

Poetry Series

**Brian James Caffrey**  
**- poems -**

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## Brian James Caffrey(1992)

A biography of me, Short and Sweet, c'est tout!

I like to focus on the positive side of human relationships, in particular love, be it real, unrequited or lost. I believe it is these relationships that make us the people we are.

And Please Leave comments I'd love to hear what you think...  
Constructive criticism is especially welcome.

# Amaranthine

The wind whispers her name,  
Softly spoken,  
Fearing that the delicate darlings beauty may be marred,  
"Amaranthine", "Amaranthine", awaken it's time,  
These words land on kind ears.

Neither loss nor lack in grace, she rises,  
Like the sun, she commands natures respect,  
Angels delight at the sight of such a vision, overhead,  
Fusions of blue, blonde, white and red  
Lovingly create this creature, whom can resist?

Brian James Caffrey

# Bible Stories

In this multi-coloured world,  
with no pure black,  
no pure white.  
I struggle with my feelings,  
trying to glean what is wrong,  
from what is right.

Pride is a cancer that rots my core.  
Humility is a distant star that I pray to God for.

My life is not full of sorrow, nor strife, nor success.  
Just an average life with feelings that have me oppressed.

There is no conflict in my life, nor bitterness nor pain.  
But the battle rages on in my head, am I Abel or am I Cain?

Brian James Caffrey

## By The River.

The sun cutting through the clouds,  
Landing on the water,  
Like liquid crystal.

The gentle trickling almost undisturbed,  
Except for the faint cheeps,  
Echoes of the river.

The frequent tugs on the line,  
Remind me of the life underneath,  
This tranquil landscape.

Suddenly the silence is shattered,  
The rod shakes, the fish caught,  
Momentary chaos sweeps the bank.

Brian James Caffrey

# Dead And Gone

When I'm dead and gone,  
Don't mourn for me,  
Life is too short as you see.

Look to your future,  
Not my past,  
And treasure every moment like it's your last.

Don't cry for me I'm gone,  
Laugh for me,  
Because life will go on.

Brian James Caffrey

# Dreaming Dreams

You're lying there peacefully in your bed,  
Sleeping softly resting your tired head.

Oh how I long to be there,  
Running my fingers through your hazel hair.

Your delicate skin so pure and fine,  
Oh how I long to hold it next to mine.

As you dream your dreams I hope you think of me,  
Dreaming my dreams of how happy we can be.

Someday you'll understand,  
You'll want my kiss, the feel of my hand.

Until that day I'll lie here and wait,  
Dreaming my dreams of our first date.

Brian James Caffrey

# Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Euro

We march to the drums once more,  
Revived and ready for war,  
The poor have quit,  
Our bounty nichts,  
Settling the banker's score.

Surrender your men, your youth,  
Let them struggle nail and tooth,  
Towns left in bits,  
Silenced by the blitz,  
Living the politician's truth.

Lives lost in the haze,  
Trapped in a bureaucratic maze,  
Trials of terror afoot,  
Livelihoods gone, kaputt,  
Fuelled by the dictator's craze.

A world plunged into money and greed,  
No room for the hungry nor those in need,  
Such spineless, sadistic, simpletons,  
Washing their hands in the sweat of society,  
Lecturing others in lessons on sensibility and sobriety.

Brian James Caffrey

# Fantastically Feminine

I sit on the side of the bed and straighten my tie,  
You enter the room with a spring in your step and a glow in your eye,  
I watch as you dry your hair and get your dress,  
You check the mirror and claim "I look a mess! ",  
I smile and laugh, knowing the opposite is true,  
You turn and blow me a kiss and say "I love you"  
I sit there as you put on your perfume,  
You walk up and down as you aroma fills the room,  
I thank God day-by-day that your mine,  
You are you, you are, fantastically feminine.

