

Poetry Series

Mai Venn
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Mai Venn()

(should I Live, Or Should I Die) By Mai Venn On Behalf Of The Unborn

I have just been conceived
I am just a cluster of little specks
I want to live a life
I want that right
I have a mother
I have a father
I did not begin alone
I am one of three
I am here in the sight of god
I am chosen to be someone
I have no say
I want you to say it for me
I do not want to be aborted
I am an embryo of human being
I am me

Mai Venn

?

Hello, my dear old friend Doris
Did you hear about your man, Boris?
He sacks 21 members of his own party
But we all knew he was a ridiculous smarty
Well we all know how he likes to shout
Hay boy, calm down, drink some Guinness stout
Prime Minister Boris dictates all day long
As if the citizens of the country were all wrong
The backstop will hit right in his loud gob
While someone new will take over his job
Farewell, your leadership has come to an end
Go back to the backbench, you might find a friend

Mai Venn

1916

1916

They're celebrating 1916 in Dublin, the fair city of Ireland.
Where the government ruled the country like nasty regime.
Where the people are dying on the street for the want of a home.
Where more are losing their homes over mortgages they can't pay.
Where children wonder where will they sleep to night, to morrow, the next day.
Where our sick are treated so badly, lying on trolleys in the hospital's hall.
Where government are charging for water and for homes that are our own.
Where the Teoieacht flies over to America just to have a chat with Obama.
Where the rest of his cabinet goes all over the globe to wet the Shamrock.
Did the men in 1916 ever think that the citizens would be treated so dreadfully?
By their own Irish government 100 year later, those who should defend the
deprived.

Mai Venn

2015

2015

Almost a hundred years have passed by since the rising.
When men and women struggle for the cause.
For Liberty, Freedom from that long oppression.
To live and work in peace in our native land.

Men died for that right, for freedom is costly
They paid dearly; they paid the price for to be a republic,
We recover 26 counties of our lovely green isle.
Bartering for every inch and step on the way.

Now we are repeating the struggle in verbal rebellion.
But this time the government are the oppressors.
They are bullying the people with an austerity fist.
While they live in the height of political style.

So we go out on the street with our banners up high.
All around Dublin city you can hear our thunderous cry.
Down with your harsh Austerity and your water tax to.
Resign and be gone for it's the only decent for you to do.

Oh were all off to Dublin in the Green, in the Green.
With our banner held high up in towards sun.
Where all the old and young march on and on.
To the echo of the of the chants and the drum.

Mai Venn

84 Soul By Mai Venn

Drove thought the promenade to kill
Little children, parents, young and old
Could anyone desire to see blood spill
So heartless, cruel and abnormally cold
How could someone plan such a slaughter?
On a happy holiday families night of fun
A massacre of young life, our son and daughters
That white ghostly truck drove down the way
Killing 84 soul on the centenary of Bastille Day

May all your love one rest in peace

Mai Venn

A Country On Its Knees

A Country on Its Knees

Come all you people of Ireland's green land,
Follow the march and give us a hand,
Let's rid of this Government once and for all,
Come on comrades and rally to the call.
They have taken our dignity, and our pride,
So let's join together and march side by side.
To the streets we shall go, with banners held high,
'Down with water charges! ' is the motto we'll cry!
Kenny, your days are numbered so beware,
We don't want you as our leader, you don't care!
That smooth, fancy chatter won't help you anymore,
It won't be long now till you will be out the Dáil door!
The citizens of Ireland are sick to their teeth,
In this rebellion, we will rise up on our feet,
It won't be the pike, the sword or cannon gun
But the votes of the people will put you on the run.
Now the farmers of Ireland have a voice to talk,
So they too are on the march and out on the walk.
This is our country where we each and all belong,
It's our so-called Government that did the wrong.
The times are changing; we are in for a revolution
Because we, the people, think it's the only solution.
Yes, we've had enough of hardship and oppression,
Of cut backs, water and property tax and depression.
Are they blind and gone stupid in the way they feel?
Tormenting the country through poverty unreal!
Wake up and look 'round and tell what you see,
People have had their fill of austerity, now let us be.
The Fine Gael party has done so much harm,
Kenny has lost the people's trust with his false charm.
The Labour Party is dead and gone. Good bye! Good bye!
'We want a decent leadership! ' is the motto we'll cry!

By Mai Murphy Venn

Mai Venn

A Cry For Change By Mai Venn

As a citizen of dear old Ireland's, green isle

It beaks my heart to see such a dim political style

The poor people want a change in the leader seat

The rich may prefer to keep the old lad sweet

Well we need new blood to rise up on their feet

Speak out and let it be said, or are you all dead?

What happen to the memory of the men of 1916 &1798?

Will their ghosts come back to haunt them at the Dail gate.

Oh, how I wish that Ireland would come out of the Dark Age

When I listen to Dail debates by those in power, I feel in rage

I yearning in vain that we had a leader who was good and true

Man or a woman, that would put the people first for me and you.

mai venn

Mai Venn

A Grotto To St Ann

There is a little village in County Wexford
Not far from Kilmore quay
They call it, Tomhaggard and it beautiful
Come along and see

There an attractive garden with a grotto to St Ann
It also has a holy well.
Folks from all around Ireland come to pray
The truth to you I tell

The peacefulness that you will find there
As you relaxes and say a payer.
Its healing powers, it's a sacred lay
There is a welcome on any day

Mai Venn

A Housewife Nay!

I was never one for housework, nay,
Not me, Goodness gracious, ME? No way!
I love to learn how to be sharp and bright,
To be a writer or a poet - out of sight!

Oh, what I would do if I was clever,
A sweeping brush - I'd use one never!
My maid would do it all for me
While I would chat and sip my tea!

My keyboard would type fine and clear -
A book I'd write, one a year.
The critics might not like my style,
I would grin and bare it, with a smile.

When my first book would go on sale,
Yee, the readers, would read my tale.
Maybe you'd like it and ask for my autograph,
Then I'd go hire some domestic staff.

I was never one for housework, nay,
Not me, Goodness gracious, ME? No way!
I love to learn how to be sharp and bright,
To be a writer or a poet - out of sight!

Mai Venn

A Simple Christmas Please By Mai Venn

Such fuss leading up to Christmas Day
Getting this and getting that
Drinking cups of tea and coffee all the way
While the dog sleeps on the mat

Christmas tree in the corner shingling bright
Crip all assemble by the window pane
All ready for that very special holy night
A celebration of a baby, Jesus by name

Born well over two thousand years ago
Humble was the stable where infant lay
Simple Shepard's came to say their Hello
Angels guarded the baby asleep in the hay

Now Christmas means materials things
Most of us might not go to church
As the merry jingles bell shims and rings
Have we left our faith in the lurch?

Such fuss leading up to Christmas Day
Getting this and getting that
Drinking cups of tea and coffee all the way
While the dog sleeps on the mat

Mai Venn

A Stroll Through Autumn

A Stroll through Autumn

Into the late Autumn I stroll quite and slow,
Weary, I wonder at what I see as I go,
On my left flows the barrow on its way to the sea,
On my right is the park where the children run free,
At my feet there is a carpet, green, amber and gold,
Fallen leaves from the trees, how the year has grown old.
On I go at no great speed but more 'laid back',
Time to reflect, to settle down and to keep on track,
People in their cars speed by so fast, as if they don't know
That time won't stay still. It's best to go with the flow.
The hour has regressed; the day is not long,
Soon on the radio we shall hear the first Christmas song.
The winter's almost here, it's 'round the corner, it's nearby,
Then come uncertain weather and dark clouds rule the sky.
When all is over and the seasons change to spring,
It's time again for new life to begin and to hear the birds sing.

By Mai Murphy Venn

Mai Venn

Anne Alone

All alone

You came to the grounds of Granard's Church.

Frightened; forsaken,

What could be worse?

Oh Anne, you were but a child and not much more

When the pangs of labour,

All alone, you had to endure.

Your labour bed was a sheet of glass,

Your midwives were the clouds that passed.

Anne, your life was to end in sorrow,

For you, there were no bright tomorrow.

Those closed doors and twitching curtains,

Nuns and priest that turned the other way.

We will never know for certain,

The true story of your final day

(R.I.P. Anne)

Mai Venn

At War

It's autumn and it's Ireland where the grass is emerald green,
Where there is a culture that is hidden and never to be seeing,
Where government played that game of, pretending to be first-rate.
While the ordinary citizens, are not happy with the nation state.

This little country has had it's up and down of troubles and its woes.
We have had famine, emigration, child abuse, and plenty more of those.
But now we reach rock bottom with the leadership that actually not fair.
To the young and old and the sick and homeless, they don't give a care.

That day will come, when they will be gone in the past of yesterday.
Those of us that are still around will shout with glee, Hip, Hip, Hurray.
They say that Ireland is the land of Saints and Scholars that are illustrious.
We as a nation are noted for returning from our battles far more robustious.

We have had battles from 1798 to 1916 with our neighbour cross the sea.
The disagreement that is raging now is festering; we are fighting to be free.
We want our country back once more, no capitalists, that drains us dry.
We wish to rid ourself of that flocks the rule us from Dail Eireann high

Mai Venn

Austerity

Austerity - Poem by mai venn

In Greece the people say that austerity is cruel
In Ireland it has become somewhat of the rule
In Greece they took to the streets and demonstrated
In Ireland some did and more choose emigration

for those that demonstrate in Jobtown were arrested.
Because some lost their head while they protested.
Could you blame them? Another Troy, Yates would say.
What would he have done if he was there on that day?

He is dead to and gone, he liked O'Leary in the grave
it's the war of words, we fight by pen, and Ireland must be saved.
History is in the making now, each one of us will play a part
Recent events will be memories for the future, let the records start

Hospital trolley's, water charges, withdrawing medical cards, homeless folk.
The list goes on and on till it adds into to an information bank, beyond a joke.
T. D. From, here, there and everywhere in Dail Earainn argue and debate
The people still are tormented from what has happen to our state.

Mai Venn

Autumn

Change is all around, in the town, city and land,
Shall I too bury my head like the ostrich in the sand?
Or shall I rise from the ashes
like the phoenix fresh and new?
Should I stay? Should I go?
I really, really just don't know.
The dark cloak of winter will soon be here,
Sweet Autumn, your leaves are like lovers' tears,
Dropping, decaying then disappearing away,
Fertilising the earth for yet another day.
Autumn, a time for gathering and storing to keep,
As the hedgehog rolls up for his winter's sleep,
We mortals weaken with creaky old bones,
Some retiring to nursing homes.

m venn

Mai Venn

Banshee

This fairy woman of Ireland, set in history to be forthwith.
Messenger of death, is part of our folklore and myth
There are many tales of her sorrowful sound and sad cry
The wailing lament of the Banshee sigh

While she waits, she combs her long straight hair,
Warning the kin of their advancing despair.
She follows the names of a certain clan.
And prepares them first, as this is part of the plan.

If violent a death, her cloak of scarlet shall you see,
If a child, her appearance is sharp, but wee.
More will join in lamenting, if a holy person of esteem,
Chorus choir of banshees fill the air with pitiful screams.

Sometimes a carriage of death you may see,
It's headless coach - dismal as can be.
You look in dread and fear as someone beckons you near.
It's the Banshee herself with her long, straight hair.

That wailing lament of the Banshee sigh,
How sad and mournful is that screeching cry,
In the depth of darkness when all is quit
As a soul leaves human coil and takes flight.

Mai Venn

Blackmail The Oppressed, Attachment Order, Why Don't You? By Mai Venn

The implementation of a compliance regime.
Demanding money from the deprived Irish People.
Interfering with the Old Age Pensions
Stealing the money out of the Social Welfare.
Is this what The Irish Government is going to do?
Taoiseach, Is this what Ireland have come to? Money
Water Charge, Property Tax and what next
Torture, bullying the unfortunate and the old.
Death enforcement collectors at the doors.
Will the Government bring back the hanging?
Or will they deport us to some far off land.
Will they flog us or starve us or kill us?

Mai Venn

Bloody Sunday

In Ireland on the 30th of January
14 men lost their lives at a march in Derry
While we in the south turn on our T.V
Read the newspapers as we had our tea.

Come on ye Irish men and ye the woman to
Tell us the politician what you want us to do
Do you want a division to divide north and south
Its is your decision for you all to sort out

Now Chichester Clark he was here for awhile
But sure he resign and went in exile
Then premier O'Neil was the next in rule
Sure he ended up like a dam silly fool

Come on ye Irish men and ye the ladies to
Tell us the politician what you want us to do
Do you want a division to divide north and south
Its is your decision for you all to sort out

Us here in south Ireland have been quit for to long
As we listen to our ballad singers singing their songs
Their songs are of sorrow, grief, sadness and murder
In our towns and our cities, Derry, Belfast and Ulster

Come on ye Irish men and ye the ladies to
Tell us the politician what you want us to do
Do you want a division to divide north and south
Its is your decision for you all to sort out'

Brian Faulkner enter the political game
Peace did not come. the bloodshed was the same
Bombs went off in the north and in the south
Gun smuggling was what the bold Charlie was about

Come on ye Irish men and ye the ladies to
Tell us the politician what you want us to do
Do you want a division to divide north and south
Its is your decision for you all to sort out'

written back in 1972

Mai Venn

Boom, Boom, Boom

The boom is back for the wealthy of our land,
The news is kept quiet to keep the upper hand,
The rich will be richer, where will the poor be?
Back in the same place just wait till you see!
They say that the salary that our leader may get
Is far more then Barack Obama's, now on that I do bet!
Well the budget is coming with goodies galore,
It will take up to ten years and maybe more,
We will call in Sherlock Homes for him to explore
What good will it be to the homeless and poor.
Oh God, what has happened to our Irish race?
We will soon disappear and there won't be a trace,
Leaving behind a heap of sordid details and greed
We need a good leadership with the greatest of speed!
mai venn

Mai Venn

By Candlelight

I strike a match
And light those candles all.

Shadows on the wall,
Impressions from the curtains fall.
A soft breeze flows into the room,
Some one rises from the tomb,

Mummified from head to toe.
Gliding leaves sweep to and fro,
Beneath the window and outside my house;
An impulse arouse me to move like a mouse.

Quietly, softly, Tiptoe on my way,
No sleep tonight, I wait vigilantly for the day.
The old graveyard is quite and still at last,
Gone for awhile, the spirits of the past.

I watch the face of time go around,
Each hour a chime rings out a sound.
There is that beat that deafens me,
It is my heart that trolls fast and free.

The flame fades,
So ends the trial.

The dawn has come to stay a while,
So now I rest with a tranquil smile
For night is no friend at all
But, alas, no more shadows on the wall

Mai Venn

Childhood Memories Of 1963

A man called Kennedy came to New Ross one day
We were told he was the president of the U.S. A.
Just children were we who enjoyed fun and play
Each of us recalled the day in our unique way

So we held our flags and we sang out loud
Then he step down and walked towards the crowd
He stood tall and waved his hand, he was proud
And we held our flags and we sang out loud

The tunes we sung were Wexford ballads of 98
Kelly and the boys of Wexford, Marching songs
The atmosphere was high after the long wait
When then we sang The American anthem strong

So we held our flags and we sang out loud
Then he step down and walked towards the crowd
He stood tall and waved his hand, he was proud
And we held our flags and we sang out loud

Back to where his family lived before emigration
Where the Barrow floes quietly to meet the sea
Where the famine robbed the youth of our nation
Where the poor Irish people longed to be free

Mai Venn

Clouds And Sea

I have walked your strand for half a century now,
By sunrise, sunset and with stormy shadows that fill the skies,
Like demons sweeping down in search of wondering souls,
Imps like creatures swaying fishing boats astray;
I look on, helpless and pray for their safe return.
Demon clouds with thunder bolts disband when Neptune commands;
He holds the powerful trident to guide ships to safety,
He informs the raging waves to seize, for now the new day awakes slowly;
In the east the sun arises, white angels appear to the front line
With shapes of peace and tranquillity for the savage night has gone.
The sun shines across the bay as if nothing could disturb the harmony of nature,
But the elements are untrustworthy.
Mother Earth glances at Neptune; he is the Sovereign of the Seven Seas,
She is the Protector of both land and sea. `

Time for their departure, the other world calls to them,
They return to a paradise of mythology and dreams, together, hand in hand,
And, as they look back, waves reach the beach like ripples,
Sunbeams stroke the strand.

Mai Venn

Commemoration Of 1798

Two hundred year later, at the 98 Commemoration
We all gathered around to celebrate in anticipation,
We dressed up in our peasant rags, brogs, shawls and wigs,
With our musicians and dancers, our reels and our gigs.

Historians pondered, wondered, argued and debated,
While tourists watched on, drank Guinness and patiently waited
Rebel songs, they were sung and Church bells, they were rung,
All ages were represented, from the old to the young.

Poets came, ballad singer too, reciting and singing their poems and songs,
Told of battles and retreats and sung of the rights and the wrongs.
Television cameras, from all over the globe,
Invaded the countryside in their gigantic droves.

Spirits came from out of the past, women, men, insurgents alike,
From the King's troops with their flintlock muskets,
To our brave men of the pike.
The men and women who had gone to their rest
Raised up from the dead, all dressed in their best.

The mournful Banshee, why she came out of the blue
And met with the rebels who came along too.
As she search for her comb around Vinegar Hill,
She met with a drummer boy they called Little Will.

