



# Poets Corner

Pat Daly

*Pleasingly, out of the rarefied air which suffuses the 'land of heart's desire' comes yet another imaginative and well-crafted poem. It is a work that could be suitably subtitled Landscape With Voices, so finely drawn is the setting, a fair day in a rural village, with dialogue in the idiom of north Sligo thrown in for good measure. There is a grand earthiness about the scene portrayed, one that is no longer evident in rural Ireland. Enough! Enough! Let the lines speak for themselves!*

## *The Green Eyes O'Lang's Hill*

*by Kevin Kilfeather*

'Fair day, thank God!  
White spittle spat before any deal.  
'Tis, but will it be as good  
Come the morrow?'  
'Shur 'tis up to yerself  
And the green grass of Whyhomey.'  
'Wyoming!'  
'Why?'  
'Yer at it already! Shrupp!  
Here's yer man!'

*Black and white friesans  
Chessed the catwalk and  
Boards of Grange street.*

'Hmmm! I'd pay for that alright,  
But not for where he's looking.'  
'Where?'  
'At yon Charolais - mine.'  
'Yer at it again!' repetitiously:  
'See you later!'

*Thick wads swapped spit and elastic bands;  
Thin elastic bands swapped thick wads.  
A crowd of non-hurling sticks moved,  
Swift as a house martin's blackthorn;  
Loaded up.*

*The deal was done, well done,  
And some men smiled  
Coming down the hill street  
And adjourned to the high stool  
Neath the green eyes O' Langs' Hill,  
And spoke.*



*It is quite likely that if Joe Lynch set out to write a prose piece, with 'compromise/agreement' as a theme, and detailing the set of circumstances which prompted him to do so, he would fill half-a-dozen half sheets. Instead he has chosen to compress his feelings and ideas on the matter into four short stanzas which, in effect, serve the purpose even more effectively. The resultant poem will provide the reader with not just a challenge but some food for thought.*

## *Agreement*

*by Joe Lynch*

*When the winds of change are felt caressing,  
All things considered invincible are threatened;  
Normality is shaken, the future made uncertain  
For those who feel even the breeze.*

*A powerful hand, swift is its move  
That alters the very thread of life and  
Challenges the heady ideas of all that  
Would chance pinning it down.*

*A show of strength - unwelcome, uninvited -  
Cuts: like wheat, that ally much needed is  
Razed, scattered and torn. That principled way  
Just rediscovered is once more trodden down.*

*A new beginning, that elusive compromise,  
Cries aloud and yearns for the breath of life  
To reach out and walk the road  
Of mutual agreement.*

## *Agreement*

