

Poetry Series

**Albert Ahearn**  
**- poems -**

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# Albert Ahearn()

I am a rogue poet that rarely follows traditional poetic form. I write for my own pleasure only, not for consensus.

&#36130; &#23500; &#27604; &#24744; &#35748;  
&#20026; &#24555; &#23558; &#26469;

A fortune cookie changed my life.  
I suggest that you wipe the smiles  
From your faces my skeptic friends.  
It's true and attributable  
To that tasteless of all cookies  
The one that they present to you  
With the tab after you're finished  
Eating their fine Chinese cuisine.  
I broke it in two exposing  
The faux message on the paper:  
Wealth will come sooner than you think.  
After leaving the restaurant  
I purchased from a grocery  
Store just a few shops up the block  
Just one six-digit lottery.  
The following lucky Wednesday  
All six numbers were drawn that night.

Albert Ahearn

## 5-Second Rule

A piece of Peggy's favorite  
Chocolate candy fell from her  
Fingertips as she was about  
To put it in her waiting mouth;  
It landed on the kitchen floor.  
She quickly bent her head downward  
While at the same time bellowed out  
"5-second rule! ", then proceeded  
To kneel and swiftly scooped it up  
And popped it into her mouth.  
The following morning Peggy  
Lays quietly in a strange bed  
While a nurse is taking her pulse  
And the doctor enters and smiles.

Albert Ahearn

# 911

Our hearts cleaved that horrific day.  
The early morning sun shined bright.  
No clues were noticed-giveaways  
that could forewarn the urbanites.

It began like any Tuesday.  
A workday for most New Yorkers.  
People bustling to the subways  
on their way to their employers.

Still early, not all arrived where  
their designated work stations  
are situated. Poor souls! unaware  
of their imminent destruction.

Suddenly, at eight forty two  
A living bomb with mal-vigor  
Intentionally, in plain view  
Crashed through the north twin tower.

All screaming, jumping casualties,  
Burning, smoking, funeral pyre.  
When suddenly at nine O three  
a second struck the south tower.

Both monoliths are now aflame.  
Confusion reined both high and low.  
Towering infernos became  
A cataclysmic horrid show.

Meanwhile, firemen tried in vain  
To rescue those inside the traps,  
Doomed victims of the deadly planes.  
My God! The south tower collapsed!

All the humanity within  
The conflagration expired  
In an instant: Men and women  
Buried under concrete and fire.

Standing alone and mortally  
Wounded, amidst ash and rubble  
Like a saint at the stake, bravely  
Awaits the inescapable.

“Commit their bodies to the ground;  
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust.” An instant grave mound:  
The north tower collapses.

Never! Will our lives be the same.  
Witnessing the loss of our brethren:  
Over twenty nine hundred claimed  
That day: September eleven.

Albert Ahearn

# A Baffled Boy

Silent and puzzled, even when a little boy,  
I remember the monsignor after every Sunday sermon  
have us pray for peace,  
as contending against war;  
a peace that rarely came or lasted  
prayers that were rarely answered.

Albert Ahearn

# A Birdbrain Poem

Way atop a Sycamore tree  
a black bird's call reiterates  
his three syllable poetry.  
Caw! Caw! Caw! The feathered poet  
crowed. Caw! Caw! Caw! Came the verse  
high up on the sycamore tree.  
Caw! Caw! Caw! He vociferates  
once more. His alliteration  
and end rhymes, stressed in words of three.  
Not to be outdone I sounded  
my loud, lame three-word rendition.  
Then from his branch he looked at me  
And burst out with a loud guffaw  
Caw! Caw! Caw! He boomed Caw! Caw! Caw!

Albert Ahearn



# A Brand-New Day

The barometer is rising  
Nary a cloud in the blue sky;  
A beautiful springtime morning.  
And from the east a fiery eye  
Peeks again from the horizon;  
In waxing light the birds all sing  
Their songs from leas down in the glen.  
An errant goose decides to wing  
In search of her straying gander,  
The stubborn early morning dew  
Clings to Ground Ivy and clover;  
Another day arrives anew.  
A photograph this scene would bless  
But pictures one day fade away  
Depicting words in rhymed verses  
Will last this day and for always.

Albert Ahearn

# A Bullet Named Ken

A Snapshot of war.

He lies next to me in the mud  
Dead; a shot blew half of his skull  
Away leaving the taste of brains  
In my mouth." I shot that goddamn,  
Dirty, rotten rag head, Ken! I  
Cut him in half before he  
Hit the ground! " Ken had a grotesque  
look on his dirty, blood-soaked face.  
Something I couldn't quite make out.  
I stared into his vacant eyes  
And found myself unconsciously  
Saying with no embarrassment,  
"I'm glad it had "your" name on it."

Albert Ahearn

## A Burial

A lifeless house sparrow lays dead  
In the middle of the towpath  
As if asleep on a green sheet;  
Its body still warmed by the sun  
That one could mistakenly guess  
Its demise was moments before  
My arrival except that its  
Only exposed eyeball was gone  
Indicating an earlier  
Death. No decomposers arrived  
As yet, usually the maggot  
Flies are the first at a death scene.  
I picked up the feathery corpse  
And buried it beside the path.

Albert Ahearn

# A Change Of Heart

I did not like him when he was alive.  
So now that he lies dead, nothing has changed.  
Yes, I know this sounds inhuman, heartless  
Or call it what you like but I cannot  
Be a hypocrite. I'll not eulogize.  
In life he embodied all that I'm not.  
This does not mean that I'd wished the man dead.  
Like I said, I disliked him, not hate him.  
In a word, he was an unscrupulous  
Man..that's right! Devoid of all principles;  
Contemptuous of what was right and just;  
A self-absorbed, egocentric brute  
Where few if any will remember him  
Except perhaps me, may god bless his soul!

Albert Ahearn

## A Chilly Vision

I gazed through an iced crystal pane  
Looking at three winter backdrops:  
A tree is struggling under snow  
Its maple branches drooping low.  
Two small flowerbeds are asleep  
beneath very deep, white blankets.  
As I gazed, I became entranced;  
All of the snow had disappeared  
Revealing the presence of spring-  
Tiny, green protuberances  
appeared from numerous branches;  
Rudimentary daffodils  
and tulips rouse from their slumber.  
Then I blinked twice and all was gone;  
except my yearning thoughts of spring.

Albert Ahearn

# A Cloudy Imagination

The lingering cumulus clouds  
imperceptibly changed their shapes  
while I sat below discerning  
these metamorphosed spectacles.  
My imagination went wild  
as they drifted across the sky.  
It seemingly was like my mind  
was orchestrating their transmuting.  
I glanced at one that took the shape  
of the poet Walt Whitman's head;  
another like Sylvia Plath;  
and yet another looked like Poe.  
I glanced back at the Whitman cloud  
but it changed into Erato.  
I took my pad from my pocket  
and began to write this poem.

Albert Ahearn

# A Confession

Those sanctified structures of verse,  
plot and rhyme-why do I find them  
no help to me now?

I want to produce something  
imagined not recollected.

My inner voice becomes tongue-tied;  
it trembles searching for the words  
to guide me to inspiration.

So at times everything I write  
with the threadbare lack of genius  
seems wearily; worn-out; hackneyed  
often painfully paralyzed.

A mésalliance I admit

Still I strive to caress the light.

Albert Ahearn

# A Demon's Introspection

In the recesses of my mind  
Lurks an imaginary fiend;  
a part of my psyche's design  
borne of a roguish, mutate gene.  
Deceit belies my comeliness  
To my casual encounters,  
I'm well-mannered and smartly dressed  
I'm an unsuspecting monster.  
Damn fools! Clothes never make the man  
nor his discriminating taste.  
This real man is more inhuman  
whose moral state is unchaste.  
I was born with this affliction  
Wreaking pain is satisfaction.

Albert Ahearn



# A Dreamy Composition

He wrote four lines of poetry  
before retiring to his bed  
falling off to sleep instantly.  
His subconscious was unperturbed  
from any indigestibles  
eaten earlier while writing.  
His dreams were clear, limitable,  
inimitable, exacting  
like the four lines of poetry  
he had meticulously wrote.  
Upon wakening, his psyche  
through these dreams began to take note  
of the images that hit home  
and found the words for his poem.

Albert Ahearn

# A Flower Indeed!

I am a beautiful flower  
That is rooted in this bower.  
Off limits for the likes of me  
A nuisance most all will agree.  
The bees do visit me daily  
Sweet as the white trumpet lily  
Who resides with me in this bed;  
But still my life's in constant dread  
Of toxic sprays and solutions  
A sentence of execution  
They'll spray on my bright yellow head.  
I am prolific and spread  
But tomorrow I will be gone  
Because I'm a dandelion.

Albert Ahearn

## A Fool's Discourse

Am I the fool for not killing this fly  
That persistently harasses me now?  
Is my respect for life absurd, awry?  
Should my philosophy be disavowed?  
Isn't all life a very sacred thing?  
You say, yes, but a fly! A billion die  
Each day! Ah! But most die on the wing.  
My belief is 'live and let live', and why?  
Nothing is insignificant to me.  
Suppose for a moment you are that fly  
And programmed to pester me endlessly?  
Must I kill you in a blink of an eye?  
Until Man respects life of every kind  
Our future holds no hope for humankind.

Albert Ahearn

# A Fragile Gift

Every morning when weather permits, I ride my bicycle for miles on end. I have been doing this discipline for many years now. Over this period of time I have seen many, many people in my travels, and what I've noticed more of as time went on is the growing number of overweight people there are. Especially the younger generation. I can't help but feel sadden by this epidemic spreading throughout this country.

Our health, a fragile gift of God bestowed  
On most of us without supervision.  
Maintained through vigilance, personal codes,  
Resolve, diet and determination.  
Oft we eat is what we are, au revoir!  
Cuisine that's bad and tempting, hello! Good  
Nutrients. Lead us to the salad bar  
Awaiting those who eat the way they should.  
But there are those who oft take for granted  
Their wispy condition: forfeit long lives  
For Big Macs and fries, super sized wanted  
Most often. Perhaps, a day will arrive  
These poor souls realize their gravity:  
A time bomb within their chest cavity.

Albert Ahearn

# A Haunting Love

It's surrealistic in what I see  
In the most unlikely places, in fact.  
Especially when unexpectedly  
They appear before tiredly eyes, abstract.  
Was eating as usual, cereal:  
Shredded wheat with sliced ripen banana.  
Staring back from my laden spoon revealed  
A face, the ghost of my Marianna.  
Startled, yet saddened, my head turned around  
Expecting to see my wife's lovely face.  
Instead I had found a man with a frown  
Mirroring back from a glass-door bookcase.  
Her haunting visits, this angel of death  
Will continue I guess till my last breath.

Albert Ahearn

# A Haunting Ride

Riding alone along a path  
that runs parallel, north and south  
Alongside the Lehigh River  
I became acutely aware  
of the beautiful surroundings  
As they sped pass me on both sides.  
As I pedaled along, the ghosts  
of yesteryears took possession  
of my mind and began to speak  
in unspoken telepathy.  
'you picked wildflowers on this path;  
remember the white campions  
you picked for your girlfriend Alice?  
And coming up on your right, there!  
that very large sycamore tree  
where you once climbed it, showing off  
for Alice, fell and broke your arm.  
Remember? Sure you do, Albee.  
And there! Coming up on your left  
that special place near that cove,  
remember what took place in there?  
You both lost your virginity.  
Remember the disappointment  
the two of you felt afterwards? '  
Near the completion of the ride  
the phantoms relinquished my thoughts  
and all those recent memories  
vanished until some later day.

Albert Ahearn

# A Haunting World

I cherish living in my world-  
An exclusive universe  
Where no one is allowed entry;  
No wife, friends or acquaintances.  
It's a place where music is breathed;  
Where the ghosts of literary  
Giants still haunt the ambiance;  
A serene inner sanctum where  
Ideas and inspiration  
Grow like precious fruit on a tree  
Never given the chance to rot;  
Their harvest serving only me.  
A place where these influences  
Create something memorable.

Albert Ahearn

# A Kiss

A kiss can be for good or bad  
It's known to drive a person mad.  
When Judas betrayed his savior  
For thirty pieces of silver  
He singled Christ out so to speak  
By planting a kiss on his cheek.  
Then of course there's Pygmalion  
Who fell in love with what he hewn  
Galatea so cold and white  
He kissed her lips and brought to life.  
Sometimes we kiss to right a wrong  
Sometimes it's mentioned in a song  
But after all a kiss a kiss  
Expressed in fourteen rhymed verses.

Albert Ahearn



## A Love Pawn

Her blue eyes once looked upon  
me with an affectionate gleam;  
But now that loving glow is gone  
vanishing like yesternights dream.  
Nothing, it's said, lasts forever  
only fools would think otherwise;  
yet we accept this endeavor.  
The truth lies exposed in their eyes-  
outside windows into the soul  
where words needn't be said by each  
to know that love was once ensouled  
had now become just out of reach.  
Nevertheless, life must press on  
Even for a jilted love pawn.

Albert Ahearn

## A Mantra

Here we both lie in our bed  
She is sleeping, dreaming  
In an unconscious world  
While I lay here awake  
Conscious of the dark  
Concentrating on the sound  
Of raindrops pitter-pattering  
On the roof. I listen intently  
To each distinctive descending drop  
Different and yet the same  
Like a mental mantra  
Repeating over and over  
Drip! Drop! Splash! Splat!  
Until I [yawn] fall.....

Albert Ahearn

# A Moment Of The Past

I sit before my monitor  
Humming an old Roy Orbison  
Tune I memorized so long ago.  
Hum...Hum um! That Hum! Again  
"They're playing that song again.  
I guess it will never end. They're  
Playing it again..." The time I  
Spent as a kid replaying it:  
A borrowed forty-five record  
Until I heard it in my sleep;  
That's what we did to occupy  
Our time before the arrival  
Of the now widespread computer.  
I guess nothing lasts forever!

Albert Ahearn

# A Moment Of Time

A moment, a second of time  
Measured by a blink of an eye;  
A sip of ones favorite wine;  
A glance at a spring morning sky;  
A whiff of fragrant wildflowers;  
A quick nod of recognition;  
Throwing a kiss to a lover;  
A split second premonition;  
Imagine... if a moment grants  
These many memorable things  
Envision life's multiplicand  
Its myriad joys that it brings.  
It begs us to live the moment  
Each and every second well spent.

Albert Ahearn

# A Mondo Gory Poem

Faces of Gore (1999) is a mondo shockumentary video that depicts graphic footage of bloody, mangled bodies which guides viewers through explicit scenes depicting a variety of ways to die and violent acts. I wanted to try my hand at Mondo genre poetry. I promise you I'm not a nut case. I'm just a highly imaginative poet.

An ominous cloud lingers in my head  
Portending pernicious consequences.  
My sixth sense informs me what lays ahead  
Foretelling dire events in sequences:  
At first, a flash that's followed by thunder.  
But it's not what the mind is telling me.  
A cloudless sky, than smoke, and no wonder  
A bomb tore asunder all that I see.  
The blood, ash and bone, dismembered bodies  
All littered the site once a theater.  
The mayhem and carnage that I foresee  
Was the work of a lone perpetrator.  
A marquee lying that stood heretofore  
Reads: Coming attraction, "Faces of gore"

Albert Ahearn

# A Mountain Speaks

I stood atop a mountain high  
Surveyed the vastness of the sky  
With arms extended outwardly  
A moments thought inspirit me.  
I pray you mount, I beg bespeak  
Please share with me your grand mystique;  
Bestow on me the things you know.  
An echo thrice said, "No! .. No! .. No! "  
Why? I asked, disconcertingly  
Meaning is all I seek, only  
Please, please impart what I should know.  
Again the echo, " No! .. No! .. No! "  
Instantly it began to rain  
'Twas then my quest was all in vain.

Albert Ahearn

# A Muse

'There shall be a poetess born,  
Ensouled with poetic leanings....'  
She cried, pulled from her watery world  
breathing in the alien air....  
The years and seasons came and went,  
and found the muse alone at play  
amid her native dimensions,  
romping free and singing verses:  
d d d d d wall,  
d d d d d fall...  
Her tender years end with a pause.  
...Adulthood dawned brightly on her,  
a comely grace and pleasing face.  
Like a fledgling that leaves its nest  
She, resolved, flew a flight west  
with assistance of providence....  
The years passed by when she'd returned  
With a masters degree she earned  
And prophecy preserved in print-  
her personal anthology.  
Today she's known for civic pride  
reading poems to hometown ears  
of life's lessons contained inside  
amassed from long, meaningful years.

Albert Ahearn

# A New Years Birth

Life awakens in a serous sea  
Momentary stirs inside me  
Reminding me I'm not alone  
also how large that I have grown.  
Be patient my fidgety one  
It won't be long, your day will come  
Your scheduled time is drawing near  
To usher in a brand new year.  
Christmas past was...ooh! God It hurts  
It must be January 1st!  
Parturition has now begun;  
Well, do your thing daughter or son  
It matters not since you're my first  
Though I pray not breech but headfirst.

Albert Ahearn



# A Nightmare

The looming gray clouds overhead  
Relieved themselves on top my head.  
I saw not a soul, nothing stirring  
Nor where I stood no living thing.  
What in hell happened? I wondered  
Not a single sound or word  
The city was seemingly dead.  
Then I heard a sound just ahead  
A loud-mouth on a radio  
From where it came I did not know.  
The blaring voice bestirred the calm  
"An unknown source had dropped a-bomb  
Radiation levels are high,  
Beware! " the voice shouted nearby.  
Abed, awakened laid I scared  
Rattled by this horrid nightmare.

Albert Ahearn

# A Noise By Any Other Name Is Just As Loud

Today's so-called music is nothing more  
Than repetitious, raucous rot performed  
By untalented, unaccomplished bores.  
Their cacophony is worthy of scorn.  
Instead they are held in admiration  
By tin ears insensitive to sound.  
Instruments amplify modulation  
Or it might be the other way around.  
Nevertheless, its purpose is to drown  
Out feigned singers who couldn't hold a tune  
In a shower lest risking being found  
Out. The day will finally come, and soon  
I hope when these hucksters who can annoy  
Are replaced with music all can enjoy.

Albert Ahearn

## A Novel

As I turn the pages forward  
I am taken on a journey-  
A non-spatial continuum-  
Time; a willing time-traveler  
Where no luggage is required;  
No passengers to contend with;  
No special itinerary.  
Just a conceding eagerness  
To be taken along, alone.  
The destination known to one-  
Invisible but trustworthy;  
The varied characters are him;  
Put another way-imagined.  
Where I'm taken is foreordained.

Albert Ahearn

# A Petty Argument

Honey, just once, would you keep your mouth shut?  
Why? Your mouth is the source of all our problems  
That's why. Oh, now you're calling me a nut!  
When you're not calling me names you condemn  
Everything I do or say. What's with you?  
Oh! Here come the tears! Turn them off my dear.  
They always seem to appear when the two  
Of us reach an impasse, crocodile tears!  
Look hon, this is a silly argument  
Over what I said at the beginning  
I had no idea it would augment  
Into this sideshow that's never-ending  
I guess I said some awful things untrue  
I had no right to say those things to you.

Albert Ahearn

# A Poet

Not everyone a poet be  
It takes more than a show of words  
Or feigned esteemed ability.  
These attributes are so absurd!  
Like inkless pens expect to write  
A single word of poesy.  
A poet lives to dream each night  
Ideas wrought subconsciously;  
And when the golden sun has gleamed  
Its steady subdued morning glow  
The poet wakes from fondest dreams  
Imbued by schemes the night bestowed  
Into a measured rhyming gem:  
Conjured dreams become a poem.

Albert Ahearn

## A Poet Also Rises

I am up early this morning  
anticipating the sunrise.  
Too dark for any birds to sing  
and I still have sand in my eyes  
left by my age old friend sandman.  
This time of year it rises late  
plenty of time for a game plan;  
No reason to procrastinate.  
Ah! There's the man, right on schedule.  
Guess I'll shower and scrape a few  
And while I'm doing this I'll mull  
over a plan on what to do.  
The morning is beautiful outside  
That's it, a long bicycle ride!

Albert Ahearn

# A Poets Dream

Hippocrene (h&#301; p'&#601; -kren`) is a fountain on Mount Helicon, Greece, sacred to the Muses and regarded as a source of poetic inspiration.

Mnemosyne (nemoz'ini) is a titan who is the personification of remembrance. She is the mother of the nine muses: "All nine muses have a science or an art to protect. Cleo protects the stories of heroes, Urania astronomy, Calliope elegies, Melpomene the tragedies, Euterpe flute playing, Erato love poems, Tepsicore choir lyrics, Thalia the comedies and Polyhymnia dance and music."

"The Muses love to sing and dance. They are superior in musical competitions and any one who dares to challenge them will always fall short, just as those who question their importance."

In a dream I drink from fount Hippocrene.  
The daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne  
Encompass me while I quench. Nine muses  
Guarding their arts from human abuses.  
'I'm not here to challenge or to question;  
Nor I seek material possessions.  
My presence among you in this dreamy  
State is caused by my love of poetry.  
And you, Erato, muse of all love poems  
I'm a sleepy poet asleep at home.  
It's known by some you sing beautifully.  
Would all you muses' sing a song for me?  
My thirst is quenched from draft of drinking cup.  
Please! Please sing for me before I wake up.