They strolled down the hill till they came to a stream,
Then they vanished and went, like a mystical dream.
Along came brave Fr. Murphy, with his hand held up high,
His face looked so sad as he gazes into the sky.

Boolavogue was the parish in the days gone by,
But now, priest were feared and he wonder why.
The Battle of Ross, at the Thee Bullet Gate,
There's a pub there me boy so drink while you wait!

What was it all for, that Battle of '98?
For the love of our country and of our faith!
Here comes the ghost of Kelly, that big lad from killane,

We speak with great pride of our fine, Kelly chlann.

John stood tall with his golden locks and fearless heart so true,
He was twenty five years and they well to do.
Hear comes Thomas Clooney of Moneyhore,
Followed by Devereux, Boxwell, the Furlong brothers and more.

Hail me boys, who goes forth?
Why it's the men from Shemalier, they are here for the sport!
Here, the King's troops gathered - white breeches and coats of bright red,
With the sound of hooves from their artillery horses, so grand and well bred,

The assembly starts at the sight of these men,
In harmony. The Boys of Wexford' is sung; again and again.
Then, 'Who Fears to Speak of '98?
Followed by a recitation of the 'Three Bullet Gate'.

Dancers arrived from all over the land,
Accompanied by the finest of Irish, pipe bands.
Fiddlers tuned strings and rosined the bows like never before,
Accordion. Tin whistle, bodhran, drum players and more

Played all together. Such a rear sight, I wish you could see,
As the jubilation reach their heights of majestic glee.
Home came the ghosts of our emigrants from the U.S.A.,
Back to the Emerald Isle, no more to stay.

For this was their Country, so green and so grand,
Wexford was their County, their home and their lands.
As the harbour was filled with coffin ships of the past,
Strongbow arrived and asked. @Am I Paddy last? '.

'Not at all! ', said the voice of the great J.K.L.,
Why no one told me you were coming as well.
Did you know I was a witness to the Battle of Ross in '98?
That was long before I became Bishop and preached the faith'.

Like all good thing, they comes to an end,
Both sides of the conflict became spiritual friends.
All the ghosts returned to where they came,
Since then, sure, Wexford was never the same.

Kelly, the boy from Killane, has a strange smile on his face,
His statues are moving from place to place.
Souvenirs from the Commemoration are all over the land,
The children are playing with pikes in their hands.

The tourists still arrive as if they can't wait
And they ask for directions to the landmarks of the great '98'.
Yes, the tourists still arrive as if they can't wait
And they ask for directions to the landmarks of the great '98'.

Mai Venn

Could I Be A Refugee?

Could I be a Refugee?

By Mai Venn

Who have not suffered from the pain and humiliation of rejection?
Take a moment to stroll down memory lane for some reflection
Ah yes, I remember the first time as I waited in that long queue
That long line outside the emigration office, waiting for a clue

To know whether we stay or not, our dreams of hope waiting a reply
For this land of gold and honey where the Celtic tiger made the money
Has become so full of greed, where are the saints and scholars gone?
For wise men know that wisdom is belong to you and I and everyone

Did you come from the wrong side of town and someone dislikes you
A well, I know that feeling for I have being there, so what do you do
Grin and bear it or stand up and face the foe and let him know
You have the right to respect, the right to come, the right to go.

I hope one day that change will come and give a fresh new start.
Where there will be equality, freedom and kindness in every heart.
When the colures of the rainbow are seen for the beauty that they are.
When the people of the world come together from near and far.

It makes no different if your black or white or if you are rich or poor
African, Bulgarian, Canadian, Danish there a welcome at this door
If you Jewish, Muslin, Catholic, Protestant, Hindu or nothing at all.
If your have being in prison or in exile feels free to come in and call

United we will stand together race and creed alike under the sky above
Accepting each other nationally and culture, offering friendship and love,
I had a Dream; the famous words once spoke by Martin Luther King
A last, now lets hear the voice of harmony as we begin to sing

Mai Venn

Deceit

What has happened to the Irish nation?
And the citizens of the truthfulness that made them
Now there in the Dail, where the truth matters
There is none, truthfulness is a decree of the past

Terms of references has become a waffle word
Our leaders are not to be trusted but feared
We the ordinary folk are repulsed at what we see
We do not want you lot, speaking on our behalf

The culture that you have gave us is despicable
You, mighty men in power, you stole our real culture
And strip us bare from of our traditions of truth
Listen to our plea, grant us our request,

Why waste time on debating and yelping out lies
Go to President Higgins's and end this sham government
We need a good and loyal leader to clean up after this
We feel betrayed and let down by you men with flaws words

Mai Venn

Democracy By Mai Venn

Democracy starts with equality to all
Equality is a fairness to all creeds and nation
More kindness spread to answer the call
Oppression vanish far out of temptation
Cruelty and torture to become an entity of the past
Racism is wrong in every form and way
Awareness of citizens' rights is a lesson to last
Community participation should be here to stay
Yesterday is past and gone, tomorrow will go on.

Mai Venn

Depressed

Bleak future of dark clouds appearing from an alien's sky as life goes on.
Everyday, travelling deeper into the black hole of a torment,
Fear and confusion,
Wondering what is real and what is not, while dreading what to come.
Phantoms and devils closeting in and ambush seams to be inedible.
Deeper and deeper into the slit that may mean no return,
Falling and falling down through purgatory and on to hell
Where the keeper of the keys that can free your demons away
Demons of fear, anger, frustrations, helplessness and worried
Good Memories flash backs but they fade away again, jolting
Time when dark shadows won the battle of the guardian angel light
Pressing downwards on your reason, preventing logic to prevail
Till breaking point and letting go begins the overcoming factor
To be or not to be, gone, or to fight back and discover the road
Which leads to the valley of lost and found and a welcome home?
It's real and its hard work but it can be done.

Mai Venn

Don't Get Sick In Ireland By Mai Venn

In a carpark, out side the hospital ground
Many Ambulance acting as wards were found
Some folks were inside the hospital on trollies lines
Sick people waiting for some medical help signs

It is 2017 and we are living under that regime
That bunch left us down so many time before
One wonder if this would be regarded as a crime
robbed our dignity, why should we take this any more

This is Ireland where they welcome all to come
But leave their own citizens to the four winds
Children that never sleep in a proper home
Homeless as they wonder in and outoff inn's

Think of the homeless baby born in Bethlehem
Think of the three kings that gave him lots of gems
While here in Ireland the cruel regime strips, us bare
Then force the poor on to the street, for they don't care

Mai Venn

Don't Speak For Me By Mai Venn

How dare you speak on our behalf
Who do you think you are Taoiseach Kenny?
You are the one we least respect
Your austerity has taken us for every penny

We now look on as the Whitehouse falls
Within the privacy of its political walls
God help all nationality in the U.S.A
10th of November the voter did stray

Honesty will now be a thing of the past
Peace in the world now will never last
Oh, America I pity you as he takes power
God help us all for we won't know the hour

Our leader sends his regards to a hard-handed man
We wonder what the outcome will be
Well its early days on the political rant
But as time go by all the citizens will see

Mai Venn

Doors And Corridors' Part One

My memories are full of the doors and corridors of my life,
Kids wondered why I had no kin other than a grandmother.
Being fatherless, followed by the shame of it, plus unwanted by a mother,
The first corridor is of early childhood, living in an Irish Catholic cocoon.
Hush! Don't say a word! Keep her quiet! Don't go there!
Black dressed nun, with pale cross features, staring ... judging,
White collared clergy men giving advice on morality and so forth,
Behind closed doors, what really was the Church's dark secret?
First door, door number 14, 'safe for a while' door.
Second door, the green door of St Joseph's School ...
My unhappy days were spent in corridors and behind doors there!
Each door had a different story; each story would mark me for life.
The endless corridors with numbered doors are still embedded in my mind.
Some nuns were kind while others were nothing more than monsters in black!
While their dress reminded me of penguins, waddling here and there,
Rosary beads trailing the ground making that unforgettable sound,
Down the stairs and along every corridor, those beads echoed across the
concrete building.
Canes and flung dusters were the weapons to torture the child to giving in,
It was the 'mug and jug' teachings of the Sisters of Mercy regime,
Slap the child for not learning in the way they wanted you to learn.
Ignorant to their disabilities, they regarded children as dunces,
When most just needed support to be the little geniuses they were in their own
right.
Left in the hands of women who were regarded as Brides of Christ,
Beaten before their young minds could become free thinking,
Labelled and damaged forever because they did not or could not submit.
The corridors of punishment with the statue of the Blessed Virgin,
Every first Friday of each month we marched down the long passage
To the main hallway beside the big glass doors, next to the cloakrooms,
Gathering each class from door to door, marching in single line to the school
assembly.
Prayers were recited and hymns were sung before punishments would begin,
The school's head nun would carry out the caning on the children.
It was such humiliation in front of all the classes, leaving a bitter mark on your
pride.
Penalized for not being cleverer; for not being able to spell or for some small
misdemeanour that a teaching nun had reported.
By fifth class they had decided that I was not worth the bother, so they told my

guardians to make other arrangements.

Freedom is a beautiful word, freedom from the holy oppressors is like a bird taken its first flight, soaring into the great unknown.

Corridors and doors from that hell hole, banished to my distant past, are awoken like a bad dream.

Mai Venn

Dream Of Inspiration

I open a book
I read one page
I reflect awhile.

The book is written well
Therefore, I read another page
I reflect awhile.

My interest of the subject
Have me now engrossed
I read on.

I feel emotion of the main character
For the narrative, tell all.
I am tired now.

I place a bookmark in the page
Tomorrow I read on.
I close my eyes.

In my slumber, I enter the story
I see the characters in their roles
I do not want to wake up.

It is in another dimension of my mind
I am lock in the tale
The dream has control.

Two new characters enters
Introducing their salves to me
I am weary now.

First, one called himself Flaxman Low
Second, one called himself Edger Allen Poe
I am confused.

The book is no more
For now the plot in changing
I am controlling the story.

I commence to wake up
My dream become my inspiration
I begin to write.

Mai Venn

Dreams For Ireland

We love our country dearly, that's our right
But we don't like our leaders, that's our right
They are not fair to the people that's not right
They are cruel to the citizens and that's not right.

They abuse their power in every way they can
They take our pride away because they can
They bully us with water tax when they can
They rule us with an iron fist while they can

No hospital beds are there for us at all
Now they dangle goodies for us all
Election next, not a votes they get at all
They now start to promise to give us all

It's now our turn to make them pay
The way that they tormented us to pay
Your property tax, water tax, pay, pay, pay
They say that next bill will be fresh air to pay

I wish this rotten government would vanish and go
If my wish came true I let all you followers know
They say it hard to get rid of a real bad thing
But if we do we have bonfire and a right old fling

We dance and sing all night till the brake of day
Drink whiskey, Guinness, Porter and the old cup of tea
We will burn the bills on the bonfire mounded so high
While we gaze at the sparks as the spring up in the sky

This may never happen, it just me having a dazzling dream
If it does, you hear me all over the world with a powerful scream
I love to see my beautiful country, Ireland, happy once more
Free from that bureaucracy and cronyism at government door

Mai Venn

Duncannon Harbour

Duncannon Harbour

Oh, I have often wondered to countries over seas
To places where other folk love and long to be
But I always return to my dear old homeland
Where people salute you by a wave of the hand

There is one spot in mind that is dearest to me -
Duncannon Village, by the sunny south sea -
With its bustling harbour where fishing trawlers land
And its sandy seashore with its golden strand.

Life is simple and day passes, so peaceful and quite,
Until the clouds gather and the winds howl at the fall of night,
Then prayers are recited for the men fishing the sea,
For those fathers, husbands and sons to return safe and free.

Some nights drag on when squalls take control,
It's then when the family pray for a comforting console.
Then morning arrives, they watch the horizon for boats to sail in,
Safe and sound and homeward bound, their prayers take a win.

Over head, sea birds glide back and forth and cry out,
Fish are unloaded from vessels as men hurry about.
One old villager shouts, "It was a good catch today! "
"That it was" says another. "Please God there's many more on the way"

T'is from here I found idea to carry me to this page,
I don't know if ever it will earn me a wage
But till then I'll continue to gather my thoughts and to write down
My love for that great place, that fishing village so renowned.

Mai Venn

Evaluation Of My Life

Why do we wonder?
What do we think?
Exploring life, is that the link

Down memory lane
I went there last night
Seems that old age is insight

Into my mind of time past
Enduring reminiscences
For the net that I cast

Like the fisherman
Gathering the fish from the sea
A drop in the ocean, well that is me

Did I make a ripple or not
I never know
But I am happy with the life that I got.

Mai Venn

Faults Prophets

We won't pay, you can hear us shout!
Where is the recovery he is talking about?
Is it only for the upper classes, not us?
Does he know how much we have tolerated?
Run to Angela in Germany, fuss, fuss, fuss.

All the families that suffered while we waited.
False prophets, while in the Dáil you debated,
Lady, the Labour way has gone astray,
and has left the people in disarray.

Sure, you do not care or give a damn,
for your word is nothing but a sham,
Canvassing for votes you hope to catch,
the both of you will meet your match!

What stability are you referring to?
You BOAST of what YOU did and what YOU do!
All the jobs you brag about, that you claim you got,
you say very little of all the jobs that were lost!

Mai Venn

Fight For The Right

Rest in peace all ye of 1916
You severed your country well
Now as historians speak in words
All of your stories they shall tell

Michael O'Hanrahan brave and true
Born in New Ross, live in Carlow to.
He was a writer of books I have you know
Founter of the Gaelic League in Carlow

Rest in peace all ye of 1916
You severed your country well
Now as historians speak in words
All of your stories they shall tell

A 100 year since the Easter Rising obtain the name
Ireland is there country, Freedom was there aim
All that they suffer in the cause of Irish liberty
Was it in vain? Was it worth it, is our republic free?

Rest in peace all ye of 1916
You severed your country well
Now as historians speak in words
All of your stories they shall tell

There no one in command now and the Dail is quite
We are waiting for a leader to come into our sight
Someone who loves the Irish nation and will do it right
To treat the people equal or we will take up the fight

Rest in peace all ye of 1916
You severed your country well
Now as historians speak in words
All of your stories they shall tell

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Flash Back By Mai Venn

My writing hand is busy as it guides the pen to move
Memories inspiring are clicking with the rhythm of the grove
Yesterday is over, farewell, tomorrow has yet to occur
So I will keep on track before my brainpower go quite blur

My first memories linger on, of my grandfather, egg, toast and tea.
No man-made egg, toast and tea-like him, it was lovely, believe me
Our big open fire was where he cooks the food that we would eat
The amber glow from that old fire gave out a warm homely heat

I was but two or three or more and he was crippled from a stroke.
My grandmother and he were my only parents, they were decent folk.
Every Sunday he would send us to the local cinema to get us gone,
Because he wanted to listen to the radio for the Sunday matches was on.

When we came home, he was ready with our grand old Sunday tea.
The fire would be burning high and two hobs at each side full.
Boils eggs and crispy country butter toast on plates just melting there for me
A well do I remember, my old grandfather special Sunday tea.

Mai Venn

Fly Under The Sky

Spread your wings by Mai Venn

Spread your wings tiny one

Under the green leaf tree

Wait another day then fly away

The breeze will stiffly shift you

High up into the sky

Alone on your way

Gliding with the flow

On and on you go

Freedom is your

Under the blue sky

Your paradise waiting

For now, you are the ruler

Your wings are your strength
The air stream gives the power
However, you never know the hour

In the wink of an eye

Mr. Hawke will arrive

will that be the end?

.

Spread your wings tiny one

Under the green leaf tree

Wait another day then fly away

Mai Venn

Freedom

Poet's Page Poems Comments Stats E-Books Send Message Share on Facebook Share on Twitter

Poems by Mai Venn: 38 / 149 « prev. poem next poem »

Freedom - Poem by Mai Venn

So soon comes the night
Covering the earth from the light
Conscious shadows forming everywhere,
Casting doubt, imposing fear.
Into our subconscious
Come uncontrollable dreams,
Now in torment,
Unmerciful screams,
Confined within this prison of the night,
The dark is at war with the light.
Freedom is a dream dressed all in white
Comes with the dawn, flees with the night.
An angel like face, fading gradually in the mist,
Awakens the earth with the ease of a kiss.

Mai Venn

Gang War

Gang wars invade our Dublin city
Shot death, a young man what a pity
Seven lives have ended by the guns
Cousins, brothers, fathers and sons

Will it ever end or will it just get worse
Is this the new trend or is it the Irish curse
Not a day goes by without settling of scores
An eye for an eye as we search for the source

How many graves will be dug down deep?
How many men will go to early grave sleep?
In retaliation, a life for a life and that is way
Nothing changes for in Dublin day by day

Mai Venn

Go

There is an another election on the way.
We are looking forward to the day
When we can say, 'Hip, hip hurray'
To that ghastly regime, 'Go on your way'.

You rule over our country so unkind.
You would think that we are all blind,
Well, our feelings they are true and real.
Yes, we are only human and we can feel.

Your counterparts were well matched
Boy' did they get on board and latch
Taking what little the deprived had.
When you lot are gone, we'll be glad.

You charge for drinking water and more
You put water meters outside our doors.
The weak and sick on trolleys waited,
And the homeless die while you debated.

