

This Fear of Gods

Season of horror hurled hurricane
Dug deep our sordid secrets,
Our blood spoilt trees
Withered,
Smothered pistol shaped leaves
Left hanging in angry embittered warfare winds,
Once served us murderers,
Cold Cathedral hymns
Now wash our stench from this rot deceit,
Story eaten beaten defeat
Turn our city lights white,
NOT orange,
NOT green,
NO more shades or stripes or emblems seen.

Yb c æ e h ere h nst spect ns of y ad ad e n -wst.

I come with wild dirty dogged confession at history heels.
Took the tattoo trail to mountain top,
Daggered choir crop,
Stung a solitary star, bared solid, barred stare
Knew a promise of silence there
No poisoned cloud, bottled flood or petrolled head
No faceless crowd, no jagged carved out carcass shed

I feared our world was sinking.
Troubled thinking,
Terrorist stink.

Yet,
The dead; they tell no lies,
Boiled stories bold,
They understood our Nation
Toiled and sold.

And you with voodoo visitation,
All the Gods blown in our path,
One by one
in the space of a breath,
Strangled all hesitation.
Can't undo,
No act of contrition.

Voices veiled frail from beyond.
Young boys coiled,
Buried,
Soiled.

We lived it.
LIVE with it.

But you'll not break me,
Forsake me,
Subtract or divide me
Cold.

And we ^{-w} change it.

We are hours yet to be counted,
Moments to be made and mounted.
Celestial on pedestal with fresh feet of clay,
And hands, once cup-fisted like stone,
Birth-earthed open.

But winds, and
Tides driven once by bitter men,
Faithless women,
Families killed in hell harbours,
Shipwrecked lives.

I want to pull us out.

I want us to sail free,
Berthed on shore of angel wing.
I want us to be strong.
I want no wrong.
I want us to bend like branches shaking guilty song.

We'll walk on water, my love.

Who cares what it means?
Everything is beautiful!
And we are burning,
Hot,
Light us up,
Strike it!

We will rise from battered ashes,
Our tightness of tears.

Fierceness of fighting years will
Fall from fast faces like sorry rashes.
And words of prescribed prayer?
Buried graces.
Us scarlet with intentions to break down
Crosses,
Cross borders,
Curse hate on cruel corners,
Crimson creep our freedom fossils.

And ghosts of past
Raising glasses
Toasting our recovery,
The heart-sworn discovery

of a NEW world;
Unfurled and deserving.

What Gods of tomorrow will
Create addictions,
Steal gold,
Chalice of harmony drunk,
and peace poured?

Us. Us glow of
Green souls;
Released.
Orange;
Unleashed.
A purity of purpose,
Our humanity restored.

And dangerous duties?
Raging religious chores.

So, I ask you:

Seek, with fired bulletless eyes
Taste, with tough tongues, thirsting truth.
NO bombed blast bastard kill.
NO more.

NO more ugly anchored army core.
Surrender your scream now to sweet karma.

But those tender ties that bind us, that
Bound us,
That once blinded us and
Bled us as children...

And preachers, politicians, people, sins
Demonised us,
Criminalised us,
Demoralised us within...
NO MORE! No more!

Now barricaded behind,
Barbed wire blunt.
Perish this past pain,
This sacred shame.

I've come here to meet *you* .
Not cheat you, beat or delete you.

Let us leave this benediction.
Share communion of unity,
ONE community.

Bury the stained culture vultures that destroyed our skin.
Build new altars for *h* r sons and daughters -
Pure with every colour, faith, flesh and bone.

NO more Fear of other Gods or guns or protest fogs.

NO more hurt or dagger dirt or hurried hidden hugs.

Let's give it a chance.

Change strange sorrow,
For *h* r Gods of tomorrow -

Your heart,
My soul,
Our open minds to:

Forgive, to
Love, to
Respect,
Beauty,
Pride,
Peace.

Embrace *L* *N* History.

A *N* *W* Peace.

Take this Fenian Hand, dear friend
and

WELCOME

to
the
O *W*
Side.

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