

#Birdofthesea

HERB DEE



For Jennifer  
Not the first time or the last time  
I dedicate my work to you



## **Yesterday**

Yesterday, when we were waiting  
For the nurse to ring you back  
Time once again stood still  
Again we were under attack

And earlier that aft out for a walk  
We discussed all of the other ways  
That people trial us with their talk  
Filling our life with strife dismayed

But I am not really for yesterdays  
I don't hark for famine times  
I bring myself to all the todays  
To be beside you and give you rhymes

## **A poem in response to a poem (\*)**

I would like to thank Colm for the poem  
And the marking of poetry day  
You know there's a guarantee of truth  
When the words dance when you say

But politics doesn't attract rhyme  
It feeds on power and scorn  
So when you proffer up a sonnet  
It's too subtle for the forum

Roses are red and violets etcetera  
Is the level of art we find  
Where the force of TD intellect  
Reduces to a simile of a gorilla's behind

Unfortunately poets are unwaged  
For their efforts of provoking the mind  
Leo and Martin think they are scroungers  
But they stand always the test of time

(\*) On the occasion of national poetry day, when radio presenter Colm Ó Mongáin composed a poem for his political debating show. I like to think he took that initiative on foot of me constantly posting poems to the show's twitter feed which otherwise is moribund. He liked this poem....

## **There's a fascist at the shop**

I was just in the Londis, this lunchtime  
And there was a fascist studying the canned food shelf  
He was leaning more to the baked bean side  
Than he was to the soups to feed himself

He had noticed that the Bachelors was out of stock  
And he certainly was a Bachelor type of dude  
But he couldn't bring himself to politely ask  
Any of the staff about the food

They should get a homeless Irish guy to work this shop  
It's alarming the government doesn't care  
He said he would write to the editor of Gript  
After his appointment at 3 with the welfare

So he shuffled up to the counter  
Without anything to buy to eat  
When the girl at the till say 'Next Please'  
'Twenty Smokes' is all he could bleat

## **Can you sing the blues**

Can you sing the blues  
If you don't really want for anything  
Yet you may want for others

Can you sing a lament  
As an act of solidarity  
For someone less fortunate

Can you sing a hymn  
If you're not a Godder  
But want for a divine interruption

Can you sing an air  
If you can't hold a note  
To give weight to your petition

Can you sing a song  
In the person third?  
Or is that false...

... and absurd



## **It's Winter**

It's Winter now I do think,  
Cold and wet, hands are pink.  
Dark at tea and in morn,  
Heaven is, a departed storm.

Skids is begging on the street,  
There's a dope drought, itchy feet.  
Can't get warm, maybe get stoned,  
Winter's cold is in his bones.

The roads are lethal deathly traps,  
Drivers don't care if the cyclist gets whacked.  
Wait till the black ice comes around,  
There'll be more of those hippies on the ground.

Clinical depression is in the know,  
Vitamin D is scraping a low.  
Some will try to fix it with booze,  
Others will think they'll just lose.

January first is when the summer starts,  
Into February, it freezes our hearts,  
But the steady return of the light,  
Gives us the hope of the shortening night.

## Bonus

The minister for finance  
Is forwarding a proposal  
To increase the annual bonus limits  
For bankers to twenty thousand euros.

For context,  
When these state owned banks  
Were going to the wall  
They drove people to suicide.

They held the government  
By the neck in a stranglehold  
And made them think that if investing gamblers  
Weren't saved, society would collapse.

And they dreamt up methods  
To give you free credit to be a landlord  
In much the same way  
Heroin dealers will give you heroin up front.

One bank in particular  
Operated like a Ponzi scheme  
And when it was rebranded  
It was led by another former minister for finance.

They socialised this bank debt  
Such that my tax will in part be paying for it  
For the rest of my natural life  
And they spin it that it's now history.

I don't envy having twenty thousand euro as a gratuity  
Because life for me is not about counting money  
But when I see beggars shivering, constantly outside a shop  
In a parish next to the minister's, I wonder?

Just to recap, the minister for finance  
Is forwarding a proposal  
To increase the annual bonus limits  
For bankers to twenty thousand euros.