Then the property taxes launch came
You gave no chance or took no blame
The poor got poorer as time went by
You knew the reason so dare you ask why

The Irish people will not take no more
Why should we not try and even the score
We have the chance that we can't ignore
when you come begging at our front door

Mai Venn

Go Man Go

Will you go now, my boy?
Will you go now for ever?
For the ship, it is sinking
No return now or never
So, go now me boy
While you may, as tomorrow
You be forgotten news
Don't be a fool man
For now, you are of no use
To yourself or your country
Bygone for you have failed
Our beloved Ireland
is now derailed
all the promises you made
has left us in dismay
Bygone, me boy and don't delay

Mai Venn

God Help Ireland

I look at the telly for the news to see
But look whose face is glaring back at me
That man, An Taoiseach, what's his name he was a TD,

I dislike that man's way of governing Ireland.
For he cruel, he mean, and he does not understand.
He takes from the poor the same amount as the rich.
Now the poor have no homes and sleep in a ditch.

Some have died in doorways not far from the Dail.
Did he know? Does he care? Will he answer at all?
Since he was elected things have got more distressing.
For the young and the old find life so depressing.

He makes us pay for owning our homes.
He makes us pay for the developer loans.
He makes us pay for the bankers that did wrong.
In years to come our ballads singer will have a song.

For water, poor and the rich are paying the same.
While in Dail Eirann he keeps passing the blame.
Then he brags about Ireland coming from the recession
I think, he should in quick to chapel and go to Confession.

The light at the end of a tunnel will take time to filter down
As the rich gain their fortune the poor gain a frown
They try and paid for the water and everything else as well
So here is the sad story I felt I should tell.

Mai Venn

Gossip

They say that she a flirt,
Dressed in a Mimi skirt

Some says she not
She flaunts what she got.

I heard she quite refined
Loves a good glass of wine

Women fear her for her good looks
She well read with knowledge books

Well I do not know her at all
Rumours make lies telling tall

She did me no wrong
Therefore, I will not join in along

MAI VENN

Mai Venn

Halloween Night

For weeks the children waited for that night of Halloween
Gathering all that they could find for the bone fire, flaming gleam.
This year, it was going to be the best one the village ever had.
Last year's was a disaster for the weather was so dreadfully bad

Molly Langtry was practicing for to tell fortunes with her crystal ball
Young Percy Smith was dressing up as a vampire, for the party in the hall
Little Joe was counting his pennies for to buy fireworks for that night
How he love the fusion of colures in the sky as it made a funny sight

The fruit had been collected from farmers and the shops
The fire brigade was on call and so were our local cops
The pumpkins were in each garden ready for to light
The treats were all purchase. So now, everything was right.

The storytellers were all prepared to do what they do well
The legends of long, long ago, they were there to tell
That story of the haunted house up on the slope of Creak Hill
The time that the old hags pursue poor Tommie and poor Bill.

Well, it time for us poets to take a rest and let you all enjoy
The Halloween festivity, fun for every girl and boy
Beware of all the spooky things that happen on this night
Get in doors before the clock strikes 12, be safely out of sight

Mai Venn

Haunt Me No More

You come into my dreams,
I cannot stop you,
You enter the corridor of my most inner mind,
Plundering, trampling on my hopes of joy.
You, oh long shadow of what claims to be a nun,
A nun, who judges one
From whence they leave their mother's womb.
Judge not me- the fatherless one
But judge thy own self.
Does it bother you that I am the sin that came to life?
Well, I am.
Yes, I am
And I will always be
Me

Mai Venn

He Has Gone At Last

Look how long it has tacking
For to end his regime.
We the people feel forsaking
Let hope the next one won't be as bad
But he could be worse.
At least the other fellow is off, I am glad
People power works and it will work again.
So, we will be ready for the day
All we are waiting for is the magic word, WHEN
Power in the wrong hands cane be destructive,
God, know we have been there
Good leadership can be constructive and productive
Ireland need that now.

Mai Venn

Hell On Earth

Hell on Earth

Woe to you, Sister
And woe to your cane.
Woe to the agony
Inflicted with pain.

Black habit women,
Heartless and cruel,
Made my life wretched
While I was at school.

Payer book in one hand,
Cain in the other,
To make things even worse,
You became Reverend Mother!

'Sunday's nine o'clock mass
And not a minute pass! '
On Monday morning
When we came into class.

The interrogation
Would then begin
'Mai Murphy, stand
And repent for your sin!

Holy Ireland
Left a lot to be said,
There were many children
That wished they were dead.

We suffered in silence
For who could we tell
With the fear of damnation
And burning in hell!

Mai Venn

Help By Mai Venn

That wheel of life keep turning round and round it goes.
There is history in the making and God only knows
There are men, women and children on foot, seeking
For some place to call home, a place of safe keeping.
Running from a war that was not of their making
Leaving their homeland and feeling sad and forsaking.
Some dying in deep watery graves before they reach land.
They are reaching to you and me to give a helping hand.
Some gives the blind eye and turn their heads the other way.
This is desolation on these people and it could us one day.

Mai Venn

Homeless In Dublin

The old man moves along Grafton Street in his worn-out rags,
All he possesses, he carries in his coat pocket and in plastic bags.
In his mind he is wondering where he will settle for the night,
In the Phoenix Park, outside the Dáil, sure that would be all right.
The aristocracy frequent there, socialising in their finery and clatters,
While the homeless are starving, the wealthy eat from silver platters.
He, the Taoiseach, will never know what it's like to sleep by a door,
Nor what it's like to die alone in a doorway and on a frozen floor.
But this old man is far from stupid, he is a scholar with the highest degree,
Now he is old and feeble, lost and wandering Dublin for all to see.
Winter is almost here, the leaves lay down in the Phoenix Park,
This old man walks the hobo's trails then slumbers in the darkest dark.

Mai Venn

I Am A Thinker By The Sea,

I am a Thinker by the Sea,

One million footsteps in display that adorn your strand,
Seashells lay lightly, quietly on your golden sand,
While I gaze at the array of life before me in motion,
Strolling by in wonder and viewing the ocean.
At sunrise, your horizon sorts shades of gold,
At noon, the sun smiles gently on the summer's day,
At twilight, a sight of sheer beauty as the sun slowly descends,
Dispersing a fan-tail of amber gleams through dazzling rays.
I glance once more outwards as I walk on by the seaweeds,
The waves flow in and out and leave a pattern on the beach,
Here and there and everywhere like dandelion seeds.
Striking imprints of rippling waves captivate the sea's shore,
Now and then, one sees the odd ship travelling to a far-off land,
As seagulls scream and cry while into the sky they sore,
The sea breeze carries them gracefully, gently on their way.
Cliffs standing, stonily staring as the years move on by,
Life is but a fraction, a blink of an eye, nothing is here to stay,
A sound overhead, a passing aircraft, lines the evening sky,
The half moon timidly appears as twilight surrounds the place,
Fishing boats sail out to sea as weary children elsewhere sleep,
As I gaze, I catch the moon's blue light on my gown's lace,
I reflect on how the speed of time passing makes me weep.

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

I Am From?

I am from a tender moment of long ago
I am from lovers that went different ways
I am from a mother that did not want me
I am from a father that never know of me
I am from a parting of mother and child
I am from a meeting of a grandmother love
I am from a house where I grew up in
I am from a street where I had friends
I am from a school time I rather forget
I am from a town I love very dearly
I am from good memories and bad one

I am in corridors of different mood

I am from corridors where I met sadness
I am from corridors where I met joy
I am from corridors where I met love
I am from corridors where I met birth
I am from corridors where I met fear
I am from corridors where I met wonder
I am from corridors where I met awe
I am from corridors where I met imagine
I am from corridors where I met dreams
I am from corridors where I met nightmares

I am from the creative side of life

I am from the idifferent ways
of the world
I am from the electricity of thunder storm
I am from the raging foam of sea
I am from the land of no return
I am from the past, present and future
I am from the here, there and everywhere
I am from the haunted house on the hill
I am from the dancing on the cross roads

I am from the time that everything was a sin
I am from the yesterday, today and tomorrow
I am from the snowdrops, raindrop and dewdrop

Mai Venn

I Am Sick And Tired.

I am sick and tired of hearing Leader Questions in the Dail
Sure it a sham, while they are still blaming Fianna Fáil
We see them carry on, day after day, year after year
As we watch them jabber on, whiled they grin and sneer.

Yes, Ireland is recovering for the wealthy Irish rich
The poor are becoming destitute and sleeping in the ditch
A yes, our leaders are full with healthiness, smiling all the way.
While the young and old and waiting on trolleys day after day.

It common sense that after a recession a recover come along
But to hear them talk in the chamber you think they did no wrong
Well the did, they made us promises galore when on their campaign
Told us lies, just to get our votes, we are paying dearly, for their rein.

Mai Venn

I Heard The Banshee Howl Last Night

I heard the Banshee howl last night
Up by the old churchyard,
So sad was her cry, yet no sight
Did I see by the old cemetery?
The moon illumination and lay bright
Across the field, I walk quite fast
My fear was there and did not pass
I felt so uneasy and so alone
Then I reached my mother's home.
As I opened the door and went inside
I could not find somewhere to hide
Beneath the stairs behind the press
For me there was no place to rest
I heard that mournful cry once more
It seemed as if it was outside the door
I reached for the holy water for to shake
Around the house as I prayed for God's sake
Let death pass by and go away
For I was not ready for the long sleep
As I have stacks of promises that I must keep
Whilst I prayed, that sound did dim
Unto the Lord, I gave thanks to him
The dawn arrived like an angel's smile
My nerves were on edge after such a trial
But, then I heard my mother weep
My Granddad passed away in his sleep
I heard the Banshee howl last night
So sad was her cry, yet no sight

Mai Venn

Inspiration By Mai Venn

It comes into my mind like a breeze.
It can torment me and sometimes tease.
No rest will I know until I let go,
Then my pen takes control as a new poem I enrol

When it comes to life before my eyes
I am glad,
For it then, I realise
I'm not clever or wise
Just inspired to rise
Up my pen
Set it down on a book
Write what on my mind
Then I take a look.
Well it may be mad or it may be sad
It may be good or it may be bad
Well it may not ring a melodious chimes
It may not rhyme quiet on time
But it all mine

Silence is golden for we need the peace
The inner peace that comes with quietness
We can think, we can feel, we can be ourselves
The writers den of creative

Mai Venn

Ireland Is A Awaiting

It's almost on top of us, The 100 years' centenary of the 1916

But Ireland lays still in hopes of a new horizon dawning.

Waiting for a government to take charge of the country.

A government who will care for the nation with pride.

Looking after the sick, old, young, homeless, Poor and helpless.

The people of Ireland deserves the best administration in the land.

We have suffered far too much with the previous regime policies of harshness.

We fought for freedom but did we get it as we still feel far more suppressed

Under the cruel rule of austerity and mean cuts to the worse off in society

Cutting child benefit, old folks telephone allowance and rent allowance.

The election was a sham as the rich majority had the upper hand at all times

The working classes work harder for less, slaves for the last regime broke them

Leaving them to the four winds, helpless, tired, depressed, oppressed and forgotten

The election should have giving us hope and enlighten for a better future for all

Now in deadlock, now we wait till St Patrick day and Easter is over, to commence, what?

Mai Venn

Ireland Is Changing

Once we, held our head up high
We value life with respect
From formation to birth
Now we turn our heads away

We stay quiet and let it happen
We are weak, we are giving in.
The bullies are taking over
But the shoe is on the other foot.

Life is a gift, life is a treasure
Abortion is ending a life
That makes it cold murder
By another interpretation

Guilty, as charge, or what?
Look deep into your mind
Think is it right to take life?
Then be honest with yourself

Mai Venn

It Is Getting Worse

It is summertime in dear old Ireland
Where the shamrock grow so green
Where the cost of living rising
The like of which was ever seen
Where they are charging for fresh air
They started with a drinking water fee
But people power arose and made it clear
No way, we will not pay for water flow free

Down hills, in our streams and around our isle
St, Patrick sheds tears where he once gave a smile
Now the shamrock nod in the summer breeze
While the saints and scholars are gone far away
The government still keep up the austerity sneeze
I think I leave my homeland in search of lawfulness
As it no longer pleasant in Ireland at this moment
Between austerity and gang war, it is full of awfulness

Mai Venn

Its Mother Nature Way To Renew

The days were extremely warm
After the winter with its storms
Now the leafs are declining slowing down
As we greet the chill season with a frown

The evening twilight glares my space
Trapped my imagination, that my case
But I will overcome it before long
Then I might compose and poem or song

The television programs bore me stiff
While knitting I am inclined to rip
When in my garden my trees I clip
My house work I am prone to skip

So winter, there is no way out for me
I am pondering as I wait and see
Come it will, It always do
Its Mother Nature way to renew

Mai Venn

January

Christmas 15 is gone to the back of our minds,
It was different this year and so one of a kind.
Welcome to January and all decorations being down,
But now the cold weather's here and frost is on the ground.

The fireside chair is my throne as I sit awhile,
Then onto the keyboard, which I greet with a smile,
I write a line of what's in my head and then stop,
I will think a little for a good inspiration to pop.

The T.V. news last night or the sermon at mass?
Sure they're always the same, maybe I give them a pass!
Well there's my dog, a Jack Russell, and full of fun,
A faithful friend and good watchdog that likes to run.

The birds always give me lots of ideas as they feed,
I look out at the red breasted robin so small and so sweet,
On my sill he stands, staunch and handsome yet timid and shy,
I gaze and gaze at him in wonder as he takes to the sky.

A wee little spider crosses my curtain to the other side,
Determined to get on his way and not be defied,
As he reaches his destination, he disappears from sight
He'll probably return later today or tonight.

I am recording these little proceedings with my virtual pen,
Contemplating that I might use them now or then,
For inspiration can appear from a leaf slowly descending,
So I depart from you now as my poem reaches its ending.

Mai Venn

Jukebox Blues

Jukebox Blues

At the café there was a jukebox playing,
Those Brown Eyes, I know the song so well.
While ordering fish and chips I was thinking,
To the words, listen, a sad story it will tell.

The tears came trickling down my face,
And mingled with my meal like vinegar.
But when the song was over I pondered,
For weeks in my thoughts, the tune would linger.

Those brown eyes, I love so well,
Those brown eyes, I long to see,
How I long for those brown eyes,
Strangers they have grown to be.

The melody haunted me for months on end,
It reminded me of a very dear friend,
Who fell in love with the brown eyed lad,
That treated her so very cruel and bad.

The tune may well refer to too many,
Whose heart was broken like my friend's Jenny,
But, around the corner, and not so far away,
Is a clear blue sky and a more pleasant day.

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Junk Shop Junkie By Mai Venn

I have this little problem, it is actually quite bad
It is a terrible affliction and people think I am mad
Some folks they gamble, more have trouble with the drink
While some love their tobacco even though it really stinks

Other love their horse racing, placing bets and all of that
Then you see more collecting postcards of dogs and cats
But I love to ramble into the old junk shop over town
It's there where I find little gem's when I am feeling down

When I arrive in that door, I'm in my world, my domain
I start searching for my treasures for there be no restrain
Looking on the shelves, in old boxes and all around
On a quest for to rummage about for that is where I'm bound

Things that people want no more so they give them away
Memories they rather leave behind belonging to yesterday
Junk, that charity shops sell to make money for the poor
Becomes the jewels that I collect and bring inside my door

That old junk shop is my refuge from the ritual we call living
for there I found joy with the searching and the shifting
it part of my daily task between the shopping and the cleaning
I'm a junk shop junkie if I make a find you can see me beaming

So come on all you board housewife's and a lesson take from me
Don't walk by an old junk shop without going in to see what you can see
Just join the junk shop junkie in search of what stuff is fired away
If you are very lucky you could find a fortune on any giving day

Mai Venn

Just Write

All you that write a verse or to
Take your pen one more in you hand
Write down your words of wisdom
Now share it with all around.

Tell the truth in your own words
Of what life means to you alone
Don't hold back your feeling
Let them float like a fresh breeze

The written word is immortal
Time won't erase poetry away
When we are all dead and gone
Our words may always linger

Do you Remember Ozymandias
That fragmented statue in the sand
Shakespeare honour him for ever
In a his stanza all those years ago

Mai Venn

Lady Of The Limelight

Infringement was everywhere.
Her time was not that of her own.
The media were always there.
Why would they not let her alone?
A happy life, for her was not to be.
That fairy-tale romance that did not last,
Instead, All she had, Was misery.
Trespassing on her every move, and past.
As the summer went, so did she.
Bounty hunters flashing cameras descends
Blundering, as they would not let her be.
A chase in Paris, Crash! Diana's life ends.
Now; the world in shock, Mourn Sweet Di,
Their lost cannot be replaces.
All and everyone asked, Why Oh Why.
What really happen, to our Princess Di?

Mai Venn

Lane Of Twilight

It so quite now as we enter into the lane of twilight
Yes, it's that time again as we say good bye to Summer
No rushing just taking it easy, step by step, Winter is insight
Looking back there, on this sad year, I could shed a tear
Thinking of all the drowning at sea of them, unfortunate refugees
Thinking of all the hardship they suffered during this year
Then turning my mind to the senseless bombing in France
And in the country where the refugees fled from in dread
Let hope that there is something better out there, a chance
To remedy the injustices in this world and give equality to all
Peace that may be different things to different communities

In the twilight lane we can reflect and wonder of what will be
Is there worse impending in background waiting for the command?
The balance of power may swing either way for it plain to see
Men are only human with flaws they are not gods or are we
Greed and religion can spark the flames that detonate a row
Boundary and barriers become invisible for lines are crossed
First we need a medium then consultation and we need it now
Today as tomorrow never comes so strike while the iron is hot
Place the white flag on the highest point so everyone can see
Will it do any good as a symbol of peace? Probably not
I will leave this sad conversation to one side and go for my walk

Mai Venn

Last Year

It was a year that came and went before I knew it
It was like as if it flew by me
It left nothing to take my interest
Now it over, gone into the past.