Albert Ahearn

# A Poet's Needs

A poem begins with inspiration  
Not often that easy to acquire.  
Thus a poet needs some stimulation  
A prerequisite that is required.  
The elusive stimulant comes from life  
Through living, loving and all its delights  
Plus dying, hating and all of Mans strife  
And unfulfilled days and all lonely nights.  
Whichever the reason the seed had been sown  
Come harvest time the yield is a poem:  
Be it sad or happy, lengthy or terse  
The world still hungers for the poets verse.  
So those of us in need for expression  
Will write our verses from sense impressions.

Albert Ahearn



## A Poet's Rue

I remember as a young boy  
Sitting on top Mount Parnassus  
Consumed in writing I enjoyed.  
Mostly poetry to express  
At the time my innermost thoughts  
While below my childhood playmates  
Romped and played and most often fought.  
And myself trying to translate  
Feelings into coherent thought  
And writing them down on paper.  
I recollect those times that taught  
Self- discipline behavior.  
Yet if I lived it all again  
I would be one of those children.

Albert Ahearn

## A Prosaic Gift

I harvested a small handful  
of beautiful dandelions  
arranged them in a special way  
that their mini-globe candelas  
illumined a yellow aura  
surrounding the nosegay cluster.  
Their subtle, invisible breaths  
exhale a perfumed atmosphere  
that becomes irresistible.  
And she who shall hold this bouquet  
is impelled to whiff its essence;  
to discover its true purpose;  
and accept this prosaic gift  
of my undying love for her.

Albert Ahearn

# A Quiet Fourth

I composed this poem on the morning of Independence Day 2008.

July fourth and firecrackers aren't heard.  
Perhaps because it's raining as I type.  
I thank the gods for booming sounds deferred.  
My guess, I'm getting old. I hate the hype  
That everyone is caught up with today.  
In youth we did exactly all that's done  
Perhaps a smidgen more so, by the way.  
The noise we made, heck! It was all in fun.  
We celebrated Independence Day.  
I'm no longer young, oops! Slip of the tongue.  
A senior citizen I'm called today  
It's political correctness among  
The hearing impaired. I beg you don't scoff  
Guess what? I had my hearing aid turned off!

Albert Ahearn

# A Race With Time

I gazed at the faded colored  
Photograph in my wrinkled hand.  
A smug frozen image of me  
Dressed in scant half-slit shorts and shirt  
Captured in a moment of time.  
A billion more moments had past  
Taking with them my yolk of youth  
Once viable, vibrant, fleeting;  
Faster than time itself but losing  
In the end for time never paused  
For a victorious moment  
As I once did to smile and gloat.  
Meanwhile interminable time  
Raced onward with me in its wake.

.

Albert Ahearn

# A Railroad Town

The diesel locomotive wailed  
Like a sick bull as it approached  
The intersection; five bellows.  
The dreaded traffic light turned red  
And all of us just sat waiting  
For this snail-like, slow-moving  
Freight train to pass, while the traffic  
was backing up to infinity.  
Life becomes a standstill in time:  
If your appendix burst, pray to god;  
If you're in labor, tough titty;  
If late for work, you curse and swear!  
So you wait and count the freight cars...  
One hundred one...one hundred two...

Onward west they roll  
Swaying, screeching, click-clanking  
Along rusty tracks.

Albert Ahearn

# A Second Spring

The dew indiscriminately  
wept for all things living and dead  
on this early autumn morning.  
Its cold droplets caressed the leaves  
while lingering sap-starved leaf stems  
clung precariously above  
and each dying leaf shed teardrops  
for and onto their fallen kind.

One by one they released their hold  
falling silently, gracefully  
in their final unique fashion:

Some swayed. Others pirouetted;  
and many more, somersaulting  
into their final resting place.

Sunbeams from an October star  
spilt rippling puddles of warm light  
on their multicolored remains  
amid the vibrant wildflowers.

Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower.  
Albert Camus

Albert Ahearn

# A Single Flower

I believe that all things that occur were destined to happen because all things possess its own karma like the flower in this poem.

A pink lily recently plucked  
Lays on a sun baked beaten path  
All alone in the morning sun  
Its destiny fulfilled and won.  
Its progeny from eons past  
With one sole purpose foreordained  
To bloom a day and then be plucked  
And given to someone in love.  
The karma saved within the seed  
Will guarantee its destiny.  
The lovers kiss and wish upon  
This pinkish hue phenomena.  
The flowers charm had won the day  
And then it's gently cast away.

Albert Ahearn



# A Spectacle

Today's early morning produced  
A winter postcard spectacle:  
The once stark maple tree branches  
Are now laden with heavy snow;  
Their lesser-kin (low-growing trees)  
Stand covered like woody snowmen.  
The predawn light creeping above  
Washed away any subtle  
Colors from the panorama  
Leaving a lovely, black and white,  
Silent wonderland glistening  
In the dawning February  
Sun whose waxing intensity  
Ends what seemed like a pleasant dream.

Albert Ahearn

# A Summer Scene

A lazy leaf-laden river  
Snakes around a sandy shoreline  
While copulating dragonflies  
Fly over near-stagnant water  
In aimless zigzag ecstasy.  
Dozens of stout brown birds skimming  
The surface, ascending slightly,  
Than dipping incredibly low  
Miraculously avoiding  
Contact with the wet surfactant.  
Along the shore a raft of ducks  
Noisily swim by in a queue  
Seemingly like some summertime  
Carnival shooting gallery.

Albert Ahearn

# A Testament

The decomposing wall I see  
That encompasses the long dead  
Lies interspersed among the trees  
Whose living, fingered roots are fed  
with nourishment of sublimed faith.

I pause a moment...

Panning the surroundings I see  
Row after row of unknown dead  
Whose tombstones depict family trees  
Whose living relatives are fed  
The same promises of blind faith.

Why must I lament?

The brown withered leaves that I see  
Wind-blown atop the buried dead  
Should I mourn provenance: the trees?  
Why then the promise that is fed:  
Life after death by keeping faith.

A fool is content.

Albert Ahearn

# A Thunderstorm

The rainclouds loom over the town  
Like a cold, grayish wet blanket  
That soon will unleash and rain down  
its wrathful torrent in buckets.  
I've seen this many times before-  
This quietude before the storm-  
A preface to what is in store:  
An incredible thunderstorm.  
Behold! The tempest has begun.  
Wind is blowing from the northeast  
Lightning bolts on the horizon  
The odor of ozone increased  
And as though it were timed, thunder  
Brought rain as I watched in wonder.

Albert Ahearn

# A Treasure In A Basket

Laying in a wicker basket  
Are varied colored Easter eggs  
Surrounded by milk chocolate  
And jelly beans and root beer kegs.  
Exploring closer you will see  
Beneath the artificial grass:  
Sidewalk chalk and marshmallow bees  
A squirt gun and a movie pass.  
You must keep searching deeper still  
Until you find all that's concealed:  
Next you'll find a treasury bill  
And coupon for a Big Mac meal.  
Now my little excavator  
Have a very happy Easter.

Albert Ahearn

# A Tribute To Dad

When kids my age were searching for  
Heroes, the likes of Roy Rodgers,  
Gene Autry, Hoppy and John Wayne  
I already had my idol.

A hero is supposed to be  
Courageous and strong and favored  
By god. This description aptly  
fit father then as a youngster  
And today on this special day.  
And when he died some years ago  
A light was extinguished within  
My soul leaving a darkened void  
Where once my action hero, dad  
Was surely the best of them all.

Albert Ahearn

# A Vampire

The soporific sound of rain  
Falling on the shingled rooftops  
Induces his subconscious brain  
to summon id with every drop.  
The instinctual impetus  
craves immediate primal need:  
vitality that flows through us  
tonight the innocent will bleed  
to quench within a burning fire  
that's required to tame his soul  
forever damned: a vampire!  
that roams and stalks celestial  
darkest nights for unfortunates  
to engorge their blood to excess.

Albert Ahearn

## A Vision

In midst of Natures bounty I espied  
Aside a stream, a gilded gleaming cage.  
Its tenant was a lifeless bird inside.  
Engrossed in thought in view of deaths image  
I deemed the death from thirst beside water.  
Within the cage were dual empty basins  
The one for food, and of course, the other.  
It's like a wealthy man who's locked within  
His iron safe, amid his heaps of gold.  
And perishing within this house of ease  
Of hunger pangs and thirst as time unfolds.  
Then suddenly a strangest vision seized  
My weary eyes, the cage became the bones  
Of Man, the bird, his prisoned heart of stone.

Albert Ahearn



# Achilles' Heel

In my armor instead he wore  
Now lays dead, my friend of honor  
Petroclus, Oh! The grief I bear  
Cannot be wiped away like tears.  
Long will I suffer his demise;  
Lost forever, our mortal ties.

\*\*\*\*\*

My lifelong friend lies before me  
His emaciated body  
Dressed in his "Best Mans" tuxedo  
He wore so many years ago  
as my best man in our wedding  
bearing our golden wedding rings.  
Oh! This human weakness: sorrow  
What claim you, all my tomorrows?

Albert Ahearn

# Act The Part

I am an actor on this stage of life.  
My role is factored into all the scenes  
Beginning with an innocent delight.  
My birth and babbling lines by any means  
Directed all attention to this part.  
A ham at birth and cute, I was a star.  
The photographs and modeling apart  
From some occasional fluffing thus far  
I acted many roles that came my way.  
Until my public image lost its lure  
I found myself without a scene to play  
Except the one where life shown me the door  
A role I never played in my career  
An empty lonely man, alone in tears.

Albert Ahearn

## Ad [verse] Sarcasm

The weatherman predicts some snow;  
He calls for about three inches.  
Must be great playing god, to know  
How much will fall, but that's show biz.  
I know one thing: if I were wrong  
As often as the weathermen  
I wouldn't have my job that long.  
They screw-up time and time again  
And still manage to keep working.  
Imagine a neurosurgeon  
Working on your head one morning  
As inept as the weathermen.  
Perish the thought! Some comfort though  
If they call for it, it won't snow.

Albert Ahearn

# Affectedness

I walk the Sunday streets once more  
Long before the peal of church bells  
Tuned to summon the hypocrites  
From their cozy residences.  
It will be awhile till they flock  
En masse to the numinous house:  
The butcher whose scale is slightly  
Off in his favor; the lawyer  
Whose soul was sold ages ago;  
The car salesperson cramming cars;  
Physicians unmindful of the poor  
And an overweight clergyman  
Orchestrating the proceedings.  
Bong! Bong! Soon the parade begins.

Albert Ahearn

# Akin

I hear the tantalizing sound  
Of sibilant sea waves shaping  
Sandy shorelines, beckoning my  
Soul's return whence it came  
With every endless subsidence.  
Like a giant magnet it draws  
Me toward its salty expanse  
As if in a soporific  
Sleep; a somnambulating stroll  
Into undulated wetness  
Arouses me from my stupor  
As it washes over my feet.  
I look down at its shallow depth  
and smile at my progenitor.

Albert Ahearn

# Alcoholism

An opened fifth of hangovers  
rests beside his dried driveled arm  
(drug used by underachievers.)  
Out cold, head resting on forearm  
Unconscious in a dreamless world,  
a portal often frequented:  
an alcoholics netherworld  
and mind most disoriented.  
A parched throat forces arousal  
And miasmic exhalations  
rekindle once more pitiful  
repeated, inebriation.  
A morning swig begins his day  
and ends the same as yesterday.

Albert Ahearn

# Alliterative Rambling

I often wondered why manmade laws fail.  
They are canny compromised concoctions  
Agreed to by gregarious, greedy  
Souls with agendas, agents for the rich.  
These representatives repeatedly  
Parrot party politics to pave the  
Way to enactment. Actors on a stage  
Playing roles with planned scripts from you know whom.  
Feigning their motions with faintest vigor  
That only con their constituencies.  
As long as there are have and have-nots  
The have-nots will always want; the haves keep.  
The rich control the governing body  
Middle-class mental midgets elect them.

Albert Ahearn

# Aloof

When the gathered families smelled  
The aroma of sausages,  
Hotdogs and spent firecrackers  
On this day of Independence  
I was sniffing the subtle scents  
Of odoriferous flowers  
That grew beyond the festiveness.  
When members heard, " come and get it! "  
From the self designated chef  
I heard only sounds of nature.  
When the people sat and said grace  
For the food that was on their plates  
I stood among the wildflowers  
Too intoxicated to feast.

Albert Ahearn



# An Act Of Love

The night sky was clear and starry  
And the nearly full moon spying down  
Like a waxing Mata Hari  
On the two lovers of the town  
While they lay atop a mountain  
On a large beach towel for two  
Naked and anxious to begin  
Their lovemaking long overdue.  
Embraced, they seized the moment  
That seemed to them like forever;  
Intoxicated by their scent  
Only hasten their endeavor.  
They kissed and made love for awhile  
While stars winked and the moon just smiled.

Albert Ahearn

# An Autumn Burial

A small crowd stood around the grave;  
my presence being one of them.  
With our heads bowed downward and our  
Predominant, black and white clothes  
We all resembled king penguins  
in the early autumn morning.  
The breeze increased and blew the brown  
Dead maple leaves around our feet,  
some aptly onto the casket  
deep within the newly dug grave.  
Other than the wind, the silence  
Is deafening except for an  
occasional cough from the group.  
The eulogy begins "Here lies ...."

Albert Ahearn

## An Autumn Scene

The autumn sun shines through the near naked trees exposing recent abandoned thrush nests those months before were hidden from Mans eyes. The lingering colored, crisp, dying leaves precariously cling until late November winds and rain end their brief lives leaving only their scented remains on the ground.

A scorpion sun shines through near naked  
Trees exposing vacant, forsaken nests  
Where blue robin eggs laid comfortable hid  
From probing Mans eyes and unwelcome guests.  
The lingering, colored, crisp, dying leaves  
Cling to the branches precariously  
Until the blustering wind starts to heave  
Its gusts from the north unrelentingly.  
Apropos of rain it soon will follow  
Deluging hapless, defenseless brown leafs.  
The wind and the rain display a grand show  
Dislodging the leaves whose lives were so brief.  
After the lull of the wind and the rain  
What're left on the ground are scented remains.

Albert Ahearn

# An Embodied Tempest

A gray stormy sky matched my mood;  
its violent, tempestuous  
streaks of discontinuous light  
fired across a charged atmosphere  
soon answered by thunderous claps.  
My mood is not unlike the storm:  
It is emotionally charged,  
unrestrained and prone to tantrums  
that spark an electricity  
too powerful to be controlled;  
and like the tempest where wind blows  
and precipitation follows  
so too does my angry blowups  
injure causing a flood of tears.

Albert Ahearn

# An Epithet

"Admirable beacon of rectitude"

A great sounding epithet said of me

You think? That depends on whose point of view.

It's like the fruit of a poisonous tree.

It looks harmless, nonetheless toxic.

It can be said for the appellation-

Sounds great yet often a vitriolic

Mean-spirited, misinterpretation.

The interpretation, self-righteousness

In the meanest, cruelest sense of the word.

I live a moral code nevertheless

In spite of the consensus of the herd.

If I'm a single lighthouse on the coast,

Expect from me examples from this post.

Albert Ahearn

# An Inspiration

From the deep recesses of mind  
emerges a stimulation  
that necessitates a defined  
sudden, high-level invention.  
Once imagined its stay is brief  
and must be dealt with before lost  
to distraction. I would as lief  
act on its potential than toss  
it on an unheeding scrapheap.  
Each notion is temporary  
and must be exploited to reap  
whatever essence there might be  
notwithstanding it goes to seed  
or an idea that succeeds.

Albert Ahearn

# Anatomy Of A Dream

It amazes me how a dream  
Is contrived from reality;  
Fine-tuned to a subconscious scheme  
played out nightly, surreally.  
Take any dream for example:  
It most frequently manifest  
Itself via random samples  
Of recall that had been suppressed  
Which the subconscious mind reveals  
Through abstract sensations expressed  
Involuntary and unreal-  
Most forgettable more or less  
Are these colored and black and white  
Series that's conjured every night.

Albert Ahearn

## Another Love Poem

Can every tomorrow be guaranteed?  
Will our love live forever and a day?  
One can't predict what tomorrow may bring  
But our love is certain as this year's spring.  
Can the sun be stopped from rising each day?  
Can a bard cease writing his love poems?  
If tomorrow may dawn another day  
And we find the sun has lost its own way  
A poet that day will write words like this:  
"Tomorrows may come but then again no  
Yet the love you share will prosper and grow  
If the sun never cast another ray  
The love in your hearts will light the way  
For your future tomorrows come what may."

Albert Ahearn



# Anticipation

Springs in the air, can't you smell it?  
To me the scent can't be explained  
So it makes no sense in trying.  
All I know is springs on its way.  
Whenever that familiar scent  
Arouses these nostrils of mine  
It automatically triggers  
A colorful, dreamlike collage  
In my anticipating mind;  
Muted and inanimate till  
The first robin redbreast warbles  
Its early morning springtime song.  
So, in the meantime, I languor  
In this feeling called spring fever.

Albert Ahearn

# April Rain

The long awaited needed rain  
finally came in gentle drops.  
Thirsty daffodils greedily  
quaffed the tepid precipitate  
while their odoriferous scents  
reluctantly merged with ozone  
creating a pungent bouquet  
that stimulated the nostrils.  
Far afield from the daffodils  
robins comb the newly wet grass  
for ever emerging earthworms  
that are coaxed above by the rain.  
Soon the tugs of war begin  
between the two adversaries.

Albert Ahearn

# Are You Game?

I am eccentric people often say  
Because I view the world and all I see  
In different, peculiar ways. My quirks raise  
Eyebrows to say the least. Unusual, Gee!  
I am a human being for Christ's sake!  
Humanity is nuts to some degree.  
If this is true, why look at me to make  
Your case? It's only when your quirks decree  
The norm, mine become eccentricities  
Abhorred by most of societies cliques.  
The different peculiarities  
I see but one: A different bag of tricks.  
I'll do my bag and be my guest, the same.  
And stop this silly poppycock. You game?

Albert Ahearn

# August

I need not a fine calendar  
To identify the present month;  
With all its entire splendor  
Will not be found on a twelvemonth.  
If one lives in tune with nature  
There are always some clues at hand:  
Like a hound on a fox's spoor  
Indications he understands.  
A rivers edge recedes and slows  
The pear trees host the birds and bees  
Catnip begins to decompose  
And acorns fall from large oak trees.  
Countless hints a man can trust  
The four above claim its August.

Albert Ahearn

# Automobiles

Human  
contrived playthings  
that transports fat asses  
places we would never, ever  
walk to.

Albert Ahearn

# Autumn

Autumn is approaching rapidly.  
Already leaves of many trees become  
Converted. Some are changing vividly  
To crimsons, russets, shades of gold and plums  
The asters, goldenrods, gentians abloom.  
The insects lethargy increasingly  
Arresting to the eye. Their fate presumed.  
Familiar fragrances bewitchingly  
Seduce me, spurring happy memories:  
The children celebrating Halloween.  
The jack-o'-lanterns smiling bright and stories  
About the living dead are told between  
The sips of hot deliciousness.... Cider!  
Need I ask for more amidst this splendor?

Albert Ahearn

# Autumns Passing Tears

While lying on my side in bed  
I stare through windowpane and shade  
And watch the autumn season fade  
With every falling golden dead;  
And with each leaf's descent to ground  
A sadness seeps into my soul.  
I turn around then lose control  
And shed my tears without a sound.  
Why must this season loveliness  
Take leave from me each passing year  
And take with it all I hold dear  
And leave me with this emptiness?

Albert Ahearn

# Autumns Tryst

We often strolled along this beaten path  
Especially in autumn; Oftentimes  
For miles. Our steps crushing the leaves beneath  
Our feet, releasing magic fragrances.  
We'd whiff the fall bouquet, and sniff again,  
Then stop to kiss. These things we did before  
So many times together... our domain.  
A coexistent couple, what is more,  
We are an integral part of autumn  
As trees and colored leaves, gentle breezes  
As God intended. To benignly come  
Together like a painting that pleases  
The artist. Sauntering with hand in hand  
In love. In autumns blissful promised land.

Albert Ahearn



# Beauty

I could say she's very lovely  
Her complexion as smooth as silk  
There's no doubt in its verity  
but she's of a different ilk.  
No words can express her beauty  
To try would be a futile whim  
The words would be a blaspheme-  
To parrot them would be a sin.  
Frenchmen would say vous êtes beau  
A hackneyed phrase she heard before;  
Italians, siete bello  
Same old phrase from a different shore.  
The fact is, her "beauty is truth"-  
An ephemeral time of youth.

Albert Ahearn

# Beauty Is Truth

Natural beauty of nature  
Is like a beautiful damsel.  
She needs no makeup or perfume  
To enhance her physical beauty-  
Her beauty is truth, period.  
An anonymous wildflower  
Growing with delicate fragrance  
Beside a forests time-worn path  
Can't be anymore lovelier  
If plucked and placed within her locks;  
Nor her comely grace be improved.  
Their "beauty is truth, truth beauty"  
Apart they are most beautiful;  
In concert they accent the whole.

