

Poetry Series

Red O'Mara
- poems -

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Red O'Mara()

I live in Melbourne, Australia. That makes me an Australian, a Melburnian, a lover of Australian Rules football and someone who eats sharks with his chips and pronounces route to rhyme with boot, and castle to rhyme with vassal. Though, if it suited poetic necessity, I'd have more than enough lack of principle to make castle rhyme with parcel.

Almost everything I've written here was for or about a particularly lovely woman. But for Maggie I wouldn't have written this or anything else for this site. I took up writing what I like to think of as love poems to better explain how I felt about her. It's easier, that way, to get straight the things you want to say, easier to write what you mean and less daunting to be honest, than it is to articulate your feelings in situations where words tend to be fumbled in the process.

Obviously, too, I wanted to impress Maggie and perhaps I succeeded because it was at her instigation that I came out, here, on this site.

What I've written then were mainly love poems, to gain her good graces, interspersed with bits of mongrel verse (ill-bred doggerel) to make her laugh.

But Enough

I love the look that's in your eyes
when we're lying close together.
Gentle warmth with a hint of smile
telling me you love me,
just a little bit.
I love our long slow kisses,
lips and tongues so softly
caressing one another
while breathing breaths
that thrill me deep inside.
And then your eyes once more,
with their matchless message,
that I am loved,
by you,
just a little bit.

Red O'Mara

Fondling Sweet Memories Of You

I enjoy my time alone,
when missing you.
Missing you while fondling
sweet memories of you,
while free to lapse
into silly, inappropriate smiles.
Free to sit and write,
to you,
undisturbed.
Free, with no threat of discovery,
no fear that my face
might tell more than I want known.
Free to to explain my feelings for you,
and how you make me feel about myself;
so much more kindly
than I had before.
I'd never noticed that with other women.
None ever gave me cause
to like myself more,
because of her,
in that way you do.

Red O'Mara

Her Golden Veil

She moves to kiss me from above,
her body over mine,
moves to brush back her hair,
to keep it from my face when,
stopping her hand,
I draw her closer and,
nearing me, her hair
falls around my head.
A curtain, golden, for us,
just her and me,
intensifying intimacy,
and concealing us,
just her and me,
in a golden dusk
that, as it closes,
disregards all the world,
but her and me.
Her face,
her lips,
her breath,
her mouth.
And me.

Red O'Mara

How We Used To Be

Do you remember how we used to be?

It was only such a little while ago,
that we were in love.

We wrote and said and did, too much to doubt our feelings.

But we knew in the beginning it had to end.

Would end.

Would end because of circumstances we could never change.

And you and I, in love, agreed from the start,
that it should be your privilege,
your decision to make,
which I'd always known one day you would do.

And now you've done it.

And now you're gone.

I hadn't expected it just yet and,
though I understand why you felt the need,
it emptied me of something
leaving only memories where my life had been.

Before, at times when we were apart,
without you and longing for you,
there was a place within me where I could go
and though aching and alone
could feel nearer you and feel the warmth of you.

I've gone there now, to write this.

You're not near.

The warmth is weaker.

The ache is stronger,
but heavier and not alive

as it was when I knew that soon I would see you again.

But I will never forget you.

Never regret you and how I could open myself to you.

Because of you I know that I will always be better than I was.

And I can't help imagining that there might be future moments
when I, when we, each in our different worlds,
might look back, on the keepsakes and the things we wrote,
and think of when we were together
and how we loved each other,
tenderly, carefully, exuberantly, joyfully, triumphantly
and, remembering all we used to be,
wish...

Red O'Mara

I Love The Smell Of Maggie In The Morning

To wake with you each morning,
Such a pleasant thought that is.
Waking on a winter's day,
for winter becomes the bedroom,
waking with you beside me in your bed,
my arms embracing you
gently from behind.
Your body warming mine.
Your hair against my cheek.
Your fragrance in my breath.
The taste of you still on my lips.
And last night's memory of you
stirring in my groin.
You wake and, smiling sleepily,
turn into me and peck softly at my mouth,
with merest touch of tongue,
for ours are morning breaths.
Then, fondling with your eyes in bed,
and touching a finger to my cheek,
you bite your bottom lip
and barely, ever so slightly,
shake your head.