## Deep in thought

How can you be alone with your thoughts?  
Unless they are thoughts of being alone,  
For remembering fond memories and dreaming dreams  
Don't but set a pleasant tone.

Now thoughts of stress and needs to be done,  
Are mindfulness as a plate of tripe,  
And you won't unwind your laboured mind,  
By focusing on the outright trite.

And thoughts of guilt, revenge or scorn,  
Are not really what I would term thoughts,  
Raw emotion to which you show devotion,  
Will drive a deathly waltz.

But if you find, you're alone with your thoughts,  
Then it's thought that is not being shared,  
Because though the world is chasing gold,  
You'll always find someone who cares.

**A short poem about world governments' good work in creating equitable societies**

... The end

## Province

Both sides of the fence want everyone to be united,  
Obviously a unity to their own belief, or, one sided,  
If you are on the other side then you are to be derided,  
But still as I say, the goal is to be one and united.

Every terrorist has the hope, that you'll be converted,  
And that you'll capitulate and in turn, be subverted,  
Every army uses terror, secreted or overt,  
Every war death is a war crime, whether or not reported.

It's tiring hearing the politicians, telling us what's morbid,  
Their fascination with the opposition is really truly sordid,  
Their sense of self and values are especially contorted,  
That's where the football match of war, finds that it's supported.

## School Exams

Did you ever have that dream  
As a middle aged adult  
That you have to go back to school  
And finish your exams?

And then the dream goes on to say  
You haven't attended any chemistry classes  
For the last two years  
And there's no way out

You are doomed; more so stuffed  
There is absolutely no way  
You can't write for three hours  
On something you know nothing about.

And the kick in the tail  
The ultimate problem in all of this is that you won't qualify  
And you will have to start school all over again  
At the age of forty seven

Your head is confused  
Is not the case that you are an adult?  
So be it, if I fail the chemistry with an F  
I will just have to put up with no qualifications

In your mind you are panicking  
It's not quite as violent as a nightmare  
You had the understanding school ended a long time ago  
And it is grossly upsetting that you've been swindled

And then you slowly come to  
That person was not me  
I never did qualify in chemistry  
And I now feel I dodged a bullet.

## **The Thread (\*)**

He started a conversation,  
In part rhetorical,  
He was blunt as well,  
And of course allegorical

He was hoping for a reaction,  
Acknowledgement of his words,  
A general agreement,  
From the flock not the herds

Of course he wouldn't follow on,  
Inconsiderate to a fault,  
Throwing meat to the piranhas,  
From his throne he would exalt

Impressed by his own science,  
Which he made up from somewhere else,  
He bequeathed it to his followers,  
Who couldn't argue as they had no sense

He wanted adoration,  
To be recognised as an idol,  
But his obtruse musings,  
Made the world more homicidal

(\*) Written after a session on Twitter where it is the case that the baseness of the argument is proportional to the likes.



## Resolution

For the new year  
I'm giving up being a grump  
I won't pay attention to politics  
So I won't take the hump,

I will tell myself  
We are all in the same boat  
And the chances of everyone being rich  
Are really quite remote,

I won't get angered  
Being ignored by the radio  
It's not a reflection of me  
Or a critique of my mojo,

I won't get pissed  
If I don't get a promotion  
A job can't give you  
The same as a lover's devotion,

I won't go around  
In a permanent cloud  
When you think of it  
The world is a crowd.

## **Not known at this address**

Did you ever get a letter  
Posted to somewhere you used to live  
And get the feeling in your heart  
The past is coming back

Do you wonder if the latest residents  
Are painting over your childhood murals  
With the nonchalance of a bank  
Stealing your past with a distress sale

You can never go back there now  
There's no love, no home, no warmth  
And life continues on, in sickness and in health  
Let others chase the grave for wealth

It did occur to me though  
To send the junk mail back  
Crossing out their aloof redirection  
Saying, that used to be my home

## Blue Tick

With all the wealth in the world,  
What would you buy?  
Eternal life?  
A Ferrari?  
A Monet?  
A new suit and tie?