Mai Venn

Life

Summer is coming to a swift end
Autumn will be a short live friend
Dark winter nights will follow soon
As robin redbreast will sing a tune

Gardening the crops has started today
Farmers are upset for Brexit is on the way
Protesters are all around every single day
All we hear on the news is doom and gloom

With the ozone layer, what does Donal Trump care?
While all of us are living in constant fear
The rain forests starts now to disappear
As we commence to comprehend and share

The melting mountains of ice are abating
For mankind, we wonder, what is awaiting
Can we turn back the wheels of time?
For greed has been the worlds worse crime

Mai Venn

Life Is A Gift

Life Is A Gift And No One Has The Right To Take It Away

When someone kills and ends the life of an individual,

They steal a family member and a dear loved one.

This is a cruel act that cannot be undone, it is a tragedy.

With more than one slain, it was a terrorist act of war,

That caused diverse reactions all across the world.

Why? What reasoning was there to hurt another human being?

Young people enjoying an evening out; shot down at random,

What harm did they impose? None! Murdered by strangers.

Who gave them right to kill? What logic can they have had

To put an end to something as precious as the gift of human life?

Reprisal will follow and it will go on and on, more blood will be shed.

Memories are lodged in our minds forever of the 13th of November

It has left a dark shadow of sorrow and grief in all our hearts.

This earth is big enough for all of us to live together peacefully.

We may not believe the same ideology but why does that matter?

To kill Paris's young and innocent just on a whim.

Surely common sense should have shone through the clouds of mist?

When the mist dissolves, what will we see straight ahead?

Visualize, that you are looking down from above in a valley,

Imagine that there are two cultures coming from opposite sides,

One culture holds the white flag of forgiveness and peace,

The other waves the black flag of malice and conflict,

As they meet, the sun dispatches dazzling sunbeams upon them,

Blinding both sides for a while, then an eclipse of darkness pursues.

Now both cultures are puzzled and confused at this wonder,

They mingle with each other, unaware of the state of affairs.

As they start to realise what has happened, what concludes?

To continue or rethink the situation, for there are other powers,

Yes, exceptional powers that no human can control or recognize.

The confrontation of good and evil has now to debate its course,

Breaking down barriers and building bridges of love and forgiveness.

Live and let live as we each contribute to this world together.

It is a pity that this is only an imaginary dream of world peace,

I ponder and I wonder why, why cannot we all live in harmony?

Mai Murphy Venn

Mai Venn

Little Friend

The robin rested on my wall
She seemed so timid and so small
Snowflakes fell slowly down

Red, the colour of her breast
I wonder where she had her nest
The snowflakes dissolve

Into the kitchen for some bread
This little bird, needed to be fed
The snow began again.

That robin, how she did sing
A concert to my ears did bring
As the ground, turn white.

My little red breast friend went away
However, return day after day
Even when the snow had gone

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Lizzy From The Old Village Of Campile

Corus

She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile,
With her weird fashions that are always in style,
And she lightens all my worries when she smiles,
It's very plain to see, that she is the one for me,
She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile.

She dwells down in the lovely sunny south-east,
Where the sun sets as the moon and the stars meet,
Not far from Duncannon's seashore and its golden sand,
It's many a time I held her hand as we strolled the strand.

Corus

She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile,
With her weird fashions that are always in style,
And she lightens all my worries when she smiles,
It's very plain to see, that she is the one for me,
She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile.

Well, I know we're getting on and we are getting old,
I have plucked up the courage for I am now feel quite bold,
I have asked for her hand and to wear my golden band,
And if the answer will should be yes, well in a suit I will invest!

Corus

She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile,
With her weird fashions that are always in style,
And she lightens all my worries when she smiles,
It's very plain to see, that she is the one for me,
She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile.

Well we've got twenty years of courting behind us,
And, if we wed, it won't be in old Campile where you'll find us
For we will be gone in a flash, without a fuss,
We will go on a honeymoon and travel to Mauritius.

Corus

She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile,
With her weird fashions that are always in style,

And she lightens all my worries when she smiles,
It's very plain to see, that she is the one for me,
She's my Lizzy from the old village of Campile.

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Love Lost

Swiftly they took over

As the victims fell,

This was to be a fun night,

But became a living hell.

The hall it was crowded

With the spirited and young,

They were launching out in life,

Their time had just begun.

It was to be a good night

As the rock band played,

Merciless gunmen invaded,

The young, they were slain.

There's no excuse for massacre,

No matter who they are,

Innocent and young people

Who came from wide and far.

Such loss is so very painful

On loved ones as they grieve,

The sorrow forever lingers

For lives never again retrieved.

Mai Venn

Mad In The Head By Mai Venn.

Who voted for him. the evil one?
Was it you? For it was not me.
He is in now, he has the power.
His hands are far from clean.
His mind is off the beating track.
The world awaits for he won't lingers.
For the man don't have a clue.
No not a clue, what can we do
pray to who ever we pray to.
As he yells out loud, build the wall.
keep them out, keep them out.
AMERICA, IS MINE HE THINKS
But we know better, it's the land of the free
freedom to all and no exception.
Oppression is again every law of man.
He will live in fear and never know peace.
For peace have two lanes in different direction.
One leads to tranquillity with all nation.
The other leads to tranquillity of the mind.
Both are important for one can help the other.
If the captain of a ship stairs it to the rocks.
He is accountable for his foolishness.
Can the world look on and not feel the hurt
The ban is causing families of emigrants pain.
They that do nothing at all, do more harm.

Mai Venn

More Peace

Somewhere, there is a place called peace
Where all the suffering may never be released
Where the sky is blue, and the grass is green
Where everyone is equal, with no king or queen
This is the place which I must search and find
It is a we little spot in each of everyone's mind.
It there, it does exist, sit back in your armchair
Close your eyes, relax, let your mind go clear.
If you stumble across it, please let me know
As I will join with you and away, we will go.

Mai Venn

My Homeland By Mai Venn

My Homeland by Mai Venn

A 'republic' country we are supposed to be,
From all around as far as the eye can see,
A state where we struggle for our liberty,
Yearning good democracy, for you and for me!

What did we get? A bit of this and bit of that,
In our realm where the best of our scholars sat,
Where we battled for our faith and for our land,
Now look to Dublin and see who is in command!

God Help us all, for we are doomed to fall
Under the Austerity Lord and all his cronies,
Ireland, my lovely Ireland, my heart it breaks
To see them now in power; they are but phonies.

The flag of freedom drapes the homeless at night,
The flag of justice got lost and is out of sight,
The flag of honesty now hangs in dire shame,
The flag of accountability now joins this game!

game!

?

?

Mai Venn

My Jack Russell By Mai Venn

My Jack Russell
Is quite a puzzle
He can be quit mellow
A happy go lucky fellow
But if he see a cat
Well that is that
Away he will go
After his foe
Barging and howling
Keening and growling
He will not give in
But the cats always win
So he become very sad
Then he gets mad
So I give him a treat
While I grab a sweet
I love my little Jack Russell
He is still quite a puzzle

Mai Venn

Nancy

One summer's evening when rambling took my fancy,
It was out at O'Brien Pub that I met the gorgeous Nancy.
Sitting at the window with her glass of mineral water,
Sure how was I to know she was Sargent Murphy daughter?

With a ral fal doodle dallie and a ral fal doodle dandy,
What could I do when I met the gorgeous Nancy?

The fact that I was married, sure I did not give a feather,
When I saw her sitting there in her mini skirt of leather,
With a ear-ring in her nose, dread-knots in her hair
And when she started laughing, she fell right off her chair.

With a ral fal doodle dallie and a ral fal doodle dandy,
What could I do when I met the gorgeous Nancy?

One Sunday afternoon, while out doing a spot of courting,
Sargent Murphy came along and caught us in our sporting.
Well he got me by the neck and handcuffed me to the tree,
Sure, I begged, I swore and I pleaded, but he would not let me free,

With a ral fal doodle dallie and a ral fal doodle dandy,
What could I do when I met the gorgeous Nancy?

Come, all you wile, young fellows, where every you may be,
Take a note of my sad story and a warning take from me,
If ever you go out rambling, as it might take your fancy,
Make sure you will stay clear of the notorious, gorgeous Nancy!

With a ral fal doodle dallie and a ral fal doodle dandy,
What could I do when I met the gorgeous, Nancy?

Mai Venn

Nelly Comes Back By Mai Venn

Last February 7th, as I was on my way down to the stables to feed the mare, I passed the old derelict house. My eyes wandered to the figure of a rather odd, young girl who moved, ever so quietly, around to the side of the house. Her clothes did not look right. They appeared to those of a servant, back when young girls were hired to work in 18th century gentry's houses. I asked myself if maybe she a ghost or one of the children from the gypsy camp up the road who had just stopped to rest for a couple of days. As far back as I could remember, the house was empty and it was a charming, old, Georgian style house.

When I arrived at the stables, I got a strange feeling there. Just as I had turned, I saw the same young girl straight in front of me pointing to some part of the floor. I went to the spot and pushed the straw that lay upon it to the side. There I found an old hidden door to a down stairs which led to an underground secret passageway that ran towards the inside the old manner. It had never crossed my mind before then that there was a cellar beneath. The corridor ended at the door of a room thought which the young girl passed.

I followed her through the opened door. As if unaffected by time, there before me, was a bedroom and on a little table, a diary. I did not know what to do but the girls eyes were as sad as she beckoned me to open the little book and read it that I did. It was her story and now I knew her name; it was Nelly.

Nelly's short life unfolded with ever page I turned. Her life began in the house when she was fourteen. She began as a scullery maid and her friend, Millie was a parlour maid. At first, they were very happy where they worked. Though the head housekeeper could be cross at times, she was not the worse. My heart broke as Nelly's saga of woe reach my very soul. The master's son had taken advantage of Millie first and then, when Millie was sent from the house in disgrace and pregnant with his baby he turned to Nelly. Having become Millie's replacement. If Nellie dared to tell anyone, her life would be at risk.

One night while Nellie was in her bedroom, the master's son made his way to her. She begged him to let her alone and vowed to tell the head housekeeper if he did not. He got extremely angry with her and dragged her by her lovely head of black hair to a room at the top floor. There, he pushed her from a bay window to her death.

When found in the early hours of the following morning, her hair was toss and scraggy and unlike the way she had always kept it. Nelly had been an honest

good living hard working catholic girl and on realising her life was coming to an early closure, she prayed for her story to be known.

It was then I realised my part in this narrative. My first task was to call in a priest to pray for the soul of Nelly so as she could rest in peace. I then called a friend of mine a journalist and a writer to tell her story so as her short life would go on record.

The Story Comes To Light

Fragile, as if she could float on air.
Her face was sad beneath her jet-black hair.
I first say her here, then there,
Then, unexpectedly, she would disappear.

The twilight sky played tricks on me,
I queried my brain on what I did see,
Suddenly, there before me stood she,
Her ghostly figure comes to haunt me.

The mare observed the phantom, yet saw nay
Animals identify in their own strange way
And as the mare bolted out the open door,
The fragile maiden pointed to the floor.

I reached down to that part of the ground.
And, on that spot, a door I found
She sent a signal to unveil
And, behind, I followed on her trail.

Under the stable, there is a corridor
That led us to the old house's basement floor
Then, she halted at the old, green door
And summoned me on more and more.

I entered the room she had reached before me.
There, on a table in front, I did see -
A diary, as old, as old could be,
On this journal was the name, 'Nelly'.

A story as old as time, by quill she did report
Of cruel deeds done, purely for the sport,

How the Master's son had took her by force,
Then murdered poor Nelly and he had no remorse.

;

Mai Venn

November 2015

November 2015

It almost over, the bleakest, gloomy month of this year
This month's memories has left us with heartbreaking tears
In years to come our historians will give us documentation
Of the history that made the most spiteful demonstration
Robbing life's before it's time, tit for tat, an eye for an eye
Who will be the judge and jury, what will the verdict say, why?

Mai Venn

Oh God,

Oh God, help us all from hypocrites
There so many of those fools around
Some go out to meet the man, Trump
When he should stay on our Irish ground
he shakes the hand of that dictators
But what could we really expect?
It takes one to know one, a traitor
Well time will tell as it goes by each day
As the chock go around and around
Well we all know what the wise folks say
What goes around comes back again another day

Mai Venn

Oppression Of Ireland

Oppression of Ireland

Why is our country so sad?
Why is our government so bad?
Why does our youth feel so down?
Why do our elderly have a forlorn frown
Why are we left to the four winds?
Why does our leader Kenny have a grin?

Why are the poor getting poorer?
Why are the rich getting richer?
Why are the children suffering?
Why are the homeless dying on our streets?
Why are our ill on hospital trolleys, day after day?
Why, why, why.

They say that Ireland is a lovely land
One could live there, it so green and grand
But why is the young going far away?
Because of Mr Austerity came in one day
He cut the poor right out of his way
Middleclass had to survive of very low pay
Our folks lost their home and there was no end
So on to airplanes and ships the Ireland youth went
Far, far away they all had to go as mother cried (No, No.)
Come back to Ireland it's your country your home
Why should you be the ones that have to roam?

Mai Venn

Peace

PEACE by Mai Venn

The end of war all over the globe
Equality spread around world like robe
Resembling a mantel of kind hearted person
Caring for his people without complexity
No more sadness or oppression found
Grant, kindness and happiness all around
Each baby that born will have love and care
No disclamation, jealousy, or despair
If only this dream would every come true
Think of the entire nation, I am talking to you

Mai Venn

Phantom Of The Night By Mai Venn

On a May evening, at sun set
I heard woman cry
While the moon appeared in the sky.

I listen to her crying
As the moon, excel bright
She continue on, all thought the night

It was so sad to hear that cry
I felt helpless to her flight
I search the glen and saw no sight

I explore the woodland by the brook
Something moved beside the oak tree
I sense her presents close to me

As the dawn was braking
Her cry became a scream
Then I saw her kneeling by the stream

Her long hair flowed around her
While she lamented and she whine
Phantom woman, you got inside my mind

Disappearing before my very eyes
My bewilderment left me mystify
Who was that sprit that keened and cried?

Mai Venn

Political Bureaucratic

Why did we join the E.E.C.?
Back in that year of 1973
Was it really good for us?
Or was it all just great big fuss

We gave them rights over our land
They told us how we could expand
They told us to pay for free water
We were like lames lead to the slaughter

Did we do our country right?
Should we have put up more of a fight?
But sure back then we had no voice
Now we can demand a better choice

We are the people of the Ireland
We are ready for to make a stand
Our so called leader would sell us out
Are we all set to march and shout?

We are. We are ready for the call
And we shall rally one and all.
For we want our country to be free
From all that silly political bureaucratic

Mai Venn

Polly

She wore a black shawl and she wore it well,
Polly was her name and her story I'll tell.
She was born on the day that Parnell passed away,
I am her granddaughter and my name is Mai.
A rare, kind-hearted woman, honest and true,
She was the only real mother that I ever knew.
While telling me old stories of long, long ago,
And singing me old songs that she used to know,
She passed on her customs with culture galore,
With Irish history and legends and plenty more.
She was one in a million and I must say,
I will never forget her until my dying day.
She had a hard life but always a cheerful smile,
Grumbling and groaning were far from her style.
Every year on women's day, I think of this mother,
These are a few words dedicated to her and none other.

Mai Venn

Pondering

I went to mass today,
I knelt down to pray,
I joined along with everyone.
As the priest gave his sermon.
My mind began to stray,
the seagulls they were crying.
Then I heard the police car siren
Yet the priest spoke loud and clear
While his sermon reaches my ear
It was the story of Zacchaeus, the tax man.
It was a narrative that I knew well
long ago to my children I would tell.
The priest told his own saga of what he likes to do
He said at night he loves to walk up hills and country roads
to gazed up at the stars as they adorn the sky in loads
it was a thought that left me evaluation
How peaceful it would be but yet it not for me.!
I feel alone and scared to be on my own.
In my cocoon I feel at home, just sitting in my chair
Relaxing and creating handmade pieces for to share.
Zacchaeus made a difference as he looks down from the tree
For he had Faith, Hope and charity, a rare commodity.

Mai Venn

Pondering On Life

Is life just passing seasons?
Over and over the same,
Is there more to it then that?
Are we on a journey?
The destination graveyard valley
In-between living, loving and so on
Do we know where to go?
What to do, why we exist?
Is there a plan for us?
Do we believe that there is a god?
Or do we just go along with the flow?
What is it all about for each one of us?
We live, we love, we are loved, why?
We read, we write, we speak. Why?