On a Grecian urn:  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"  
All we need to know.

Albert Ahearn

## Beauty Is...

I followed a single snowflake  
On its free-fall journey to earth.  
Obscured by its frozen, cloned kind  
Landed silently camouflaged  
Like a virgin parachutist  
Whose achromatic flake added  
To the cumulative beauty  
Of a wintery afternoon.  
At that moment I realized  
Beauty was not a single truth  
But a delightful harmony  
Of invisible qualities  
Comprising the form of beauty  
Most often sadly overlooked.

Albert Ahearn

# Bee Considerate

I wrote this childish poem for a group of fourth graders during the month of April 2008 in celebration of National poetry month.

A butterfly alighted gently on a flower.

Along came a honeybee that had the same desire.

Sir! Said she, " did you not see I reached this blossom first? '

'I did', said he, 'but why can't we surfeit our nectar thirst? '

'Because", said she, 'you must agree it's but a tiny bloom.'

'It's when I drink, I flap my wings....there isn't any room! '

'Perhaps you're right' he then took flight and hovered noisily.

She then looked up, and said, 'good luck! " appreciatively.

Albert Ahearn

# Behind The Mask

A blank sheet of stationary  
lays speechless beside a keyboard.  
Scores of single letters and marks-  
Inert symbols invented years  
Lost to man's recent memory.  
Instruments of mental fury  
And human eventemperedness.  
What does fate hold in store for it?  
Will it be a fiery paper  
With memorable rhetoric  
Or the birthplace of a poem?  
Both are conceivable concepts  
Yet the unsullied cellulose  
Is mute waiting to be unmasked.

Albert Ahearn

# Behind The Masque

Looking into a mirror at  
That person staring back at you  
Is not what other people see.  
What you perceive is a mind's-eye  
Aspect of a parallel clone-  
An apparition in a realm  
Manifested by your ego.  
You look into its soulless eyes  
That blinks a lifeless mimicry;  
And what you think you see is not  
On your side of the looking glass.  
You conjure up the counterfeit-  
A clownish mask- then masquerade  
Not fooling nary one of us.

Albert Ahearn

## Bird Of Sorrow

The morning dove he mourns the morn  
With repetitive, lyric song.  
His plaintive coo evokes in me  
The long, forgotten memories  
Of long lost loves and sundry things  
That tugs my delicate heartstrings  
And iterates through his refrain  
Augmenting sorrow with the pain.  
I plead with you brown bird of woe  
Take away this veil of sorrow;  
Fly fast and far on whistling wings  
Taking with you the heartbreaking  
Reminders of my bygone years:  
The painful ones that caused the tears.

Albert Ahearn

# Birthday Soliloquy

Day of birth, it beckons me, my birthday!  
Many, many moons have risen and set  
Since this big baby's birth along the way.  
I have no qualms, few querulous regrets.  
Happy birthday you broken-down poet!  
You managed to eke yet another year  
Out of your life's allotted installments.  
Happy birthday fella! You persevered  
Once more. Eyesight poor but you see much more.  
I guess they call it wisdom, gained from all  
The years. Just hype! Nothing to underscore:  
A bit part, few lines and no curtain calls.  
The bard once wrote the world is but a stage  
I'll play the part. My role is middle age.

Albert Ahearn



# Blissful Bookworm

I sit in my soft easy chair in the silence of my study  
Surrounded by a multitude of special books.  
The humming sound of my computer breaks the silence  
From where I normally work.  
After awhile I don't even notice the noise.  
The books on the shelves have a special way of talking  
To me. Some have scared me shitless with their stories.  
Others filled my mind with facts and fiction.  
Sometimes separating the two proved problematic  
For me, but I managed. Yet through the years few have failed  
Me. I wish I could say the same but I know I cannot.  
There were times I abandoned a few. Finding fault  
With what they had to say. Sometimes surrendering  
The read, barely or half-read, but always blameworthy.

Albert Ahearn

## Book Discussion Group

A book discussion group is reveling,  
Delightful entertainment; always fun.  
A bunch of book enthusiasts seeking  
A monthly intellectual session  
Expressing individual comments  
About a previous decided tome.  
A moderator will then supplement  
The session having questions taken from  
The volume. Answers vary largely due  
To many peoples interpretations.  
Because of this, a critical review  
Commences that becomes a formation  
Of closely knitted literati buffs  
Whose views are always stated off the cuff.

Albert Ahearn

# Book Of Changes

I consult the I Ching with a question  
Only I myself will ask.  
Giving Taoism my full attention  
Three pennies I will cast.  
Six casts in all will yield a hexagram  
Chance determines each line.  
The bottom three shows plainly who I am  
The top three will divine.  
Depending on the hexagram result  
In it lies a message.  
The book of changes I must now consult  
Determines the presage.

Wind followed by wind  
Is self-realization  
One continuum.

Albert Ahearn

# Brave The Storm

Contemptuous clouds were looming largely.  
Their overhead disdain exuded warm  
phlegmatic drivel on me angrily.  
Conspiring gales abet the raging storm  
and thunderous claps reverberated  
abusive oaths, some four-lettered words -Bang!  
And boom! - resumed throughout the tempested  
display. Below, I protested-harangued:  
' I stand amidst your heavenly vengeance  
composed and wet. Your threats of torrent might  
impress the faint of heart. And if by chance  
you see me tremble -not because of fright.  
I shiver because I am cold my friend.  
So Rain! Blow! Clap! I'll brave it till the end.'

Albert Ahearn

# Break Of Dawn

A trio of warblers jargon  
a madrigal in harmony.  
Their polyphony awakens  
a slumbering dawn from darkness  
while white dewy daffodils, like  
saintly daughters of charity,  
bow before the paragon sun.  
A gentle zephyr diffuses  
its collection of fragrances  
from the myriad wildflowers  
it encountered on its journey  
eastward; sojourning, perfuming,  
impregnating the morning air  
with its sweet, volatile essence.

Albert Ahearn

# Brewed Fear

Standing in the silence of the night when  
all daylight sights disappear from my view  
I found myself alone and afraid. Then  
As midnight approached, the shadows turned to  
Horrid, winged specters leaping about me.  
I was terrified by their ghastliness.  
Suddenly there appeared from their midst three  
heinous ghosts standing before me possessed.  
The largest of the three stepped forward. It  
Began to speak in a thunderous voice.  
"Your fear is two-fold: You fear what you see,  
Us! At the same time your fear is by choice.  
You cling to ancestral fears concocted  
In ignorance, steeped in religious dread."

Albert Ahearn

# Broke Down Downtown

A lifeless body laid face down  
on the back alley wet sidewalk.  
This time of night no ones around  
especially now at three o'clock.  
I'm here because my car broke down  
Otherwise I wouldn't be found dead  
in this place. I hail from uptown.  
Here, downtown, murder is widespread  
Someone is always getting killed:  
Prostitutes, druggies and the like  
Thinking about it gives me chills.  
Man! I wish I had my road bike  
I'd flee this jungle battlefield.  
For now, better keep my eyes peeled.

Albert Ahearn

# Bumblebee

Buzzing bumblebee  
you just might be the cutest  
thing today I've seen.

Your black and yellow  
jacket, awkwardness of flight.  
Amusing fellow

This black and burly  
fellow that visits different  
flowers all day long.

Albert Ahearn



# C'est La Vie!

I gaze above from my grassy station  
While lying on my back, the cumuli  
Traversed the sky in noiseless slow-motion.  
Great day! I thought while fixed upon the sky.  
Then casually a bird flew overhead  
And dropped its cargo off all over me.  
In life a little rain must fall, instead  
A bird brain passed its bowel of feces.  
What does one say after being pooped on?  
C'est La vie! What else can happen to me?  
I've been a target of defecation  
If I'd a gun that bombardier be shot.  
I'm not that feathered class aves port-a-pot.

Albert Ahearn

# Candy

Tasty  
sweet confection,  
savored by young and old  
alike, that satisfies one's own  
craving.

Albert Ahearn

# Casualty Of War

The stench of gasoline and gore  
permeated the encampment.  
I am a prisoner of war  
And I'm held in a stinking tent  
that I share with a gun toting  
taliban soldier. His black eyes  
staring intently and gloating  
as though I were a trophy prize  
whose head would soon hang on a stick  
for all his turbaned insurgents  
to pelt with stones and broken bricks.  
I expect his malevolent  
Nature to vent with certainty  
which translates: it's curtains for me!

Albert Ahearn

## Change For A Dollar?

The only thing that exceeded the dinginess of this rat-hole bar was its stuffiness. I stopped in the place to make change for a parking meter just outside its door. God! It was awful in there, and I wondered, how in the hell the three inebriates sitting at the bar were able to breathe. I made a futile attempt to hold my breath, but the bartender knew his effort was a no-sell, took his grand old time getting to the cash register. I just couldn't hold my breath any longer. There was a very old \*hit-kicker song lamenting about a lost love while the barflies were adding to the toxic atmosphere with their continual chain-smoking. Finally, the barkeep reached where I was standing and slammed the four quarters down on the bar with a loud bang, that it startled the sots into momentary soberness; but just as quickly, they lowered their heads and continued staring at the legal poison sitting in front of them. I said thanks and turned to leave, but not before I was compelled to show my displeasure for his rudeness by asking him, "By the way, you wouldn't know the average life expectancy of your patrons, the ones who frequent this rat hole, would you? " Before he could reply, I was out the door.

Not all jackasses  
Bray, nor do they have four legs;  
Some are just blockheads.

Albert Ahearn

# Changes

The Dark Delaware on my left  
The defunct canal on my right  
And me in the middle of both.  
I'm heading south on the towpath  
Peddling my hybrid all the way.  
As to where? I haven't a clue  
It doesn't really matter where  
Just as long as I'm still able to  
Peddle along this special place.  
I've biked here since I was a kid.  
Two things have changed since that time:  
Back then I had a three speed Schwinn  
Today I have twenty-one speeds;  
Back then I was young, today... old.

Albert Ahearn

# Changing Places

The protracted barks of a chained-  
Up dog pleading for company:  
Beseeching, entreating from us  
Attention he sadly deserves.  
His master lounges unaware  
In his grand house of glass and wood  
While the pooch lives in misery  
Neglected and misunderstood.  
If perchance their places were changed  
For one single day you can bet  
The pet not a bit inhumane  
But the man insisting complains  
That his collars too goddamn tight  
And you're letting me in tonight.

Albert Ahearn

# Chasing Rainbows

Today, all day, my Irish leprechaun  
We get our chance to catch you if we can.  
You hold the secrets of hidden treasures.  
This time we will use successful measures.  
For most, we'll sit in pubs all day and hunt  
for you in greenish stout from favorite haunts  
Along the way. What fools we mortals be  
That think at rainbows end we'll find the key  
To gold and sundry riches in a pot.  
Hah! All that's found are fractured dreams and sots.  
From time immemorial fools have tried  
In vain to follow dreams of gold worldwide.  
Thus, chasing dreams and dodgy rainbows  
Makes one lose sight of what's under your nose.

Albert Ahearn

# Choices

A person's life is all about choices.  
Some are regrettable, others just fine.  
Yet the one's we choose rarely suffices  
Our needs and refashioned minds.  
Take a man with a chance for promotion  
He'll embrace it without further ado  
Deciding on a capricious notion  
Winds up regretting on Monday's debut.  
The same can be said of a high school belle  
Forgoing the occasion for college.  
Marries instead she's unhappy as hell  
Missing out on a world of vast knowledge.  
When faced with a choice choose not just any  
Right choices are few, the wrong ones many.

Albert Ahearn



# Christmas Cards

Every year we send Christmas cards  
And every year I ask myself:  
Why do we send Xmas regards  
To our friends who unlike ourselves  
Hardly ever reciprocate?  
The cost is not cheap I might add;  
But my wife always steers me straight.  
She says, ".you and I should be glad  
To be blessed with so many friends.  
A friend always transcends the cost  
Of a card. Who cares if they send  
Or not, or if their cards get lost  
In the mail. The greatest pleasure  
giving can never be measured."

Albert Ahearn

# City Dwellers

Towering concrete monoliths  
Loom above seemingly mindless  
Lemmings rushing, bumping, pushing  
Their way in endless, moving lines  
Of backward and forward motion;  
Each with programmed destinations  
Instilled by subtle brainwashing  
By the few who reside above  
In luxurious penthouse suites.  
Below one of the unthinking  
Queue falls dead on the cold pavement  
Only to be trampled underfoot  
Unattended amidst raucous  
Noise of taxi horns and Sirens.

Albert Ahearn

# Clock

Two hands  
continuous  
circumferential trek  
through nonspacial continuum...  
Timeless.

Albert Ahearn

# Clouds

Winter clouds drift like arctic floes  
On an atmospheric river;  
wind herding, prodding them onward  
to a repetitive future.  
The clouds always enthralled my mind.  
Their aesthetic varying shapes  
captured my imagination.  
As a child I would gaze at them;  
letting their shapes form images  
in my mind others couldn't see.  
I still watch them as an adult  
change into phantom images  
shown above by the first four lines.

Albert Ahearn

# Cogito Ergo Sum

I often sit and ponder many things  
A host of multifarious subjects.  
A few perhaps are shallow but they bring  
Me food for thought. The balance is complex.  
At times I think about the universe  
The sphere of life and death experience.  
Those thoughts alone I find myself immersed  
In deepest meditation, Transcendence.  
And other times I'm simply lost in thought  
Perchance a past event or maybe lines  
Of Poetry. My mind has never sought  
Retreat. Whatever enters leaves behind  
Itself forever nourishing my mind  
Improving knowledge gained from Humankind.

Albert Ahearn

# Colors On My Palette

Tiny dishes on my palette  
filled with a rainbow of colors  
that I meticulously mixed;  
arranged like a row of flowers  
that I'll use to paint her portrait.  
Cadmium yellow for her hair;  
white and yellow ochre create  
her flesh tone; perhaps if I dare  
a dab of cadmium red.  
Cadmium deep red for her lips;  
perhaps a lighter shade instead.  
Cerulean blue for her eyes;  
and like a statue she will pose  
while my paint laden bristles flow.

Albert Ahearn

# Conch

A seashell was the greatest find  
for an eight year old at the time.  
A conch shell was the most prized sought  
elusive more often than not.  
But when it's found the finder gains  
a worth much more than Mary Jane's  
and bubblegum he could wish for  
from any corner candy store.  
Within its aperture is filled  
with sounds of surf and sea that thrills  
his mind when pressed against his ear  
then shared among his childhood peers  
this brightly colored spiral shell  
where once a spineless mollusk dwelled.

Albert Ahearn

# Conservatism

Conservatism's ideology  
Is static. For that reason, everything  
It touches stagnates and thus decays.  
We live in a universe that expands:  
Dynamic, and ever characterized  
By firm continuous change-alive.  
Conservatives, stuck in traditions,  
Unable, feckless slaves of status quo  
Impede advancement for those souls in need.  
Those at the top espouse unwritten laws  
That favor power, wealth and selfishly  
Retain these hieratic gifts bequeathed  
By past idolized idealist fops  
Who gained their prominence on backs of men.

Albert Ahearn



# Contentment

Contentment: Kenny G blowing  
"The Moment" in my ears while I  
Sit in front of my monitor  
Typing these verses, stopping once  
In awhile to sip a diet tea  
And read an interesting short  
Piece from my monthly magazine  
Scientific American  
Ricocheting sleet off the pane  
Made me aware of the weather  
Only for a moment, mind you,  
Then back again to poking keys.  
"The Moment" has timely ended  
And so too has my contentment.

Albert Ahearn

# Contrails

The contrails scar the morning sky  
like cicatrix's on a slaves back.  
I sit and watch them multiply:  
white insidious, noxious tracks  
that linger long among the clouds  
spreading lethal depositions  
never knowing their whereabouts'  
but knowing their compositions;  
And when the clouds begin to rain  
down (acid precipitation)  
it's simple then to ascertain  
Man's faulty preconceived notion:  
That they are harmless condensates;  
This is supposed to vindicate?

Meanwhile, a drizzle  
began quietly falling  
upon fragile earth.

Albert Ahearn

# Creation

An aesthetic inspiration:  
A grand, heavenly spectacle  
Evolving on a blue canvas  
That is slowly painting itself.  
A single golden orb appears  
Whose fiery tone dominates  
The scene and brightens the background.  
Next poses fluffy cumuli  
That silently journey across  
On their way to infinity.  
Within the scene an eagle glides  
High in the sky on warm thermos.  
Below an artist with brushes  
And a multicolored palette.

Albert Ahearn

## D4 Or E4, That Is The Question

He sits across from me over a board  
With checkered squares. He is white; I am black.  
I need a win, him a draw. Can't afford  
To play prophylactically. Attack  
Is my only chance to win this tourney.  
Which leaves me with only one opening:  
The Sicilian\*. I only hope that he  
Will play a hackneyed first move like a king  
Pawn center thrust. Queen pawn creates problems  
And he doesn't need problems at this time.  
I feel both moves favor me. It depends.  
Playing queen pawn I think would undermine  
His chances for a draw but then again  
The king pawn move allows the Sicilian.

\* 1. e4....c5

Albert Ahearn

# Dandelions

Little  
Bright, yellow heads  
Despised not for beauty.  
That are here, there and everywhere  
I tread  
Ever  
so cautiously  
In your meadowy home  
Amidst copious genera  
Alone.  
Solo  
But not really  
Alone. Strolling along  
Accompanied by my friends at  
My feet.  
Brushing  
Jagged edged leaves-  
Like baby lion's teeth.  
So aptly named dent de lions.  
Lead on!  
Yellow  
Companions. The  
Season is waning. Your  
Feathery, cotton heads reveal  
Its end.

Albert Ahearn

# Darkness

Day fades into semidarkness  
And night's ravenous appetite  
Slowly consumes remaining light  
Leaving nothing but shadowy  
Phantoms slow dancing with the wind  
Under a new moon cloudy night.  
Darkness- The great equalizer  
Where the sense of sight is useless  
And Seeing Eye dogs are not seen;  
Where sinners and saints are lovers  
And transgression and grace are words  
Having utterly no meaning;  
Where truth becomes irrelevant  
Until the mornings piercing light.

Albert Ahearn

# Daydreaming

The Deciduous maple trees  
With their temporary broad leaves  
Fell in great numbers during the  
Early, darkened, chilly morning.  
Their photosynthetic lifetimes  
Once green are now shadows of life  
As they lay lifeless on the ground.  
As I slowly pedal along  
The beaten path, a crispy sound  
Emerges from beneath the wheels;  
And a sweet odoriferous  
Scent from their decaying-remains  
Beckons forth from my aged mind  
Pleasurable abstract musing.

Albert Ahearn

# Daydreams

I lie amidst a pride of dandelions.  
Odoriferous breaths overwhelm me.  
Above, a sea with white wispy phantoms  
Silently, adrift, like lost ships at sea.  
I close my eyes but still see everything.  
For what's perceived is also imagined.  
A subtle April breeze whispers.. it's spring!  
I smile with eyes still closed then I begin  
Soliloquy: I need no gallery  
Nor brush and palette to paint that which I see.  
All I have seen is stored in memory  
And abstract thought can launch this reverie.  
I lie still among these yellow flowers  
Lost in springtime daydreams by the hour.

Albert Ahearn



## Death Beneath My Feet

The dead brown maple leaves litter the path  
Where I walk. Others of its kind dropping  
From their lofty homes, victims of the wrath  
Of autumns chilling gales, unrelenting  
And tellingly- stark reminder of death-  
Companion through life all of us must face.  
I tread over brittle corpses beneath  
My feet in their final resting place  
And I am reminded of my sister  
Poor soul! Who died one chilly October.  
I remember the maple leaves that stirred  
Around my feet that day she was interred.  
Lifeless entities swirling, hurling down  
Atop her casket deep beneath the ground.

Albert Ahearn

## Death To All.... Have Fun!

I heard a song the other day; it strummed  
A chord within, this way: The lyrics sung  
Expressed that we convey a summed  
Philosophy: Our days are numbered, son.  
We're born to die and there's no warning light.  
This is our fate, our expiration date.  
So live your life as though your deaths tonight  
The fullest that money can buy this late.  
Tomorrow the sorrow of death might come  
Despite being old or young. Beat the drum  
And dance. Have fun! Laugh and sing, don't be glum.  
We'll celebrate, it's never too late, hon  
The parties begun, be not a mourner  
Grim-reapers peeking around the corner.

Albert Ahearn

## Deathbed Discourse

This past week I lost two good friends. The one friend I lost to cancer. The poor guy suffered horribly. All through his ordeal his wife was by his bedside. I began to reflect on this and I tried to put myself in his place. What would I say? What would I think knowing I was about to die? Shortly after musing, I composed this sonnet.