Would you buy friends?  
Would you buy lovers?  
A rocket for space?  
Politicians?  
The media?  
Botox and hair dye?

Would you spend?  
A week's food for a city?  
In Africa?  
On a dress for the Oscars?  
And tell the press?  
You really do try

Would you devote time?  
Now you didn't have to work  
To devising a more equitable  
Global structure  
Of ownership  
Without asking why?

Would you consort  
With the Dalai Lama?  
And use thinking  
As opposed to trash drama?  
With all the wealth in the world,  
What would you buy?

## Social Media Poetry

It has occurred to me to question,  
What really is the point,  
In writing poems on social?  
As if it's a cool jazz joint.

I really have to ask,  
Do people stop and read?  
Because no one has seen fit,  
To comment on my feed.

I like to think it's not doggerel,  
And that my verse has appeal,  
But never has a poem of mine,  
Paid for even a meal.

I'll play around with metre,  
As if somehow inspired,  
But I don't find nature erotic  
So maybe I'm not poetically wired.

And now I need a fifth verse,  
Just to fill it out,  
Or I will get criticised,  
And social media will turn up its snout.

## **Brass Neck (\*)**

Brass neck

Brass balls

Bank accounts

The Aras halls

No shame

Long game

Pension pot

Back in the frame

Party faithful

Dublin cradle

No opposition

The forgiven label

Man United

Beef or Salmon

Stop the lights

System is jammin'

(\*) If you know who this is about, you are Irish and of an age

## Schizoid

When you're a-think of a thing  
And you're not in a dream  
Someone speaks your thing  
As if from you t'id glean

And they use your words  
Akin to your thought  
Like when the birds  
Talk with a chirp

If you think out loud  
'What time is it?'  
How many in the room  
Will look at their wrist

Duplicitous talk  
And double meaning  
You think the thought,  
But are you dreaming?

Or are you mad  
As a lamp or hat stand?  
And need the asylum,  
From society be banned?

Don't dare ask the simple question  
Adam, Eve and the viper  
There really is a simple lesson  
A true schizoid is a denier!

## **I Wonder**

I wonder does the minister responsible for mental health  
Ever get bouts of severe clinical depression?

I wonder does the minister for social protection  
Panic when her credit card doesn't clear?

I wonder does the minister for defence  
Know how to clean a Glock?

I wonder does the minister for European affairs  
Know how to speak fluently in any language besides English?

I wonder does the minister for health  
Know what the adult dosage for an anti histamine is?

I wonder does the minister for housing  
Know what the energy usage of a BER B2 house is?

I wonder does the minister for arts  
Know what key moonlight sonata was written in?

I wonder has the minister for sport  
Ever woken at 5am to go training?

I wonder does the minister for foreign affairs  
Ever take Sunday drives with his family to the Lakelands of Fermanagh?

I wonder has the minister for finance  
Ever ran a successful business that employs people?

I wonder do you need any qualifications  
To be a minister?

## **The First Amendmunt (\*)**

I don't think speech should be free  
I think it should be taxed  
With all those big expensive words  
They should have to give something back

We could do a universal charge  
Based on your Wordle score  
And you could get a rebate  
If you got it in five or more

And we shouldn't be a tax haven  
For the likes of Google and Apple  
With their bloody autocorrect  
And the fundamentals that they grapple

If you put a levy on a tweet  
You could wipe out homelessness  
You could give them a free pint  
But only if they are one of us

Defending the constitution  
Will be charged at the marginal rate  
Not allowing those bastards make fun of us  
Is more important than food on yer plate

(\*) This is directed at a foreign shore



## **I Don't Buy It!**

Saint Nicholas  
Is ridiculous  
His dimensions are all wrong  
I could believe  
This great deceive  
If his shape was more oblong

And of Rudolph  
I shouldn't scoff  
The answer to carbon free flight  
A carrot Hoover  
With a big red hooter  
I wonder where he does his shite?