Brian James Caffrey

# Fantasy

The light of the moon shining,  
Stars twinkling in the night sky each one competing for our affection.  
A lake with two swans gently gliding over,  
This shimmering silver landscape of the still waters,  
Necks intertwined.  
Silence envelopes the surroundings,  
Save the gentle flow of a small water fall in the distance,  
The waves gently caressing the shore as we view this masterpiece of creation.  
This is your beauty,  
This is my fantasy,  
Make of it what you will,  
But don't change

Brian James Caffrey

# Logic

I am a scientist,  
I deal with numbers and math,  
But I cannot explain my current path.

My heart strides blindly,  
Without eyes to see it's way.

My heart moves boldly,  
Without ears to hear my mind's dismay.

Without touch or smell,  
Taste or thought,  
My heart knows what my mind ought.

That you with all your smiles and beauty,  
With your eyes and the way you walk.

It's you that my heart beats for,  
When even in silence you can hear it talk.

Brian James Caffrey

# Love...

Man searches in the garden,  
For a fruit to find,

Some say it's sour others pure divine,  
The dispute itself as old as time.

Does love bear fruit and produce wine?  
Or does it wither and choke in the vine?

Many a man has tasted 'love'.  
Some found it sour others like heaven above.

I consider myself lucky for Love I did meet.  
For I am a man whose tasted Love and found nothing as sweet.

Brian James Caffrey

# Mad

My mind splits between self and society,  
The line blurred, no border marked.

What I once was,  
What I am,  
What I will be,  
Are but states smeared into sobriety.

A spectrum of sorts,  
A rainbow of relations, revelations and regret,  
A toll on my soul,  
A heavy debt.

Brian James Caffrey

# Merry Christmas

On this the month of Christmas,  
I do say to ye,  
Put on those fuzzy hats,  
Sit down and relax,  
With the fire and a cup of tea.

For it's the month of Christmas,  
With holly, mistletoe and yuletide tree,  
As we sing with a cheer,  
What a jolly good year!  
And dream of another to be.

Enjoy your Christmas,  
It comes once a year,  
But spare a thought,  
For those who have nought,  
And remember Christmas is very very near!

Brian James Caffrey

# Oh Cruel Faith

Oh cruel faith, why me?

Why give me a cardboard box and them a house?

Why give me tattered clothes and them the latest fashions?

Why give me loneliness and them love?

Why give me compassion for others and them ignorance?

Why give them false friends and me the warm feeling of human generosity?

Why them materialistic slavery and me a love of all things naturally beautiful?

Oh cruel faith, why them?

Brian James Caffrey

# Oh Peace, How Much Blood Has Been Shed In Your Name?

Terrorists! ! ! We cry, as we point the finger of blame...  
9/11! ! ! We cry, it has left us dead and lame...

Iraq! ! ! We shout, is the country of our hate...  
Vengeance! ! ! We shout, we'll clean the slate...

War! ! ! We roar, it's the only way for peace...  
Blood shed! ! ! We roar, is the only solution to make them cease...

Innocence! ! ! We wonder, is but temporarily lost...  
Infanticide! ! ! We wonder, is what peace costs...?

Murder? ? ? We ask, is this what we've come to...?  
Poverty? ? ? We ask, do these people deserve what world they've been  
condemned to...?

Who are the real terrorists we so call?  
Who kill and maim for no reason at all?

With Guantanamo in our hands,  
We are the terrorists invading these foreign lands.

But justice will prevail, we hope,  
These lives lost, their families will cope,  
But the war rages on and do our hearts melt?

No.  
For we to fear that their vengeance will be felt!

Brian James Caffrey

# Partition

"Rebel" Ireland

A strong man whispers his final prayer,  
His battered body dragged to a chair,  
Too weak to stand,  
Too sore to care.

Blackness brought by the blindfold brings comfort,  
The order for arms raised, Pierces his Peace.  
He feels no fear,  
He sits quiet, no comrades near.

His blood has been spilled for this country,  
This chair now his throne.  
His life he will lose for this country,  
His final fight for freedom. He fights alone.

Rifles cocked and ready,  
Our silent hero sits, motionless, steady.  
He knows his reward awaits,  
Soon he'll join his fallen friends, through heavens pearly gates.

Shots ring out,  
Birds take flight,  
Carrying the message of a rebel's plight,  
Revolt! Resist! Fight!