Weep no tears for me at this time and place.  
A thousand eyes change not my destiny.  
All living things must die eventually  
Except my love for you, which I embrace.  
Feel not sad for me looking at my face  
Although it's old and wrinkled you can see  
A budding rose should age so gracefully.  
My time grows near my love; in any case  
Your life goes on nevertheless my love.  
So wipe those eyes dry of life's mournful dew  
And think not this time undeserving of.  
Life had been kind, more so, finding you.  
A lifelong companion envied above  
By angels and cherubs alike, love!

Albert Ahearn

# Deciduous Leaves

The xylem saps are heading south  
like the majestic autumn sun,  
deep down into their woody roots.  
Soon deciduous leaves will die  
and their exquisite lingering  
dissolutions will manifest  
tinctured, ephemeral beauty:  
crimsons, oranges, yellows and greens  
and all the subtle hues in between.  
A sweet, earthy scent saturates  
the cool, autumnal air we breathe.  
Then one by one each leaf succumbs  
to a gentle rain or zephyr  
descending silently to earth.

Albert Ahearn

## Deem The Best

Had I the choice to choose the greatest poets, to depict their visages by drawing them at their loftiness,  
and volitionally strive to equal or excel, Poe for his lamenting woes or Browning's dramatic monologues, or Whitman's ever refined Leaves of Grass, to wit the best, these and others I'd gladly trade for just the scent of you upon my verse, even for a moment.

Albert Ahearn

## Deferred Pen

It is five thirty and I am at my desk  
With the intention of writing something.  
I'm sitting waiting for inspiration  
But the stimulation has not surfaced  
Yet. All I hear are the sounds of children  
Playing and the hum of my computer.  
The thought occurred to me, don't write just yet  
Drop everything and sit out on the deck  
And watch the indefatigable youth  
Live life the way only a child can live:  
Never thinking about the tomorrows  
Only the present is all that matters.  
Know what? I'm going to act on that thought  
Inspiration or not, I'm out of here!

Albert Ahearn

# Devoid Of Love

"My dear, do you love me? " No, I think not.  
A loving foundation is based on trust.  
I lost that trust that ties true lovers' knots.  
Without it, all love dies and turns to dust.  
My heart's been broken many times before  
Each love I lost left me uncertainty.  
Love doesn't live within me anymore  
This I say to you with all certainty.  
Love is like snow, beautiful while it lasts  
But comes a time it thaws and disappears.  
And what remains are traces of the past:  
The painful heartaches, lonely nights and tears.  
Ask not again of me, do you love me?  
Love has died leaving painful memories.

Albert Ahearn

## Diffident Demeanor

Her flirtatious eyes met mine. A pretentious flutter  
caused me to flinch. Her conspicuous smile  
confirmed how silly I looked. Yet looking  
at her, at those eyes, I didn't give a damn.  
Sitting two tables away might as well have been  
a metric mile. I thought to myself: Is she  
actually alone or is she waiting for someone?  
I see only one glass, the one in her hand  
but that doesn't prove a thing. Think again Romeo!  
Have I only imagined romantic overtures?  
I probably did. I could prove otherwise  
if I had the courage but being bold  
is not my nature. I guess I'll never know.  
So here I sit like a stone statue.

Albert Ahearn



# Discombobulation

The sun was just above the horizon.  
I thought, is the star rising or setting?  
I'll just lie here awhile; keep an eye on  
It to see which way the fire is heading.  
It's strange, I know I'm lying in my bed  
But I don't remember retiring.  
Am I asleep and dreaming this instead?  
This dreadful state is mind boggling.  
It's like being awake in a nightmare  
And all that I see is not what it seems  
To be. I know one thing for sure, I'm scared.  
Egad! I hope I'm not dead in this dream.  
I looked again at the sun. It was rising!  
It's morn! I can hear the robins singing.

Albert Ahearn

## Displaced Loved One

A troubled youth gone for a year  
Far from his family's allure  
For reasons that are still unclear  
yet behooving that is for sure.  
We hope his stay is suitable  
for one so very young as he.  
meager details but on the whole  
we're hoping with no guarantees.  
A year may not seem long for some  
But it is an eternity  
For the foursome waiting at home  
All anxious and downheartedly.  
The shared grief is overbearing  
Plucking at our fragile heartstrings.

Albert Ahearn

# Distinctions

On the surface the town appears  
Like any town, perhaps your own;  
It has its share of low-cost homes  
Segregated from the splendid  
Houses by an invisible  
Well defined demarcation line.  
The inferior homeowners  
Dine out when they can afford to  
At fast food places like Wendy's;  
Whereas the well-to-do- frequent  
Eateries with French sounding names;  
You can distinguish these people  
From the rest of us by their dogs:  
They're the prissy pooches with bows.

Albert Ahearn

# Divineness

A tiny teacup  
Reveals an abstract future  
From the clinging leaves.

Albert Ahearn

# Divorce

Divorce

Love once was the focus  
of our lives  
till marriage became contentious;  
two sharp knives  
piercing the heart of it,  
killing it.

Teamed hardhearted misfits  
dualistic  
by nature, antipathetic  
where love's the casualty  
and we, just another statistic.

Albert Ahearn

# Doom And Gloom

Oh, lordy! The nuts are at it again.  
Their paranoiac claims abound today.  
Oh! So often I heard their sick refrains  
Expounding, predicting the end of days:  
Armageddon is near! Sinners prepare  
Yourselves! Never once have their claims come true.  
The poor souls! Victims of hopeless despair  
Terminal crazies, if only they knew  
How ridicules they sound to the sane  
Yes, sane! Those who bank on a bright future  
Instead of those fantastic, inane claims.  
I ask you, how much more can we endure?  
Their latest claim is now two thousand and twelve.  
Hold onto your bibles [laughs] brace yourselves!

Albert Ahearn

# Dread

She lies peacefully in our bed  
dead to the world, unaware of  
my scrutiny. Her quiescence  
in that funereal repose  
sends an ice-cold shiver of dread  
throughout my entire body.  
My mind begins to wander  
through a surrealistic maze  
that challenges all reality.  
She's asleep! I said to myself  
unconvincingly; then hurried  
to her bedside and pled out loud:  
Please! Let these lips I kiss be warm.

Albert Ahearn

# Dreams

In a subconscious state of mind  
both real and unreal intertwine  
and twist each others attributes  
into dark Eidolon recruits.

These phantoms perform roles assigned  
So well they trick the sleeping mind;  
The scripts emerge from deep within  
The brain where images begin  
To shape and sound then orchestrate  
Successive scenes the two conflate  
Into involuntary schemes  
The conscious human calls his dreams.

Albert Ahearn



# Dreams Beyond

Dreams are born in the womb  
borne in mind beyond birth.

Infantile fantasies  
spur kicks within her,  
spawning daydreams  
of the birth to be.

Musings of motherhood:  
things she would  
do; things she must do;  
impossible things come true  
in dreams.

Then the bubble burst,  
reality arrived  
delaying those dreams for another day.

Albert Ahearn

# Drought

Pedaling along river drive  
empty plastic grocery bags  
fluttered and flapped from tree branches  
like lost battle surrender flags  
that line the drought-stricken river.  
Their interspersed clings reminded  
me of inundated levels  
this now anemic river reached;  
where once the floodwaters surged south  
along its journey to the sea  
its now imperceptive flow  
struggles, its intimate's exposed:  
river-bottom, water-worn rocks  
sit like petrified bowler hats.

Albert Ahearn

## Duel Personality

Many lovers' kiss faded from my lips  
Like summers early morning mist that dries  
When timely sunrise first arrives outside  
My windowpane. Can I rewrite the script  
Of providence that's handed me? Eclipse  
Another, hardly. The Jekyll and Hyde  
Reside in me: the good and bad divide  
At first but then the worst bestirs and shifts.  
A lover kisses Jekyll's lips of wine  
But soon the lovers tasting vinegar  
When Hyde emerges every single time  
To spoil the sweet-taste of love. Au revoir!  
The final parting words that draws the line  
When love dies never knowing who you are.

Albert Ahearn

# Dusk

A drowsy sun has closed his eye  
Leaving me in tinted twilight  
Hemorrhaging color by degrees  
until I stood in blue-black night.  
Dusk is the darkest of twilight  
where sights and sounds become adverse:  
a contrived unreality,  
imagination unrehearsed  
and interspersed with primal fears.  
Harmless shadows act out phantoms  
conjured deep within my psyche.  
Howls and hoots: night sounds most fearsome  
Quasi-influential fancy  
when dusk attains ascendancy.

Albert Ahearn

# Dying Love

Our love, once like two vibrant leaves  
Vigorous, lively, and vital;  
Both clinging in a summer breeze  
Beautiful and ornamental.  
But time passes and our love died  
Not unlike autumns foliage  
Losing its vivaciousness-dried,  
Withering in an outdoor stage  
Where the slightest breeze sets them free  
And separate but to perish.  
Our love like the leaves on the tree  
Where once it had thrived and flourished  
Now a feeling in its last throes  
Feebly lingering to let go.

Albert Ahearn

# Early Autumn

The calendar foretells summer  
but the trees, fauna and I know  
that Autumn is now upon us  
in spite of the Gregorian.  
Deciduous trees are shedding  
their kaleidoscopic, colored  
dead on the earthen ground below;  
and decaying scents fill the air,  
nostrils, the mind with reverie  
of indelible yesteryears.  
Squirrels burying recent finds,  
cheerleading and football practice  
Unmistakable, autumnal,  
recurring signs of its presence.

Albert Ahearn

## Early Falling Leaves

Autumn is not technically here  
But it has arrived nonetheless  
With brown crisp maple leaves and their  
Imagined conspicuousness.  
Each with its own conformation:  
Some taking forms of tortoises  
As they swirled downward in the sun;  
Others twirled like ballerinas  
In a sleeping beauty ballet.  
Most fell unassumingly down  
Nevertheless, quite a display  
For a mere poet on the ground  
This Sunday morning unrehearsed  
Depicted in a poets verse.

Albert Ahearn

## Early Summer Scene

The sunrays showered the treetops  
pooling little puddles of light  
on the predominance of shade  
that claimed the beaten path below;  
seemingly ebbing and flowing  
caused by the rustle of the trees.  
Tiny cabbage white butterflies  
in their spiral flights dip and rise  
ostentatiously frolicking  
amidst the warm illuminates  
occasionally alighting  
the myriad garlic mustards  
that dominate the ground layer  
laying their next generation.

Albert Ahearn



# Eclipsed From Sleep

I am a man advanced in years  
And for the most part need my sleep.  
I'm usually in bed by nine  
Not that I want to be abed;  
You'll find out if you live this long  
That the mind is always younger  
Than the body it occupies.  
What this means is I'm often  
forced to do things against my will.  
Last night is a good example:  
I wanted to see the eclipse  
Of the moon beginning early  
In the AM morning hours.  
I struggled long to stay awake:  
I sat in a comfortable chair  
Anticipating the eclipse  
With tired eyes through my window  
Only to involuntary  
Fall asleep and missed the damn thing.

Albert Ahearn

# Edge Of Night

I stand alone, ashore before  
The suns inevitable quench.  
My eyes absorb the golden brown  
Horizon melting into night.  
The teasing tide touches my feet  
Like a juvenile game of tag.  
My hurried mind futilely fights  
The suns descending final dip  
That will take with it the beauty  
And my reasons for being here.  
The darkened clouds in the twilight  
Loom like rudderless ships at sea;  
And not unlike the seeming ships  
I disappear into the night.

Albert Ahearn

# Elusive Annelid

I am a squiggly, slimy annelid.  
I live my life above and underground.  
I'm long and slim; I've no eyes or eyelids.  
My life has many, many, ups and downs.  
In my earthen home made of dirt and stone  
This is my terrestrial element.  
Here I'm safe and sound and I'm all alone  
Morning mist entices my next ascent.  
Here above I lie in grassy wetness.  
Danger lurking, searching from the trees:  
It's my nemesis: the robin redbreast  
Who's waiting patiently to pounce on me.  
I'm a survivalist I now affirm  
That bird above won't eat this little worm

Albert Ahearn

# Elysium Lost

There have been many pleasantries  
As a moppet over the years:  
The countless summer night breezes  
That whistled music in my ears;  
Or lay supine and gaze above  
At the moonlit star studded sky  
And conceive my dreams undreamed of  
As they emerged before my eyes.  
But gone are those childish whimsies  
Those were born of the wind and stars.  
Gone are the musical breezes  
That once filled those nights... au revoir!  
Gone is that place where I once reigned  
Yet in my heart it still remains.

Albert Ahearn

# Eminent Domain

The numerous dirty-white mounds  
Of snow that lined the narrow street  
Stood like fortified embankments;  
Each varying in height and width  
Depending on the autos size.  
Each space of eminent domain  
Was illegally claimed either  
By dozens of plastic lawn chairs,  
Trash cans, anything to obstruct  
Entry into this reserved spot.  
I wonder if the yellow snow  
I see dotting a few places  
Is from a neighborhood canine  
Or from a property owner?

Albert Ahearn

# Enlightened

There's no hope for humanity  
A half-wit would think otherwise.  
Collective Christianity  
With its many brethren allies  
Have failed its purpose for Christ's sake!  
With their arsenal of prayer beads,  
Missals and psalms- they are opaque  
Tools employed that never succeeds  
In changing the nature of Man:  
He is still greedy and hostile  
Unchanged since first set foot on land  
They're members of this rank and file:  
A congregate hypocrisy  
Only the enlightened can see.

Albert Ahearn

# Ersatz Peace

Prime Minister Netanyahu  
Present Knesset, Likud Jew  
Said Jews have dual capitals:  
Jerusalem with armed control  
And the city of Tel Aviv.  
Who is this ruler called "Bibi"  
Who rejects the peace summit talks?  
With his constant thwarting and balks  
And a recent turn of events  
By slating sixteen settlements  
On the Palestinians land.  
Too long has he the upper hand:  
A status quo that rules the day  
Not sanctioned by the USA.  
Will there be a Palestine state  
In this conquered real estate?  
The chances are now nil to slim  
Due to Israeli Jews like him.

Albert Ahearn

# Escape

This is the time psyche,  
your gratis getaway into silence;  
away from folks, away from  
carriers of culture,  
the day is spent, the lessons learned,  
now you fully reflect on themes you love best:  
nighttime, slumber and dreams.

Albert Ahearn



# Eventide

The sea drowned the sun  
and light-year lights  
coruscate the darkness  
with tiny countless carats  
of weighted worlds.  
Unreachable masses  
esteemed by poets  
and starry-eyed lovers  
whose naïveté's nurture  
inspiration and romance.  
And like the rarest of gems  
Appears a great masterpiece  
of literature or another  
notable love affair.

Albert Ahearn

# Exploited Genius

Once upon a time ago  
Lived a man named Vincent Van Gogh.  
His style of painting vexed a few  
With importunities anew:  
His long broad strokes and use of light  
Bright yellows, mauve were his delight  
Blues and oranges caught the eye  
Contrasting when placed side by side  
For all the beauty he expressed  
It left him poor and dispossessed.  
Life seems to fault the advent man  
It's been that way since time began.  
Deceased his work has now become  
Treasures in Louvre museum.

Albert Ahearn

# Extinction

## The Past

A pristine blue sky  
Mirrored agrarian lives  
Living with nature.

Their work was always difficult  
But that never seemed to matter.  
Their crops were all that counted most:  
Enough to feed the family  
In good times as well as the bad  
Everyone loved their plot of land.  
They knew it meant their survival  
So the hard work was the tradeoff.  
What developed was mutual  
Respect: an interconnection  
Whereby one affects the other;  
But then one day a cloud appeared:  
A black, menacing, looming cloud  
Foretelling future misfortune.

## The Present

The industrial  
Revolution dawned under  
This foreboding cloud.

Machines began to do the work  
That man and beasts for eons had  
Performed with blood, sweat and tears.  
His work was easier to do  
But soon discovered that he had  
Become an industrial slave.  
A mere symbiotic creature:  
His nature was parasitic.  
He no longer had in himself  
The oneness and independence  
That he had always called his own.  
He'd become fat and ignorant

Living by his own destructive  
Philosophy: hedonism.

The future

The sky is poisoned  
As well as the land and the seas.  
The earth was dying.

Through Mans continuous neglect  
The earth became terminally  
Ill. It was no longer able  
To sustain the needs of Mankind.  
War broke out all over the globe  
Millions killed, many more had starved  
To death; billions soon will follow  
Billions more after that. The stench  
Of rotting flesh has overwhelmed  
Those able to live another  
Hopeless day, gasped the putrid air  
Futile murmurings continued  
Until silenced by the guns  
The ultimate judicature.

An eerie silence  
Prevailed and all that was heard  
Was screeching vultures.

Albert Ahearn

# Eyewitness

The slow, murky, drought-affected river  
Snakes its way around meandering shores.  
Its surface littered with leaves upriver  
Like colorful scales on a constrictor.  
Within its gut swim impervious prey  
That nourishes it along its lengthy  
Journey to the sea. All along the way  
Its subtle currents swallow whole, debris  
Left in the wake of Octobers fury.  
Unmindful Canada geese fly over  
The leafy surface honking their carefree  
Calls while negotiating their stopover.  
Standing high on the bank is I, witness  
To this autumn picturesque loveliness.

Albert Ahearn

# Face Of A Goddess

She walked into my universe  
silently as her lovely smile.  
Rarely such beauty is preserved  
Bar, perhaps, a Grecian profile:  
some alabaster sculptured head  
Cold, soulless in a museum  
Of a venerable Greek, long dead;  
Or maybe an athenaeum  
Where I have found her while reading  
Looking down at me in the silence  
from a vast book-laden shelving.  
I overcame my ambivalence  
When her face appeared before me  
a visage, smiling demurely.

Albert Ahearn

# Fallen Warriors

The fallen warriors of foreign wars  
Cleave my heart and soul to their very core.  
There's no effective balm in any store  
That soothes empathetic pain I endure.  
My wounded heart will recover I guess  
My soul shall remain immortally maimed.  
They pale by comparison more or less  
When compared to the deaths the wars have claimed.  
All of the fallen are heroes at rest  
Paying the ultimate price with their lives.  
There's absolutely no way to express  
The mental anguish I feel inside.  
So on this saddened memorial day  
I offer up prayers in a heartfelt way.

Albert Ahearn

# False Tenets And Promises

How often have you heard this expression: " Well, sorry to say, this is my nature." Just what is the nature of Man? Why are we such a predictable lot? Why is War our bed partner? These questions and many more can be asked but never really given satisfactory answers without stepping on toes that would bring the wrath of these elitist down on our heads.

Unfortunately for all of us, we come into this world with existing governing systems predicated on certain tenets and creeds. These opinions, doctrines, or principles held as being true by persons or especially by organizations. Yet never allowing future generations the privilege of researching these systems that are responsible for our very own nature, without an inquisition around the corner. Apparently, it is much easier to burn these (true) inquisitors at the stake, metaphorically speaking, than risk having a house built on a sandy foundation, crumble.

The seeming nature oft presumed be Man's  
Is nothing less than some abstracted mode,  
Conceived in dreams, contrived within human  
Invention; dreamt-up folly episodes.  
A dream is oft-involuntary mind  
Sensations, not of serious award.  
Consisting mostly of surreally kinds:  
Unreal phantoms most assured ignored.  
For some we note in highest places rule  
The masses minds. Imaginary creeds,  
Assumed the truth, but nonetheless a cruel  
Inhuman whimsy borne o'er time, indeed!  
Depose these charlatans! Divest their robes.  
Expose their vile intentions. Burn their clothes!

Albert Ahearn



# Fantasy

Standing amidst the forest trees  
listening to their whispered words  
breathing their breaths like they are mine.  
Enveloped with viridescence:  
variants of moss, leaves and grass  
whose olfactics overwhelm me.  
My mind is intoxicated,  
seemingly assimilated  
with every patch, leaf and blade of grass  
whose metabolism's are mine  
or conversely mine became theirs.  
Consequentially, I confess  
my fancies assume my psyche  
and Truth becomes an illusion.

Albert Ahearn

## Female Facial Facade

One need not know her life story  
to actually know this woman.  
Her character is quite clearly  
Sculptured into her youthful hewn  
Face: her flawless forehead and arched brows  
bridge atop two mirrored blue pools:  
Eyes that conceal lies that somehow  
besmirch her most precious jewels.  
Her celestial nose turned upward  
suggesting a pretentious snob;  
And her mouth: two full, pinkish-red,  
fleshy folds with a subtle sneer  
imperceptibly perceived  
concealing her feigned innocence.

Albert Ahearn

# Fibs

As a moppet he was never afraid of the dark,  
he never understood that fear.

From the start

he knew this non-specific creature of terror  
wasn't real;

It was his mom's attempt  
to modify his behavior.

"If you don't behave  
the boogeyman will get you."

He would challenge her and ask,

"What is a boogeyman, mom? "

She could never describe him  
nor tell him what the boogeyman  
would do to him if caught.

Nevertheless, the threats continued:

"Son, if you misbehave Santa will  
fill your stocking with coal."

Of course, they never happened.

They were fibs but lies just the same.