Red O'Mara

If I Ever Say I Love You It Will Be Politely

I'll never say 'I love you' to another woman.
Those words that burst first time so full, deliciously,
of joy, of gratitude at the sharing of an act of 'love'.
I don't seek, or long to hear, those same words said to me.
I don't know, have never known, I think,
their meaning.
But once said they must, at any opportunity,
be repeated until devalued to worthlessness.
'I love you', for each Christmas and every Birthday.
For Valentine's Days, 'I love you'.
For Wedding Day and First Date Day, 'I love you'.
For First Day of Joining in Mutually Consensual Sexual Intercourse,
'I love you'.
For Saturday nights, 'I love you'.
For ironed shirt or sewed on button,
for apple pie or ruined roast,
for diddums snookums burny finger,
'I love you'!
And then, when one has been angered,
or hurt, been brought to tears,
we make it right, with, 'You know I love you.'
You know I love you?
When cruelty of word or deed has cut so deep?
You know I love you?
But, if those words, withheld by truce, are never spoken once,
they are never spoken to excess.
Never spoken to where one has heard it all before.
To where one thinks the other said uncaringly,
'I love you.'
Or even worse, that it was they, themselves,
who lied with their, 'I love you.'
When those words are withheld by agreement,
by will of tender truce,
then no longer does lazy, thoughtless,
carelessness of, 'I love you',
suffice for depth of feeling, or
'You know I love you', for remorse.
For those words become the way of apathy
and, when refused to glibly uttering tongues,

must be replaced with something else.
With something, surely, more full of caring.
And, whether by a difference in glance or touch
or tone of voice or smile or kiss,
replaced with something from within.
With some thoughtful thing, perhaps,
of meaning.

Red O'Mara

It Makes Me Happy, To Be With You

It makes me happy, to be with you.
To watch you smile and hear you speak
and see your eyes turn softly warm,
makes me happy to be with you.
It makes me happy, to be with you.
To watch you spreading jam and butter
on your home made scones,
makes me happy to be with you.
It makes me happy, to be with you.
To be able to put my arms around you
and draw you gently close to me,
makes me happy to be with you.
And it makes me happy, to be with you
when holding your cheek close to mine,
breathing the warmth of you
and feeling the warmth of you
soaking quietly through me,
makes my breath tremble in my chest.
You make me happy to be with you.

Red O'Mara

Love Loosed

To draw your soft warm body
close to mine.

To melt into you,
with everything I feel for you
stirring deep inside me,
surging, struggling,
to escape
its cramped and male reserve,
as it sometimes will,
in some strong embrace
with untamed cry
of reckless joy
that might otherwise
embarrass or offend me.

But, I have this need
to tell you how much love
is in me.

And you do, I think,
understand.

And that pleases me.

Red O'Mara

More Than One

Quizmasters often test mentalities,

by asking folks to name pluralities,

of things of many different sorts.

Like soldiers can be called 'cohorts'.

There are 'flights' of geese and jets and stairs,

and socks are sometimes found in 'pairs'.

Young ladies curls are massed in 'bangs',

and crooks unite themselves in 'gangs'.

Such gangs can join to form a 'mafia',

but alas that only rhymes with 'raffia'.

Apes, you'd know, can make a 'shrewdness',

could rednecks joined become a 'rudeness'?

And though Collingwood fans are two a penny,

more than none is 'Too Bloody Many'.

