Seven Poems

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“A profession”

I’m not gay but I know about suppression
I’m not black but I know about oppression
I’m not bipolar but I know about depression
I’m not poor but I know about recession
I’m not homeless but I know about repossession
I’m not addicted but I know about obsession
I’m not a slave but I know about possession
I’m not religious but I know about confession
I’m not mute but I’m a man and I had to learn about expression

“Hook line and sinker”

Beware the guru....
Who controls your thoughts and actions...
Who claims to have all the answers.
Whether he shouts it from the rooftops...
Or whispers in your ear.
For he is just a charlatan...
Who uses others words.
Preys on you when you’re vulnerable....
And closes down your life.
Be careful who you meet....
When you’re at your lowest points.
Be careful who you let in...
When left open to deceit.
For life’s lessons can be expensive...
And leave you incomplete.
Beware of the guru...
For he sells hope and brings only pain

“A Hand To Hold”

To hold a hand in yours
To have yours held
When in love
When in loss
When strangled in grief
Or lost without relief

When walking down summer’s streets
Or buried beneath winter’s sheets

A hand to let you know they care
To just let you know they are there
A hand to miss
A hand to kiss
A helping hand; A healing hand
And when you’re at the end of your wits
All you need is a hand that fits

“Breathe Again”

Filling in the time
Now is the winter of our discontent
Will we be able to pay the rent....
Feed the kids.....
Keep the car....
Have a job....
Breathe again Will we be able to
Go to a football match
A gig
See Messi score
Or god forbid Bono sing on Grafton st.
Walk the fields at electric picnic
With friends....
With friends who no longer walk those fields
Walk through Dublin city Centre...
to Hodges Figgis to look at books
Across the road to Tower Records
And back to The Record Spot
Cause you prefer to help out the small guy
Chai latte and a muffin at Accents’s
Or the large chain at the bottom of Georges St
Because you know ..chai latte and a muffin
Will you walk hand in hand
With the one you love
Through Dublin
Through London
Through Bristol
Through Nottingham
Through.......wherever you’ve been
And might ever be
Will you ever take these things for granted
............again
Now is the winter of our discontent
Will we be able to pay the rent...
Feed the kids...
Keep the car...
Have a job...
Breathe again

“Under The Clock at Clearys”

Waiting for the date that never arrives....
You stand with others spaced two metres apart..
Back before two metres was a necessity.

You arrive early
Fifteen minutes early
The minutes tick by....

Girls don’t arrive before the time...
They don’t like standing alone in a city centre...
It gives the wrong impression.

The fifteen minutes are up ...and still no sign.
You check your watch...
these are the days before mobile phones
And long before watches become fashionable again.

The other dates have come and gone...
......and still you stand.

Maybe the bus is late,
maybe something happened at home,
maybe there was an accident,
maybe she's in hospital,
maybe she's dead.
Cause why else would she stand you up.

The days of no phones to text, to call.

And you stand under Clearys Clock
And you make your way home ...alone

Next time....
I’ll stand under Easons Clock

“Every Lidl Helps”

Oh what’s become of the middle aisle at Lidl..
Where are the trumpets?
The mini violins?
The oil change filter for the 1964 Chevrolet…..
that Steve McQueen drove in the film The Getaway?
Where are the things you never knew you needed
The motors for speedboats?
The cross country winter skis?
The self assembly Norwegian three piece suite
Oh what’s become of the middle aisle at Lidl..
A place that a lonely soul could visit when there was nothing else to do.
To frequent
And lament
On a bicycle
Made for Two
Oh what’s become of the middle aisle at Lidl
I don’t want power tools
For DIY fools
Or slide rules
For educate together schools.
Fluorescent exercise gear to be seen
For the glamorous sexy Eastern European
Oh what’s become of the middle aisle at Lidl
Oh to come across that pin stripe one piece suit
Nowadays I just come home with fruit

“Understanding Ulysses”