□

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Poor Old Ireland

There they all are with faces that would stop a clock
You're man went to America as time went tick tock
The Dail it was empty no a man or a woman in the chair
I ask you my compatriots and any one ellse, is that really fare.
Oh God. It great to be Irish on glorious St Patrick feast day
When we wares the Shamrock, Some of us have no home to stay
Yet the marching commences thought out our green land
They will be some T.D.s there looking proud on that mighty stand
While the parade will march by in the land, sure it will be grand
Banners will flutter and pipe bands will play, as they will walk on
Colour floats glide by. However, when it is over and we are all gone
The homeless will still be without homes to call them their own
Some one could sit down outside of the Dail and write true poem
Hospitals corridors, the sick lay on trolleys, no change, still the same
Now we wait for a leader and hope that progress will be the aim
We are approaching the 100 anniversary of the Easter Risen revolt
Has anything been learn or will historian have another story to be told
Well I will bid you adieu for now and hope to things will get better
If not I put more words down on paper and we all join writing together

Mai Venn

Power To The People By Mai Venn

So, he gone like a withering leaf floating to the ground.
He, who for so long taunted me and many other
That voice, I can still hear it waffling that political sound.

Ireland. My Ireland look on as we wonder what lays instore.
Could it get better or could it get worse for its inhabitants.
Will we have to take to the streets for to fight once more.

The power of the people is far mightier the then that of regime
We will lead the way for our followers as they did before us
No one will ever keep us down as we are the beacon and the beam

Power to the people, our people are the backbone of the land
Water is an example but so is our property, think about it!
Power to the people for the power is in the Irish people hand

Mai Venn

Prehistoric Ireland By Mai Venn

Don't get sick in Ireland, where the shamrock grows,
For in the hospital's corridors there are trolleys in rows.
It takes hours to be seen and you could die in between
If you are seeking for the Minister of Health, Good luck
On the air, in the streets, maybe Dáil Éireann or gazing in a babbling brook
The man is missing and is nowhere to be found
On the air, in the streets, maybe in Dail Eireann or on the ground
The poor nurse's had to take to the streets and go on strike
Molly Malone gave up her wheelbarrow and followed by bike
Dan O'Connell came out of his grave and joined in
Good God said he, what's happening to the Irish people is a sin
Old Dev, his ghost did appear, he looked at the march and then shed a tear
If I was alive and leading the Dail Eireann, I would get rid that lot before next
year
Oh Ireland my homeland said a voice out loud
It was the ghost of Parnell as he enter the crowd
What happen to Ireland, where did it go wrong?
Then the masses of people sang out in song
A nation once again. A nation once again.
Then
Power to the people and We shall not be moved
Just then a great voice was heard over the crowd saying
Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Then the March continued its way

Mai Venn

Quest

Will the day of days come?
When all of us will assemble
On an equal platform called Judgment
That day, we will meet our maker
As the outlook has being foretold
We will be judge for what we did
Not for whom we are
So it makes no different who we may be
Rich or poor, sophisticated or not
Pretty or plain, brazen or sky
We all entered this world naked
When our time on the earth ends
We will turn into dust and ashes
The Lord is our Shepard
Equality is what we seek
But, it will never happen on this sphere
Is greed the stronger master?
Or is there in reality a Judgment Day?

Mai Venn

Quite As A Mouse

Silence as we creep down and down to nowhere
For as we ponder and as we wonder what's is left?
Global warm will win if we won't stop pollution
Look to world leaders in hope of a beneficial solution.
While, Ice melting, sun smelting, storms weathering,
Our world as we know it will change to a living hell
Our children and their children might not be around to tell

THE ENDS

Mai Venn

Rebirth

There is a vast bizarre storm approaching the land of the shamrock'

It is brewing awhile, changing its direction and its appearance.

Unrest has become the main element of its deep, deep foundation.

The inhabitants are unhappy with the political ruling structures.

The grumbling comes next with the rumbling of the establishment.

While the administration presents an illusion of prosperity pending.

Over the poor and working classes there are thunder clouds forming.

News that looms from Europe telling Ireland, do this, do that and so on.

Makes one wonder, should we stray from the direct control of the E.U.

We were a proud republic following fighting for the rights of home rule.

Now it is as if it never happened as if we lost our memories of the struggle.

You, of our land are the back bone of Ireland should obtain our respect.

Are we going to give in to the bureaucrats that think we don't count?

Its up to you!

Mai Venn

Regime Ruling

The dictators are emerging from all over
From the land of the free to the land of royalty
Impeachment to the big fellow from the U.S.A
embarrassment to the fellow at No 10
Where is the intelligent of those ingenious men?
Is it the walls and the bridges they both want to build?
Who knows? Could they both be Doom Day instigators?
Or are they just fools in high ranking positions?
They talk but they will not hear any other voice but their own.
Our world is decaying as each day goes by. I wonder, Why?
Look to the old and young for their wisdom is needed.
We are at the mercy of these political, senseless clowns
Is it our fault as we are the ones that are standing by?
letting them off with this sort of self-made regime ruling?
Be on your guard for unless you stand up and be counted
We, the downtrodden will never have a voice

Mai Venn

School Days

My days at school were, Oh' so bad.
When I left it, sure I was glad.
There was many a nun I had; you know
Some I liked and some I hated so.
One I called Blunder Buster of the Duster.
You should see her when got in a fluster.
She would grab the duster and flying high.
All the children would bend down as it passed by.
Sometime she would unscrew the leg of the chair.
It was like a boomerang as it went here and it went there
Believe me she was not the worse of them all.
There was another, holding a cane, walks up and down every hall.
She told us if we did not do what we were told.
We would go down to hell for we were bold.
The very day that I reach, my birthday of seven.
She told us of a place named hell and a place called heaven.
We had to go to nine o'clock Sunday Mass or we got the cane.
Punishing children just for her pleasure, was she normal or insane?
Well, she dead now, I wonder where she is? Haven or Hell.
I query if her cane is with her, but dead nuns can not tell.
There was one another nun that was a nice as could be.
The only thing about her, she was not nice to me.
She treated me so unkind; she cast me to the far off line.
I learn I had no father's name; I was made to feel the shame.
There were other kids just like me, which felt unwanted as could be.
Sins of lovers that never marry, they would go and they would tarry.
Say goodbye, farewell, adieu, but at last, never ever marry.
How I wanted for to learn, but nay, they did not inspire.
Instead, we in the far row became the slaves of the apostolic hire.
To embroidery stitches of religious symbols on white linen.
I crochet vestment for the holy foreign mission for my sinning.
We were in slavery to the holy Catholic Church.
Years later the religious were to leave us there in the lurch.
They preach of Faith, Hope and Charity for the entire human race
But down through the years that same church has lost its place

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Seasons

It is spring time in Ireland as the blossoms dressed the trees
The golden daffodils wave and waltz to the harmony of the breeze.
The sun shines on the fertile land and the crops begin to grow
Our rivers flow gently drifting on the way to the sea they go.

Renewal is all around us as the lambs come out to play.
The primrose spot the countryside and the birds, nest and lay.
The scent of spring is wonderful as it lingers, just for a short spell.
Then the Easter celebrations come and we listen to the Church bell

Once the Easter time is over, the summer comes along
The blackbird adds more beauty when he renders out in song
The first two seasons are far the best as they bring us lots of happiness
Autumn time starts the winding down as winter give the land a rest

Mai Venn

Seasons Beside The Barrow By Mai Venn

It was Spring
When you flowed gently by,
I was but a child
When I wondered and questioned why.
Why do the river keep running on and on?
To where have all the ripples vanished and gone?

It was Summer -
How good you looked
So calm, so quite.
I was a young woman
Full of dreams of what might,
Strolling along your winding bank;
My hand in his.
As the snowy swans swam by,
He stole a kiss.

It was Autumn
Softly the leaves fell from the trees on your bank.
I was a middle age woman
Watching the driftwood as it sank.
The family had a picnic
By your banks, so peaceful and still,
My grandchildren played.
As the autumn wine came.
I felt a chill.

Now it was Winter
Crashing waves come over your banks so high.
I am an old lady,
No more I wonder or question why
You symbolise life
Yet you claim it too,
But I wrote this verse
Just from me, to commemorate you.

Mai Venn

Senses Of Seasons

I walked in the woods at the end of spring
Finding some bluebells under the shade
Listening to blackbirds as they chirp and sing
Sun shining, clouds passing, light fades

I walked in the woods in summer time
When it covered in many colours of green
That babbling brook ran on its way
There no time to dally, no time to delay

I walked in the woods under the autumn sky
The leaves were changing from green to gold
Children are puzzled and ask why oh why
Are all those pretty leaves fading and old

I walked in the woods when winter arrived
Bare trees stood and stared as I went by
Decay lurked everywhere but life survived
In old Kelly wood as take my time and I walk by

Mai Venn

Spark Of Light

It was in Albania where the spark was lit,
The year,1910 - yes, I think that was it.
At the birth of a baby girl, a glow embarked,
A flick of a candle was caused by spark.

As the years went by, the spark glowed bright,
Into India, Mother Theresa carried a light,
She shun on the sick, outcasts and poor,
There were many a traveller that came to her door.

She campaigned for the life of the unborn child,
Offered hope to the hopeless and made life worthwhile,
Throughout the streets of Calcutta, her name was renowned,
She was the queen of Bengal, but love was her crown.

Autumn; the glow went dim, it flicked, went and was gone,
But all that she stood for will extend and go on,
Mother Theresa passed away to a far better places,
Because of her work, she enriched the whole human race.

Mai Venn

Stage Coach Of Fear

The Headless Coach came on its way,
It came by night and not by day,
It travelled quick and it travelled fast,
On reaching my door, paused and passed.

I did not dare to look it face to face,
So it went on with it's galloping pace.
That clanging sound continued on,
Soon it was o'er and then it was gone.

It was the phantom of the deepest dark.
But, as the light comes with the risen lark,
So does day change to dusk and on to night,
Again, I await that headless, hideous, ghastly sight.

The clock strikes twelve - the midnight hour -
When Vampires are in search of prey to devour.
While I alone, in dread with my fear,
That eerie, headless carriage, year after year.

One day I will face my fears, I know
And when I do, that coach will have to go.
Go it will, I pledge, and disappear from sight,
Then I will have won the conflict of the night.

Sleep will be mine; I will claim it in the end
As fear has never engaged me as a true friend.
Peace will come and it will be mine,
Freedom from all that is not real or genuine.

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

Sunny Skies In Omagh

Sunny skies in Omagh
While cold blooded murderers prowled around.
Deprived the lives of many loved ones
While the dead lay on the ground.
As the horrifying news reached every home
Across the land and world-wide,
In Omagh,
Protestants and Catholics
Sympathised with each other;
Side by side.
Unborn babies, young and old,
Rest in peace now
As
the investigation
Sadly starts, slowly to unfold.
Families, in shock, wonder
If it us a nightmare
Or
Could it actually be true,
What kind of human
Would do such a cruel deed-
Just tell me, who?
Hospitals were filled with victims
Who were injure in the blast.
Flowers were placed upon the bombsite
In remembrance
And
Mourners, still, flock past.
It was a bleak day for our country
On that sunny, August afternoon;
The peace we longed and craved for
Now, almost in total ruin

Mai Venn

Tell Me A Story By Mai Venn

We Irish have our own way of coming to terms with death. As a country steeped in history and folklore, each county has its own tale to tell; as I am a Wexford woman, I come from the South and this is my story.

THE OLD HAG

By Mai Murphy Venn

It was around midnight and I had fallen into a deep sleep. The month was August and the year was 1983. I was three months pregnant and I had been feeling ill most of the time. My dread at this stage was dreams. On this, my sixth baby, something strange started to happen to me but it was something that had happened to me before, when I was a teenager. It did not seem as frightening to me then as it did at this time. It was something that had featured in my families on my grandmother's side.

Nowadays known as psychic power but in my grandmother's day, it was refer as "The Old Hag". It is the ability to predict the future through dreams. It had skipped a generation my mother but now, I had the gift... or was it a plague? My grandmother and I were extraordinarily close to each other but she had been dead ten years at this time, which meant that I could not discuss this strange phenomenon with her, these prophecies which had come back to haunt me. My aunts and uncles did not understand much about it because they were mortified of what people might say, for instance, "They are all mad".

To return to my story, on night of August 19 of the year 1983, I recall my husband asking if I was feeling all right. I went to bed before twelve and fell into a deep slumber. In this profound sleep, a dream formed. It was one of those dreams that had a character from my everyday life such as Aidan Venn my father-in-law, going down the street I live in, turning the corner onto Priory Street,

The scene changed and the old man entered a pub on the Quay, called the Horse Man's Inn. He ordered a short, my dream became more and more frightening as the face of Aidan altered and started to become more and more distorted as if it was no longer his but that of a tormented poor soul reaching out for help. Just then, my observation of everything became important as if they were going to engage in some part of a plot in a play or a book. Then all of a sudden, my eyes stared at the clock on the wall. I watched the hands move slowly but surely

towards eleven o'clock and hearing the drum-like ticking sound as that of the death march.

Next, I heard a most pitiful sound. I have never heard anything like it since, nor do I want to. The sound seemed as if a wild beast, screeched out in unbearable pain but no one was there to care or know of its existence. I can still remember this haunting sound lingering on and on, then, as the sound faded, I could see Aidan stumble. He and a tall stool, which was beside him, fell to the ground together just as a barmaid placed his drink before him. I awoke. I was in a cold sweat, my mouth was bone dry, my heart palpitation and I was very confused. I remember asking myself was it a dream or had it really happened? However, deep down, I knew it was the "Old Hag".

The interpretation of the dream was a warning that time was running out. The fact of the clock on the wall was telling me that my father-in-law would die within the next twenty-four hours. The pinpointing of time and the insight of knowing what was to happen panic me. The fear of the knowledge I had acquired in a dream had puzzled me as to how to deal with preparing the family for the shock. I thought of my grandmother at this time and I remember how it was for her but she had me to confide in.

This was the real thing now fear had set in. I had seen what was to come. I remain a wake most of the night. My mind was full of thoughts racing one against another. I could see now how Edgar Alan Poe got his inspiration for those dreadful horror stories he wrote. At last, the dawn broke and a new day arrived, August 20. I got up and got dressed in anticipation of the inevitable. My husband must have thought I had gone and flipped my lid when I asked him to go to his father's house to see if he was still there.

Eventually, but reluctantly he did. His father lived just three doors up from our house; my husband found him singing, while shaving himself. The song, which he sung, ironically, was; "Oh Doctor, Oh Doctor, Oh Doctor dear John, your cod liver oil is so pure and so strong". He was fine and healthy and there was not a bit of bother on him. By now, my husband had his fill of my dreams, but he was still a bit nervous for some reason. I could sense it. I had gone into our front room. I looked out the window and sure enough, I saw my father-in-law turning the corner, wearing the same clothes I had seen him wearing in my dream. I noticed my husband standing beside me but neither of us spoke for several minutes. Bewildered we decided to return to our normal routine, which was the laundry and my husband began to clean out the solid fuel cooker. At about five minutes past eleven, there was a knock at our door; both of us went to find out who was there. Out side was a local barman trying to tell my

husband something. My next-door neighbour and a local priest interrupted him. Everyone seemed to be saying the same thing; "Your father is dead"; "Your father is dead"; Then barman went on to say; "He died in the Horse Man's Inn at around eleven o'clock";.

Mai Venn

Telling Other What To Do.

There the lads from the Dail giving advice
To the Irish in England, isn't that nice
Vote to stay in Europe they tell our folks
While the world looks on at there political jokes

Who do they think they are? Bullies for Kenny
Hush! Do you hear the sound of the dropped penny?
Do anyone care a fig for the opining of the Dail
The devil a bit for us poor people don't care at all

Well they got back into the government, that so sad
For we never had a crowd so awful or so cruelly bad
However, life go on and what goes around come around
When it will occur, what a surprise as it hits the Dail ground

Mai Venn

That Bag Of Crisps

If only I could give up crisps for good
My figure might look something like it should
Sure I have tried so hard to fight the craving
My purse would be overflowing with all my saving
Crisps are my greatest trouble believe me
I have them for snack and I have them with my cup of tea
Between my butter bread they are quite delicious
Well do I know, they are anything but nutritious
If only I could give up crisps, sure it would be great
I will try again for I have to, as I am overweight

Mai Venn

That Regime End

see that regime end

It's November here in Ireland and the atmosphere is quite,
Peace before a storm, the old folk think it's possibly right,
There is an election looming and it's coming 'round the bend,
While the realistic Irish want to see that austere regime end.

The leaders of our country are staying exceptionally quiet,
While the opposition parties are preparing for a fight,
Now Christmas is approaching; the homeless are filled with worry,
They need help and support and they need it in a hurry.

The sick are left on trolleys, be they young or very old,
While the politicians argue they are left out in the cold,
The elections they are pending, coming around the bend,
While the realistic Irish want to see that austere regime end.

Mai Venn

The 4th Day Of Christmas

An icy wind blows all over the land
Frosts white roofs all around the town
The mountains are full of snow, its grand

It's a winter work of art for all to see
The birds come to our window for to feed
Nature is with us in perfect harmony

A fearless fox rambles in to the park and around
The house and the hotels back yard ground
While in search of food that maybe found

It's the fourth day of Christmas. Oh my, oh my.
The risen sun and half moon are in the sky
Together for awhile and misty clouds pass by

Another year has come and gone so fast
While we mature gracefully like a vintage wine
New Year is quite near, a celebration, a last

Mai Venn

The Arival Of The Terrorist

Here it comes; swift, as if no beast can outrun it,
Its approach is like the wings of a powerful bird.
There is no haling, as with fire when lit,
It intercepts all and there will be no going back.

What is in store for mankind and it generation?
Doom? Damnation? Or will there be a celebration?
Will there be a new form of disciple sensation?
Is Christ coming on the last day or will there be a new revelation?