Red O'Mara

My Maggie

She isn't beautiful as Nefertiti was.
And, unlike Helen,
her face will never launch a thousand ships.
No, her beauty is more open, than entrancing
more welcoming, than enthralling,
more giving, than demanding,
more durable, than perfect.
Perfection inspires no passion,
no lust.
Nefertiti over her?
Her, with her woman's body?
Her, with flesh where woman should have flesh?
Her, with fullness where love and longing
would have nought else?
And her face has beauty in it.
The tender beauty in her gaze
that holds and softens and moulds
a better man within me
than the one that she first knew.
And the bold, brave beauty of her crooked smile.
A smile that tells me who she is,
and who she does not care to be.
Her smile may never softly kill a single soul,
but it warms me, softly warms me,
as I hold her spent and gentle body close to mine.
It warms me from within,
so warms me that it has me dream beyond my worth
and aspire beyond my dreams.

Red O'Mara

My Maggie's Rhymes

My Maggie has such honeyed lips
and such lovely eyes in bed
reality slips my slippery grip
to trip lightly from my head.

Her smile cares not for good repute
as she poses in positions
that bid me stray from virtue's route
to set course for sweet perdition.

Her body is gifted curves and bits
that make her sweetly buxom.
And though Meg's 'bits' must rhyme with 'tits',
who guessed buxom Meg's so fucksome?

Red O'Mara

On A Photograph From Singapore

You enhance Raffles and its Long Bar.
Better, I would think,
than it needs or, perhaps,
than it deserves.
Happy, tanned,
and fair and open.
And, somehow,
beneath all of your bravado,
innocent.

In Melbourne, today,
it was cold and squally.
Now bright with bracing
breeze and sunshine,
then dark with stinging,
windblown showers.
The ground and trees are wet,
and strewn about with autumn.
I wish that you were here.

Red O'Mara

On Being Without You

I've missed you.

All these days we've been apart I've missed you.

I've longed to see you smile, hear your laugh,
to hold you, caress you.

Ached to devour your kisses, gasp at your touch.

How can I deny or hide the lust

I've never stopped feeling for you.

Should I be beyond lust?

Be beyond yearning for you the way I do when, perhaps,

I might have known you for long enough, often enough,
beautifully, unspeakably intimately, and satisfyingly enough
to have cooled the passion that first I felt for you?

Can it be that still I feel so much less without you,
and so much more fulfilled with you,
and so much finer, worthier, happier
simply because I did nothing
but love you?

Red O'Mara

Once Upon A Time

She was good for me,
for years.

And I was far less grateful than I could have been.

She came along and filled the emptiness
that had become me.

She made that space her own
and made me happy
and in love
again.

Until she tired
of that man I sometimes am.

Red O'Mara

One Day If I Could Spend The Night

One day, perhaps if I could spend the night,
I would stack your hearth with firewood,
and we could sit together, on your couch.
You, your feet tucked under you
and your head against my chest,
me, holding you close to me,
and breathing that faint and lovely
fragrance of your hair.
And we could dine on pizza and red wine,
in the softly glowing firelight,
one day, perhaps, if I could spend the night.

One day, perhaps if I could spend the night,
there would be nothing hurried,
no urgency in either life,
and we could have another glass of wine
and talk, earnestly, of matters serious,
if we felt that way inclined.
Or, we could have that other glass of wine
and laugh at matters impolite,
one day, perhaps, if I could spend the night.

One day, perhaps if I could spend the night,
when we were ready, we would go to bed
and kiss and make unhurried love.
Or, equally unhurried, we would not.
And we would listen to the wind and rain
and kiss and make unhurried love again.
Or, equally unhurried, we would not.
And we would sleep, egg and spoon together,
with each of us at peace.
And everything,
in both our worlds,
would be just right,
one day,
perhaps,
if I could spend the night.

Plan B

Her lover, wanting to be, liked,
wrote poems for her which were spiked,
with thoughts he hoped would make him seem,
like someone who she might esteem.
He spoke of love, how it was crap,
of kisses wet and dewy laps,
of body lines traced one by one,
of godfucked bees unfairly done,
her eyes, her smile, her lack of care,
her breath, her kiss beneath her hair
her sinful menu (no, no chips) ,
her mingling place (his ears for grips) ,
and, just to demonstrate his class,
he pointed out his sagging arse.
Of such is what romance is made!
He knew he could not but get laid!
She'd surely not his charms resist.
And if she did... he'd get her pissed! !

