



Seven Poems

David Hynes

(<dhynes481@gmail.com>)

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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*”