

Some poems from *Love and Other Vices* and "Tales from Seymour"

Patrick O'Brien

Cycles

Maybe if I crossed another stream,
I could find the remains of the promised land,
Lie upon its unfamiliar shores;
and stay awhile to rearrange my dreams,
to analyze my near forgotten plans --
or find another stream to cross again.

A Suitable Replacement is Necessary

What was it?
This strange feeling,
Men with tiny hammers,
Chipping at my bones --
Slicing through the tissues
With their tiny laser guns.
Zipping through my bloodstream
Pursued with glee by hungry leucocytes ...
Perhaps I've seen too many late night shows ...

Yours

The voices in the night
Are hushed beneath the lover's moon.
Whispers in the silent wind,
Crazy fantasies in flight.
While all around the ruins crumble,
Decaying slowly into the past.
And men whose vision melts to blindness,
Grope and reach towards the sun.
Grave kings gaze from castle keeps,
Across the blood stained fields below;
And see their armies fade for honour,
And shed their blood into the dawn,
Then the room, is filled with muffled crying,
The only sound the first horn knows.
To find the light, his eyes are open,
He is not mine but yours.

In the Beginning

In the beginning
there were no words,
only a longing for expression
and the need to be understood
in a world that had no light in a time that has no memories
in the beginning.

Night Creatures

Within the whispering twilight,
as the day begins to fade;
the secret sounds grow louder
where night creatures come to play,
and dance in swirling patterns
beneath the rising moon.
And if you listen closely,
you can hear their ringing laughter
drifting through the trees
and hanging in the frozen air.
Their voices blending gently,
in a strange and timeless tune.
And you'll catch their fleeing footsteps,
if you try to draw too near;
as they scamper off to nowhere
and their laughter disappears.

Country Roads [revisited 1975]

I heard a wolf's howl,
With the rising moon.
It filled the air,
Echoed in my room.
A lonely wolf,
By the highway side.
With traces of a big Mack truck,
Torn into his battered hide.