Albert Ahearn

# Fire And Ice

If snowflakes set aflame the ground  
They touch and wintry winds abet  
The flames, would she and I this day  
always remain deeply in love?  
Yet snow is snow-it's wet, it's cold  
Its frigid blanket lacks the warmth  
That lover's hearts depend and thrive;  
It stifles, smothers all that grows  
and extinguishes any fire.  
Snow-flames are just a fantasy  
An image conjured in my mind  
But in my heart our love is true  
In any world we two reside  
inventible or otherwise.

Albert Ahearn

# First Snowfall

The last of autumn's leaves begins assault  
Of winter gales. The sap within the trees  
In hibernating xylems call a halt  
To most activity to some degree.  
The birds that once resided amongst them  
Already left for warmer spots unknown.  
A few remain behind but are condemned  
To weather winters snow and ice alone.  
The snow begins to fall. At first, a flake,  
Then more and more until the trees are white  
And weighted. Branches, weak, begin to break  
And fall to earth and soon are crowned despite  
The slackened storm. The wind subsides and all  
Is quiet and calmness follows the squall.

Albert Ahearn

# Fool's Mate

(1. f3...e5 2.g4...h4 mate!)

Unwise for White to push the pawn to three;  
Exposing royalty to Black's attack.  
With pawn at Bishop three, one must agree  
f3 was not the move to play on Black.  
The Black opponent counters with e5  
A sure maneuver yielding enterprise.  
His queen has open space and hopes to strive  
To leave her home and head for White's demise.  
The fool's deficient understanding, moves  
His pawn obliviously (seals his fate)  
To square g4. A move I disapprove  
Of. Black has won the game, h4! The mate!  
The lesson learned from this experience  
Don't play a fool with inexperience.

Albert Ahearn

## For This I Write

I write not for consensus sake  
Why should I? People don't partake  
In my insights, designs and schemes  
Nor inhabit my nightly dreams.  
I write because it's a passion  
My own particular fashion.  
Whether those enjoy what I write  
Or find fault with it, that's alright!  
The satisfaction I receive  
Is from the notions I conceive  
Expressed in rhythmic poesy.  
This from me is a guarantee:  
When inspiration finds me home  
I am sure to write a poem.

Albert Ahearn

# Forgotten

Dame's Rockets grow atop her grave:  
Pinks, whites and purples flourish here  
in this cemetery enclave  
where no one has visit in years.  
Her oblique, weatherworn headstone  
stands aside a nearby roadside  
hidden amid weeds, unbeknown  
to motorist who pass where she lies.  
An effortful deciphering  
failed to clarify her birth year  
Born April first [obscured] in spring  
Died forgotten this much is clear  
except for these fragrant bouquets  
that perfume above her grave today.

Albert Ahearn



# Forgotten Prose

I belong to a book discussion group at our local library. There are about a dozen of us that meet once a month and discuss a book that we all agreed (voted) to read. At each meeting, I am usually the oldest participant and I have noticed that our individual tastes for prose varies exceedingly. Myself, I prefer the Classics. The others prefer the modernists' works of prose. Consequently, due to our democratic process, my choices rarely are voted for. Anyway, the situation inspired me to compose a sonnet for all the great forgotten prose of yesteryear.

On dusty shelves the books of dated time  
Have stood for years. Abandoned, slighted lore  
Those years before were favorite pastime  
Discussion topics, literati lords  
Adored. Among the seasoned aging tomes,  
A rather large imposing book secured  
It's stately charm amongst the few unknowns.  
The title slightly injured and obscured.  
Author and faithful readers long ago  
Deceased, along with fragmentary bits  
Of time. Until uncovered, read to know  
About its past distinction, this poet  
Aroused, composed a special poem for it.  
It's often called: Shakespearean sonnet.

Albert Ahearn

## Fourteen Verses

My passion is to write modern sonnets  
Yes indeed modern not traditional.  
Iambic pentameter I regret  
Is too restrictive and conditional.  
I had observed that many years ago.  
Expression of thought is more important  
Than any well-placed iamb, apropos.  
These little songs\* are not songs at all; shan't  
Pretend when they're not. Mine are messages  
That I compose within fourteen verses:  
Some assurances, other presages.  
They are my work for better or for worse.  
If I fail to convey in fourteen lines  
I'd nothing to say and wasted your time.

\* Sonnet means little song.

Albert Ahearn

# Fountain Of Youth

The fountain of youth exists within us.  
To find the rare elixir is the task.  
Without it, life is destined for sickness  
And brief existence; With it, life will last  
A very long and joyous time it brings.  
Imbibe the water that flows in the well  
That is fed from five meandering springs.  
Then daily sip and swallow; never tell  
A soul and jealously guard its secrets  
Of health, longevous treasure. Keep your mind  
As pure as the liquid quaffed and get set  
For spiritual uplifting. To find  
This elusive potion I must profess:  
Seek but don't overlook the obvious.

Albert Ahearn

# Freedom

Standing high atop a canyon  
wall, a rising, thermal current  
warmed my weathered face with gentle,  
smoothest, invisible fingers.  
Overhead a lone eagle glides  
effortlessly, circling, dipping  
downward, ostensibly playing.  
His iterate screeching echoes  
loudly through the narrow chasm.  
Genuine freedom on the wing  
but unaware how free he is;  
and I who deems to be as free  
knows that it's only an ideal  
one that can never be achieved.

Albert Ahearn

## From My Window

A robin perched upon a branch  
outside my living room window  
His lighthearted disposition  
roused within me a reverie.  
With eyes closed firmly I conjured  
a heretofore different scene:  
A naked limb laden with snow  
and a cold loneliness prevailed  
gazing through a closed, frosted pane...  
My eyes opened, the thrush was gone  
no trace vestige of abstract snow  
though out of sight his song was heard  
Cheerio, Cheeriup, tut tut! !  
from outside my open window.

Albert Ahearn

# Futility

Idealists speak out all day  
And wonder why the worlds this way;  
They ask, why can't we live in peace  
Instead of being ill at ease;  
Where all men live in harmony  
And war is just a memory.  
A realist responds in kind  
I'm of a difference of mind.  
I see all good and evil reign  
Both equally in one domain.  
Their efforts for a win must fail  
The vying is to no avail.  
Mans personality is split  
Espousing both you must admit.

Albert Ahearn

# Getting High

A cool, refreshing mist of rain  
Bathed my face while I raced along  
A beaten path to Sand Island.  
The Day lilies and Campions  
Smiled from their clustered colonies  
As I passed them along the way  
While Kenny G's horn was blowing  
"Forever in love" in my ears.  
As I neared my destination  
The stimulating rain ended  
As did the saxophone love song  
Ending my momentary high  
Without the aid of any drug,  
Recommencing on my return.

Getting high on life  
Is a great alternative  
All of us should try.

Albert Ahearn

# Greed

We are a greedy species more or less  
Desiring more than needed frequently.  
If something free presents itself, excess  
Increases often exponentially.  
Instead of taking one or two and leave  
The rest behind, avaricious nature  
Impels us, take it all! And thus believes,  
It's mine! To Hell with those that follow, your  
Misfortune is not my regard. Myself  
Is all that matters so what's mine is mine.  
Though lacking scruples in and of itself  
Becomes a selfish brute, his own design.  
Beware! Of egocentric avarice  
Your entry into heaven might be missed.

Albert Ahearn



## Green Banana's

A time is reached in life if one remains  
Alive to tell the tale: those certain things  
He once performed routinely, ascertains  
The notion, habits must desist which brings  
About awareness: His mortality.  
Employment ends; Retirement is here.  
The monthly saving wanes. Frugality  
submits to lavish tastes. The thirty year  
Installment loan is paid. But now he's glum.  
He now forbears purchasing bananas  
That are unripe for fear his death may come  
before they ripen. Shakespeariana  
Unfolding: Final act that yields a frown:  
The man's demise, they ring the curtain down.

Albert Ahearn

# Greenhouse Gas (Triolet)

The features of the Triolet are:

- 8 lines.
- Two rhymes.
- 5 of the 8 lines are repeated or refrain lines.
- First line repeats at the 4th and 7th lines.
- Second line repeats at the 8th line.
- Rhyme scheme (where an upper-case letter indicates the appearance of an identical line, while a lower-case letter indicates a rhyme with each line designated by the same lower-case or upper-case letter) :

A

B

a - Rhymes with 1st line.

A - Identical to 1st line.

a - Rhymes with 1st line.

b - Rhymes with 2nd line.

A - Identical to 1st line.

B - Identical to 2nd line.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our blue marble is imperiled  
Due to excessive CO2  
Like being over a barrel.  
Our blue marble is imperiled.  
Greenhouse gas, it's our funeral  
the solutions long overdue.  
Our blue marble is imperiled  
Due to excessive CO2.

Albert Ahearn

# Grim Reaper

With waning moon below the Horizon  
The darkness fell upon the slumbered town.  
An even darker phantom fell upon  
The people. (Death) had descended and found  
Its quarry. Walking silently among  
Their homes until he reached a wealthy man  
Asleep in bed. He touched his eyes, ere long.  
At once, they opened wide. "Oh, bogeyman  
Begone! Oh horrible dream, please leave me!  
You dreadful thing! Who are you? I'm lord here!  
I'll beckon servants, they will hear my plea."  
Be silent fop! Your time has come, give ear:  
Your hedonistic life has caused much pain.  
I send you where the conqueror worm reigns.

Albert Ahearn

# Halloween

It's Halloween again! The moon is high  
And waxing. The night is calm and darkness  
Predominates everything. Some clouds try  
In vain to quench the lunar fluorescence.  
Below, a ray of light exposes weird  
And freakish happenings, surreal things!  
A quiet crowd of ghoulish kids appear.  
Impressive costumes make the evening  
An apropos success. The parents walk  
Behind the throng of hideous creatures  
As each approach the lighted doors to knock.  
The townspeople behind their doors are sure  
To answer every rap with something sweet  
When little voices bellow, trick or treat!

Albert Ahearn

# Hallowmas Eve

He stood erect, still and silent  
like a wax museum figure  
in an inconspicuous nook  
hidden in nocturnal darkness.  
His long, needlelike canines gleamed  
in the moons ebbing subdued light.  
Blood red fleshy folds encompassed  
these parasitic instruments.  
Two grand, black, membranous wings hung  
close to his sides, down to his feet.  
On a sudden, voices were heard  
Trick-or-treaters were approaching,  
nearing his ambush location.  
With anxious anticipation  
his webbed wings began to quiver.

Albert Ahearn

# Happiness

Happiness is a lonely trek  
Of unforeseen discoveries  
A lifelong trip; an odyssey;  
a soul search quest for finding "me".  
How else is one to know its joys  
except through one's experience?  
Some roads lead to many tears  
While others end with dread and strife  
We chalk them up and stay the course  
and learn these roads are part of life  
that pave the way for what we seek:  
to get the " I" to know the "me"  
and reflexively know oneself-  
only then can one be happy.

Albert Ahearn

# Happy Thanksgiving

It's time for Tom to lose his wattled head.  
He's designated martyr for the feast.  
We pluck him naked and stuff him with bread  
Then roast his hapless carcass whole or pieced.  
We carve, dismember, separate his flesh  
and pile it high upon a festive plate.  
Oh, Butterball you juicy thing, so fresh  
and tasty, every bite is simply great.  
Although we never heard him gobble  
without a head he cannot demonstrate.  
A turkeys future cannot be squabbled  
his life is brief and predetermined fate.  
Without a turkey there's no misgiving  
there would not be a Happy Thanksgiving.

Albert Ahearn

# Happy Valentines Day

This poem is dedicated to my loving wife.

Our hearts adjoined some ages past  
In the summertime of our lives.  
Oh! How swiftly the time has passed  
Yet your lasting beauty belies  
Those years that etched your comely face.  
But now we reached life's wintertime  
Together still with arms embraced  
And kiss each favorite valentine  
For all those loving grateful years.  
Happy Valentines Day my love  
You are the one I hold most dear.  
At times I feel unworthy of  
But this I say and know it's true:  
My life is nothing without you.

Albert Ahearn



# Hard Times

I didn't have much as a kid;  
Oh, we were always fed and clad.  
but for luxuries, God forbid!  
Two-bits a week was all I had.  
Fifteen cents spent on a movie  
The remaining ten bought candy  
Even that wasn't guaranteed.  
Picking a landfill was handy  
When money wasn't to be had  
I'd pick the dump for tin and rags  
And head for the junkyard with dad  
Carrying the days find in bags.  
Although a youth I recognized  
the wounded pride in daddy's eyes.

Albert Ahearn

## Health: A Sojourner

One never contemplates mortality  
Until our health begins to fade away.  
In our youth we possessed vitality  
Thought it would last forever and a day.  
But comes a season our thoughts will languor  
And dreams of immortality will wane  
Like unto annual summer flowers  
Whose spring advents we never see again.  
Our health is such a very fragile thing  
We often take for granted in our lives;  
And like the blooming flowers in the spring  
Their stay is brief until their time arrives  
When all the lovely blooms begin ebbing  
That's not unlike the health we once possessed  
A bitter pill to swallow nonetheless.

Albert Ahearn

# Heavens Touch

Oh! Brilliant moon arising upward  
To your setting place. You show your face  
For everyone to see. You're heavenward  
Excursion takes my heart along through space  
And holds it there among the starry sky.  
Alone and distant from me stands my wife  
On foreign shores. Her job demands she fly  
To places your reflection cast so bright.  
Tonight my love, this waxing orb intense  
In all its splendor carries love aloft  
To see and feel from this night's heaven sent.  
The stars that twinkle incandescent, soft  
Emitting sparkles, touches both our hearts  
Together now although we are apart.

Albert Ahearn

## Here Today, Gone Tomorrow

This sonnet was inspired while celebrating my daughter's birthday. Everyone was eating cake except me. I hardly ever eat sweets. "A moment on the lips, forever on the hips". Anyway, while they were enjoying the moment, I began to muse. Later that evening I composed this:

My daughter is older by a year today.  
She is thirty-seven. I wonder where  
The time has gone It seems to melt away.  
It's like an imperceptible glacier  
Receding slowly, leaving once unseen  
Destruction bare, exposed to view, behind.  
I see what time has etched on me between  
A youth of yesteryear and current time.  
The mirror reflects wrinkled lines and spots.  
And not to mention, but I will! The gray.  
And like the ice, receding hair, a lot  
Is lost. My exploratory survey?  
It can be said, expressed this way: Ahem!  
I once had youth but now it's gone, Amen.

Albert Ahearn

# Highfalutin Pollutants

The cloudless sky scarred with contrails  
Like cicatrices on a slaves  
Backside from numerous lashings.  
Back and forth, this way and that way  
Flying bombs travel overhead  
Leaving in their wake, pollutants  
In the form of anomalies:  
Man-made, miasmal cirrus clouds.  
Experts maintain they are harmless  
Like our frosty breaths in winter.  
Believe that, and I have a bridge  
I want to sell you in Brooklyn.  
Down on earth exhaust is called smog  
Up there it's called condensation?

Where does the Truth lie?  
The answer: the clouds  
in the form of acid rain.

Albert Ahearn

# Home Delivery

The dark dinginess of the room  
And its odoriferousness;  
Obviously, it wasn't broomed  
In an age, the place was a mess.  
The odor was suffocating  
And it needed ventilation.  
Unfit for a human being  
and beyond my expectation.  
"One lives in this filthy rat hole?  
God! It's an insult to a rat.  
The center for disease control  
wouldn't enter this place." She sat  
alone, half naked from the waist  
up on an overstuffed green chair  
that's when I got to see her face  
and was totally unprepared.  
"Umm! Madam, you ordered Chinese?  
I rang the bell at least three times  
and..." never mind that...sit down please! '  
"Sit? " I asked. "I can't. Its noontime  
And I have four more deliveries  
To make; perhaps some other time",  
I lied. Damn! I hate telling lies  
But exiting called for a line  
Regardless how outlandish.  
I needed to buy extra time  
to escape this kettle of fish.  
"Madam that will be six dollars"  
'Six dollars, don't you want a tip? '  
"Yes! " trying to avoid her stare.  
"I'll come back after my last trip."  
She handed me the six. 'See you! '  
Then I hurried out the door, "Phew! "

Albert Ahearn

# Home Of The Brave

An achromatic statue of a Union bugler  
soldier stands high above  
a tiny municipal park  
where class Aves defecate daily  
on his stone-cold cap and shoulders.  
Monday and many more Memorial Days  
We will dignify this warrior  
And others like him lost in battle.  
Honoring them with flowers,  
Prayers and parades,  
eulogistic speeches  
praising them for giving us  
another day of freedom  
in America, home of the brave.

Albert Ahearn

# Honeysuckle

Mouth-watering Honeysuckle!  
Your irresistible scent lures  
Me to your tubular flowers  
As you do the lone hummingbird  
And moth and for the same reward:  
To taste your abundant nectar.  
Thousands of your golden flowers  
Have quenched my springtime craving  
For your flowery sweet liquid  
Hidden deep within your dark spathe.  
Once more I slowly extract your  
Center stamen out through your scape  
Dragging behind your small pistil  
And the bead for my waiting tongue.

Albert Ahearn



# Hope: A Worthless Virtue

Wherever you find Mankind, two plagues follow Him: War and poverty, both preventable but impossible to eradicate. The reason: greed. The sorrier of the two is poverty; war sometimes is a necessity, poverty never is.

Man is forever looking for more but always that pursuit is misdirected. He never includes his fellow human beings, only his narrow clique's self-interests. The rest are left to fend for themselves. Often an impossible task to achieve, the result is poverty.

Once a victim of this state of being, what is left is hope- worthless hope.

□

The poorest are the ones who hope  
They hope against (all) hope it seems.  
They pray to god to help them cope  
Yet fruitless as their faded dreams  
They hope someday for better stead  
A worthless virtue I suspect  
Adding to misery instead  
That propagates in that respect.  
Look to the past to see their plight:  
Dreaming of castles in the sky;  
But that isn't all, not by a long sight:  
The chance it will happen? In a pigs eye!  
The "haves" are a self-centered breed  
Who rarely help people in need.

Albert Ahearn

# Human Folly

The gods looked down upon the plebes  
and roared a loud thunderous laugh.  
Those arrogant humans never  
Learn. They spend precious time flirting  
Audaciously with foolishness;  
They set their eyes toward heaven  
And expect to achieve greatness.  
By whose precious standards do they  
Trust determining their greatness?  
Their own supreme egotism  
Suffices as their bellwether  
And so therein lies their weakness  
A trait exclusively human.

Albert Ahearn

# I Cast No Shadow

Sun is high I cast no shadow  
for few brief moments I am pure.  
My soul enters Eden's meadow  
where once stood my progenitor.  
A sinless psyche reveling  
in a pre-transgression garden  
thoroughly chaste is my being.  
But now a penumbra widens  
and a darkness within me grows  
my pure essence is repossessed  
replaced with subjective sorrow;  
spiritualness dispossessed  
by a shadow of damnation  
and light my only salvation.

Albert Ahearn

## I Don't...but

It is simply shocking how a teeny  
Conjunctive word, a tiny little but  
Becomes precursor for the agony  
Of some. I will explain exactly what  
I mean. Case in point: Have you ever had  
A conversation like the following?  
The person talking says, "please don't get mad,  
I do not intend to hurt your feelings,  
But"...then proceeds to do precisely what  
He said he wouldn't do. Explanation?  
It's ignorance! Instead of keeping shut  
His haughty mouth, ending conversation  
Continues hurting monologue uncut  
Until your forced to say, you kiss my butt!

Albert Ahearn

# I Knew That

There isn't much that I don't know  
Of life that I have lived but once,  
This doesn't mean my life was full  
A fool would dare to say as much;  
A fool I'm not nor ever been.  
The little that I do not know  
Is difficult to seek and find  
For what's unknown, what do I seek?  
If I search for what's imagined  
all I know is simply wasted.  
The little that's unknown to me  
In spite of it I learned to see  
That what you know is tried and true  
It's what you don't know can hurt you.

Albert Ahearn

# I Made Her Cry

I made her cry today  
with tomorrows promises  
promised her just the other day.  
'So why does she weep, the missus? '

Her tearful eyes are for  
the many disappointments  
borne a sadden heart to harbor  
caused by me to a great extent.

Too many, too often, designed  
dreams that I had painted for her  
leaving to wither on the vine;  
she ceased to dream altogether.

"Honey, is there any reason  
for your tears, something I had said? "  
"It's nothing; drink your coffee, hon.  
Do you want whole wheat or rye bread? "

Albert Ahearn

# I Remember

The brown raging river flows fast  
Along the southing flooded shores  
Where once a younger I had passed  
Those many long lost years of yore.  
I am reminded of August  
Of fifty-five: the great deluge  
When the river was its deepest  
And residents fled to refuge  
From the continuous rising  
Water. I remember houses  
Afloat and animals clinging  
To life with their frenzy faces.  
I remember...just standing here  
Gazing at this mighty Delaware.

Albert Ahearn

## Idiom: No Love Lost

Love poems, how trite they become.  
Their hackneyed themes we want to scream.  
We purposely shy away from  
That genre, teeming so it seems  
With grandiloquent, large supplies  
Of conjured words with empty rings  
Of cheating hearts and love that dies.  
Ad nauseam is all it brings.  
We wish just once that we could read  
Where love's expressed differently:  
Brand new verses that supersede  
Love's banal themes in poetry.  
Love-lost poems are sickening  
But most of all they are boring.

