

## Unknown

All on a day around they lay,  
Unfinished poems in pieces;  
Cups of tea about, half drunk,  
Forgotten and turned cold.

As cold as poems unknown  
Sent off to fight for life,  
Often to die for dead poets  
Who haunt themselves alone.

## Out of a Dream

I see the near horizon  
That marks the meeting  
Of North Kerry and the sky-  
To me it seems to be  
Beyond on Kerry Head.  
The clearness of a dream  
I had in bed last night  
Has dimmed at dawn;  
I'm awake and looking West,  
Its dialogue in a deep sleep  
Now almost vanished  
In the wash of awakening  
By the gargles of a baby girl,  
Reminding her mother there  
That feeding time is nigh.  
The call of a crow about somewhere  
Seems to me to echo back to Galway,  
To a sloping sunburnt hill  
In the land of limestone leachtáns  
And grey stone walls I'll always love;  
Where we saved the hay together,  
Often watching out for rain  
And hurrying if we felt a drop or two-  
Resting only when my mother came  
With tea and rhubarb tart at four o'clock.  
My father smoked his pipe contentedly,  
Blessed himself and spat on his palms;  
Resuming play we both made hay  
And trimmed and tied each work of art,  
While with his pony we all called Dan,  
My brother Mike roamed up and down  
And ran rings around us with his tumble rake.

A curlew calls,  
Drawing back the veil of night,  
Reminding me of Bailemhóinín  
And the Carheen river quietly flowing  
From Lios an Fhíona,  
Draining the low black bogland,  
Scenting sweet with furze and heather.  
And in my dreams so real I swear,  
I can see the way that she appeared to me-  
Into my head as I slept she crept,  
Always eighteen,  
As lovely as I left her  
When from her hearth I went  
And said our last goodbyes  
To all the years of my unspoken love.

“Love’s Labour  
-”I began to say,  
Thinking of the title of a play;  
But there she stopped me in mid line  
To finish it herself this time  
With the words “is never Lost”;  
She contradicted Shakespeare and myself,  
And that was the only thing she said  
As with the dream she left my bed.

### **Matt Mooney**

[‘Only the Banner lies between us  
If you travel by the Shannon ferry:  
The maroon and white of Galway  
And the green and gold of Kerry.’]

### **Matt Mooney.**

Born in Kilchreest, Loughrea, Co. Galway in 1943. He took up a teaching position in Listowel in 1966

His first book of poetry *'Droving'* was launched at Writers Week, in 2003. He read at *The Baffle Festival*, and *The West Cork Literary Festival*. His poem *'The Instrument'* was read on *Radio One* by Ciarán Mac Mathúna. *'Stepping Away'* appeared in *West 47*.

He has read and performed poems in *The White House*, Limerick, at poetry Slams including *Baffle*, *Cúirt*, *Writers Week* and *The Brendan Kennelly Festival*. His poem *Bleeding* was published in *The Connaught Tribune*. Three of his poems in Irish *'m' Athair Máirtín'*, *Cois Laoi* and *'Gaillimh* appeared in *Feasta*.