

WINDOWLESS CHURCH

By Aine MacAodha

My church has no windows
in fact it has no doors either
and to be fair no altar
it has no ordained minister
or priest or gospels.
Its in my heart, in
the starry sky
the moon shining over the land
its the planets in our solar system
the sun when it shines or not
its the foods god/creator
left us, berries, leaves, nuts
my church has winter winds that
cut to the bone and to enlighten
I have the sweet smell of roses
as I follow the seasons.
It is bog cotton waving on an
early Autumn evening as the
sun bids farewell.
On nights like these
dark and Irish wintery
the familiar trees and hills
become ancient septs
ready for battle with the ether.
Fields caped in winter fog
appear as crafted cities of the dead

souls roam among the rushes
in search of utopia or a home.
Trees scan the darkened horizon
the wind calls out names too and
winter hangs around like a threat.
This is my church.

DISTRACTIONS

It's the end of April.
Spring late this year
begins its infinite ascent
to the tips of the cherry tree
birds come by often
a come-all-ye in the front garden
their songs reach an inner place
like listening to Franz Haydn
his strings reaching out
from centuries past making clear
contact in a podcast
channelling his toils and efforts
an artist whose initial struggles
with mind, soul, pocket
rise and fall with each
strike of the bow
altering my thoughts on outer things
a distraction, like the bird song often
heard in my childhood estate longing
for far flung horizons.

STONE CIRCLE ALIGNMENTS

They invite soul connection
invoke an energy of some sort
long past histories underfoot.
Early man was quite the architect
aligning the stones in such a way
that at equinox and solstices
sun rises to light up the passageway.
A seeking brings people here
an ancient longing that needs met.
Creevykeel court tomb is a full tomb
the largest in Ireland.
Tievebaun Mountain seems to guard it
shadows come and go with the sunsets.
we don't give ancient man enough credit
for the science they carved into the landscape.

FINTONA

Or to give it its' town-land meaning
A fairly coloured field.
A small country town, familiar, friendly.
one can see the whole shopping street
from left to right without shifting a foot.
There is a jewel though

a hidden forested area
where a raised fairy fort stands
once druids conferred their words
in praise of nature.

There too I find the remains of a
burnt out wreckage of a car
perhaps stolen years ago left now for
mother nature to clear up which she did
wrapping her briars in and through the doors
designing the broken glass with her leaves.

AWAKENING

Sun slants in through the venation blinds
dust particles float in the narrow space
books, a pen, Sundays newspapers
and a mobile phone cling on the quilt cover.

Its 9.30am Spring has come, crisp April air
drifts in from the ajar window, it will soon be
Summer again, warmth of the sun rejuvenates.

I wander the halls of my mind on wakening
sieve through last nights dream

catching broken pieces of a story or place
and wondering all day if it meant something.

Bio:

Aine MacAodha is 52 year old writer from Omagh North of Ireland, her works have appeared in *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*, *thefirstcut issues #6 and #7*, *Outburst magazine*, *A New Ulster issues, 2, 4, 27* and *Pirene's Fountain Japanese Short Form Issue*, *DIOGEN Poetry*, *Argotist Online*, *The Best of Pirene's Fountain 'First Water' Revival* and *Boyne Berries*.

She 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, Belfast.