

Poetry Series

Adrian Murphy
- poems -

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Adrian Murphy(March 1968)

I am born and bred in Northern Ireland, attending school and University here and now work as an accountant in the Northern Ireland Civil Service.

While I have always loved literature and poetry, I found only the courage to write my own poems quite recently - partly as a form of self therapy as my marriage of 20 years ended in March 2009.

As time has passed, I find that words and poems seem the most natural way of expressing my thoughts and feelings about life.

Hopefully you will appreciate what you read.

Adrian

A Fusion Of Days

Days blend gloriously as one.
Like love struck teens, we sit hand in hand
Soaking up the splendour of the dying sun,
Proclaiming our love with letters in the sand.

This happiness I have, it is no lie.
The telling signs of laughter are forever on my face.
To woes and worries I have said goodbye
Love's sweet madness now reigns in their place.

15 April 2011

Adrian Murphy

Breathe

Breathe deeply – pause – breathe again
The cool night air fills my lungs
My heart pounding out the panic in my head
Focus on the here and now
A son regaled before my eyes
A daughter out giggling with friends
Bolt the door on the past
Turn to a future instead

Adrian Murphy

Christmas In July

Like a giddy child counting the sleeps to Santa, I wait
No reindeer bells for me, I listen longingly for the ding ding of a text.
Tonight I'll lie awake as did so often
Waiting to unwrap my best ever Christmas present.

Adrian Murphy

Coffee And Strangers

A heavy sadness grips me, coffee and strangers my only refuge.
In-laws chitter and fresh faced children gaily play,
As around me these families make merry,
I flounder in a sea of September days.

I think of my son, immersed in guitars and games
Itching to tell friends of his most recent find.
And wish he was here, where bold painted lions fill the frames
To ease with his talk the solitude locked in my mind.

I think of my daughter performing her most difficult role
As she enters the school grounds each day
And wish she was here with me laughing,
Lifting the weight from my heart.

21 September 2009

Adrian Murphy

Do You Think Of Me?

Do you think of me?

Do you think of me
When you dress each morning for school?
Do you think of me
Or do you try to forget, the man who became such a fool?

Do you think of me
When you cuddle into your duvet each night?
Do you think of me
Or is all you remember the pain of my flight?

Do you think of me
When the Christmas tree lights just won't go?
Do you think of me
And think of such moments long ago?

Do you think of me
As round the table, you chat through the remains of the day?
Do you think of me
Or is my atonement that it shall forever be this way?

Do you think of me
When long and dark becomes the night?
Do you think of me
And wonder if I am alright?

Do you think of me
As I have thought so often of you?
Do you think of me
And if you met me tomorrow, what would you do?

Such memories just can't have passed away
From that place where your dear thoughts play?
I shall love you both to my dying day,
Pray sometimes think of me!

10 November 2001

Adrian Murphy

Dreaming

Hours and minutes have ponderously run their course.
My teenage excitement is barely contained,
Like an anxious father patiently waiting outside the maternity ward, I pace
Pace to exhaust those last few minutes
How slow can a second really be? ? ?

I am off.
Road signs flash past me as I race toward you
My leaden foot eagerly consuming the miles.
My heartbeat quickening with every minute that passes
My smile growing broader with every second.

Tap, tap tap.
I step back and wait, hands nervously squeezing a heady bouquet
A face appears from behind the door, nervously checking.
Our eyes meet and a wondrous smile engulfs the doorway,
I am captured, ever more to be held in that moment.

Adrian Murphy

Epilogue

Like star crossed lovers, with my true love I came
And there in fair Verona I wrote her name
Just four years later we set our scene
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean
Now, the passage of our death marked love
Scored by a sombre beat never spoken of
The continuance of our fruitless rage,
Is now the weary traffic of our stage;
I beg you then, with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to end.

Adrian Murphy

Faded Purple Words

There are words I need to bury
Written on a fading purple note
Those words that scar – I love you, I miss you
X's and O's that oh so innocently wound my heart

Once they were light in my hands
Lifting my heart out of darkness
Their weight now beyond me
I leave them to lurk unread.

But today they caught me
My hand frozen at the drawer
I wasn't ready. Just a hint of colour,
My legs wilting like a rag doll.

The jolt, the fear
Blue remembered pain
The carefree hand of composition
Never again to be held within mine

There are words I need to bury.
Written on a fading purple note,
Those words that scar – I love you, I miss you.
X's and O's that oh so innocently wound my heart.

