

***WIND GIFTS AND OTHERS POEMS***

**By Mark Cornell**

Moonlight straddles the edge  
of the dark peninsula,  
curling ribbons of white  
swell to break this leaden darkness.  
Waxing winds coil through  
the shattered shore stones, hissing  
tidal songs coldly brew  
behind our glowing faces leaning  
for relief into the flaring hearth;  
whistling tunes flow from our thawing hearts.

***ROISIN***

Mists gather within her eyes  
open upon a passionate tide,  
her hair is the shade of She Oak  
teasing my sight with shadowed hope.  
Lapping within her sighs  
build as she thrusts her thighs,  
her neck arches back when she cries  
to clasp upon my fixed desire.

She strokes my hair teases my backbone  
curls her body around the fire's glow.  
I ponder over her soft long groans  
her nakedness below my sweating blows,  
how she gave her scented womb to my caress,

a gold chair holds her crumpled blue dress,  
restful now we huddle in each others warmth  
to slowly drift out of worn harbours of thought.

***SUNSET AT FANORE***

Fierce gold red sun  
melts over the isles,  
simmering old head lunges,  
dragging flared canopies behind,  
violet fingers of cloud  
darken, crimson mists  
gather to shroud  
the outstretched solar limbs,  
blood red flames hang over my brow  
flagstones catch fire,  
vast blue blinding patches hover  
over this rippling vision of time.  
Lighthouse of Aran hurls his flame  
rhythmic beams flare my study white,  
flickering hearth shadows bounce on the pane,  
tides bear me through this long writing night.

***STILL SEA***

Smooth outline of Innisheer  
defies the merging darkness,  
we study our hearth's glowing cheer,  
the turf falling into red crevasses.  
Waning silver moon treads the cold,

our crossed window panes frame  
the shimmering isles village lights  
tracing their tales on the black mane,  
the lighthouse beam bursts  
around the tidal paths of the old  
gods gathering out at the point,  
soothing their burning hands to anoint  
this motioning night to a distant memory,  
placed ever so silently beside the still sea.

### ***GLENDALOUGH***

White light glistening trails gather  
over dark mirrored waters of the Lough,  
distant silver branched waterfall hisses  
as the knowing circling geese call atop  
the glacier carved backbone of curved hills,  
sparse pines observe like Dark Age sentinels.  
Autumnal sun probes the cloud covered peaks  
dragon like silent mists weave a fleecy canopy,  
shrouded forest is pierced by gold shafts of light  
ancient spirits whisper their summoned delight.

### ***LOUGH DERG***

A yacht glides along  
the breezy shores of Lough Derg,  
Autumnal white light bides  
above the purple peninsulas

reflecting within the Shannon,  
Shimmering silver trails  
verge around the mauve waters stirred  
by the motioning wind's veils.  
A duck sometimes bobs  
out of whispering reeds noting our rest,  
Kimberly's perched upon a Birch knot  
writing her diary as a dragonfly hovers  
around my rippling vision of a Swan,  
her drifting call stirs the afternoon's song  
Tiny Wren magical King of all birds  
summons the glistening watery herds.  
I drop a berry in the white spray  
and watched the silver trout at play,  
Station island floats in the warm haze,  
then turn back to my empty lined page.

**Bio**

**Mark** is of Irish ancestry. As a child he grew up listening to stories; either in the form of tall tales told by his extended family or the lyrics of his favourite songs on the radio. He started writing poetry when he was seventeen. He has traveled to Ireland twice and during one of these visits was married to Kimberly in a Registry Office in Dublin. Mark has been writing Short Stories and Novels for a number of years. He took family leave for three years to look after his son Thomas. He now works as a Conciliator with Consumer Affairs.