisfail,  
Chanting her song of destiny,  
The rune of weaving Fates.  
And the nations hear in the void and quaking time of night,  
Sad unto dawning, dirges,  
Solemn dirges,  
And snatches of bardic song;  
Their souls quake in the void and quaking time of night,  
And they dream of the weird of kings,  
And tyrannies moulting, sick,  
In the dreadful wind of change.

Wail no more, lonely one, mother of exiles, wail no more,  
Banshee of the world—no more!  
The sorrows are the world's, though art no more alone;  
Thy wrongs, the world's.

