

DERRY AND OTHER POEMS

By Aine MacAodha

Looking across the foyle bridge in Derry
boats now take tourists out to sea a bit
to get a feel of its history by sea and land.
Ireland really belongs to the sea
the landscape shaped by the invaders
along its towns and villages
rivers and inlets.

Stained or famed by invaders
this little city pulls me to it
to it's bohemian ways
under the walls and arches, little side streets
surprise you with colours and sounds of
people looking for bargain books and LP's

Recalling years back my first try at showing
my writing at the writers group at the playhouse
taken under the stern but loving wings of Margie
and Bridie. They saw something in
this strange country girl as I did them.

This city holds memories for me good mostly
hospital visits and deaths not so good.
Peace has come bridges rise and fall in the enlightened
air that flows throughout the alleys.
Stained or famed by invaders this city pulls me to it.

THE TOOL SHED

When in the form and not raging at the shape of the politics in Ireland
Dad would head to the tool shed, make himself scarce after tea time.
uneven shelves holding all manner of things, paint pots
marvel tins, Master McGrath tins bursting with nails
washers, screws, clips and bolts.
He' spend ages soldering and sharpening tools.
A battered brown work coat covered in paint
hung from a crude nail in the wall.
It smelled of turps and old holbourne.
He loved that shed, spent ages mixing unused bits of paint
that summer our living room was a Picasso inspired orange.

OMAGH CIRCA 1970'S

At St Brigits we were taught the Irish language for the first year
Then the war became worse it came off the curriculum.

I learned a lot that year of 72
'we shall not be moved protest song'
if a bomb is about to explode
get under the windows
stop and search is legal
even if you are a school girl
and don't be talking Irish around the cops.

MAYBE WE ARE THE BUGS

May has turned its back on the lot of us
sending November winds to wreck havoc
on the newly sprouting leaves, some break up
in the air. I watch three planes pass-by two had
the usual contrails that disappear after a few minutes
the third had this thick swirling smoke fuming out
it came back and forwards and the smoke did not vanish
instead it spread over the sky leaving a white out.
Recently found out these are Chemtrails.
Why are they dropping so much of this stuff over
Ireland, lead, barium...
Maybe we are the bugs they're trying to control.
Its a strange time we live in
darker forces hide like snipers in the shadows
yet as more people reach enlightenment
within themselves
a new way at seeing the world
where coming from the heart space
show love to expose the dark
like our ancestors before us get back that
inner vision, guidance.

GLIMPSES OF LIGHT

Sometimes I read a book
say, '*Practising the Presence*'
a spiritually up lifting book

unlike the Irish catechisms of a faith
born into with the bible, i get
a flash of understanding
putting this feeling into words is
difficult.

Having discovered *Jakob Bohme* lately
and him around in books for years
I wished i had known sooner about
these lights of the world
it was not my time until now
until i had these glimpses of light myself
one soul/spirit to another.

Bio

Aine MacAodha a 53 year old writer from Omagh North of Ireland, her works have appeared in, *Episteme*, Vol. 4(1), June 2015 under the section *IRISH POETRY*, *Doghouse Anthology of Irish haiku* titled, *Bamboo Dreams*, *Poethead Blog*, *Glasgow Review*, *Enniscorthy Echo*, poems translated into Italian and Turkish, honorable mention in *Diogen winter Haiku contest*, *Shamrock Haiku*, *Irish Haiku*, the firscut issues#6 and #7, *Outburst magazine*, *A New Ulster issues*, 2,4, 27. *Pirene's Fountain Japanese Short Form Issue*, *DIOGEN Poetry*, *Argotist Online*, *The Best of Pirene's Fountain 'First Water' Revival and Boyne Berries*. She self published two volumes of poetry, *Where the Three rivers Meet* and *Guth An Anam (voice of the soul)*. *Argotist online* recently published 'Where the Three rivers Meet' as an E book.

Her latest collection 'Landscape of Self' was published by lapwing press of Belfast.

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