

Patmos poet

by  
Chris McDonnell

O Chauncey

It's sorrows now for everyone.  
My letters from islands  
chased  
your letters from pine tree bottoms  
paper voices through whole dark nights  
here or there.

The sorrows is now done plenty.

I as well have just run out of time  
And all these other letters tells the story  
Friends, faces we knew  
or just peoples who read the books.  
Us is just words to them  
but us was to us much more than that.

TWO POEMS BY PAT O'BRIEN

"They do not move  
(for Pat Warde)

After the curtain fell  
on the final production  
of Samuel Beckett's  
"Waiting For Godot"

the actor who played  
who played Estragon  
took the two boots  
home as a memento.

Next morning he woke  
to find to his shock that  
the cursed boots  
were a perfect fit.

Watching the Mountain  
(for Breeda)

*1. December 24th 1998*

It wears a dark face.  
Hard to imagine anyone  
Going up or down.

*2. December 25th 1998*

Just look. Add nothing.  
For nothing is added. Let  
It find our wonder.

*3. December 26th 1998*

Winds scale past gale force.  
The whole world seems to break.  
The mountain stands still.

*4. December 27th 1998*

In the night snow fell.  
Hard to find it now. Snow clouds.  
Snow earth. Snow mountain.