Red O'Mara

Ruby

There's no denying that she's aged
and mellowed in that easy way
such lovely women do.
Love of life has left its traces
around her eyes and mouth
and she carries,
comfortably,
in that tastefully wanton way of hers,
a little more of Ruby than she did.
But still she feels the warmth
in grateful glances that she leaves behind.

Red O'Mara

She

I loved the way she wrote
and walked,
with that confidence and strength
which came to her so naturally.
Not for her the forced bravado
of braggarts
or the simpering shyness
of pretenders.
All she did and wrote was bold,
certain,
and immodest.
She made men's blood run stronger
and offered no apologies
for the woman in her poetry
and in her walk.

Red O'Mara

She Is Not Dead

I have old photographs of her
that I've saved
and will keep forever.
But there are few of the personal things
I can remember.
The sound of her voice
Her laugh
The smell of her
The thrill of her whispering in my ear.
But she is not dead.
Except to me.

Red O'Mara

She Likes To Cook

She likes to cook.
Often, it seems.
Often, and perhaps too much.
Like all good cooks,
she must, sometimes,
be taken advantage of;
her culinary delights devoured,
carelessly,
to sate the hunger of some
as well sustained by Maccas.
But chefs so splendid,
so gifted and so generous as she is,
enjoy that giving of the pleasure,
in the way that she does.
Giving so patiently and carefully
and willingly and happily.
And exuberantly!
And, perhaps, too much.
Too much for what's returned.
She has fed me, too, her cakes,
and banquets of sweets and such delights
as leave me desperate to repay
with dishes that she might
enjoy as much.

Red O'Mara

Slow Movin Tights

I'm in me bath here, with a box of red cheer,
yeah a box of red cheer, beer's too bloody dear.
Me mind's wanderin twixt big tits and riches,
bein able to scratch at what itches,
without scratchin the bum out your britches.

If they think you got what,
they'd rather they'd got,
mate, hang onto your hat,
they'll bloody take that.

That girl in black tights, so jam-packed with delights,
nights full of delights in them slow movin tights,
she's not, like Jacko reckons, a whore.
Wouldn't lie on me bare wooden floor.
I did nothin to get to be poor.

And you can't pay what's due
so your creditors sue?
Funny old world, not half.
But good for a laugh.

I can't help but hear next door's shoutin and tears.
All their shoutin and tears, I can hear em from here,
through the stem of me glass on the wall.
Pray to God he don't hit her at all.
I'm half pissed and spliffed and I'm too small to brawl.

But I stand in the queue,
for a place in the zoo.
Heard you shouldn't have pride.
They wouldn't have lied.

A party's upstairs but I can't breathe their airs.
I won't breathe their airs, them there upstairs.
So I fill the bathroom with me smoke.
All those girls shaggin some other bloke.
I just lie here and soak and suck on me toke.

What's it like not to do
what the pain wants you to?
If it's all that seems real,
what else do you feel?

I hear downstairs' soul hit his lavatory bowl.
That lavatory bowl gets the whole of his soul,
as I wring out the bladder of red.
All the sweetest of girls, Jacko said,
have big whites to their eyes that aint never've bled.

There aint nothin so nice
as those whitest of whites.
On rich girls with sweet arses
in slow movin tights.

Red O'Mara

Spectrums Of...

I have been blessed with things

come to me

from beyond the curve of Earth.

Things?

Light. Warmth.

Yes, of course.

But then Darkness. Coolness..

Yes, dark follows light.

Warmth cools, as does...

What?

Passion.

How?

I have heard it.

Heard?

Whispered. Loud, soft, hard.

Now?

No, not now.

Perhaps you dreamed.

Perhaps I did.