Then Mrs Claus  
Fighting the cause  
To bring all the children toys  
She'll let Nic go  
From the land of snow  
If only they stop the noise

Don't talk of elves  
Commercially on shelves  
I keep waiting to see them move  
When I'm plastered  
The little bastards  
Go and put me in a bad mood

So there it is  
The Christmas swizz  
It's just makey-up fables  
I'm asking you,  
"They can't be true?"  
There's not even chimneys in stables

## **A poem of jokes with no punchlines**

What do you get  
If you cross a capitalist  
With a white western world  
Middle class businessman?

What is the difference  
Between supporting an army  
And also showing support  
For killers?

How do you know  
If a bank  
Is foreclosing your mortgage  
And evicting you?

Paddy English man  
Paddy Irish man  
And Paddy Scotsman  
Were in a synagogue

How do you stop  
A deranged psychotic  
Malnourished high schooler  
With a fully automatic weapon?

How many Unionists  
Does it take  
To screw in a lightbulb  
In a masonic lodge in London?

What's worse than  
A two tiered health system  
Where you really  
Need to be wealthy?

Do you know  
How to get  
To the centre of the city  
In a three litre diesel BMW?

## Elf

My manager wants me to operationalise  
The actionable minutes he deputised  
And write a report to conventionalise  
The processes the department needs to rationalise

We have been on a call for two hours now  
The other management grades are having a cow  
They display their politic and disavow  
To inject some sense, I'm not allowed

I tried to say it in 8 lines  
But I will say it with twelve  
The shoemaker had it clever  
With a company of elves

## Nothing eventful happened today

Nothing eventful happened today,  
I went to work, I didn't play,  
Politicians continued to ridicule,  
The prime minister is as inspiring as a stool,

I got wet cycling in the rain,  
My children shunned their homework, for a computer game,  
I serviced debt to various banks,  
And listened to radio voxpops on Russian tanks,

I wrote a poem for the web,  
With my hashtag, #poetryisdead,  
A good friend liked it, thanks for the support,  
As for widespread acclaim, nothing to report,

I made the dinner, again nothing special,  
Then a bit of a tidy of the kitchen dishevel,  
I scrolled the news, full of celebrity glory,  
Interspersed with stories macabre and gory,

I didn't win the lottery,  
Effectively maintained my dignity,  
It was pretty normal, but as I say,  
Nothing eventful happened today.

## **Blue Christmas**

We've had a bad run of luck lately  
And Christmas is but four days away  
It's lost in the mundanities of the job  
And we are already pining for January's pay

The car only went and died at the weekend  
So now it's just the bicycle till May  
I know I was pious about the climate  
The drivers laugh as I shelter of a doorway

They other half is being led a dance  
By some folks just now I won't name  
And it's heartbreaking to see this abuse  
Why do people like dishing out pain?

The neighbour has gone quite psycho  
Probably dementia and needs committed  
Bad mouthing us to all of the street  
They're embarrassed for us, they admitted

But do you know what Jesus Christ  
Happy Birthday at the end of the week  
The Xbox will get more veneration  
And the rest of us will just remain meek

## **Good Morning!**

Good morning!  
How are you today?  
Seeing that its Sunday  
Will you work or play?

Are there bombs in your garden?  
Or sewage on the street?  
Is it a day of rest?  
Or a day with a plate of meat?

Is it a family day?  
Where homework thought is fleeting?  
Or are you at an airport,  
For a connection to a meeting?

Are you thinking of the pub?  
And a bet on the big game?  
Or concerning yourself with religion,  
Going to church and saying his name?

Is it a laundry window?  
And casseroles for the week?  
Or to sit with a book?  
Find some quiet to have a read.

Will you go out window shopping?  
Or queue at a food bank?  
Are Sundays difficult?  
Or your God, you turn and thank?

## Hate

Why does the news and social media  
Want me to be a hate encyclopaedia?  
Why should I absolutely distrust  
Anything you propose as a crux?

What is it that Murdoch gains  
By making us scavenge on human remains?  
And what is Musk's agenda  
Having vitriol replace referenda?

Civic structures haven't changed  
Since before the time Roman wars were arranged  
The veil of the money classes  
Is whipping all of our asses

And revolution seems to be a remedy  
Until its carried out with zealous zealotry  
Then we are right back to square one  
Where the uttered word is a loaded gun



## **SKETCH**

Lads, Lads, LADS !!!