Albert Ahearn



# If I Were...

May 12th

Limerick Day celebrates the birthday of Writer Edward Lear (1812-1888) . It also, of course, celebrates Limerick poems. Limericks were popularized by Lear in 1846 in his *Book of Nonsense*'.

This day is a time to enjoy and get your fill of Limerick poems. We are so glad that it came along to brighten up our lives. Celebrate Limerick Day in style by writing a Limerick or two of your own. Or, sit down and read a few humorous Limericks. They are guaranteed to make you smile.

A Limerick is a humorous verse or poem. It is five lines long. Its name comes from the city of Limerick, Ireland. The first two lines rhyme with the fifth line rhyme. The third and fourth lines rhyme.

If I were a sonnet poem  
a lover would read my poem  
she'd recite all my lines  
and would stress my end rhymes  
and love the syllables iamb.

Albert Ahearn

## If Not For You

Life has given us reminiscent skies:  
Like wondrous golden evening sunsets  
That kissed our daily tired burning eyes;  
And the ocean below we'll not forget  
With its thundering, mysterious voice  
Beckoning our return from whence we came.  
We think of what will be and we rejoice  
In knowing all the beauty still to claim.  
And yet my love, while this for you I write  
All I have witnessed in life's great bounty  
Would just be hidden shadows in the night  
If not for you who shared these sights with me;  
And all the stars that twinkle bright above  
Give testament to your undying love

Albert Ahearn

## If Only...

It would have been his twenty-third  
birthday next month on the sixteenth.  
Today we received a letter  
From the government informing  
Us our son was killed while fighting  
The enemy in Kandahar  
Afghanistan two days ago.  
I cannot help feeling guilty  
for our dear sons untimely death.  
I could have fought his enlistment  
Instead I let him convince me  
That it was the right thing to do.  
If only I had been more firm  
If....If...he'd be alive today.

Albert Ahearn

# Ignorant Bliss

The status quo, Oh! How I hate that word.  
It always summons to my mind a bleak  
Condition. Something static; the absurd.  
Incapable of change. A sluggish clique  
Contented to remain immovable.  
Consequently, the common people keen  
To worship creeds that are improvable.  
Beliefs in doctrines as contrived as dreams.  
The branded multitude we label free.  
The mark is either cross or star to make  
A difference. There's no difference! See  
The cows in meadows! Their future is Steak!  
We also are contented creatures, dumb.  
Unable to assert ourselves. How come?

Albert Ahearn

## Illegal Aliens (Tanka)

Malefactors with  
political allegiance  
to a foreign land,  
who enter another land  
prohibited by its laws.

Albert Ahearn

# Illegal Immigration

The hour of darkness covers many men.  
They enter foreign soil illegally.  
En mass invasion time and time again.  
The problem is arithmetically  
impossible to stop. Deportation  
is just an empty word that represents  
a losing battle across the nation.  
Until we take a tougher stance, miscreants  
below the border will invade the north  
in droves. We must begin enforcing laws  
to curb this exodus and thus set forth  
our firm intentions: Stay away because  
if caught your stay is brief my deportee.  
Su clase no se desea aquí!

Albert Ahearn

# Imagination Revealed

Looking out a winter window  
My eyes were focused on the snow.  
A streetlight cast a yellow glow  
Causing an eerie sight below.  
The shadows from some barren trees  
Seemed not unlike nightmarish dead  
Dancing diabolically  
Around a severed human head.  
I rubbed my eyes and rubbed again  
For what I witness can't be real  
I backed away from the cold pane  
That's when I spied a surreal  
View, no doubt a clear distinction:  
Aforementioned ... my reflection!

Albert Ahearn

# Impressions

I can remember as a child  
thinking then, snows were very deep,  
that train trestles could touch the sky  
and dad stood at least ten feet high.  
With little legs standing in snow  
Like twin stalagmites stacked and cold  
certainly seemed deep, in my eyes.  
Same could be said for train trestles;  
Standing beneath them looking up,  
It wasn't hard to imagine  
them touching that enormous sky.  
Today standing somewhat stooped,  
my octogenarian dad  
remains that giant in my eyes.

Albert Ahearn



## In Initio

I've been here since the beginning  
in some form or another.  
I've showered the earth with molten lava  
and quenched it with wind and sea.  
I grazed with dinosaurs  
and was eaten by their kind;  
Yet I outlived their demise.  
I emerged from the sea as Man  
executed the first murder  
the young earth had ever seen.  
His universal love and hate  
defined by incongruous beliefs.  
I am Truth, which is the distinction:  
endless beyond His own extinction.

Albert Ahearn

# In One's Company

I prefer my own company  
or accompany of a dog.  
We do not speak the same language  
but we understand each other.  
I haven't an urge, if I could,  
to sniff the butts of passerby's  
as he would any passing pooch;  
nor is he engrossed in iambs  
and inspiration as I am.  
yet we enjoy our company  
and need each other very much  
simply because we're together  
and for our brief intimacy  
we both are assuredly free.

Albert Ahearn

# Incandescence

From the pitch-blackness of the night  
city lights glow like yellow stars  
gorging dollops of dark matter  
from an artificial universe.  
Where luminescence disappears  
then reappears differently  
in magnitude and location  
Each having their own tales to tell  
both real and imaginary.  
Dawn arrives and they fade from view  
their nightly relevance worthless  
in a world of bright beginnings  
until diurnal hours wind down  
and their brilliance shine once again.

Albert Ahearn

# Inconspicuous Queen

A slab of cracked concrete pavement  
Permanently fixed in a row  
Of similar, less damaged slabs  
Exists a miniaturized realm.  
Within the fracture grows a few,  
Tiny clumps of unnoticed grass  
And a single dandelion.  
Deep within the dark cavity  
A colony of zealous ants  
Ruled by a single fertile queen  
Work in well defined labor crews.  
A team of seven working high  
Atop the yellow nectar globe  
Begin their long laden descent.

Albert Ahearn

# Indelbleness

An indelible tattoo of Mary  
Faintly graces my upper left arm.  
I loved her but we never married,  
Our love lost its meaningful charm.  
So long! To the faded memories  
Those years of yore all but disappeared;  
Bygone are the glints of yesterdays  
As I gaze at the scar once revered:  
Abated colors now take the place  
Where once her name etched brilliantly:  
M-A-R-Y inked in upper case  
Is now lost unrecognizably.  
As long as this mark's a part of me  
Mary remains in my reveries.

Albert Ahearn

# Inner Sanctum

While half of humanity sleeps  
And their normal noises desist:  
Those raucous rackets I abhor  
Give pause for mental pleasantries:  
Sustaining thoughts can now linger  
Long without any distractions  
And melodious sounds of silence  
Can soothe my psyche once again.  
Oh! If they could sleep forever  
I would have no need for slumber  
Unencumbered by fantasies  
Of the mind sought only in dreams.  
Lo! Those intrusive sounds I hear  
It's what I feared: they have wakened.

Albert Ahearn

# Insensate Destruction

Rehearsed words tumble from his tongue  
capable of vaporizing  
feelings; then with his briefest smile  
becomes the redresser once more  
leaving the object of his words  
emotionally traumatized:  
Mind raping at its finest form;  
Cold-bloodedness runs through his veins  
colder than any ectotherm;  
Temperament worse than the worst  
lacking the slightest compunction;  
More like reptilian than human  
this controlling creature thriven  
on human mental frailties.

Albert Ahearn

## Inside The Box

Washington always "thinks inside the box."  
No wonder why we're in the fix were in.  
Their collective thinking stifles or blocks  
The country's progress and provides the spin  
To sway the public view of uselessness.  
This herd mentality is quite bizarre  
To think that all these minds can not express  
A single "out of the box" thought thus far.  
It's piteous, at least to me, to see  
These coattail hangers we call congressmen-  
Inane, inept reps of the bourgeoisie  
constantly screwing us time and again.  
One must conclude this simple inference  
Vote in or vote out makes no difference.

Albert Ahearn



# Insomnia

Laying quietly in the dark  
Alone in bed on my right side  
Listening to the tinnitus  
In my ear, praying sleep will come;  
Not that I have obligations  
To meet in the early morning;  
I am an old retired dude  
With a lot of time on my hands  
But damn it to hell, I need sleep.  
I try composing poetry  
But my wandering tired mind  
Can not remain focused for long  
So I turnover my left side  
And begin all over again.

Albert Ahearn

# Inspiration

Mans inspiration steals its way  
Unobtrusively to mind  
Like a cat burglar on a heist:  
Stealthy, but it comes not to rob  
Intellectual property  
But to deposit a priceless gem  
Still unpolished yet nonetheless  
Precious to a creative mind.  
Unlike a diamond in the rough  
this gems luster is most fleeting  
whose innate beauty potential  
is measured in nanoseconds  
thus leaving little precious time  
to create a faceted gem.

Albert Ahearn

# Insurgents Mission

The following, it seems, happens almost every other day in the occupied territories of the left bank, Iraq and Afghanistan.

Summer sights so seemingly serene, yet  
Beneath this fraudulent facade, the day  
Is fraught with unexpected, unforeseen  
Carnage. It all began begrudgingly  
At first, but soon ruin and death loom large.  
He waited years for this chance; now it's here.  
A time to offer up his life to God.  
For Allah and the Cause he must succeed.  
The sticks of death are strapped to his body  
And are uncomfortable; but that's okay.  
He walks to the designated target  
Then strolls cautiously, calmly amongst them.  
Looks around himself, thinks of his loved ones  
Then detonates- sees a flash, hears nothing.

Albert Ahearn

# Into The Night

I walk alone into the night;  
into its shadowy silence  
where myriad diamonds light  
the sky with twinkling luminance;  
where its nocturnal clutch conjures  
imaginary images:  
wied, phantasmagoric specters  
with unworldly, frightful faces.  
Luna, mother of night shadows  
beams down through naked boxelders  
their swaying branches cast below  
cimmerian moving creatures:  
malevolent fabrications  
of my grotesque imagination.

Albert Ahearn

# Intriguer

She is a self-made intrigante  
equipped with the tools of her trade:  
a beautiful body and Brains.  
Auburn hair dangles like a skein,  
loosely draped over both shoulders.  
Envious women condemn her,  
men find her Irresistible.  
Machinations are her forte.  
Like an international spy  
each complicated, cunning scheme  
is an executed science  
without the use of any force.  
I should know, I am a victim  
of her notorious intrigue.

Albert Ahearn

# Irony

The poplar trees stood like sentries  
Standing on one leg in their green  
Uniformed grandeur. Beyond their  
Phalanx could be seen a stately  
Manor whose imported marble  
Pillars were more decorative  
Than utile. Not unlike the sole  
Inhabitant who lies dying  
In his magnificent antique  
Breton bed. He never married-  
"I'm too busy for such nonsense."  
Consequently, no progeny,  
No living relatives, no one  
Only a dreadful eulogy:  
Alone died a poor man, indeed!

Albert Ahearn

# Jabberwocky

Other than the slight ringing in my ears  
The only other sound I hear is the  
Computers low droning inner gears.  
Monotonous sounds that drive me a  
Little crazy at times; background noises  
That become deafening after awhile  
Especially sitting in quietness  
Or rather semi-quietness. Still, I'll  
Never get used to these subtle noises.  
I think, perhaps, I am a little mad  
If that's possible; I don't hear voices  
Like a bug-house lunatic, God forbid!  
I must be nuts though, to sit here alone  
Typing jabberwocky verses at home.

Albert Ahearn

# Jealousy

People think jealousy normal.  
I smile with tongue in cheek and say,  
Of course, so is a square billiard ball.  
This spurs in a well mannered way  
A hot topic for discussion.  
Firstly, you must be insecure  
Thus an unhealthy condition,  
Is this not true? And what is more:  
An apprehensive frame of mind.  
It being responsible for  
Its intensity, unconfined,  
Prevalence and the least explored.  
In a phrase, ignorance is bliss  
This is why jealousy exists.

Albert Ahearn



# Journey Of My Soul

My soul has left my tired earthly shell  
Guided by a holy hierophant.  
We hover, moving, seemingly propelled  
into a brilliant limbo Labyrinth:  
A vaguely familiar and friendly place  
An imperceptible spiritual sphere  
entirely devoid of time and space.  
My guide has often escorted me here  
to this final after death tribunal.  
She will as always present my defense  
before the other hierophant panel  
To determine previous moral sense  
And worthy of another incarnate  
journey's quest to seek another soul mate.

Albert Ahearn

# Judgment Day

We are but grains of sand in life's hourglass  
Plures inter plures waiting our turns  
That slowly penetrates the narrowness  
Of time ending all our worldly concerns.  
The moment comes like a thief in the night:  
Silently, stealthily, assuredly.  
And in this sleep of death things are put right:  
Our past dreams become bits of history:  
Involuntary intervals of life  
That had reflected our immortal souls  
And there are never any two alike  
Spirits on trial that will defend their roles.  
In the end, though, we go our separate ways.  
Some ascend while others will face the blaze.

Albert Ahearn

# Just A Dream

The entire world was silenced  
And from the darkness emerged, Truth;  
Lost since the paradise garden  
Abandoned for cupidity;  
And out of Truth the advent poet  
Appeared with imaginative  
Zeal and clarity of purpose:  
To rhythmically shape our hearts  
And minds with eternal verses  
Instilled with His intuitive  
Enlightenment from the cosmos  
Taking the form of a poem.  
Although pleasant it may have seemed  
In reality, just a dream.

Albert Ahearn

# Just Before The Rain

I'm happiest when the weather  
is gloomy and threatening rain.  
Its tendency, this low pressure,  
forces most people to remain  
inside comfortable houses.  
Outside becomes much quieter  
assuming a shushed quietus  
that wouldn't normally occur  
if the day were a sunny one;  
so I pray that this low holds fast  
concealing the intrusive sun  
behind the looming overcast  
while I revel in its stillness  
and its lugubrious bleakness.

Albert Ahearn

# Just Memories

In life the only thing we can call our own is our memories.

I'm Irish and I'm a proud Irishman.  
Oh, not for the usual sentiments.  
The source of my pride runs deep. I can  
Trace the direct line of my descendants.  
My grandfather, the poor soul, came from Cork  
With fifteen US dollars in his pants  
And a big dream when he entered New York.  
No large reception for this immigrant.  
Just a sister who arrived earlier  
In nineteen hundred through Ellis Island.  
He met Mary Delea my Grandmother  
Married and blessed it with a wedding band.  
They had two girls, two boys, one was my dad.  
They're gone now, memories are all I have.

Albert Ahearn

# Kathleen

Oh Kathleen! You seem as distant from me  
As some ancient nebulous universe  
Yet near as last nights dreamy reverie.  
Are you just luminous stardust dispersed  
Into eyes of a starry-eyed lover  
By some celestial fairy sandman?  
Only to awaken and discover  
That your loveliness is nothing more than  
A dream imagined. Must I wipe away  
This besprinkled magic dust that beguiles  
me? To watch your lovely image this day  
Fade from view, then reappear with a smile  
At days end in a dream again of you.  
Oh! Hasten sleep that I may dream anew.

Albert Ahearn

# Kick The Can

A gray hanging sky loomed above  
The ugly concrete monoliths  
That chokes the cramped urban skyline.  
For Christ's sake! Why doesn't it rain?  
Said the young, angry teen kicking  
An empty Budweiser beer can  
As he walked along the sidewalk;  
That! (He kicked again) should happen  
To those goddamn, so-called buddies  
Of mine- A swift kick in the ass.  
He kicked the can again, this time  
It flew into the busy street.  
Chasing after it a horn blared  
But the car could not stop in time.  
A light drizzle began to fall.

Albert Ahearn

## Late Spring

Spring struggles to break winters hold  
on its timely season onset.  
The latent buds are reluctant  
to sprout their protuberances;  
robins haw vocal notes of song  
while perched on stark swaying branches;  
Crocuses spurn stifled tulips  
abed for their impotency;  
Sluggish hibernates' hesitate  
to waken from their dormancy  
and fair-weather, housebound humans  
unwilling to venture outside.  
but soon a warm, vernal zephyr  
will breathe life into everything  
reviving consciousness of spring.

Albert Ahearn



# Leaves

The theme of this poem is leaves;  
Beautiful lateral structures  
that dress the deciduous trees;  
ephemerals one can't ignore.  
We first set eyes on them as green,  
Protuberates on limbs in spring;  
Next we see them as indigenes-  
Transpirational living things  
with various shapes and sizes.  
I myself favor the maples  
Their many metamorphoses:  
various colors one beholds  
in late summer and early fall  
their greatest splendor above all.

Albert Ahearn

# Lenore

I see his book of poetry  
Master poet of bygone years  
And from his grave he speaks to me  
With inaudible words quite clear.  
I reach for Poe and read Lenore:  
"Ah, broken is the golden bowl"  
You must "weep now or never more! "  
I knew her not till now, poor soul!  
But I'll recite a monody  
of youth, death and slanderous tongues  
with intonated prosody  
for this youth that died so young.

Albert Ahearn

# Letting Go

Grimacing faces  
With teary-eyed composure  
Look out together  
At their capped and gowned daughter,  
Happy, yet sad, both know why.

Albert Ahearn

# Limbo

Muffled mourning falls on deaf ears  
that echo elegiac waves  
from a transgressible past life.  
Phantoms in an abstract limbo  
where the living never enters.

\*\*\*

Doctor, what is your prognosis?  
I'm sad to say his futures grim  
I doubt that he will last a day.  
His reasoning is nearly gone  
his hapless body skin and bone.

\*\*\*

A new found voice sounds in this place  
where immortal souls congregate  
and faceless face oblivion:  
the edge of hell, there's no escape.

Albert Ahearn

# Lives To Eat

37 % of adult Americans eat to live; the remaining 63% live to eat. This latter group is classified as overweight/obese. The protagonist in this literary work is one of them.

She sits alone on a stuffed chair  
That once had rigid, durable  
Springs; but that was a hundred pounds ago.  
Today this amoebic, shapeless  
Behemoth is eating a pie-  
a large pizza with anchovies.  
She is separating her fifth  
Piece but momentary pauses...  
Burps, and with her greasy fingers  
Gropes for the channel selector  
And rapidly surfs the channels  
until she reached the food network.  
She resumes eating the fifth piece  
Eyeing the remaining pieces.

Albert Ahearn

# Living The Moment

I walk alone along the sandy shore.  
A waxing moon guiding my every step  
Leaving shallow sandy footprints behind;  
I stop and look back as the upsurge wave  
Washes over them and where I now stand  
Then ebbing back into its salty self  
Taking with it all traces of the past;  
I look out over the expansive sea  
With its shimmering, glimmering swells;  
I gaze into the infinite darkness  
Of cold space drizzled with celestial stars.  
A feeling of sadness overwhelms me  
In knowing that all this nightly splendor  
Will one night present itself without me.

I am now the past.  
The moon, sea and stars live on  
ad infinitum.

Albert Ahearn

# Lofty Afterlife

Lo! Death resides atop that lofty hill.  
Expanse of Donn, the ruling god of death.  
With eponymic marble monoliths-  
Desideratum prodigality.  
Extravagance! A lifeless lavishness  
Which doesn't make a damn difference  
To the conquering worm. Your loftiness  
In life, that once encompassing delight,  
Is pallid, ghostly in your present stead.  
Your measured qualifications decreased  
In spite of your chiseled artifices.  
Alas! Piteous mortuus some  
Your heighten tombs on top that highest mound  
May be as close to heaven you may get.

Albert Ahearn

# Lonesomeness

I am a stranger. My reclusiveness  
And self-imposed lonesomeness in exile  
Is severe. But yet in my aloneness  
I contemplate an unknown charming isle  
And this meditation surfeits my dreams  
With specters of great and distant lands that  
My eyes have never seen. Although it seems  
I am a stranger with no welcome mat  
To greet me from the crowd, I say within  
Myself, what law has joined me with them?  
I am a stranger to myself, wherein  
I hear my tongue; my ears always condemns  
My voice. I hear my inner self impart  
Unknown interrogations of my heart.

Albert Ahearn



## Lose Some, Win Some

I'm sitting at my computer alone  
Playing a lost game of literati  
With a person absolutely unknown,  
Thus not knowing if he's a he or she,  
Not that that matters to me anyway.  
I enjoy the game because of the words.  
I try to play a few games everyday  
And hope to gain some wordy rewards.  
Believe it or not it helps my poetry  
Writing. After all, a poet can not  
Write a line of verse without words, agree?  
It's kind of like powder minus the shot.  
Well, the game is over and I did lose  
But gained a word subsequently I'll use.

Albert Ahearn

# Love

Few people love; most know not love at all.  
Their feelings of feigned affection wane  
By any measure. Cupid never draws  
His bow for those whose passions are in vain.  
His quiver filled with strait loving arrows  
Wings among Man to shoot and penetrate  
The truest of hearts where amour does grow  
To dwell and thrive within ardor soul mates.  
Love has no boundaries and lives forever  
Beyond the shuffling off our mortal shells  
And thus remains in our souls with fervor  
Until Cupid once again casts his spells.  
So if by chance your heart has been smitten  
Cherish this love that Venus has christened.