Adrian Murphy

Fools Gold

An autumn dew lay heavy on the grass that somber morning
The commotion of the night before burned into our history
Angry voices lost in emotion, frustration exploding into destruction
Sirens steaming through the New Hampshire night

"She doesn't believe I love her! " repeated tearfully
All I wanted was for it to end that night – but I lived on
Heads hung in shame we left the hospital
The enormity of it all dragging inexorably behind us

As the dawn breaks we journey back to reality.
To a life shattered before our very eyes.
We stop. A giant stag regally gazes at me and my tear stained eyes
Through the steamy car windows I feel his disdain.

Clinging to each other, solemn cautious footsteps imprinted in the dew
Along the stream, oblivious to the faultline opened in our little world
Gold and glinting in the dawn's first rays, I grabbed a stone from the stream
You cradled it and smiled, seeking hope in the tempting sparkle

Fools gold had cast its spell, like so many we had been tricked
Fools gold is what we became, a parody of the love we had
"Why don't you believe I love you? " oft repeated tearfully
We reached our end tonight and still I cradle fools gold in my hand.

Adrian Murphy

Greasy Grey Donegal

Summer has run its last and autumn has gleefully seized the baton.
Winter paces impatiently, with an icy hand outstretched,
And yet, nothing can steal my happiness

Not the greasy grey Donegal sky,
Not the spray from crashing Atlantic waves,
Nor the biting northerly launching kite surfers doll-like in the air.

In the warmth of Nancy's parlour, a whiff of turf fills the air.
As the Guinness settles, time slips slowly by and I pause
Captivated in the boundless warmth of your love.

30 October 2009

Adrian Murphy

Horse Trading

Dark suits and solemn faces abound
Formal heels tap tapping on the marble as
Legal eagles pace to their clients
Here in the Great Hall the real deal is done.

Imposing columns topped with curls and swirls
Grand heraldic shields and strange Latin words each
Impose some grandeur on this age old market scene
Here in the Great Hall the real deal is done.

Folks huddle, debating each offer in whispers
Is this for the best? What should I do?
Off in the corner my own proxy is jousting
Here in the Great Hall the real deal is done.

Fresh from her dealing, my proxy returns
Can I read from her face if a deal can be struck?
A price is determined and years of marriage dissolved
Here in the Great Hall the real deal is done.

Adrian Murphy

In The Moment

Two dull grey pebbles carelessly bathing in the afternoon sun
A silent token of a new life, a secret memory, a racing heart?
Butterflies in a tummy, confidences shared, that first kiss?
Fickle hearts will shape their destiny:
Hidden from the sun, ending their days in gloomy confinement; or,
Polished by a lovers remembered touch,
Parading their meaning to all who catch their eye.
The sunlight flickers wistfully, drab and leaden they wait.
Fate, destiny, chance, providence, luck, God (if he exists) ordain their future.

Adrian Murphy

Liberation

I have broken free from the shadows and
Shaken off the icy coldness of a vixen's spell.
I dream no more of treasured moments from long ago,
Bloodied they lie, obliterated in the carnage of parting.
In a few short weeks my eyes have been opened,
Compassion, care and understanding have restored my desire for life.
Love's tender shoots bloom gloriously in summers fading rays,
My heart renewed by the zing of love's fresh promise.

27 August 2009

Adrian Murphy

More Than Desolation

Moments that lasted forever became a lifetime lost in an instant
A bonfire of dreams and memories blazes fiercely around me.
Must one win and the other lose?
Is all this pain going to change a single thing?

There is nothing left inside of me
Every remnant of my life exposed
This thing we have become,
Inexplicable to all.

You must go your way and I must go mine
Never again our worlds to collide.
Out there, there is a future,
Somewhere I can just be me.

Adrian Murphy

Mr Spider

We are comrades in the struggle you and I
Trapped dangling helplessly in the air
Twisting protectively in the evening breeze
Destined to live life in a captive fear
One silken thread our only hope
Fate cruelly in control

Be still, you're safe in my hands
Delicately placed you scurry away
A crashing fall escapes you
Oh my brother, turn and think of me
Twisting ever faster my thread unwinds
Fate cruelly in control

Adrian Murphy

No Longer A Boy

15, no longer a boy, not quite a man.
Your life is becoming your own to run,
Your hopes, your dreams, not mine.
You face such a different world,
Problems I never went through,
Worries I can't comprehend.
We live in two different worlds
At two different times.
You must be so confused,
Feel that no-one quite understands.
This rollercoaster of life brings thrills and spills:
Be patient, have courage and savour the ride.
Remember whether we are together or apart,
I'll always be there to guide you on your path.