SKETCH LADS !!!

The cops are coming !!!

I don't want to go down for stealing from the sick, old and disabled !!!

(\* ) Yet another poem about government policies

## The lofty notion

Much as you might think  
And as logical as it may be  
Common sense is in short supply  
When ownership is the dream

Now if I owned nothing  
And I didn't remonstrate  
You probably would consider  
That the dole was needless compensate

Or if I was the victim  
Of beatings in my place of birth  
There's a chance you wouldn't care  
In your part of the earth

And here tell of our own oppressed  
And homelessness at our door  
When really it's people who own things  
And want to own some more

Yet devil's advocate journalism  
From white wealthy millennials  
Takes an extreme niche community  
And creates mass hatred of someone else

Is it mankind's curse all over?  
To turn on itself  
Since Cain slaughtered Abel  
The lustful pursuit of death

The nationalists are gathering  
In nations around the world  
It's such a lofty notion  
That common sense should be heard.

## Minus 2 (-2)

Minus 2

Minus 2

Minus 2

Minus 2

And you don't know where you can turn to

And you don't know who can help you

And you don't care who stole from you

And you can't seem to get through

Minus 2

Minus 2

Minus 2

Minus 2

And you are going mad with the fighting

No matter how many candles seem to be lighting

And the million rules they keep on writing

Won't help you to stop crying

Minus 2

Outside a hotel on the Northside

Minus 2

Outside a pawn shop on a Sunday

Minus 2

Outside A&E

Minus 2

In the cold that won't forgive

But you're not scared of Minus 2

The most that it can do is kill you

It can never crush your soul

But there is little joy way down at Minus 2

Minus 2

From the album "WORKING TITLE: Protest"

## **The Algorithm (\*)**

The algorithm is now a schism  
Listening on Spotify to Garth Brooks all your days  
It's now mathematics with an agenda  
Don't be surprised if your offered Gibby Haynes

And all the advertising logical paths  
That Zucker B does bequeath  
When you bought those airline tickets  
You were offered restaurants in Greece

So you put up a tweet  
And get pages and pages of objection  
Saying you're wrong, you're wrong  
We need an election

So the algorithm is wrong  
The maths is clearly flawed  
I bet you don't know who Gibby Haynes is?  
But you know who's in the Croke park draw

(\*) On the occasion of the government trying to conflate criticism of corruption on social media as a Russian campaign to engineer Twitter's algorithms

## **Tha Sit E Ashun (\*)**

Tha sit e ashun  
Of the declár ashun  
Of detarmin ashun  
Of the rait of inflashun

Will leev the Uunion  
An uttar confuusion  
And wael b'eatín commuunion  
At sam papal reuunion

(\*) The DUP's angle on economics

## What does it mean to be homeless?

What does it mean to be homeless?

You can't cook a meal

You can't have a bath

You can't vote

You can't open a bank account

You can't receive post

You can't turn up the heat when you feel like it

You can't entertain friends

You have nowhere to put your clothes

You can't apply for a driving licence

You can't apply for a passport

You can't relax in a sitting room on a Sunday afternoon

You can't have a cup of tea without spending at least €2.75

You have nowhere to keep your books

You can't order a pizza

You can't use Amazon

You can't write a letter to The Irish Times

You can't open a bill phone account

You rarely sleep in the same bed for more than a week

You can't decide that you'll have a steak for dinner

You can't put up a reproduction of your favourite painting

You can't sit on a clean toilet

You rely on the good nature of kind people

And there aren't that many people around who show kindness to strangers

You will develop health problems

You will develop mental health problems

You will likely develop addiction problems

You will be left with no self esteem nor dignity

It's highly unlikely that you will end up being a partner in a big company

You will cry

You will scavenge for cigarettes

You will not get sympathy from the police

You will not get visited by a social worker on the street

You will be used by politicians as a trope

All your social circle will be homeless

And every day you'll say to yourself

"Please God, will somebody give me a chance?"

