

Anthology of matthew mckeown



Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

My Mother's Ireland

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My Mother's Ireland

Not that I think of Ireland as a mystical place
of fantastical dreams, dancing in my head
like rainbows and sunbeams.

No not like that at all to be sure, Ireland's
appeal to me is much more, it's surreal.

The homeland of my mother her Klan
and Kin, a place she left too young
a shame, a sin.

For her it became a lifetime ago, where
fading memories is all she could know.

That grand Island that she spoke of so well,
seemed to have the power to cast an
unbreakable spell.

It captures ones soul and heart,
till you never want to leave nor part.

I was just a wee when told of all its magic
and charms, fields of clover on endless
rolling hills and farms.

It's where wild imaginations tell tall tales
of heroic days gone by, with a pint of ale upon
your lips and some whiskey for embellishments,
but never tellin' lies.

From hard working sea traders, fishermen
and farmers, to castles, tartans and coats
of armor.

With its emerald grass and golden shores,
an enchanting place of ancient lore.

All the men strong, brave and true,
sharp witted ready for a fight, quick
to settle over some good whiskey
or brew.

Fair skinned ladies all beautiful with fiery
red hair, worn with ribbons and bows put
up with the best of care.

A great land flowing with honey and milk,
where all is worn are soft clothes spun of silk.

There is dark rich earth to till and never toil,
food in every pantry, vegetables grown from
your very own soil.

Lamb and beef in the pot,
buttery Colcannon on the stove-top.

A place where family and friends are often found,
their stories, music and laughter always abound.

To her a wondrous place, a far away dream,
part real, part imagination, her homeland was
beyond reproach an untouchable nation.

A nation where wars and conflicts
nary came into play, memories of potato famines
and bloodshed are but the peripheral, merely
on the fray.

No dark scenes of families split and torn asunder,

no tragic times of tyranny where robber baron's
plunder.

Nor any Irish blood spilled upon Irish streets,
no Irish grieves nor Irish weeps.

No, Just good luck and fortune, rainbows and
pots of gold, the sun shining every mornin'.

Nothing bad thought of or remembered anymore,
only the good and great things, a place to be adored.

She painted her childhood home with enchantment
and appeal, its no wonder to me it is so surreal.

Lastly her Ireland had;
no blood,
no sweat,
no tears,
except when she cried.

How she longed for her homeland,
but alas; never returned afore she died.

Yet the memories and dreams of her long gone
Emerald Isle, did always keep upon her Irish Eyes,
a smile.

That was my Mother's Ireland

The Little Lake

Standing on the bank
of a little lake,
a gentle breeze blows
causing ripples on
its face

Autumn is in full bloom,
fuzzy dark brown reeds
stand tall like sentinels
guarding the shore

Water lilies float on the
surface of the rippled
sheen, with their yellow
and pink petals.
While drakes in
the sky soar

A Mallard glides above
the water. His orange
webbed feet like landing
gear, gently set him down

Just under his hunter
green head, strung
around his neck
is a tiny white band.

With big bright eyes-
he scans, left and right,
looking for his future
duck wife

Nature's reality

Flowers in the warm sun
never taking care
from where
the light has come,

trees in gentle breeze-
sway,
as birds nest in them,
knowing not where those
winds begin,

they never need-
worry or take heed

yet man for his sake,
the gentle breeze
that once comforted-
now a cold chill in the air

Ode to Coleridge ?

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
And in that dome did he behold
A maiden fair, of beauty untold
But though her visage shone so bright
'Twas not her outer form, in truth
That captured Khan's enraptured sight
And kept him spellbound from his youth
No, 'twas her inner beauty grand
A grace that radiated out
A heart so pure, a soul so grand
That all who knew her had no doubt
That she was rare, a gem so fine
A treasure not of earthly kind
For inner beauty, so divine
Is rarest thing that one can find
And though we're told that looks can charm
And beauty is a prized allure
It's in the heart that one must farm
The loveliness that will endure
For outer beauty fades with time
And what was once so fair to see
Will in the end, no longer shine
A mere reflection of what used to be
But inner beauty, that will last
A flame that never fades away
A light that guides us through the past
And leads us to a brighter day.