

Fantasy Ireland

Fantasy Ireland
little political hellhole
of blood and guts
on streets that stench of money, hate, guilt
love
loss -

Fantasy Ireland
you stole the hearts of all your sons
and offered liberation
on a plate
that must be begged for
from an oppressor
who stands tall
stole language, culture
robbed and raped this little whore nation
of all it's greatness
'til the Celtic soul
was nothing more than a myth in the mists of salvation –

Fantasy Ireland
you pushed your hate deeper into the core
of your beauty
until underneath all these games of peace
we see nothing of the wild blood
that dreamt of a spiritual escape
great men that spoke and speak of truth
of belonging
until all is broken
all is stolen
a hat tipped top of the morning
to the business that trades it's constitution
for the pursuits that are played in the name of personal freedom –

Fantasy Ireland
what is your poison
what is the price that you paid for paper pushing
what is the final end to the means that keep us stoking the vision
of saints and scholars
that have long since blown their dust to winds of ancient sorrows –

Fantasy Ireland
I see no great nation
I see an image emulation
a copy cat system
that wants political greatness in the name of political bastardisation
a crock of gold
to pedal our souls
so we can feel better about who we are
feel better about a glass raised *sláinte*
to materialism
to capitalism
to worship at the feet of the greater reward

money verses power verses greed verses who the hell do you think you are
what right do you have to interfere
in the complications
you have no idea
of behind the scenes negotiations
that see a bigger picture
that represent your future
do you think life was really all that good
in the postcard world
of fantasy Ireland –
Fantasy Ireland
it's too late now
to look for what is lost
for the world has no place
for toothache states
so we must bend with the powers
that dictate our cause
dictate our case
for they can snuff out
the light of all the stars
that used to tell us where our destinies are
and they can that grind the world for every resource
that feeds the need to destroy
the need to make little men feel that they are somehow equal to God -
Fantasy Ireland
we belong to a bigger plan
that no longer negotiates
but demands
a one world power
and we must follow suits
and let the politicians
stage their moves
while they spoon-feed us
what they choose to believe that we should believe
as they tell us
in dumbed down words that they feel we will understand
where our place is in this corruption
that cuts this fierce bogland into a fine example
that profit can be propagated from scars
and stand proud in the pretence
that we may have lost many battles
but we somehow won the war -

Fantasy Ireland
Where is your rebel heart now?

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