## **Scandalous (\*)**

It's absolutely scandalous  
It's completely unprecedented  
That you can't help the needy  
When they turn and lament

If after all  
They need a donation  
Who am I to argue  
With unnecessary remonstrations

For if I was to say  
You will just have to be poor  
And work every hour  
To keep the wolf from your door

And you were to respond  
Please I need the voters  
I just need fourteen hundred quid  
To put up my posters

It's absolutely scandalous  
Why on earth is it is?  
That you can't just give your mate  
Fourteen hundred quid?

(\*) Where the minister for finance defended favours

## **Sunday night in the newsroom**

It's Sunday evening

8 pm

All is quiet

The requiem

24 - 7

Now nobody's shouting

Who's got dirt?

Who's rule flouting?

There's a cat,

Rescued from a tree,

That's not enough,

Where's the misery?

Story breaking

Musician has died

Screenshot twitter

Oh how we cried

The editor's office

Timetable on the wall

On Wednesday morning

Another scandal will fall

A salacious headline

Get more to subscribe,

And we all learn how

Someone else has died.



## **If you find yourself alone on Christmas eve**

If you find yourself alone on Christmas eve  
I hope that at least you can find peace  
Its awful when you've been forgotten  
And believe me I know, what people need

I've worn the tea shirt of a Christmas tin of beans  
Because I couldn't face the abuse  
And I understand how not to have the means  
Brings a shame that only celebrities use

My god isn't one Jesus Christ  
It's the energy from which we are born  
And you'll realise this on Christmas night  
When you look and see the world is torn

And without Jesus you have no Satan  
But its not secular if you love peace  
And if you find your alone on Christmas eve  
Then your soul mate, you have yet to meet.

## **What makes you happy?**

When you are 5, it's that slice of birthday cake

When you are 10, it's completing that computer game

When you are 15, it's that kiss on a date

When you are 20, it's being drunk with abandon

When you are 25, it's having money to spend

When you are 30, it's being engaged

When you are 35, it's the smile on your child's face

When you are 40, it's that promotion

When you are 45, it's that triathlon

When you are 50, it's surviving that health scare

When you are 55, it's avoiding stress

When you are 60, it's paying off the mortgage

When you are 65, it's your retirement plans

When you are 70, it's finding a bargain in the grocery section

When you are 75, it's listening to your old records

When you are 80, it's being mobile

When you are 85, it's staying out of a nursing home

When you are 90, it's being alive

When you are 95, it's dementia

## **What really makes you happy?**

When you are 5, it's that shredded blanket

When you are 10, it's that homework pass

When you are 15, it's that win your team had

When you are 20, it's that foreign holiday with your friends

When you are 25, it's New Year's eve with your beau

When you are 30, it's securing a mortgage

When you are 35, it's your honeymoon

When you are 40, it's a good school report

When you are 45, it's learning how to put up a fence

When you are 50, it's deciding what's important

When you are 55, it's writing that play

When you are 60, it's your daughter's wedding

When you are 65, it's a bus pass

When you are 70, it's showing your grandchildren how to play cards

When you are 75, it's being asked for advice

When you are 80, it's having a roof over your head

When you are 85, it's pretending to be deaf

When you are 90, it's having memories

When you are 95, it's knowing you have made it this far

## **We should build more houses ...**

The Fine Gaeler says we should build more houses ...

The Fianna Failer says we should build more houses ...

The Sinn Feiner says we should build more houses ...

The Green says we should build more houses ...

The Senator says we should build more houses ...

The County Councillor says we should build more houses ...

The Bank Manager says we should build more houses ...

The Resident's Association says we should build more houses ...

Lots of people are saying we should build more houses ...

... somewhere else

## U53

Garda U53 booked me  
For breaking a red light  
On an antiquated jalopy  
With no moving traffic in sight

I pleaded to his nature  
Without making a fuss  
That I was a civil servant  
Who doesn't earn much

He didn't give a shit  
Just made busy with his phone  
To make sure he booked me  
As I made my way home

So now it's forty quid  
Half a day's wages of my life  
Just because I made haste  
To be at home with my wife

I could tell by his complexion  
And the width of his gait  
That he's fond of the pints.  
If he's hungover, I wonder if work waits?