T'was the call of Ireland,  
T'was the call of the oppressed,  
To rid this island of an empire,  
Near 800 years possessed.

"Modern" Ireland

Today we are more "civilized",  
And have forgotten our "barbaric" roots,  
We live in "modern" Ireland,  
And reject "rebel" Ireland, like muck from our boots.

We allow ourselves to be trod on,

From neighbours near and far,  
For what reason?  
Because they are bigger than we are?

This island of saints and scholars,  
This Ireland of old,  
Take pride in our fighting spirit,  
Instead of always doing what we're told.

Near 5 score years since James lost his life,  
Would he be proud of the fruits of his strife?  
Remember those lives lost,  
At the edge of the oppressors knife.

Freedom doesn't come cheap,  
As our Ancestors learned,  
You have to give your all,  
For true freedom to be earned.

Don't take too lightly,  
Our lives in this land,  
Freedom will fall,  
Without rebels prepared to take a stand.

Brian James Caffrey

# The Woman By The River

All the love in the world is but a drop in the ocean,  
When one already has a river in mind.  
She moved with such grace and beauty,  
Such an angel is hard to find.

She sat by the river,  
Lying in the sun.  
I wished to join her,  
But Courage, I had none.

Her hazel hair shone like the water,  
Glistening like gold.  
She walked through the wood,  
Eternally beautiful, strong and bold.

Her lips so soft, her eyes so gentle,  
Few men are lucky to taste her kiss.  
She sang softly by the river bank,  
Her sweet sound is what I most miss.

For she has my heart, But I not her's,  
She moves as the river flows.  
But I will stay here and wait,  
Where the memory of her never goes.

Brian James Caffrey

# Thoughts On The Steps Of Door 60 Opposite ens Green.

Who am I?

Am I the man with a briefcase in one hand and a mobile in the other rushing through the street?

Or

Will I be still standing after the crushing blows that life at my soul throws?

What makes me so different from everyone else?

Am I not human?

Will I not sin if tempted?

Will I not take revenge if wronged?

Will I become another cog in this concrete machine?

But is there still hope! ?

For the true heart of Dublin is not the clanking of this dead materialistic metallic machine but the beating of this natural oasis.

The only constant in this ever changing city.

Time will tell if I have the strength and virility of nature to face the changes of these infertile, artificial landscapes.

Will my convictions stand the testament of time or suffer under the pressure of this compassionate-less world of mine...?

Brian James Caffrey

# 'Why Do We Go To War? '

Why do we go to war these days with all our 'civilized' ways?  
Bullets whizing past, bombs hail their unmerciful blasts,  
Clouds of dust plume, darkness on the battlefield looms,  
Men taking their last breath awaiting their impeding death.

For what grievance do they owe this horror?  
People on both sides lost their lives,  
And for what honour?  
To be forgotten by those they died for?  
To be permanently lost to their families, what were those tears they cried for?

Bodies lie mangled and rotten,  
All their cries of pain, forgotten,  
Lifeless testaments to Man's great shame,  
Killing the innocents of our time,  
These are our Brothers and Sisters that must suffer this horrid crime.

Men disappear in a flash,  
Letters from loved ones lost in the crater,  
This futile conflict, a circus of human frailty,  
The blood is on those who so vehemently oppose these natives.

Such hatred they breed fuelled by their heartless greed,  
Bloodlust and revenge are Man's modern creed,  
True Patriotism is lost, at such a cost,  
Replaced with a lie for those who wish to kill and die,  
For a country unworthy of their blood.

Brian James Caffrey

# Worried

I feel the ground crumbling beneath our feet,  
I love you and I grab for an edge but only air do my hands meet,  
But as we fall, do you have any care for us at all?

You see the free-fall path we are taking,  
Yet you blindly continue without an instant of hesitating!

You do nothing to try and stop our fate,  
Please grab my hand before it's too late,

I love you but,  
I worry for the ground I can see.

Can we survive this fall or will it be the end of it all?

I pray my final prayer and kiss you and cry, for the ground is near approaching  
and I fear it'll be our last passionate loving good-bye...

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