March hare and Eire green

Contributed by ITF Webmaster
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The poet wanders through Carrollian vistas of wonderland and the aching hills of Inis Fáil.

as time waits to exhale

the white rabbit

turns his pockets out

to search for a mislaid watch

chess board squares

stretch their boundaries

and the unseated knight

grapples with the bishop

the king and queen

sip dandelion tea and dine

on radish sandwiches

(the cucumber cannot be spared

for the dormouse refuses to serve it)

but does it matter

the mad hatter is detained

alice absent as well

even the cheshire cat

misremembers the time

and so quilt free slumbers beneath

a mushroom bereft of company

still you and I will dine awhile

then slip back through the mirror

resume the schedule

of clocks not our own

and leave to memory

the taste of an idle afternoon

fractured reality

delusion becalmed

masks surreal surrender

as the crest of consciousness

constrained by doubt and insecurity

morphs into a journey

we did not choose

this struggle for normalcy

rides chaotic waves

as rose colored skies

fade to uncertain fog

then vassalage

is bartered for the surety

of tomorrow's children

but is the ransom enough

unfretted

long haired tresses

resistant to a brush

seem like fishing nets

tossed by an angry current

as time swims by

fingers coach snarls free

and locks of burnished gold

released

taunt the clip

that once tried

to contain them

Recalling the Exodus

A solitary tear is but the beginning of a deluge.

The Banshee’s wail the keening for generations lost.

Stone, thatch and grass remember as aged

rocks weep and the mists of yesterday

weave shroud-like through hills and valleys.

A lone seagull caresses the waking sky.

Storm-like cries of unseen shadows shake

the deserted coast. Seaweed is ripped and tossed.

Here tears are measured with grains of sand.

Yesterday’s pain the haunting echo of forgotten kells.

Bright green the countryside, fair blue the sky, but hollow

are the empty shells that others once called home.

Their sacrifice stains yet the doorways of their land,

reminders of a belief in a promise that led the souls that left.

Then famine raised hopes that dreamed of more than bread.

Links of interest:

Alice in Wonderland

Lewis Carroll Society of North America

Lewis Carroll’s poetry

Eire.com

Chicago River dyed green for St. Patrick’s day