So if you are on a bicycle  
And you meet a motorbike Guard  
Don't expect decency  
He'll treat everyone as a blaggard

## **Inadequate**

When I was young,  
Like all my peers,  
We thought we would live forever,

The decades came  
The decades went  
And I always thought I was clever,

Student Anarchist  
Hitch hiking Bohemian  
There was nothing that was beyond dreaming

We had the answers  
Based in the truth  
That the middle aged folk abused the youth

But now Im beyond fifty  
And it's depressing to see  
The middle aged folk are still abusing me

I feel helpless  
I feel inadequate  
That I can't stop evictions or house the homeless

Because Leo Varadkar  
And his 20% vote  
Has bound us all with a financial hangman's rope

I feel old  
And irrelevant  
That my children's children will be conscripted

And I feel the merit  
Of a chocolate teapot  
That none of my cleverness will ever be of use

There is a sense of failure  
When I know what I can do  
Yet the decisions are left to the fools

## **People**

People need money to live

People who need to live, give money to the people who own the things needed to live

People who own the things needed to live, make the decision to make the people who need to live, pay more to live

People who need to live are unhappy that they don't have enough money to live

People who need to live are told by the people who own things that the problem is in masks, vaccines, gay children, foreigners and books

People who own things are unable to stop this getting out of hand

People who need things are brought to a place where they institutionally murder everything they are taught to hate

People who own the things needed to live remain unaffected



## Solstice

Christmas is a time when the western world comes to a halt,  
There will be rows, rejection, drunks and nobody's fault.  
Extremes of wealth and negligence will prevail,  
As will lustful desires in the new year sale.

But that's everyone else, what about us?  
The presents will be small but you said not to fuss.  
I've spent so many Christmases in institutions,  
Being there for us are my annual resolutions.

And I'll continue to write mediocre poetry,  
In the plaintiff hope that somebody reads,  
And people will see how wonderful you are,  
For rescuing me from the winter stars.

## **Speech is not free**

Speech is not free  
And it's not a human right  
Nor is a roof  
Or fresh air at night

Respect is not free  
There's not much about  
When the only speech we hear  
Is from those we pay to shout

Living is not free  
Unless of course you're rich  
Then you can speak all you want  
To the pauper in the ditch

Being angry is free  
So is being helpless  
But speak all you want  
You won't be heard regardless

**Wednesday 22nd March 2023 (\*)**

Today was a day  
Where compassion died  
There's nothing to add  
There's no silence to the lies

I'm listening to the radio  
As if somehow it will make a difference  
I'm texting and protesting  
The money men are belligerent

I know they will read this  
And if they really do care  
Here I present to you  
The words of the Dáil prayer

“Direct we beseech Thee, O Lord,  
our actions by Thy holy inspirations  
and carry them on by Thy gracious assistance;  
that every word and work of ours may always begin from Thee,  
and by Thee be happily ended;  
through Christ our Lord, amen.”

(\*) The day when the government enacted the right for landlords to evict tenants on a weak unregulated law. At this time society is at breaking point on the housing and homeless question.

## **What are they hanging on for?**

What is it they are staying for?  
Pray tell, do they think we want more?  
So much hypocrisy, I can't keep score,  
And back hand deals in the corridors.

So they are saving us from the other side,  
And they can only refer to them by being snide,  
Just like the Qatari's, they say everyone dies,  
Five million people can mostly tell a lie.

They sold their souls for a clutch of power,  
But they'll get all Catholic in their final hours,  
Until then, they'll help their cronies to devour  
From the comfortable vista of their ivory tower

Cliché, cliché, trope and trope,  
Unless your a friend, you're just a vote,  
The chance of them all agreeing is quite remote,  
The current government gets my goat.

## Yin and Yang in a poem

Black  
And white,  
Day  
And night.

Right wing  
And socialism,  
Overbearing  
And pacifism.

Rich  
And poor,  
Country estate  
And kicked in front door.

Player  
And spectator,  
Sun holiday  
And broken radiator.

War  
Or peace,  
Death  
Or a breeze.

Racism  
Or respect,  
Homophobia  
Or unprejudiced.

Words  
And numbers,  
Notions  
And plunders.