Albert Ahearn

## Love Child

She was the consequence of lust  
In a cheap room over a bar.  
He remembered as though it were  
yesterday. Her naive mother  
Was only nineteen and single  
at the time; him? He was married,  
Separated and twenty-eight.  
Below, in the bar, the jukebox  
Was blaring an instrumental  
Whose deep, bass guitar synchronized  
with every copulating thrust.  
The tune ended before the sex  
And climaxed with a gestation  
To Diana Ross's "Love Child."

Albert Ahearn

# Love Pawn

The raging storm occurring outside my window  
Can not compare to the constant choler  
That tempers my heart this maniacal moment.  
Why? Would you like living a pawn of love?  
Forever being forced to feel painful pangs  
Caused by a cruel manipulator. Like a captured  
Pawn without a pertinent part in the game of love:  
Only to stand alone among the active players.  
On the sidelines, stagnating, unable to sever  
Yourself from the fray. A preordained pawn!  
Whose role resembles " loves labours lost"  
A cruel comedy rendering me a pathetic prisoner  
That must persistently prove my legitimacy.  
Rage on teapot tempest! At least your wrath will wane.

Albert Ahearn

## Love: First And Last

One's never late for tomorrow  
The future may never arrive.  
So live each day as if borrowed  
The lender may call due our lives.  
Eat, drink and be merry my friends  
The feast is never guaranteed;  
Love with a passion that transcends  
Time and cling to it friend, take heed:  
One day you'll get old, god willing  
And all we have left is the past  
Those memories are fulfilling  
But not without love first and last  
Eternity is infinite  
Love accompanies all of it.

Albert Ahearn

# Loving Dream

Most people fall asleep at night  
And dream of fantasies delight;  
Those spawned by wakeful malcontent  
Of dreaded pasts and all they meant.  
But when the light begins to dawn  
Their dreams all vanish with a yawn.  
My dreams are themes they are but two:  
I dream of love and loving you;  
And when I wake and wipe away  
Besprinkled sand to start the day  
I look around and here I see  
The loving dream lies next to me.

Albert Ahearn

# Lucid Dreams

It's 2 a.m. and for the life of me  
I can't sleep. Perhaps too many iced green  
Teas. It doesn't bother me you see  
Not getting rest I mean, it's the caffeine  
That keeps me awake and I miss dreaming  
Dreams that I turn into reality.  
Those pleasant visions become the real thing:  
A contrived visual modality.

Awake I'm between  
A paradoxical dream  
And veracity

In this state I know who I really am  
Because I am the creator of them.  
A fluid existence into this realm  
Where all I dream is at my command.

The rules of conduct  
Are for myself to decide  
I'm the one in charge

I nightly assay my thoughts and beliefs  
with elaborated dream-scape motifs.

Albert Ahearn

# Madness

I stare into the vastness of the sky  
And wonder: who am I, really?  
Am I the perceived notions of the  
Curious eyes encountered: a figment  
Of their imagination or is it mine?  
Is what I assess in my bedroom  
Vanity mirror at night a phantom:  
An image that exist only in my mind?  
I feel like a Ken doll in Barbie's world  
Where an invisible force determines  
My every movement except my mind:  
A mental prisoner of the physical world.  
Whose only salvation is to go insane  
And leave this feigned reality plane.

Albert Ahearn



# Maiden Flight

The wind on top of the mountain  
Is just right for flying my kite.  
No, it's not a store bought item  
I made it from old newspapers,  
Elmer's glue and old balsa wood  
Spine and spar sticks from last years kite.  
Now here I am again ready  
To launch it on its maiden flight.  
I hope the tail isn't too long;  
The bridle string is sufficient.  
Well, here goes! Come on baby fly!  
That's it! You want more string? Up! Up!  
Easy does it! Straighten out babe!  
That's it! That's it! You're on your own.

Albert Ahearn

# Malcontents

Eight feathery class Aves (starlings)  
Encompass a mud puddle  
Between a cornfield and highway  
Each taking turns splashing around  
While the others stand vigilant  
For any imminent danger  
From above or from the traffic  
Jam my wife and I were caught  
Amidst, while impatient drivers  
Vented their frustrations by blowing  
Their different, raucous sounding horns  
at no one in particular.  
I looked at the feathery flock  
and said, we should be as content.  
What was that dear? She inquired.  
Nothing dear, just thinking out loud.

Albert Ahearn

# Man Of Snow

I created a large snowman  
On our snowy laden front lawn  
Facing the street on which we live.  
It was not an ordinary  
Snowman; you know, the ones you see  
With large packed snowballs stacked on top  
Of each other with chunks of coal  
Representing facial features;  
Not mine! He was a translucent,  
Naked man of wintery snow;  
A frigid albino nudist  
Whose large, blue-shooter marble eyes  
Stare back at you from its cold soul  
Beckoning every passerby.

Albert Ahearn

# Manna For Morons

Television is such a bore.  
If anything that kills brain cells  
The TV is the number one  
Cause of permanent brain damage.  
Between the ridiculously  
Lengthy commercials, reruns and  
The misnomer: "situation  
Comedy" with its canned laughter,  
A viewers IQ can drop five  
Points, perhaps more after sixty  
Minutes of exposure, truly!  
We have all become a nation  
Of clones: It tells us what to buy,  
What's best to view and when to laugh.

Do you feel rundown?  
"I love Lucy" sponsored by  
"Natural Energy."

Albert Ahearn

# Maple Leaf

I watched a maple leaf's descent to ground.  
It's downward swaying motion, every now  
And then a pirouette without a sound  
Until it came to rest so gently down.  
I asked myself: A life so brief and yet  
So beautiful, is life to be defined  
By lasting time and taken for granted?  
To go around in circles disinclined  
To find profundity-Sad existence!  
Ah! But the leaf, its purpose foreordained:  
To live a measured life, a subsistence  
Profound in many ways and unrestrained.  
To waste a lengthy life, so incomplete  
I'd sooner live my life a maple leaf.

Albert Ahearn

## Meaning...

Everything but the spoken word  
is aware of its existence:  
vegetation, rivers, the stars;  
they are centered on nothing else.  
They, all, comprise the universe.  
Even this imprudent poet  
lives it in part, less dignified  
within it save benighted  
freedom of my talkative mind.

Albert Ahearn

# Meaningful Morpheme

They appear innocent enough  
Those symbol sounds that every child  
Memorizes before they know  
What they mean or what they're used for.  
(A) (B) (C) (D) (E) (F) gee! What  
A rhythmic, sonorous singsong;  
But when their lettered chemistry  
Is formulated into words  
The combined sounds begin  
A metamorphic change  
Like the lovely word butterfly.  
When it's clearly spoken out loud  
It conjures an image as real  
As a butterfly on the wing.

Albert Ahearn

# Memories Of Mother

Mothers Day always trips sadness  
in me since her death years ago;  
impelling a circuitous  
journey of memories that flow  
within a stream of consciousness  
always the same, unabated.  
It's queer how an act of congress  
can regress a mind effected  
in such a way as to cause tears.  
I guess stranger things have happened  
and will happen over the years.  
Though measured in nanoseconds  
these yearly memories of her  
are all that remains of mother.

Albert Ahearn



# Metamorphosis

Commenced  
as a tiny  
egg glued to foliage.  
Maturing bondage in a shell  
awaits

Larva  
Eating, growing,  
full size caterpillar  
outgrows its present confines.  
Splitting

Again  
Reattaching  
itself with liquid from  
its spinneret. Creating a  
button.

hanging  
little pupa  
dieting, motionless,  
metamorphosing completely  
anew

Cracking,  
exposing head  
and thorax first. Followed  
by legs and golden wings of a  
Monarch.

Albert Ahearn

# Metaphors

The yellow incandescent lights  
Of early hours stare outward from  
their artificial galaxy  
like miniature jaundiced stars.  
An Exxon Mobil neon sign  
Emits bursts of intense red light  
Blinking like a tiny pulsar;  
Two blue-white halogen headlights  
flicker along a thoroughfare  
as rapid moving satellites.  
Engrossed in this imagined view  
looking out my bedroom window  
until the sun opened his eye  
then all but one had disappeared.

Albert Ahearn

# Mindfulness

Somewhere, a Blue Flax cluster blooms.  
Their beauty lasts but for a day  
Then die in the sun unobserved.

Someplace, an old man lies dying  
Alone in the dark with no one  
To comfort and pray at his side.

Oftentimes I amble in fields  
Searching for this blue wildflower;  
And like Meriwether Lewis

I on occasion find the plant;  
When I do, I quickly bundle  
A large bouquet and head for home.

This time they are for my neighbor:  
A man of eighty in poor health.  
"Morning neighbor, have you a vase? "

Albert Ahearn

# Monarchs

With trusting innocence we've played  
with nets and jars amid a field  
of muted rustling blooms that yield  
Their subtle breaths of perfumed air  
where milkweed monarch's foraged there.  
They were the prize and preference  
of youth and trusting innocence.  
Inexpertness with nets gave flight  
elusiveness till next alight  
on efflorescence's afield  
Sedulity kept our eyes peeled  
on tawny-orange and black, large wings  
in hopes we would be capturing  
these lovely regal butterflies  
with gauzy wings and very spry.

Albert Ahearn

## Moon Crazyed

Oh, Oh! The full moon is almost full bloom.  
I know what that means. Get the straitjacket.  
Tie me down; lock me in a padded room.  
They say I make a helluva racket.  
I don't grow copious hair or large fangs.  
Wish I did. This way a stake or bullet  
Would end my monthly lunatic harangues.  
Either suggestion hasn't been tried yet.  
It's god awful, controlled by the damn moon.  
I become a different kind of person-  
Jekyll in the morn, Hyde by afternoon.  
You'd think over time that it would lessen  
A bit. Yea, right! I'd have a better chance  
Of seeing god perform a song and dance.

Albert Ahearn

# Mother

Mother gave me my first taste of sweet milk  
While I snuggled helpless and voracious  
Amongst two large breasts that were soft as silk:  
A comfort zone where I heard loquacious  
Chatter on a daily basis, foreign  
But always a soothing tone for my ears  
My meal was always interrupted when  
Mom would pull me off still hungry and steer  
Me around facing over her shoulder  
And begin patting my back tenderly  
Until strange noises began to occur  
That emanated from both ends of me.  
Is it any wonder why I love her?  
This source of life I know as my mother.

Albert Ahearn

# Mother Earth

Billions of journeys round a fiery eye  
This watery celestial traveler made.  
Untiring, spiraling route through the sky  
Always returned from yearly crusades.  
She carried her children on top her back  
And nurtured their needs until they have grown.  
Some may have suffered; those may have cracked  
But never through any fault of her own.  
Forever and always maternally  
This wondrous, aging beauty shall remain  
Our source of life atmospherically.  
Through time and space her dimensions attained  
Despite her journeys she manages to bring  
Life's gifts: summer, autumn, winter and spring.

Albert Ahearn

# Mother Nature

Nature Strives to be beautiful  
Morphing myriad, earthly hues  
from macrocosmic frippery.  
Her perfumed zephyrean breaths  
Intoxicate the atmosphere  
Stirring those that breathe to wildness  
That only her tempestuous  
Violence ultimately tames;  
Yet her yin can be most tranquil  
As not to ruffle a fledglings  
Feathers or ripple mountain tarns.  
She favors none of her children  
within her sphere of influence  
sustaining only the strongest.

Albert Ahearn



# Mothers-Of-The-Evening

Their days in the sun are fulfilled.  
Their once bright pink and white petals  
now lie withered and brown beneath  
the dead wavering naked stalks  
that once connected each cluster.  
Hesperis matronalis  
Gone are their aromatic scents  
that had tantalized all that passed  
their many clustered colonies.  
Gone are my nightly fragrant walks  
among their unseen loveliness.  
Gone with them are my joys of spring  
and what remains are memories  
of their fulfilling presence here.

Albert Ahearn

# Mowing

Trudging behind a hungry machine  
who's diet consist of all things green.  
Just when the lawn is picture plane  
three days later it's grown again

Albert Ahearn

# Muhammad Ali

A cleriheW is a whimsical, four-line biographical poem invented by Edmund Clerihew Bentley. The lines are comically irregular in length, and the rhymes, often contrived, are structured AABB.

Muhammad Ali  
who stung like a mad bee  
And floated like a butterfly;  
then punched you in the eye.

Albert Ahearn

# Mundane Beauty

A cluster of Day Lilies glow  
like embers beneath the shadow  
of a time-worn Box elder tree  
that's plainly visible to see  
if looking for mundane beauty.  
Their golden flowers so briefly  
lived poses for a single day;  
at days end they wither away.  
Their presence always call to mind  
that beauty last the briefest time  
but I possess a memory  
where beauty lives eternally.  
Though they will die I'd soon exhume  
I'd close my eyes they'd still be bloomed.

Albert Ahearn

# Muscidae

I'm foraging for food again only this time there are only crumbs. I haven't a clue what it is but I know it is edible; I've eaten it before. This place is a very risky place to eat. I have seen a few of my kind die here. Their deaths were not a pleasant sight to see so I must always be on my guard. Oh, oh I see that square shadow coming at me fast. Splat! Whew! That was close. I better stay up here where it's safe for the moment.

Two-winged diptera  
Lives to see another day  
Survives the onslaught.

Albert Ahearn

# Music Of The Spheres

The soft music rose gradually  
Like smoke from a freshly doused fire.  
I listened to it intently  
And my inner voice enquired,  
"Where is the source of this music?  
I'm positive I am alone  
And doubt if it's some sort of trick  
Played on me by some asinine drone";  
Couldn't be, it's absolutely  
Heavenly sounding to my ears  
With its timbre simplicity.  
It must be music of the spheres  
Inaudible except for me,  
The wind, and the eternal sea.

Albert Ahearn

# Musing

Its December. Another year is just about over.  
Standing in front of a mirror in a bathroom  
Is a man. He gazes into the face looking back at him,  
Combs his white hair with his fingers and then begins to muse:

My hair it seems is always whiter during  
The winter months. It really isn't  
But seeing hair already gray, aging  
Becomes a prime concern. My life, a glint  
In darkness; insignificant footprints in time  
Is always struggling forward, nearing some  
Unreachable ideal, lacking rhyme  
Or reason. Now I ponder life's outcome  
This cold December, standing here alone  
In front of glass. The image looking back  
Is old! My God! Is youth that fleeting? Prone  
Toward dependency, asthma attacks  
And wooden canes? He winks and shakes his head  
And smiles, then says, " I'd sooner be old than dead."

Albert Ahearn

# My Cluttered Desktop

My desktop is as cluttered as my brain:  
Lens cleaning wipes, two Handshake vouchers,  
Visa receipts, envelope that contains  
Tickets for a tragedy by Shakespeare

Outrageous fortune  
And a thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to

ARTix passport containing free coupons  
For music, the theater, film and dance,  
HP inkjet print cartridge that I won  
With an old bingo 50-50 chance

Death of a salesman  
Loman's solo tragedy  
Fate was even odds

A card reminder for an eye exam;  
An unopened pocket tissue package;  
Three incomplete poems and rubber bands;  
A senior magazine with a torn page

I don't like the frames.  
I never use the damn things.  
Should I title them?

Will my desk ever be neat and tidy?  
No! Unless I have me a man Friday.

Albert Ahearn



# My Mortality

I wonder if I'm the only one  
who smells the fetidness  
of dead daylilies,  
carrion that lies concealed  
off the beaten path.  
Could it be my preoccupation with death lately?  
Reviewing my will, perusing my prepaid  
funeral expenses and life insurance,  
that have acutely enhanced  
my sense of smell for the morbidities  
of death.  
It's not a pleasant state of mind  
to live with and act unconcerned  
concerning the inevitable conqueror worm.

Albert Ahearn

# My Mournful Memorial

As I ambled through a maze of stony monoliths  
on a manicured green grassed carpet.  
My sadden eyes were overwhelmed with myriad  
names and dates of yesteryear's deceased.  
Each encounter confronted conveyed to me  
a sad reminder of Mans mortality.  
All had some story to tell if they could speak.  
Most I hope died naturally, others unnaturally.  
Their demise, a mise en scène mournfully staged  
for the most part many agonized years ago.  
Suddenly like a fated mirage my son materialized.  
A victim of a vicious war fought on foreign soil.  
I knelt before his grimly, graven grave  
and placed a flag and flowery wreath..then wept.

Albert Ahearn

# My Shadow

My non-irradiated chum  
A lifelong silent companion  
That's with me wherever I go  
This faceless image called shadow.  
It mimics each movement I make  
Regardless asleep or awake.  
There are times in a darkened night  
There's no shadow from lack of light  
Although it seems to disappear  
At break of dawn it reappears.  
A wife I most love and adore  
The love of my life I am sure  
Can never be with certainty  
Close as my shadow is to me.

Albert Ahearn

# My Worlds Of Water

I need no shelter from the rain  
I'll not run for cover from it.  
I'll not be plaintive or complain  
I love its wetness I admit.  
Conditioned in a serous sea  
submerged in its tepid wetness  
I resided comfortably  
alone, attached in nakedness.  
But now that world does not exist  
yet life's baptismal still remains:  
A kinship I cannot resist  
with water that the gods ordained.  
Even now I wade in the rain  
knee-deep in Poseidon's domain.

Albert Ahearn

# Mythomaniac

The words stumble from her lying  
Mouth while her obtuse mind struggles  
For likely continuity.  
In due course the lie emerges  
Full-blown, ready for deceiving  
An innocent, unsuspecting  
Host singled-out as the target.  
This pathological liar  
Fabricates the fundamentals  
In a way that's favorable  
To her in case she is challenged.  
There is no motive to look for  
Because there really isn't one.  
She must lie and she's good at it.

Albert Ahearn

# Naiveté

We all are born naive at birth  
Ingenuous for what it's worth.  
The cure is in the things we learn  
From childhood to adult that's earned.  
Yet some of us of age remain  
A child, a lamb their both the same  
The naiveté are most beguiled  
By those of us so versatile  
Among the rank and file we lurk  
And prey on you with clever words.  
Word to the wise from one who knows  
Be careful of the ones who pose  
To be your special pal or friend  
One might deceive you in the end.

Albert Ahearn

# Narcissi

Narcissi bowing in the breeze;  
their adorable awkwardness  
surfaces to mind small children  
dressed in flowered habiliments  
in their very first recital.  
Each flowery face reflecting  
their image at waters edge  
like looking into a mirror  
pining away in love with each bow,  
their own beauty: yellow and white  
petals with cup-shaped central crowns.  
I gaze at these comely flowers  
and seemingly they are aware  
of my presence and smile at me.

Albert Ahearn

# Nature

The phenomena's of nature  
are nurtured like a mother.  
She never favors one over  
another. Although her rose-child  
may be her comeliest flower  
she bestowed on sister sibling  
blossoms the sweetest scented perfumes.  
Her spiders all weave their webs with  
fine, sticky, silken filaments'  
She gives potential prey a way  
avoiding it with fitting wings  
and legs. Then there are we who set  
ourselves apart from her, only  
to be reminded otherwise.

Albert Ahearn



## Nature Lover

The day is brilliant with sunlight,  
songbirds serenade the season,  
maples sway to music of the spheres  
melodies only they can hear.  
Cabbage whites flutter and flit  
above and about, everywhere;  
A lion's tooth unaware it's  
a weed shares a bed with tulips.  
Within this harmony of spheres  
I too feel its rhapsodic pulse-  
A lover of nature's impulse  
to capture this temporal scene  
as I do now by fits and starts  
with measured words and golden mean.

Albert Ahearn

## Next Stop...I Get Off

I blush when I think about the makeup  
Of Man. At birth he's weak and insecure  
He's helpless, ignorant- a little pup  
Has more going for him than this treasure.  
And when he matures, mental growth is slight.  
He whines and pines and broods o'er picayune  
Events: It's too hot! I'm cold! That's too tight!  
I hate my job! That cost too much! A tune  
That's sung ad infinitum- Maddening!  
There's absolutely no relief from it.  
He lies and cheats exaggerates most things.  
Befuddles, muddles, meddles, throws a fit.  
He battles, tattles, prattles-Stop! Enough  
I say, stop the world I want to get off.

Albert Ahearn

# Not All Pigs Oink

He sat in front of the TV  
while eating a large plain pizza  
washing each bite down with iced tea.  
The sight made me laugh... Ha-ha!  
reddish oil dripping onto  
his already grimy t-shirt.  
What a slob! (If he only knew)  
To call him that would only hurt  
his feelings. I couldn't say that  
to him as much as I'd like to  
so I struggled through the chit chat  
when he asked, what's so funny, dude?  
Funny? Umm! Oh Nothing, I lied  
Please! Don't mind me. Finish your pie.

Albert Ahearn

# Novels

They huddle on shelves like sardines  
crammed in cans  
even hungry paper lice are prevented  
entry into their literary leaves.  
Novels are an aggregate of grey matter  
whose ingenuities maw muted  
narratives for willing eyes;  
Taking us vicariously through fictional  
Plots unfolded by actions, speech and thoughts  
of fictional characters at our leisure.  
An immortal genre whose fame is enduring  
as long as there exist authors that write them  
and well-read people who read them.