The Day After Night

It seems to me my life,
since a time not very long ago,
has somehow been restored.
That again my world is bathed in light
though I had seen the sun disown me
beyond some distant, dark horizon.
And it seems that blood's warmth has been rekindled
where frost's hard grip was slowly tightening,
that belief has assumed its unpretentious way
where doubt's destructive forces once had raged,
that spring is flaunting blossoms sweet and new
where wintertime's expected gloom impended.
And, where had idled uncharted regions of my soul,
there is you.

Red O'Mara

The Land Of Rhyme Remembered

Sail most by south, by west the least,
until the moon sets in the east.
There, in a sea the hue of custard,
ye'll see the Ile de Deux Sans Mustard
where locals speak like buccaneers,
calling you `me dear' and us `me dears'.
Their pirate accent's quite inexorable
though, than ours, their grammar more is flexible.
They appear to verge on being mammalian
a little bit like South Australians
(I'd never in the name of mirth
deride the folks who come from Perth) .

Hard left, first manatee you see,
or right, your choice, you're free as me
(it's nix to do with politics,
a pox on all elected plicks) .
Sail till the sea turns sweetest violet
and there you'll spot the cutest islet
(had we to rhyme with `sweetest red',
it'd be a continent instead) .
Here, when poetry is long dismembered
lies the place of rhyme remembered.
Yes, you have come upon a land
that any poet would think is grand.
Where almost everybody aint
any kind of ffffflamin' saint
but seldom use the worst of curses,
when they converse in freeish verses,
or communicate in playful rhymes,
pretty well whenever they feel like it.

Red O'Mara

The Qwerty Bustard

Erstime, ere bards nor wondering Joyceters
did glybb their gobs with glanjous tongue,
Sir Slip The Most of Figleefmoistners,
was undangled...and his sling unslung.

'Twas on the Ile de Deux Sans Mustard,
with her chicklet Hoplet never wordling,
that the hunkerflesh-fed Qwerty Bustard,
marked well by dark, was ever curdling.

Sir Slip, slopopped and grammar-morphing,
from molten steam one dawnless dread,
swear-foring most and all ef-alling,
did cloyp the Hoplet's fergeld head.

The Bustard drubbed Slip: 'Duncummayer!
To flump the sweet lad's yearnsome tress!
Bludaddled knight! Brain-drained wassailler! '
(the Hoplet mock-loomed nasalless)

'Dogbudderwuks! ' Slip rudblud obscented,
'That nert, that frot, that wibeljankie,
swombodled, globbed, or sexcremented
God don't know notwot, in me hankie.'

The discompuncted Bustard illglimned.
Then, ventforthing with a scroatful shout,
she snouted, all redblynd and goredimned,
to clip Sir Slip a gobfilt clout.

Bowelwilderd, and fear-smearred arear
and, awefulled of trans-plonker stretch,
Slip, leaping to escape his nadir,
unware... did bare..... his hunkerflesh....

Hencetime, now bards and wondering Joyceters
do glybb their gobs with glanjous tongue,
durst ne'er no Sir nor Figleefmoistner,
no fergeld Hoplet to one bung.

Red O'Mara

There But For

If I had passed you, one morning on the beach,
I'd have nodded and, half smiling,
said some ordinary thing
like, 'Lovely morning'.
Then you'd have returned my nod and,
politely, half smiling,
agreed.
I would probably have thought
you seemed that sort of lady
who was nice enough.
And, when we'd passed,
I might then have turned
to observe you from behind,
in that way men do.
Then, continuing on my way,
I could have passed
a woman even younger.
One prettier in that way men find
at once to be attractive.
And, after acknowledging her
and she me,
I would, most likely,
have observed her, too, from behind.
Then, my thoughts loitering a while,
continued walking further,
and further,
from you...

Red O'Mara

There Was A Time

There was a time, not so very long ago
when you were at the centre of my world.
When my source of so much warmth and joy
was you.
When a day without you in it
could not exist.
Sometimes I wondered what my life might be without you.
And now I know.

Red O'Mara

This Lisa

Some man deserves the right to give her love,
this Lisa.