What is it that a blind man can see and the dumb can tell?
Not to be observant can be an obstacle at the best of times.
What is at the core of reason when doubt sets in to dwell?
unanswered queries as we beseech the quest of wisdom.

Beware my friend, for the unknown can prevent you,
Yet, to know to much can cause you to worry prematurely.
The spoken or written word may not always be true.
So, put your trust in only a few and look out for false prophet's

Governments may not always do what is right for their nation,
When leaders are unsure, panic sets in, followed by indignation,
Freedom and democracy are worth the confrontation,
War is not the answer, for life should always be a celebration.

Mai Venn

The Ballymun Flats

The Ballymun Flats

They stand as statues waiting for the command which is looming,
Lined up against the sky, towering above the fair city like a garrison.
Down they glare, making shadows as they inspect Dublin booming
While the people living under their roof are condensed in concrete

Far from the affluent who were hell-bent on keep the status quo.
What do they know of making-do or hand-me-downs
For in their world it's not who you are but who you know,
A world where life is grand, with money to spend on designer gowns.

The tower are made from cement, sand and glass.
Families came and lived there, ordinary, decent, working class.
Children came home from school and went out to play.
We all thought that the Ballymun flats were here to stay.

The Celtic tiger came and ran wild into Dail Eireann and out again.
Round Ireland it did roam and then disappeared out of the land,
Over the waves, far away, around the EEC and then
It came back only now, it was bet as we watched it expire on Dollymount strand.

Mai Venn

The Big Bad Man

The big bad man is with the British Royals
Giving his all to the Empire of yesterday
Born to be rich, but not a leader to lead
Browbeating is his talent, he uses it well
Bullying is another power, he abuses at will
Well, he is not God, or he never will be
So, let him off with the Queen, sipping tea
The flowers they are in bloom in the royal garden
Soon the petals will drop to the soil, rot and die
The big bad man, one day will do the same
Crocodile tears will rain on this sad earth
Forget-me-nots will grow fresh on his grave
The memory of his existence will soon fade away
Like a rolling teardrop falling in the ocean
Repent and look to the future, change your ways
Time will not stop for him or anyone
No wall can keep the grim keeper at bay
No palace or Whitehouse has wall's that won't crumble
Here today and gone tomorrow, bring joy not sorrow
Live and let live all tribes and all nations as equals

Mai Venn

The Budget

The Budget - Poem by mai venn

Hear comes the decorations to persuade us,
The Minster of Finance will make a big fuss,
They say, they'll give us this and they'll give us that,
They jam us by statistic as they talk through their hats.

Five euros on child benefit won't buy the bread,
Food, petrol, coal, gas, bus fares, families to be fed,
We are living well below the so called 'minimum wage',
The poor now buy, sell-by-date bargains, it's the new rage.

They gave five euros on child benefit, so what?
Some years back they took ten euros, did they not?
Well what would Kenny or Burton do with euros, three?
If they were living on the old age pension, that's the key!

The government is hoping the budget will keep us sweet,
But we're not happy, they can keep their old treats!
We know the Celtic Tiger is close on the trail of the well off,
Oh yes, the tiger is back, he only had a cold or a cough!

Hear comes the decorations to persuade us,
The Minster of Finance will make a big fuss,
They say, they'll give us this and they'll give us that,
They jam us by statistic as they talk through their hats.

mai venn

mai venn

Mai Venn

The Challenges That Life Bestowed

The challenges that life bestowed

Some of us are born with a condition
It has a variety of extraordinary terms
We have many gifts that may be creative
We see and think ahead of the present time
some of us often are politically motivated
It is proven some Great leaders suffer from it
Artist, poets, inventor and well known president
It's Sometimes call it the genius syndrome
We can appear to other as rather odd
To us, friendships are so hard to have
Our social skills may not be conventional
Our smile may be another individual frown
Isolation can be part of our everyday life
Did Winston Churchill suffer our flight?
Did he feel rejected at school and college?
Could W. B. Yates have been one of us
Do you think Padraig Pearse suffer with Asperger's?
Vincent Van Gogh, may have suffered it to
Think could you be one of the chosen few?

Mai Venn

The Cocoon Of Irish Life By Mai Venn

We enter in birth as babies
Some flourish in loving environment
We talk and walk when the time is right
We imitation our parent's customs
If religion is a part of the family life
Then we have a chance to learn of God
If religion don't exist in the home
We are at a great loss of it's important
Faith is for passing on to the next
It is part of the Irish inheritance
It's what we struggle for, for many years
Martyr have died for the sake of it
We are now in downward spiral
As each day go by our flock strays
Dwindles and fades, leaving a few
The few that remains are the flicker
That vital light that dim or ignite
If our cocoon of our family and friends
Break the link that has survived so long
Satan will have his way over mankind
It survival will depend on the strength
Of the true believers of faith, hope and charity
The foundation of the establishment
The rock founder by Peter the apostle
Is rumbling loudly of corruption within
Yet they are but mortals that can be flawed
Is there only one God and many religions
Or religions that believe in many gods

Mai Venn

The Cold Spell

THE COLD SPELL

The weather became very cold
The birds became very bold
They landed on the wheelie bin
Looking all around and looking in

I gave them some bread to eat
They twitter and sang so sweet
The we little wren came to feed
Whiled the robin gave a fine tweet

A thrush and a black bird came
Then a crow flew down so tame
A show began on my wall and bin.
As many more feathered fiends flock in.

The winter was now all in full swing.
Snow white flakes, a cloak for a king.
Our village looks beautiful cover in snow.
As the children play, as they go to and fro.

Mai Venn

The Corridors Of Life

The Corridors of Life

Through corridors of woodland, in and out as I go,
Thinking of friends I use to know,
Dreaming of a happy time long, long ago.

Reflecting on where they have gone,
Some departed, some live on.
I move to old album and look at a dear one

I use to know when I passed this way before.
In youth I wondered the country over, but no more,
In twilight years I trod gently, not knowing the score.

Memories cloud my mind and I am haunted by a time
I could have conquered the world and still be free.
But now, as I gaze at old phonographs, I can see

Reflections of what I once was, the real McCoy,
When life was filled with fun and joy...
But Youth Transforms as fast as time goes by.

Clouds swiftly float with the breeze above.
While young couples search for true love
I look for symbols and find turtle dove.

As time speeds up, I slow down the pace.
I understand my limits and depart the race
Still hoping to find an exit from this maze.

Gracefully, I bow out, taking up my position
Without a qualms or propositions.
In the end the choice in mine, I make the decisions.

Old age is something that comes to us all,
Like the seasons, spring, summer, and fall,
To us all it comes, long, short and tall.

Mai Venn

The Green, White And Gold

One century, 100 years has passed us by,
Since 1916, and, we cannot deny,
The Poets' strong artillery was the pen,
With words of wisdom written and spoken then.
Yates wrote his poems, recalling his point of view,
Maud Gonne, Countess Markievicz performed their parts too,
Ballad singers sang out good and strong,
Relaying the story of what was wrong.
Thomas MacDonagh, another Irish poet from our nation's green land,
Gave to his country his gift, poetry and culture so grand!
'His deed was a single word, called out alone
In a night when no echo stirred, to laughter or moan'
Historians wrote it down in history for all,
Their books gave a true and a passionate recall
Long waited. Freedom from British control,
Courageously they battled with heart and soul.
Young leader, Pádraig Pearse, had a vision of Ireland free,
Court marshalled and shot, he was never to see
The green land of Ireland gained its liberty,
The green land of Ireland, at last is free!
The fighting began on that Easter week,
Young men and women for freedom did seek,
As the leaders of freedom did all that they could,
The Irish flag was hoisted high, as they said they would!
Jacob's factory, the Four Courts, St Stephen's Green,
Our rebels gathered with such gallantry that was never before seen.
They occupied Boland's Mill, Clanwilliam's House too,
25 Northumberland's Road and Jameson's Distillery, to name but a few!
Then Eamonn Ceannt, at the South Dublin Union, obtained command,
James Connelly wounded in the G.P.O., comrades in arms down a hand.
Plunkett's position, the General Post Office, was with a military plan,
Though his health was poor, he was of a remarkably knowledgeable man.
Séan Mac Dermott, I.R.B. newspaper, Irish Freedom, fought in the G.P.O.
He loved his country, was a member of the Gaelic League and was eager to go,
To fight for this country, his emerald isle; Mother Ireland was his choice,
To give the Irish People power with far stronger political voice.
Thomas Clark was one of the first signatories of the Proclamation,
In Kilmainham Gaol, Thomas died without seeing his aspiration!
Roger Casement was imprisoned in Pentonville Gaol; then hanged in London

town,

A Gaelic League member, he wrote articles; Seán Bhean Bhocht' was the name he put down.

The gallivant captain Con Colbert gave his life for liberty,

His wish was to see Ireland united and completely free.

Edward Daly, the only son of his parents, he was 25 years old,

He too died for his country under the flag: green, white and gold.

Mai Venn

The History Books

Turning the pages of history as I bestow a look
Back to the annals, I read from this old book
When Ireland suffered harshly from famine so cruel
When Ireland was under military Britannia rule

In 1798 they fought hard and they endure their faith
They use the old pike and they carried it up great
At Vinegar Hill and at the notorious Three bullet Gate
The fight was for that liberty but it came far too late

There were many a book written of history so sad
They told of the triumphs of the good and the bad
From Musgrave, Maxwell, Gordon, Teeling and Hay
George Taylor, Alexander and many more so they say

It is that the pen is far mightier than a sword in its run?
Some prefer other form of weapons, for instance, the gun
The word down on paper on record to read at ones leisure
Each historian add to the wealth of knowledge a treasure

Mai Venn

The Irish Lament

We lost our home just the other day.
In court, a verdict gave the bank it's way.
Our children don't know what to say,
For they're far too young to understand.
What has become of our country grand,
This realm we call our dear motherland?
It's now become a hell on earth for some.
And worse, of all there's more bad news to come.
We have no house, no place to call home.

Mai Venn

The Ladder Of Life By Mai Venn

The Ladder of Life
by Mai Venn

Born into poverty - the bottom rung,
Deprived from a childhood education;
However, life is a far better tutor,
Learning from parents and siblings;
With its advantages and disadvantages,
The old ways were good but unrealistic.

Adolescent and poverty, the next rung,
Slave labour for pip pence a day,
Beneath all weathers and situations,
Living under deplorable rule,
Governments that crack the whip
To keep the unfortunate folk down.

Approaching adulthood, meeting more rungs,
Starting a family with no prospects,
Drudgery repeats itself once more -
Look on at the suffering of the poor,
Then look over at the rich prospering -
Where is the equality in that?

Up or down the ladder, on we go,
Fairness is an illusion for some,
Freedom is a dream for others,
Justice is never straightforward,
Equality is something we'll never have
Not from the beginning nor to the end of time.

So the ladder of life can it be climbed or not?
The rich get richer while the poor take the fall,
The world continues to spin around and around,
Does anything change for the downtrodden and poor?
Who, in this moment in time, can make those decisions?
Will there always be an equality division?

Mai Venn

The Music Stopped

Thunder roared from guns were observed,
Mutilated young bodies
Arranged in red locks across the crowded room,
Shock, dismay and carnage,
Weeping tears mixed with speechless teens,
Surrounded by extraordinary slaughter,
Bewildered young people, damaged for life.
Why? That is the question.
Will we ever get answers to this mystery?
Is it a mystery or an event foretold?
What did it all accomplish?
Media hype to drive Europe into submission.
Did it work? That is another question.
Who will give us this response?
The grim reaper of death, mingled amongst them,
Who gathered the bleak harvest of souls.
Newsflash on our radios and televisions,
The world looks on, helpless and disturbed.
Each country wondering, 'Will we be next? '
All feel heart-rending emotion for France.
We express grief with them and for them,
May their loved ones rest in peace.

Mai Venn

The Old Copper Pipe By Mai Venn

A disregarded piece of copper pipe laid on the ground.
The strong wind blew and as it did it made a soft sound.
Such a sad haunting melody that Induced floods of tears.
I recollect nights of prowling shadows imposing fears.
Then, as the gale arose, it blew the solitary pipe on its way.
As it went, I listened to the phantom tune that it did play.
At last the sound began to mingle into the storms rage
Inside my four walls I felt like a prisoner within a cage.
That old copper pipe was free but It was on its own.
So was I, I was confined, trapped but safe in my own home.
Next day the sun gleamed, it was so calm and so quite
As I walked the lane my eyes strayed then glance at a sight
That old copper piped had found a far better home
It was embedded in mud with another and no longer alone

Mai Venn

The Old Ship Ireland

The Old Ship Ireland

By Mai Venn

It's April now and everything is coming to life,
In the garden daffodils gently flutter in the breeze,
However, Ireland has no Captain on board the Dáil,
We are abandoned, left to the elements, adrift...
Sailing away like the phantom Flying Dutchman,
No one in charge to guide the ship safely home,
Two possible choices of Captain to be considered upon -
One who previously held post but ruled the people with austerity,
The other giving the impression he understands,
Whom do we trust? The wrong choice and this ship will go under.
The good ship Ireland has seen many gales and yet remains afloat,
Now we are approaching a political storm of power seeking.
Domination can tear a country in two if in the wrong hands,
Folk will suffer again if the Captain does not have a kind heart.
This time if the ship goes will the Captain save his passengers?
Give them a life jacket? Or will he be the first to the lifeboat?
The answer, my friends, depends on the heads of those chosen.

Mai Venn

The Old Sweets Can.

The old sweets can be long since forgotten, but it had many uses in its day. Not far from where I live as a child there was an old sweet shop owned by an old woman who was very cross. The shop was nothing more than a hallway and at one side of the hall, she had jars of bubble drosses 12 for a penny or 6 for a halfpenny, asset drops 6 for a penny, bull's eyes 6 for a penny. Bonbon 6 for a penny and so on. If by chance you were there when she was filling the jars you would see the sweet can as she took the lid off. The whiff of the sweets would put the longing on you and you would want to hold on to the unforgettable smell of fresh sweets for as long as you could.

When the sweet can became empty, there was a demand for it from the entire housewives in the area as it would become the steaming dish for the Christmas pudding, comes Christmas. Well, my story of the sweets can begin with a group of boys and girls wanting to go to the matinee in our local cinema but had no money. One of the boys came up with an idea to pick blackberries for to pass on to the fruit dye merchants for the money. This idea was good and we have a good time as well. In my street there was a large family and four of them would be the main organiser of the day, two brothers and two sisters. I was going to for the laugh if nothing else. In the street next to us were two brothers and they were coming to, this made seven of us. The oldest boy was from my street, Buster Murphy and he was the big boss. He told us to be at the corner at 9 o'clock sharp. Getting up early in the summer holidays would not be my idea of fun, but if it meant we all go to the matinee as a group that would be worth it.

The next morning I was up at the crack of dawn looking for a jam jar for to pick the blackberries for Buster plan. Buster sisters, Connie and Imelda came to collect me and we all met at the corner, but the lads from the other street were late. Buster was getting fed up waiting for them with his mammy sweat can in his hand swinging back and forth. At last they arrive and we headed to the country for the collection of big juicy berries. As we got to the first picking places the berry were few and far between and not worth picking so Buster said we go to the field beside the wood they might be riper over there. Well, we got there, but it was all same no ripe berries and then Buster said to the boys we go up to the top of the hill and we leaves the girls go to the far side. Well the sun shined at that side so we were delighted when we found plenty of blackberries there for the picking. We were filling everything we could fill as the boys were nowhere to be seen and we wonder what was going on. Then we heard a great loud cry from the top of the Woody hill and then we could see this tumbleweed coming down among the trees. It was like the old west and we were expecting a cowboy or

Indians to follow, but alas it was one of the boys. Run for your lives he shouted as he ran towards the gate. Just as he mounted the gate Buster running as if the hounds of hell were behind him, saying 'The Devil himself is after us in the shape of a big black dog with eyes of fire' Well it at a time like that you discover who your friends are. I had an asthma attack and my so called friends were running for the Grand National without the horses. I could not breathe and thinking to myself I better started saying my act of contrition because I could be meeting my maker sooner than I had anticipated. I finally reach the gate clinging on to my jam jar I pushed in and out between the bars as I could not climb over and I was afraid to look back for fear of what might be behind. At last out on the road away from the field I began to look for my comrades, but there was no sight of them. I went on slowly walking, panting and puffing along the empty road until I reach the cross road and there they were smiling like a bag of chips. 'Are you all right girl' they asked. I turn to them and said 'a fat lot you care' We all sat down and natter when Buster told us he had gone to see the hound of the Baskervilles a day before and he was sure the dog he saw was the very same dog. Well, I have to say that Buster did have a great imagination, but that's all he had. Now he was a bit worried about going back to town without blackberries so we all gave him our jam jar, but he still insisted that we go up another hill to pick more. We were all refusing to do so, but he was the boss and what he said, we did. We pick black, red and green berries and we filled everything to go home and eat. Buster still not happy and he wanted to make more wealth in the blackberry to get more money. While Buster was thinking of ways to make the berry heavier. Connie and Imelda said why not piss on them. The boys oblige and we started to walk down the hill while the boys done the deed. We met two German girls who were living near the wood wearing anoraks. It was the first time we got good looks at these coats as we had heard so much about from our friends. We girls all decided what we were getting for Christmas. The boys came down with steam coming from the sweet can of blackberries it had rafter a strange smell, but we did not mind as we walked into town and down to the shop with our crop and we were paid just the right amount to buy seven tickets for the hard seats in the Gods of the Rize Cinema. Well, luck happens; we found a half-crown outside the bookie office as well. We decided to go down to the sweet shop and buy everything and anything we could get for 2/6. The old lady had to open two sweet cans because she ran out of humbugs and lodgeners. We went home first, had our tea and got dressed in our best glad rags before 5.30. We all met in our street and off we went the 6 o'clock matinee. To my surprise the film was the hound of the Baskervilles. My friend Buster spent most of the time hidden under his seat, then watching the film.