28 July 2009

Adrian Murphy

Spellbound

Only yesterday you were a child
I held your tiny hand full of a father's joy,
Those twinkly blues eyes and winning smile
Stealing hearts at every turn
You naked, peeping from behind the stair gate
That little kitchen and the 'delicious' food you made
Laughing as you told so many funny stories.

A woman now, my heart full of pride
Spellbound I see the thoughtful, sensitive, Ellyn you've become
Each day a glistening future unfurling before you
Still stealing hearts at every turn
Your words bestow wisdom beyond your years
I am blessed with such a friend and daughter
The future will always be bright; the future will always be Ellyn

Adrian Murphy

Sunset To Our Sunsets

When I am dreaming, I dream of sunsets spent with you
The day's warm caress slipping through the air
An opal sun dripping from the sky
Hands clasped together as one

Your hair sparkling in the honeyed rays
Our toes warmed in the soft sand,
We walk softly to the days end,
I can almost kiss the sky.

I close my eyes and catch my breath
Your laughter ringing through the air
Your lips sweet upon mine
My every sense lost in you

Sadness captures my heart
You fade away in my arms
The things we shared are gone
That moment we had is lost.

I want to close the curtains
I want to close the doors
To bring the darkness down
Before the sunset starts

How to stop my heart
Hammering a painful beat
For summer nights remembered
Love shared so completely.

Wish it is dark
Dark and dark forever
Where sun never shows
So it never sets

How can there be
No more us
No more you
I miss you

Adrian Murphy

Tender Shoots

Like snowdrops pushing through the barren wasteland of my past,
A fragile outline of a future has appeared.
Seductive green eyes that brim with life beside me
Days full of laughter, smiles, sunshine and sunsets.

Adrian Murphy

The Old Church Watches

In silence the old church watches
Old friends gathering on the steps
Lives so busy they seldom meet.
A long forgotten face sighted in the crowd
Hands shaken firmly, kind words spoken.
Stories retold of a carefree youth,
Nights shared in song and laughter,
Times that were happy and some that were sad.

A joyous young bride passing through the doors
Taking that final step from innocence to adulthood
Inside, a restless groom counting as the seconds go by
Guests adorned with wedding day finery,
Heads carelessly decorated with hats and feathers,
Men's crisp shirt collars evoking long forgotten school days.
In grace, the bride and groom make their vows
Promises exchanged, hearts bursting with love.

As man and wife they embrace the daylight
Old friends gathering on the steps
Eager to shower hugs and blessings upon them.
Laughter rising spontaneously from the crowd
As dark suited elders shuffle from foot to foot
Recalling their own moment, many years before.
As the cameras click and old friends chatter
This day the world is theirs and life is sweet.

Adrian Murphy

Twilight

My eyes catch the sea's silken shimmer as it gently laps the harbour wall.
Fishermen effortlessly casting their rod in search of a catch, as sailboats silently slip into harbour, today's adventure ended.
Playful voices of children echoing all around, grabbing the last few moments of sunshine and stretching the patience of tiring parents.
Air infused with the tang of salt and vinegar steaming off countless helpings of fish and chips and the unmistakable smell of the sea.
Golden haired toddlers, gingerly waddling alongside proud mums and dads, their sticky fingers eagerly digging candyfloss from proffered bags.
Teenage girls squealing and giggling as they play in the fountain; for a brief moment, seaside madness conquering their shyness.
Curious boys nervously loitering, nonchalantly taking in the scene.
Lovers' young and old sit side by side, hands snugly clasped, basking in the dying embers of the sun, willing the day to go on forever.
Seagulls, bickering noisily like hundreds of long suffering old couples fighting over the duvet as they settle down for the night.
Boats nodding, asleep for the night, their rigging chiming a chorus.
Houses all around bathed in a warm russet hue as the sunset fades.
The sound of laughter, chatter and the clinking of wine glasses drifting through the stillness, as the night takes hold.
Embracing this glimpse of summer, we sit on the edge of silence, bidding farewell to the sun and as one welcoming the night.

August 11 2009

Adrian Murphy

Why Stop All The Clocks?

Why stop the clock, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone?
Turn up the music and let the speakers hum,
Bring on the evening, let the revelers come.

Let airplanes circle keenly overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message Look Ahead,
No crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Or traffic policemen wearing black cotton gloves.

She was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought our love would last for ever: I was wrong.

I marvel at the stars now, each and every one;
I glory in the moonlight and embrace the sun,
Snorkeling in the ocean, or strolling in the woods.
For I never knew that freedom could ever be so good.

Adrian Murphy