Lisa with her woman's strength
which earns no ribbons or applause.

While men shout and brandish bravado to intimidate,
she does what must be done.

Unlike the men who marred her past
and left her life the scars she never bares,
to use or lean upon.

Some better man than me will see and know,
the truth of her and love her.

And he may never bother to begin,
to try to tell how beautiful she is.

Red O'Mara

To Her Highness

These here are the facts, very nearly true,
all about this lady I knew who
ate kale as though it was good for you.
And she seemed to be hardly mad at all,
but being less short than she was tall,
had more than a little way to fall.
So when she became not wholly sober,
one day in the month before October,
surprise, surprise, she toppled ober.
Was she simply so tight her gait got loose
from that old familiar juice abuse?
Or was she only a clumsy goose?
Or should the mother have taught her daughter
to be more erect and grow more shorter
and to eat less kale and drink more water?

Red O'Mara

What Is It All About

I couldn't sleep one night and,
hoping you'd be awake,
poked, and waited,
then found your photograph,
you'll know which one,
and, yearning for you,
traced its soft lines
with the finger of the mouse.
Traced your softly rounded breasts,
their pointed nipples.
Traced your torso beneath that succulence,
and then followed the gentle swell of your belly
to where I paused
and pondered on, wondered at,
what we have,
you and I.
What we have that some believe is everything.
That others, laughing, say is not.
As an ordinary man, I
had never much considered this.
But now, knowing you
and feeling less ordinary,
it seems to me that this,
this ordinary happening,
has given to me most,
perhaps all,
of that which I always assumed might come
with money and achievement
and would complete me.
Pleasure, joy and laughter.
Lust and passion and pain
that 'hurts so good'.
But, also, offering and taking,
fulfilling, failing, forgiving.
Sharing and caring, and baring
all that we really are.
Loving.

What Might Have Been

If you'd let me go that first time,
when you said we couldn't be,
I would never have warmed to your eyes in bed
or savoured your kisses
and the secret thrill of those behind your hair.
Never have felt the delight of breathing your breath.
Never have feasted on the woman of you,
your sweet wetness,
the wonder of your swelling against my lips.
Would never have gasped at the pleasure of your mouth and tongue.
Never have known the wonder within you,
cried out at the ultimate joy of you.
Or ever have relished the special closeness
of that sharing kiss.
And I would never have known
how long a week can be
and never have cherished your gift
of summertime
in autumn.

Red O'Mara

Yesterdays And Tomorrows

It was only yesterday
I saw you, held you, loved you.
Barely twenty four hours spent
and still five long days until
I hold you once again.
Why is it that the future
is so more distant
than the past,
and five sleeps yet to come
would match a year ago?
A year to live,
a lifetime gone?
And how is it that a day
with you, so warmly in my arms,
can be weighed in heartbeats.

Red O'Mara

You

If I could gaze down into your eyes
we would gently share
such beautifully soft and dirty kisses
our mouths and lips and tongues
in slow and secret collusion
and, as our bodies slowly
moved against each other,
I would put my lips to yours
and breathing your breath,
I would murmur to you
all of the ways I love you.

Red O'Mara

You Are No Cool And Empty Distance

Where did you come from, Lisa

how did you arrive here

in a world so teeming with greed, selfishness, fear and hate

how did you emerge

from your past

and your present

your then and now that would have destroyed many, most,

perhaps all

has somehow shaped you differently

or were you different in your beginning

and your beginning and you

have made a woman to be proud of.

Red O'Mara

You Changed Me, Maggie

You changed me, Maggie.
Just by being you,
you changed me.
You made a less selfish,
more thoughtful
and more caring man
from that one that once I was.
By allowing me to love you.
Me. Not some other man I
might have tried to be, but me.
By being the woman who you are
you caused me,
shallow me,
selfish me,
thoughtless, careless me,
to think thoughts of you
I'd never thought
speak words to you
I'd never spoken,
write verse for you
I'd never written.
And you let me love you
like I'd never loved.

Red O'Mara