MAI MURPHY VENN

Mai Venn

The Phantom Of Bosheen Lane By Mai Venn

The Phantom of Bosheen Lane

10.15 p.m. On a Tuesday evening in May 1997

There is a nip of coldness in the air and the sky looked creepy as dark clouds rushing by covering the full moon.

In the far off distance, a solitary dog keens slowly in the background.

We enter the Bosheen lane and walking down fast but then I felt a weight on my shoulder.

I looked across at Edwin

I ask, if he felt anything strange.

"No, why is there something wrong? " He replied.

I said,

"Would you look back at the lane and tell me if you see anything? "

He did

"I can't see anyone" he replied

"Are you sure", I enquired?

"Yes if I saw something I would tell you".

He knew I felt something mysterious, he could read me like a book. I pluck up the courage to look back and the fact I am practical blind, made no difference when it came to me seeing things that no one else could. Edwin had been through this before, many times and he was well used to me by now and had learnt to accept it.

No I am mad, just a little odd perhaps for I am one of those who predict things before they happen and I see ghost and the like but there are many of us,

When I did look back at the lane I could not believe my eyes for there, about four feet behind us was a mass of black moving, twisting, floating and changing shapes slowly creeping down the lane. This was something I never experienced before and I was so afraid for I felt it was following Edwin or me and it would soon be upon us.

Less than an hour ago, we were in mass with our daughter Florence. It was her secondary school end of the year mass, as she was heading of to university in September pending on her results of the Leaving Cert. It was a happy occasion Florence did the liturgical dance during services for she had been a dancer since she, was three years old and a group of her friends who were dancers decided to do this with help from some of teachers.

I was after having our last child only some months before and I was very worried

about him as he was sick and was in and out of hospital a lot. We had one of the older children mind the baby while we were at the mass. Both Edwin and I had received Holy Communion in the ceremony and this was very important factor in the story of Bosheen Lane.

To get back to what was happening.

We came to the end of the lane and the dark shadow was still behind us. I had started to say the Lords Prayer and as I said "and lead us not in to temptation but deliver us from evil", I really meant evil as that was what I felt all around us on the May night.

I dare not look back as we crossed over from the lane to outside of the gate of the convent and quickly headed down Mary Street, passing the little shop, I paused and both of us looked back. I could still see the black mass of energy but it stopped as if there was a strong barrier preventing it from crossing over. I still felt afraid but I knew that there was something there that cannot be explained I believe that faith saved us that night and if anything had to have happened to me I was free from sin and I had received holy communion shortly before.

At the end of the Bosheen lane was a small pole in the middle of the entrance to prevent cars from coming up or down. The wall of the Mount Carmel Convent was adjoining to the wall of the lane and in order to pass down the way, one would have to pass the centre of the Mount Carmel entrance gate.

The Mount Carmel was a very holy place and the town's people had a great respect for it was a sanctuary in times of trouble. Over its gate was a cross, a symbol of Christ, a symbol to inform people it was a church and that everyone was welcome to come in. People from miles around came to pray and ask for prayers from the nuns. It was a place of worship ... a safe haven.

10.45 p. m.

Home safe at last. I held my baby son in my arms, still trembling after my encounter with God knows what. I told the family what happened, then they enquired how was Florence coming home? Shock hits me once more as I wait for the key in the door and Florence to say, "I am home mother". It was 11.30 when I heard that key and Florence said those magic words, "I am home mother".

Some years later, I was in a shop browsing over clothes when I heard some woman tell the story as if I told her myself of what happened in Bosheen Lane. I stopped, listened and waited for her to finish tell her account of what went on.

Then I asked her who told you the story? I knew this woman since I was a child she lived near me and I had not told her. I waited for the answer; she said, "I heard this story 25 years ago from an old woman who used to visit her granddaughter when the estate was just new". My story was only a few years ago so it was not mine. It was at this stage I realise that other people had seen what I saw in Bosheen Lane.

Within a month, I heard of a similar story but it was a local boy in a wheel chair who entered the black mass of matter, as he was in it, he could feel his wheelchair shake and tumble, finally firing him out of the chair allowing him to roll down pass the barrier and out of danger.

Only last year, while talking to one of the woman on the hill where I live, she told me of another case. This was of a middle age woman who had to come down the lane one dark night and rambled into this presence unaware of what it was. I have no answer for this story and as one who saw what I saw I am confused to why I was able to see it and Erwin was not.

It was not a ghostly present yet it felt evil. I knew I would never enter that lane again nor would I talk of what I saw in a pub or at a party for I still think of it

Mai Venn

The Resurrection By Mai Venn

They detained him in the garden
They strip and torture him
They scorch by the pillar
They crowned him with thorns
They spat and made fun of him
They made him drag a cross of wood
Up the hill to be hung on Calvary

Three day went by
The woman that follow him, cried
But when some went to the tomb
Nothing was seen in that room
But blood stains robes
No corps, nobody did they find
In frantic search, they took flight

Remembering what he did say
That he would arise on the third day
The word went around like wild fire
Follower and apostils came
Some from hidden some from shame
He has risen was the new cry
He has risen from the dead

He is the lord the king of men
He has risen from the dead
Like he said, like he said
Rejoice and be glade
For he is the son of god
Sing out praise and sing out joy
For he has risen and he is lord

Mai Venn

The Scale Of Liberty

The Scale of Liberty
by Mai Venn

She was lying in an Irish hospital on a trolley;
It was hours before the old age pensioner was seen.
That is not the way you treat any human being!
"Blame it on the cut backs! " I heard someone say.
While others say, "this is happening every single day".
"What are we doing about it? " A young woman yells.
"Nothing, absolutely nothing", a middle age man tells.
Our country is failing its people in every way,
It's getting worse for the disadvantaged day by day,
They are waiting for someone to stand up and fight,
Wake up all you dreamers and put on the light.
Get real and don't be a fool, it's a two-tier dimension.
For, the scale of Liberty, look to God for a lasting redemption!

Mai Venn

The Scented Spirit

The Scented Spirit

January 1999

After Christmas that year there I was me, Jacinta Imelda MulCathy. I was on my way with my boy friend Mark and his brother Reg, to buy car for Mark, we drove down to an old garage near the coast. Reg had a tip off about a car that was going for a song, so off we went in search for mission in possible.

At the garage we were looking at this beauty, a blue Ford Fiesta 1997 in perfect condition at a bargain price, to good to be true. Mark was over the moon and Reg said, gets it. He did, as we were on our way home, I felt it was a bad decision but as the two lads were so happy, I decided to keep my feeling to myself. They were a hint of rear cologne that I knew from working in the perfume department of the chemist shop. I could not put a name on it. There was also another strong whiff of Player cigarettes that only came when I looked into the mirror in front of the car. Some aroma linger on but this one had a haunting hold on me even though it was faint but it was there in the background and I knew it had a connection to the car.

Two nights later

Mark and I went down a long lane to see a fellow selling spare parts. I remained in the car as Mark went to the house. The lane of regarded by the locals as been a places where in the eighteen century was used for hanging individuals for small crimes like stealing bread or food to feed family during the famine times. As I waited for Mark to return to the car, I lit up a cigarette when I felt the car vibrate as the windows filled up with condensation and I could not see out the windows. I panic and started shouting and screaming but no one heard me. I was determining to get out of the car but the doors would not open and I was trapped. My fear was causing my heart to palpitate and I could not catch my breath and I could not call Mark from inside of the car. I then heard sound of voices in the distant coming closer to the car and as they came nearer the windows cleared and the vibration stopped.

Mark found me in shock and as I did my best to tell him all that went on, I felt he did not believe me. We went home to my house and my dad was still up, Mark started telling him about his new toy the car. I spent the night thinking of what happen. My dad said he was going to the city next day and Mark said he was to and he asked if I like to come to but I recline as I was afraid to go in the car.

Mark laughed at me and this made me real mad, so I had argument with him. When Mark had gone and I was alone with dad, I told him my story and he believed me for I always had strange vibes concerning power normal activity. My mom came down from her bedrooms and dad told her my dilemma so she came up with an idea. Mom plan was that she and I would travel to the city in Mark car and she would give me her opining on the haunting of the car as she is who I inherited my feelings for the power normal from.

Early next morning

We were all ready for to go to the city, dad went first and we follow in Mark car. The car drove well and we had no problem all the way to the city. Mom said she could not be sure about the car and that it I was chosen for to be the medium. This scared me a bit but I knew it was true.

I decided to go back in dad car and Mark would go it alone but my mother said I should go in the car once more, so I agreed to do so. It was around ten that night and we were going to McDonnell's before going home but the moment I got into the car I got the smell of perfume and Mark said he could not smell anything at all. In McDonnell's I read my horoscope and it said beware of looking back. 11.45 We were on the road again and as we passed an old landmark. I lit up a cigarette when I relies the car reeked of perfume and smoke and I looked into the mirror to see if my lipstick needed a touch up when I saw a pretty woman with a cigarette and child in the back seat of the car. I nearly died with the shock and Mark ask me what was wrong but I could not speak and I dear not look back so I looked one more into the mirror and they were gone and so was all the odour. I did not speak to Mark until I reach my home and then I let him know that I was never going into that car again.

Two day later

Mark and Reg were going down to the garage where the got the car to see would they take back the car. The man in garage was not taking back the car under any circumstances so the lads were mystified to why. Reg begs the garage man to tell him the truth of what happen in the car or to the car to cause it to have a ghost or two. As the story unfolded and the two boys listen carefully the man voice got mellow when he told of the accident where a mother and child died at the famous land mark that we past on our way to city the day before. The car has been in the garage since then, when they both were killed. Then I remember the tragedy as lady was after buying a house near my home place just a mile down the road and the child had started school in the school I went to. The smell from the car was her, it was a French fragrance and very expensive perfume and the strong pong of cigarettes.

Now we knew the story of the car. Reg said he would take the car and give us his one. We agreed and I was glad I never have to go inside that car again.

Couple of week later

In Brookfield Estate where Reg lived with his girl friend, the car was playing up once more. This time it was moving by itself down the hill and turn into a cull de sack and stopping. When a well knowing mechanic looked at the car, he was puzzle to what cause it to happen but there was no reason for it.

Finally

One day it ran down the hill till it reach an area where there was a crossing, it turn over twice before going on fire and this was the end of the haunted blue Ford Fiesta.

By Mai Murphy

February the 2nd 2011

Mai Venn

The Silent Night

The silent night
When stars are bright
With not a cloud insight

No sound around
We are homeward bound
As we tread softly on faint ground

Travelling into the unknown
With the light of stars glowing
Moving lightly as we are going

Out of sight we move along
Now we hear the angels song
Labour pains now quite strong

A stable is insight
We shall rest for the night
A baby is born under a starry light

Angels sing from everywhere
Sheppard's flocks come near
As the baby sleep with loving care

Mai Venn

The Tears Of Ireland

It's time for me to write once more
But my mind flowed slow of inspiration
It's May Day, as I glance around

Apple blossoms nod in the breeze
Trees bloom green variations of shade
Across the fertile country of Ireland
Then petals fall like pink flakes of snow
Our pretty landscape is still and quite
Calm before a raging storm commences
Abortion looming over the realm
Austerity cuts the state in two

But yet

Apple blossoms nod in the breeze
Life goes on for the rich not the poor
Oppression and strife for the deprived
Penniless families going with out
Children go to school each day
Older folk goes to Church to pray
Is there a Redeemer on his way?
Or else more tyranny here to stay

But yet

Apple blossoms nod in the breeze
Flowers prosper well in healthy ground
This country, once of saints and scholars
Now a country of cheat and criminal'
Our soil is no longer belong to us
The Bankers and Developers robed all
Left us to pay for their wrong doing
We are like the lambs let to the slaughter

Mai Venn

The Trail To Nowhere

We are from all different professions in life, my friends
I my self, went to university and study law
My wife to, went to university and study law
My children dreams were smash because of war
Now we are nomads wandering in and out of countries
We have no status, no rights, not even human rights
The man that walked behinds on the trail is a teacher
His wife is a nurse but we are nobodies as we trot along
When nightfall, we sit along the camp fire, remembering
Times when we were happy to be alive, how life changes
The trail tomorrow will lead us to an unwelcoming committee
To a alienated country that looks down on us and our misfortune
Where do we go? Do we keep on until we find some form of kindness?
Do kindness exist any more or it that just an illusion, a mirage in the desert?

Mai Venn

The Vanishing Past By Mai Venn

Ireland is on the way to God knows where
As the old looks on, they shed a tear
Glance all around you and see the fear
For Ireland is on the way to God knows where

The Ireland of yesterday had consideration
For the regard of all life and its formation
"You shall not murder" need no explanation
For the Ireland of yesterday had consideration

Gone are the day of faith, hope and charity
Morals guide structure gave us some clarity
Communities supporting each other with sincerity
For gone are the day of faith, hope and charity

Farwell to my Ireland of my childhood recollections
Open doors welcome, the secret heart lamp reflection
The holy water font on the wall as you came in the hall
Farwell to my Ireland of my childhood recollections

Mai Venn

The Weapon By Mai Venn

My pen is like a silver blade.
I use it in my life long trade,
For words can stir a crowd.
Spoken softly or spoken loud.

My pen is the weapon of my choice.
It gives me the means to have a voice.
A revolutionary woman they said I am.
What's right for the tiger is right for the lamb?

To amend what is wrong to what is right.
It's worth the challenge and merits the fight.
So on go I to battle, in my hand, my tiny pen.
Big baboons may oppose me now and then.

My ammunitions are wise words and truth.
So I aim my pen and I am ready to shoot.
On to the line, straight as if I can't wait,
In I go to quick rhyme, I can't be late.

Down onto paper the account to convey.
Verse after verse, I have somewhat to say.
A poem or a ballad a tune or a song.
Something for all to say or sing along.

Mai Venn

The Wee Fossil

I gazed at this artefact
I gazed and gazed again,
This wee fossil
From long ago -
I know not when
But, as I did
I wondered at what
It might have been,
Of where it had come from,
Or what it may have seen,
Its wings now imbedded
In a rock of solid black,
Now placed upon a table
Analysed for what it lacks.
Immortalise for ever -
This insect was to be,
Proof from our past
For the entire world to see.
It could have come
From far away,
Perhaps as far;
As old Pompeii,
Or maybe not
So far as there -
It could have come
From anywhere!

Mai Venn

Mai Venn

The Winds Of Change

My country means a lot to me, I am but a voice.
Like many more similar to me, they have no choice.
If we speak out, we are regarded as rabble-rouser
If we stay quite, we are regarded as rotten lousier
What do we do? We yell the truth loud and clear
Maybe one day someone of Significant will hear
And sends our case to the courts of human rights
Then maybe we have a good chance to win the fight.
If only the world knew how the old folks feel
For the way they have being treated is just unreal
I will say one thing for the leader before this lot arrive
They were good to the old, the young and the deprived.
Why don't they listen to the voices of the people of Ireland?
Do they think that they will always have the upper hand?
Old age pensioner now, pay so much toward there medication.
Is it true the Irish economy is returning to healthy restoration?
Well if it is, it has not sieve down to the common folks about
Far from it, for it a struggle for the families that go without.
We will have a chance to change that shower that rules our land
At last, a voice comes from the wilderness to grand the command
Go you vultures leave us be, time for a change, just wait and see.

Mai Venn

The Wonder Of Christmas

The Christmas spirit is here, all-around
The jingle melody is the common sound
The shop windows have that seasonal glow
While children dream of Santa and snow

Christmas trees are lighting bright
All ready for that Christmas night
The shopping completed, finish and done
In expectation of all that lather and fun.

The little church on the steep hill
Is lit with candles and full of good will
The crib is ready, all the figures are there
But one, baby Jesus but he will soon appear

How wait for the hush on Christmas Eve
Children in bed wondering did Santa leave
Slowly and surly they drop off to sleep
While mam and dad quietly walk, and creep

Then early next morning there's noise on the stairs
Suddenly, there's screaming with joy everywhere
Unwrapping begins and there no holding back
Isn't it brilliant what Father Christmas holds in a sack.

Mai Venn

Thinking To Myself

The leaves are falling on the lawn
As I glance around at brake of dawn
The colours are full of autumn gold
With greens and browns, I feel old

Soon winter will drop in on us all
And bring wind, rain and snow fall
Then Christmas will bring us glee
It's that time of the year, we love to see

Then spring will skip along quit swift
Giving rebirth to our earth, what a gift
Fresh leaf buds sprout on every three
While birds search for partners to be

Summer will come like tonic to all
Young, old, long, short and the tall
The wheel of life will forever go round
It don't change it course it onward bound

Mai Venn

Thinking Why

What is it all about?
Stop and think
we are born into this life
we journey down many roads
where do they lead?
To the next, stage of our existence
what if?
We change our path in a different direction
can we?
Is it set in stone or can we adjust it?
Each day brings more options.
Each option opened other doors.
Once open, it may alter our outlook.
Pass by it or go through the door.
It is up to you and you alone,
Leave the comforts of the cocoon
Go it alone.
Turning around may confuse you
Choice is wonderful
Sometimes choice can be a barrier
Deciding where and what to do
Why not think outside the box

Mai Venn

Thought Of A First Time Mother.

Mirror, my friend, you dare not tell a lie
As I gaze at my reflection and give a soft sigh.
My poor old tummy is no longer my own.
In the past nine months, I have gained a whole stone.

There - a kick - to make sure that I'm aware,
Some little one will very soon appear,
And there - another - just to let me know
That I have not very long more to go.

The time is right now and I must rush,
Oh, Dear God, Dear God, I'm ready to push.
Hush! What is that sound I do hear?
Oh Sweet Jesus, You have answered my prayer!

A baby, as beautiful as an angels smile.
In brwildement, I hold you in my arms for a while.
One little hand that holds my finger
And how I marvel. Contentedly, I linger...

How little did I know back then
That I was to become the proud mother of ten.
Each infant gave me as much joy
And it made no differ either a girl or boy.

I often think of the very first time
And that is why I composed this rhyme.
For all you mothers preparing to give birth.
It is the most wonderful of miracles on this earth

By Mai Venn.

Mai Venn

Till We Win Back The Right To Water

Look who's in the chair, that man with golden, grey hairs.
We could do with a new face, someone who do really cares.
It's a genuine disgrace to have him back in that central place
His arrogant is like a crown carried on his old swelled head.
I wish, I wish. I wish in vain, for someone ell's instead.
Oh Ireland, Mother Ireland how we have left you down
Your water's runs free for nine mounts in our cities and towns
At the end of that term we once more will take to the country streets
Marching, Marching like solders of war in tune as the drum beat

Mai Venn

Trolley Molly

All I want at the moment is a hospital bed.
To rest my ailing body and the pain in the head
Mortified, I lie on a trolley in the hospital hall
I look all around me and stare at the wall
I have no family; not one, I am just on my own.
Now, I wish I had remain in my own little home
Hours have gone by and I feel so depress
Strip of my dignity, here laid I, in my nightdress
At last, here come a nurse, she smiling at me
She speaks in a soft voice. Now, the doctor will see me
Not before time I think, but I say nothing at all
For awhile, I not looking all around me and staring at the wall

Mai Venn

Two Catholic Girls Talking In 1963

Ann, Did you go to mass?

Lilly, No, did you go?

Ann, What do you think?

Lilly, You did not go.

Ann, Does your mother know

Lilly, What do you think?

Ann, No she don't know

Lilly, Will she find out?

Ann, What do you think?

Lilly, Sister Mary will tell

Ann, Will we go to hell

Lilly, What do you think?

Ann, Is there a hell

Lilly, What do you think?

Ann, Sure I do not know.

Lilly, Will you find out

Ann, How can I find out?

Lilly, Go to mass and listen.

Ann, Why don't you go?

Lilly, I am afraid to find out.

Ann, Why

Lilly, Why do you think.

Mai Venn

Unfinish Poem

Ireland is waiting in expectation of what to come
The rich are ready for the kill as they gather wealth
The old, looks on as the Church falls to the ground
The young will never know of what it was like for us

Irish eyes are far from smiling but they can see
Something is rotten, not in Denmark but in Dublin
Water, water, is everywhere in the house and the fields
Yet the government are looking for the pound of flesh

Water charges are nothing less than pilfering of the citizens
The country might have to hire gondoliers from Venice
The floods water of Ireland are flowing down the streets
T.D. look on and sympathise then moves on to the next

Mai Venn

Vote

Use your voice, Give Ireland a far better choice.
Let get rid of that greedy regime one and for all
Pay attention to Mother Ireland in her hour of need
Your vote will make a different, the writing is on the wall

Come out with your head held high ready to defend Eire
The call for you to rally is carry in every county of Ireland
We have had enough and we wont take any more oppression
So we shall battle loud with our voice and free our native land

And Ireland will find equality for its citizens with satisfactory leadership
Let hope we win this conflict with honesty that good and fair
We shall fly the flag of freedom and we watch while it wave
All we want is very simple, a passive country that we all can share

No more cruel hardship for our homeless family members
No more extra austerity charges on the Irish inhabitants
No more robbing of medical cards from the old age pensions
No more harsh prescription charges on the poorer citizens

Mai Venn

Walking By Mai Venn

Walking - By Mai Venn

Desuetude under war zone skies, our homes now demoted to rubble

Bombardment as far as the eye can see, nothing left but to say farewell

As we all walk together in one direction we, meet other on the way walking,
walking

In search of criminals to buy passage, on a far from safe sea craft that will take
us

Though stormy weather without shelter beneath a dark, forlorn, cloudy sky

Waves that turn us back and forth and almost under

As we hold our loved one in arms to keep them warm

Waiting to see land, while fearing a salt-water grave

Coming where we are not wanted- and the walking starts

Yes, the walking starts again, and we are vagrants over strange territory

No place to call home, there is no hope left for our children-

Children from a broken country, hungry, cold, tired and scared

What do we seek? Understanding, protection and a place to live.

What do we get? Rejection, brutality, and ill-treatment

We are like the dirt under your feet

Barbed wire fences greet us on your borders: no entry

Walking is our punishment for our hardship and pain

Where is the love that clergymen speak of in church?

Is God only for some? Which way is the Promised Land?

To be or not to be a refugee? That is the question

Do you know how we feel? Do you give a damn?

Mai Venn

Waste No Time By Mai Venn

As the summer moves to autumn
I think of my childhood long ago
As the autumn moves to winter
I remember playing in the snow

It's a spinning wheel of time you know
So, take it easy and look at what's on show
There joy and happiness, time for living
There sadness and famine, time for giving.

Wake up and glance around you
There is plenty for you to do
Do something that you can be proud of
You would be amaze and that is true

Mai Venn

We Are Back

NOW IRELAND IS A COUNTRY WE ALL KNOW WELL
HERE IS A SAD STORY THAT I FEEL I MUST TELL.

THE YOUNG FOLKS, THEY ARE FORCE OFF THE LAND
THE GOVERNMENT HAVE TAKEN A VERY CRUAL HAND

THERE UP IN THE DAIL, SITTING IN THERE T.D. FANCY SEATS
WHILE THE PEOPLE ARE STRUGGLING TO KEEP ON THEIR FEET

WAIT, I NEARLY FORGOT, THERE NOT IN THE DAIL THERE OVERSEAS
FOR IT.S HOLIDAY TIME AND THERE OFF IN THE SUN AT THEIR EASE

SURE WE WONT SEE A DAY OUT, LET ALONE A TRIP AWAY
WE CAN'T AFFORD THE BUS FAIR TO BRING THE KIDS OUT FOR A DAY

WHAT DO OUR GREAT LEADERS CARE? UNTILL VOTING NEXT YEAR
WHEN THEY WILL KNOCK AT OUR DOORS TO SELL THEIR WARES

I WILL BE OUT LIKE A FLASH WITH MY MOUTH FULL OF POLITICAL WORD
I; LL FINISH WITH THEM AND THEY TAKE FLIGHT LIKE PETRIFIED BIRDS

THAT LABOUR PARTY IS A FAR CRY FROM JAMES CONNELLY SO BRAVE.
THEY TREAT THEIR PEOPLE LIKE AMERICA SOUTHERNS TREATED THE SLAVES.

THE DAY HAS COME THE 28TH AUGUST AND WE IRISH CITIZENS DID SHOUT.
NO WAY WE WON'T PAY. WE ARE FED UP. WE WANT F.G. AND THAT LABOUR
BUNCH OUT

Mai Venn

Well The Winter Is A Coming

Well the winter is a coming, you can tell
Yes, it's a coming around the bend.
Miss Cold is arriving with Mr Frost as well
As the autumn will be becoming to an end.

Don on your warm trousers, top coat and your hat
Find all your winter attire and bring them out
You will need them in the coming months for that is that
While rambling and walking all about.

Gather wood and have it ready by the fire
Clean the chimney and the range for too go
Sit by the old fashion fireplace is the desire
Rest in cosy chair as you feel that warm glow.

Recollecting

Frost glittering on the roof tops all over town
As morning comes in with such cold touch
Mist from the river is all-around heading down
Children going to the local school in a rush

Aroma of bacon, sausages and eggs frying
White smoke rising up from the red chimneys pot
Somewhere in area a voice of a baby crying
Winter is for relaxing and being happy with we got

Snow will bring its own joy and pleasure to the young
Christmas will break the boredom with delight
New Year will pass with dancing and songs to be sung
Then we are on a strait road for new beginning are insight

Mai Venn

What Was It All For?

It is the end of summer
As children return to school
The pope gone back to Rome
While the bones remain in Tuam
Are we any the better for his visit?
Will it purified our souls from sin
Will it help us faces the future
And fight the demons that are within.
Memories will always linger
While words fall on deaf ears
Other will point the noted finger
Where were the Ten Commandments then? '
Handed down by God to Moses himself
Drummed in our heads by nuns and priestly men
What happen to the little children's?
That bones lie in sewerage tanks at Tuam
Those little angles that did no wrong
Is that to be their resting tome?

Mai Venn

When I Was Young

When I was young
I thought the days were full of sun
That the rain vanishes and went away
For the sunshine was there to stay

When I was young
I live my life and had my fun
I played in the fields of green grass
I gazed into the skies as the clouds pass

When I was young
The days were long yet nothing was done
I day dream, for I was a child that was growing
Yes I was a child that long for knowledge of knowing

When I was young
I had dreams to dream and time to think
The year went fast they were gone in a blink
They were things I yearn for but I lost the link

Mai Venn

Where Are They

Where are they,
I ask in wonder.
Can they reach out?
Tell us from beyond?
Beyond where? ☐
I do not know.
But someone does.
It could be you,
Yes, you!
Have you something on your mind?
You thing you saw something? ☐
What do you think you saw?
A car, hidden in some God forsaken lane,
With it's master there, staring at his next sacrifice.
Was he keeping a vigilant eye on his victim?
Watching, waiting till the time was right to capture her.
One by one, they have disappeared, without a trace.
Year by year, these young maidens vanished,
Their loved ones wait for some information.
Broken-hearted mothers beat their breasts
And fathers, they know no rest,
Awaiting the knowledge of their child's whereabouts,
Dead or alive,
One way or the other.
Their right to a Christian service has been denied,
They have gone,
Against their will to an end.
Only God knows
And the evil one who has done the deed,
So wicked and so cruel.
Ah, but there is a God.
He is the almighty and ever powerful one.
He knows all,
He knows where,
But, most of all, he know who.
So, you may think you're safe -
You're not!
You, the depraved one, your days are numbered,
Hour by hour, the clock will tick away

The remainder of your existence
Until the day of reckoning will come,
And it comes to everyone.
What will you do then?
You have no scruples,
I have no sympathy for you.
You are deranged,
You have no feeling.
You are dead to everything nature has to offer you
So you destroy the happiness of others.
Torment will ravage you,
Their ghosts will haunt you,
You will have nowhere to run.
You can not run from yourself!
Where are they? ? ?

Mai Venn

Where Have All Our Leaders Gone

Where have all our leaders gone?
Long-time passing
Where have all our leaders gone?
Long time ago
Gone to graveyards everyone
When will we ever learn
When will we ever learn
When will a good one come?
I wish I knew
When will a good one come?
What can we do?
Gone to graveyards everyone
When will we ever learn
When will we ever learn
Get rid of all the sheep
Once and for all
Get rid of all the sheep
Not one shall we keep
Gone to graveyards everyone
When will we ever learn
When will we ever learn
Where have all our leaders gone?
Long-time passing
Where have all our leaders gone?
Long time ago

Mai Venn

Where Is He Going Now By Mai Venn

SO HIMSELF, HE OFF AGAIN TO THE USA
HE WANTS TO BE THERE FOR ST. PAT DAY
LICK, LICK UP TO THAT SILLY AMERICAN MAD MAN
YES, YES, KEEP HIM HAPPY IF YOU CAN

AMERICAN MAD MAN HEAD OF STATE AND HE WON'T WAIT
WHITE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED BY A STRONG IRON GATES
BUT HIMSELF, OUR MAN HE OFF AGAIN TO THE USA
FIRST HE SPEAKS WITH THE ENGLISH P.M. THERESA MAY

HITLER BACK INCARNATED IN THE USA LEADER
NO MEXICAN, NO MIGRANTS, NO MUSLIMS ETHER
HIS EVIL MOVES IN EVER DIRECTION
BUT IT CHANGES AND HAS NO REFLECTION

ST. PATRICK DAY AS THE SHAMROCK WIDHER
ON USA SOIL OUR LEADER GET IN A THITHER
NO MEXICAN, NO IRISH, NO MUSLIMS ETHER
GOD HELP US ALL FROM FOOLISH LEADERS

Mai Venn

Where Is Patrick?

Once again, it Saint Patrick day in Ireland
The three leaf shamrock is growing green
But the faith has gone and left us
Never more to be heard or ever seen

The pub now replaces the holy chapel
Where the laity used to meet
Where prayers and hymns were recited
Now they're marching on the street

While our politicians fly off to America
Poor Ireland looks on at the parade
St., Patrick gazes down from heaven
As the shamrock alter to a different shade

The faith of our father long since gone
It's now a carnival that we glance on
Hail glories St., Patrick dear saint of our isle
There are now tears where one was a smile

Mai Venn

Who Do They Think They Are Fooling

Most people of Europe are under the impression

That Ireland's folk are doing well and out of the recession.

The truth of the matter is that many have no home,

Landlords have hiked rents and families are left to roam

In Dublin, Cork, Waterford and in other cities around the land,

While the Government tells Europe that everything is grand.

It isn't for them, in their fancy houses with servants to command,

To think what it feels like to be destitute, does the regime even understand?

Our Tánaiste can moan and growl when asked a simple question,

Sometimes our Parliament can become a brawling session.

Our Taoiseach is notorious for his dazzling tearful discussions,

But he don't fool us, we are well use to all his bizarre repercussions.

How I wish this bunch of political misfits was gone far, far away,

Then Ireland would return to normal; how I long so much for that day.

I am sick and fed up of listening to them blaming the Government before;

For taking credit for the upturn now we are on the way back,

By God, the people suffered and are still suffering for their austerity attack.

They will be remembered as the stingiest crowd that ever ruled the land,

When they're gone, we'll light a big bonfire and I will be there on hand,

Sure we will have an Irish Hooley and we'll will sing and dance all night,

Please God, give us a good leadership that will treat our country right!

Mai Venn

Why Kill?

Killing is a wrong in every walk of life
So why go out and do it for the sake of it?
What happened in Paris city was very sad
Young, shot down while out for a fun night
Life is for living without fear of cruel gunmen
What right has any extremists got to steal existence?
God knows, that there is spitefulness everywhere.
What kind of satisfaction can assassination bestow?
Why do such a horrible act on the innocent youth.
Are they deranged or are they controlled by evil spirits
Murder is murder no matter what religion you are.
All of us have the intelligence to identify what is right
All of us have the intelligence to identify what is wrong
What about, live and let live, why not agree to disagree
Why kill?

Mai Venn

Why?

Scarlet red the stains were what cover the ground
Twenty-two bodies lay where they were found
Children among them, killed for what reason or aim
Life wiped out to be use as political or terrorists game
Family, shock as loss of their love ones, full of sadness and grief
Why? Everyone has their own ways and their own beliefs
Why? Can we not live and let live without such cruel act?
Scarlet red the stains were after that terrorises attack

Mai Venn

Will You Go By Mai Venn

So they think they've been smart with the budget this year,
Far from it they're miles off, sadly, I believe and fear!
Do we appear to be fooled by a government so dump?
The devils a bit, we're sober not drunk from fine Dáil rum!

Well now the Irish, it's said, have a tremendous wit,
So, forgive me as I pass the minister I'll have to spit,
For I have a sour taste in my mouth since the budget,
And I feel like telling the government where to shove it!

At last, I am lady and must refine myself in all ways,
But when I hear them flattering themselves each day,
I want to scream, shout and let the Dáil chamber hear
We'd be so appreciative if they were gone next year!

Mai Venn

Woman Without A Heart

An icicle cluster that's what you are
Mean as dish water cruel as could be
Always pretending to have a kind heart
So, you want rid of family, you want a fresh start

But what you forgot is that we all can see
Mean as dish water cruel as could be

You run into the arm of someone new
Departing your family as you go on the stalk
Oh, when he is gone what will you do
Return home alone as no one is there to talk

But what you forgot is that we all can see
Mean as dish water cruel as could be

Who is suffering for you ludicrousness, your child
Her childhood has come to end for some while
For now, there no home she can call her own
No haven that she can call a kind loving home
It's her life you should consider you selfish being
Who do you think you are/your far from a queen

But what you forgot is that we all can see
Mean as dish water cruel as could be

Mai Venn

Words By Mai Venn

The written word may become immortalised
The speaking dialog will be forgot in time, paralysed.
Love letters may linger in an old wooden box
Alongside a keepsake from a lover's curled lock.
The poet may utter words we will forever retain
Some of joy, happiness, Love, and maybe some pain.
However, life will go on, so we must treasure each day
On our quest to find that map to show us the way.
Look to the signpost that will guide us on the right road
Then look to the friend that will lighten our load
A plea now and then won't go astray I do declare,
For there is always someone there to answer your prayer.

Mai Venn