Albert Ahearn

## Now Playing

Sitting alone on a park bench surrounded by a natural beauty that only I can appreciate at this moment in time. Oh, there are occasional intruders in this beautiful place, a few joggers with their MP3's hanging from their ears, lost in a world of music and running on automatic pilot. They pass through this wonderland in a flash and miss the performance only a sojourner like me perceives: The shifting breeze that blows through the surrounding trees. I watch them slow-dance to a score that was written on the wind and only they can hear the composition they dance to.

A long-eared rodent enters the green dance floor and does his version of the bunny hop, stops to see if anyone is watching and continues his dance unabated. A chorus of unseen red-breast thrushes singing their familiar early morning rendition of "It's a beautiful morning" while two male cardinals fly by warbling their version.

A house sparrow alight the bench and looked at me and cocked its head left, and then right, As if to say, what are you doing here? then flies off into the trees behind me.

A squirrel scampers onto the scene and becomes aware of my presence and decides to head back whence it came. Taking that cue, I realized that I had overstayed my visit and it was time to leave.

"Natural Beauty"

Now playing, Act one, scene one

One brief performance

Albert Ahearn

# Nyx, The Night

Can't sleep again for some reason  
perhaps I'm drinking too much tea.  
Well, whatever the cause, it's done.  
I'll try again later...maybe!  
Meantime, I'll work on this poem-  
A way to pass the time away  
until black-robed Nyx finds me home  
And cast her spell without delay.  
My mind grows weary, she has come  
Whose dark light falls from nighttime stars  
And Man and gods all must succumb.  
Her sightless eyes in one dark sweep  
induces half the world to sleep.

Albert Ahearn

# Olfaction

Flanked by Dame's rockets and Yarrow  
familiar flowers that greet me  
every spring with their breezy nods.  
Their irresistible, subtle  
scents never cease to captivate  
my olfactory perception.  
I swoon amidst their fragrant breaths  
and for one imaginative  
moment become their distant kin  
with an alien hue and scent  
commingling with them nonetheless  
until their odoriferous  
scents again sober my senses  
leaving a feeling of gladness.

Albert Ahearn

# Only

A knotted Tarzan rope dangles  
From the same sycamore tree limb  
When I was a young, snot-nosed,  
devil-may-care adolescent.  
Nothing has really changed that much  
Since my time: the same swimming hole,  
Probably the same railroad spikes  
That I hammered into the trunk  
That we used as rungs to scale it.  
But it's a very lonely place  
today. All my childhood buddies  
Are either dead or too infirmed  
To care; so here I stand alone  
Willing, but no one to play with.

Albert Ahearn



# Only For A Moment

Biking along Lehigh drive  
On an early sunny morning  
Not a cloud in the azure sky  
My! My! What a wonderful day!  
I continued onward until  
I reached the Lehigh boat-launch pad.  
No longer able to resist  
The allure of the calm river  
I laid my bicycle against  
A hillock, shed my shoes and socks  
And walked to the shallow rivers edge  
Stood there for a moment or two  
Walked in ankle deep from shore  
And became a young lad once more.

Albert Ahearn

# Opinions

Opinions are like rectums, everyone  
Has one. Sadly, \*sshholes have them also.  
It's what comes out: profundity or dumb  
Beliefs that make all the difference. Know  
The untruths involved before you accept  
A single one. A traditional thought  
Is founded in superstition and kept  
Alive as "old wives tale" falsely taught  
As truth. Irrational is what it is!  
So eschew these cockeyed philosophies.  
Beware of the false Sayers chorus  
Who opine their contrived absurdities.  
They may control the sought-after places  
But not Truth when we get down to cases.

Albert Ahearn

# Ordinary: An Extraordinary Thrill

The blaring, deafening diesel  
Horn warned its imminent approach  
To the major intersection  
Of town with four cacophonies:  
Each longer than the preceding  
One as its screeching wheels clamored  
Across the unevenly seamed  
Cold tracks causing each set of wheels  
To rhythmically sound their unique  
Click-clack beat as the weathered cars  
Swayed side to side in a seeming  
Endless queue of commodities.  
Far off in the distance is heard  
The faint four as it rolled westward.

Albert Ahearn

## Our Part

The honored dead lay in their graves  
While on this special day we praise  
Their unselfish contributions:  
Each gave their lives for this nation;  
A great country with liberty  
Enjoyed by its citizenry.  
What do we do to contribute?  
Lay flowery wreaths, a tribute?  
We the living need to do more:  
We must earnestly strive toward  
A lasting peace, not just in words  
But deeds, so war does not recur.  
The toll is too great on the young:  
Our dead and wounded are its sum.

Albert Ahearn

# Over-Soul

A surreal chance encounter  
began when I bumped into her  
one lovely, Sunday afternoon  
while walking Fairview avenue.  
Both she and I apologized  
then looked into each others eyes.  
It was at that very moment  
the eyes revealed our involvement:  
we had once been husband and wife  
living a former different life  
but now gaze through and into  
different colored eyes, once blue.  
We recognized our mated souls  
part and parcel of over-soul.

Albert Ahearn

# Paradise Found

The azure, clear sky above me  
With its fiery eye staring  
Down at an early morning scene:  
A house sparrows warning alarm  
Of my close approaching footsteps  
Seemed to awaken the other  
Residents of the forestland:  
A gray squirrel pops his head out  
From behind a maple tree trunk  
To investigate what the noise  
Is all about, and then disappears.  
Dewy heads of dandelions-  
Like miniature suns- light my way  
Along this path to paradise.

Albert Ahearn

# Parallel Worlds

We're contemporary lovers  
from two different universes.  
Entry into either must be  
through imagination or dreams.  
Once arrived, perception is real  
and what was prior, impossible  
to attain is now possible:  
Our futile love becomes yielding;  
Worldly differences disappear;  
yet our conceptuality  
always plays out differently  
in these dreamy parallel worlds;  
but one thing remains a constant  
throughout these fantasies: Our love.

Albert Ahearn

## Persistent Pecker

Off in the misty distance  
I hear a hungry woodpecker  
Hammering with his head.  
This omnivorous, opportunist  
Breaks the silence of the morn  
With his rat-a-tat-tatting  
As if knocking on a door.  
His persistent pecking  
Will end with success  
When he excavates  
The hapless insect  
A meal deservedly gained  
But the silence won't remain  
Because he'll begin all over again.

Albert Ahearn



## Pet Peeves

Nothing pisses me off the most  
than two Tom cats upon a post  
tirelessly, persistently, crying  
at three o'clock in the early morning.  
A thing I'm not keen and tolerant of  
class Ave defecators' way up above  
flying, flighty, feathery thugs  
pooping on my Volkswagen bug.  
You all may find these peeves ridiculous  
but often I find myself defenseless  
against meowing cats' hysteria  
and a flock of birds with diarrhea.  
I'm not averse to most animal rights  
just these two things that violate my rights!

Albert Ahearn

# Phantom In The Dark

Her droopy eyelids opened in the dark  
Like so many lonely mornings before.  
She lay unmoving in an antique bed  
Half awake, yet to her she wasn't sure.  
She thought (or dreamed) of her husband long dead.  
But in this semiconscious state he lives:  
Feeling his body warmth emanating  
From her left, she turns toward him and smiles.  
She extends her arm groping in the dark  
For his comforting presence that's not there.  
Startled by this dreamy like emptiness  
She awakens and than realizes  
That it is the same reoccurring dream.  
She turns away and then begins to cry.

Oh god! Let me dream.  
To never awaken; to  
Never shed a tear.

Albert Ahearn

# Pictures From The Past

A large collage hangs from my study wall  
above my cluttered desk. The photographs  
affixed with paste are cleverly arranged.  
The colored pictures, twelve in all, fading  
and frayed from time. Just seems like yesterday  
my wife began the painstaking project.  
As I look up and gaze upon her work  
I see myself, as I once looked, youthful.  
But now the person beholding the scene  
is long past middle age -trenches shape the field.  
I smile as reverie carries the thoughts  
along the frames. Each still photograph  
becomes hypnotically animated  
Until the memories fade into sleep.

Albert Ahearn

# Poet Versus Painter

Kaleidoscopic leaf cover  
shimmers in the September sun  
casting shadowy and sunlit  
shifting pools of darkness and light  
on a multicolored graveyard.  
Sweet decaying scents permeate  
the early autumn environs  
while yellow oxeye sunflowers  
sway to an autumnal zephyr  
that whispers enchanting verses  
softly throughout the trees.

\*\*\*\*\*

Never could a master artist  
paint like a poet paints with words.  
What subtle hues could he employ  
to capture a whispering wind,  
the sweetness of decaying leaves,  
inconsistencies of shadows?  
These intangibles are captured  
with colors of imagery  
that are discriminately mixed  
and depicted where the painter  
ruefully and completely fails,  
affixed to inanimateness  
whereas, the poet pens movement  
and complexion into his work.

Albert Ahearn

# Poetic Soul

My keyboard is an extension  
of my soul; every key I punch  
reveals muted intimacy  
by contriving words and phrases  
given voice through recitation.  
An intimacy in peril  
especially in poetry  
where I lay bare emotions and  
thoughts to catholic criticism.  
Nevertheless, I do not write  
expressively for consensus;  
if I did, the first bad review  
would force me to give up writing  
and seek a different endeavor.

Albert Ahearn

# Poets Are Born

Good poets are born, not fashioned.  
The masters of sterility  
write verses in prose and christen  
them in the name of Poetry.  
Meters are measured arrangements,  
rhyme is correspondence of sound;  
But devoid of inspiration  
results, if ever, rarely found.  
A poem must be a poet's breath:  
On inhalation he creates,  
the exhalation, he narrates  
Breathing life into words once dead.

Albert Ahearn

# Political Science

Political science...In other words  
The study of who gets what, where, when and  
Why. Striking a balance of one accord  
Between the individuals demands,  
Societies, and governmental needs.  
At least that's how it's supposed to work.  
The means that justifies the end, indeed!  
Then why can not the workers obtain perks  
That government gets at workers expense?  
Who calculates the greed along the way?  
Surely, not the worker, that's common sense.  
Where does the finger of blame point today?  
The onus for this imperfect science  
Is the lawmaker minus his conscience.

Albert Ahearn

# Politicians

The only good politician  
is a dead one.  
They are the root of rebellion  
with their fabricating forked tongues;  
This should not imply they be killed  
Hell no! Karma will tend to that.  
As a rule they're old and grizzled  
men -self servers that have grown fat  
at the expense of the people;  
Parasites pandering their base  
rarely the country's as a whole  
beginning at the polling place.  
Their souls sworn in smelly restrooms  
their shiftiness baptized in piss.  
Both [left and right] are lowdown goons  
And when they're gone they're never missed.

Albert Ahearn



# Poppies

Unimaginable beauty:  
I found myself walking alone  
far removed from humanity  
in a large meadow overgrown  
with kaleidoscopic poppies:  
oranges, blues, crimsons and yellows  
each indiscriminately  
commingled in this meadow  
like an incongruous painting;  
yet, in my eyes, a masterpiece:  
A polychromatic blending  
of hues quivering in the breeze  
as I stood amidst the allure  
of their stupefying grandeur.

Albert Ahearn

# Post Apocalypse

I walk alone, bewildered, scared to death.  
I haven't any memory... survey  
Through ash and try to think...I snatch a breath  
And try again. The air is foul today!  
I must be dreaming. That's it! I'm dreaming.  
I'll soon awaken from this craziness  
And find myself aright again. Beaming  
A smile and laughing at myself, I guess.  
But something isn't right. It's what I see:  
The people, where have all the people gone?  
I see homes and autos, some leafless trees.  
They are ash-covered phantoms. Begone!  
I'll waken soon. It's only imagined,  
A dream. Oh God! Please help me comprehend.

Albert Ahearn

# Pride

God said all you angels will now bow down  
In reverence to my most choicely deed.  
Man is of my image, gather around  
Bestow on him your praise. Who'd take the lead?  
'Not I, said Lucifer. I shall not bow  
To one subordinate and made of clay.  
I am of fire with high esteem, and thou  
Are now charging me? I will not obey.'  
I command you again, do this for me.  
I love you dearly but you must abide  
My wishes. Adam's of me I decree.  
Thou are obsessed with your pretentious pride  
Thou arrogance and haughtiness compel  
Me to cast thee from heaven into Hell.

Albert Ahearn

# Prisoner Of Life

He was a prisoner for life  
cooped in a cell of human bones.  
An unseemly brain had plagued him  
and love was not to speak its name.  
Rarely a smile was ever seen  
or a pleasant song ever sung.  
His heart beat just to stay alive,  
his thoughts not shared with anyone.  
Life's woes made not the man this way  
nor playact in some masquerade.  
He was innately born this way  
and died, it's sad to say that way.  
At his wake there were no others  
only me, his loving brother.

Albert Ahearn

# Procrastinator

I think I'll do the wash today so much  
Has piled up since. But then the shopping must  
Be done, of this I am convinced. How such  
Predicaments evolved? I guess I'm just  
A lazy cuss who'd rather stay in bed.  
Although the chores are pending still, I swear  
By all that's holy, never let it said:  
I yield my soul to folly. So I declare  
Today, I must accomplish first, the wash  
That was neglected worse than anything  
I started. Now you're thinking, all is bosh  
Its all a bunch of crap, accomplishing  
But empty talk. Indeed, my friend it's so!  
My work has been deferred till tomorrow.

Albert Ahearn

# Prophylactic Measures

Wild garlic flowers encompassed  
her youthful, porcelaneous  
neck as she slumbered in her bed.  
Two silver crucifix bracelets  
securely fastened to both wrists.  
Her rhythmic inspirations heaved  
the cleavage between her breasts  
that deepened on exhalation.  
He stood at the foot of the bed  
red eyes peering from dark sockets  
on a deathly pale, bat-like face.  
A sneer revealed behind blood-red  
lips two sharp conical canines  
that were rendered useless this night.

Happy Halloween!

Albert Ahearn

## Psalm 90: 10

Guess what, today I have become  
A septuagenarian.  
"A what, a vegetarian? "  
No dude! One who turns seventy.  
You'd think I'd be a happy guy  
For surviving this length of time;  
I'm not! Psalm ninety verse ten states:  
The days of our years [are] threescore  
Years and ten; and if by reason  
Of strength [they be] fourscore years, yet  
[Is] their strength labour and sorrow;  
For it is soon cut off, and we  
Fly away. A dismal future  
I have in store for me. Amen.

Albert Ahearn

# Punctuation

The tiny marks they mean so much  
their presence makes for clarity.  
They give a script a final touch  
and make for better poetry.  
But there are those who think it cool  
Eliminate these marks and signs  
we all have learned since grammar school.  
They want us read between their lines  
of jumbled, muddled heresy.  
But we suspect their variance  
when writing so-called poesy  
is nothing more than ignorance  
of what they should have learned ago  
and blithely call it status quo.

Albert Ahearn



# Purgatory

I walked through a shadowed portal  
into a darker existence:  
a parallel microcosm  
where light is impenetrable  
and only remorseful sinners  
inhabit this purging place.  
A restless wind endlessly blows  
its elegiac redolence  
across a seemingly lifeless land  
where no sunflowers ever grow.  
I continued walking, groping  
about, stumbling, until I saw  
a faint illuminate ahead  
the exit portal into light.

Albert Ahearn

# Rain

The aged poet lies abed  
Listening to the falling rain  
Tap dancing on some metal roof.  
Ever since he could remember  
Rain has been a fascination  
For him, writing sundry poems  
About this heavenly liquid.  
He doesn't know exactly why  
But rain always precipitates  
A flood tide of inspiration.  
Once again the propensity  
Immerses him entirely;  
This time in an unlit bedroom  
With a single theme in mind: rain.

Albert Ahearn

# Rain Or Shine, It's Divine

The golden fiery eye rises  
In the east and sets in the west  
And shines for a day in between;  
Although at times there may be clouds  
That shrouds its penetrating rays  
From us, we know its radiance  
Is like a god that can't be seen  
But still feel his omnipresence.  
And when the heavenly tears fall  
From the sky, they are tears of joy  
Not to be confused with sadness  
For this god is a loving god  
That showers all of us with love  
Yes, even the nonbelievers.

Rain falls from heaven.  
Behind the clouds the sun shines  
Patiently in wait.

Albert Ahearn

# Rainy Day Blues

The rain is still coming down today  
For gods sake! Will it ever  
stop?  
I'm sick to death of looming gray clouds  
That are exuding their drizzling  
drops.  
For Pete's sake! Get it over with  
I've had about as much as I can  
stand  
Let me get back to my old self again  
And out of this soggy  
Wetland.  
This slow moving low and me below  
Make for one miserable  
dude.  
If it doesn't stop soon this mini monsoon  
I'll be lethargic all day and just  
Brood  
I pray to sweet Jesus the rain will soon end□  
But the weatherman says rain all weekend.

Albert Ahearn

## Reasons For My Love

I love the way she wears the sun  
In her hair; and the way the rain  
Beads on her delicate shoulders;  
I love when her eyelids flutter  
In early morning springtime breeze;  
I love the way she pouts and sulks  
When things don't seem to go her way;  
I love it when she feigns anger  
That's soon betrayed by a smile;  
I love the look of guiltiness  
On her face after we make love;  
I love her childlike naiveté;  
Her occasional whininess  
And vagaries that define her.

Albert Ahearn

# Relativity

A microscopic arachnid  
tinier than a poppy seed  
spins diminutive filaments  
barely visible to the eye;  
a spiral silk lacework deathtrap  
for infinitesimal prey  
strung high between white cornered walls  
in a microcosmical world.

Is its existence more trifling  
than mine that occupies more space?  
Perhaps not, in the scheme of things:  
my universe among the stars  
is imperceptibly smaller  
than this occupants' in my room.

Albert Ahearn

# Reminders

The ever present reminders  
Of death are seemingly nearby:  
A calm sunny day that excites  
Two lovers' whimsical fancies  
Are momentarily dashed by  
The scent of unseen rotting flesh  
Carried on a summertime breeze;  
Me passing a cemetery  
And breathing a sigh of sadness  
For living a life sans brother  
Father, mother and a sister;  
But then the thought evaporates  
Like a summertime morning dew-  
Only to reappear anew.

Albert Ahearn

# Required Horn Blowing

Dedicated to those that live in a railroad town.

Moving metal monstrosities  
Speed along rusty, rhythmic rails  
freighting needed necessities  
onward, toward forthcoming sales.  
Its cacophonous, blaring horn  
Sounding each town intersection  
with intolerable forewarned  
early morning interruptions:  
Two long, one short, one long, racket.  
Please locomotive engineer  
shorten your intervals a bit  
so those of us who live anear  
can get a good nights sleep; instead  
of noises that startle the dead.

Albert Ahearn



# Retribution

The other day I overheard  
Two woman's slanderous chatter  
About another nameless soul  
Who's fortunate absence, thank god,  
Spared her their injurious libel.  
I thought to myself, if I had  
A petty wish that would come true  
I'd long for swift retribution  
For malicious people like them  
To receive involuntary  
Volition at their own expense  
By socking themselves in the face.  
I wonder how many lost teeth  
It would take to learn the lesson?

A lesson forsooth  
Is oftentimes difficult:  
Like losing a tooth

Albert Ahearn

# Returning

The blustering wind announces  
The arrival of a new moon  
But we complain about the wind  
Because it messes up our hair  
Or blows the neighbors leaves around  
That winds up on our property.  
The new moon which we cannot see  
For the most part goes unnoticed.  
It is a time for returning-  
Not too far at the beginning.  
Yet is auspicious for success.  
When our knowledge is limited  
Most of us cannot understand  
"Returning to the beginning "

A subtle brightness  
Enters the void of darkness  
Beckons my return.

Albert Ahearn

# Returning Again

I envision the very first  
Uttered words of Man ascending  
Like misty vapor suspended  
As endless cloud-filled vibrations  
That eventually rain down  
On forthcoming generations  
In the form of inspiration;  
Imbuing the susceptible  
Psyche with imaginative  
Powers of profound expression;  
The maker of philosophers,  
The artists, writers and poets  
Whose effectiveness must return  
To its primal source whence it came.

Albert Ahearn

# Revivification

I could have been a funny circus clown  
With multi- colored makeup on my face.  
I could have been the greatest fool around  
My face on posters all over the place.  
But I chose instead to be a poet  
An unknown writer who now writes verses.  
A self indulging choice I must admit  
But its satisfaction reimburses  
The time and effort I devote to it.  
I will never be a Poe or Whitman  
Nor poet laureate I must admit  
And that famous funny-circus-clown man?  
I resurrect him occasionally  
Like in this present piece of poetry.

Albert Ahearn

## Rivers Edge

The swimming hole is deserted  
Except for an occasional  
Brief stop for indigenous birds  
on their way to the other shore.  
The Tarzan rope hangs from the tree  
Swaying slightly in the mild breeze  
Above the dark shallow river  
Where not long ago children played  
And their laughter resonated  
Loudest after each took their turn  
Swinging out over the water  
Ending with a cannonball splash;  
But now these sweet, wet river brats-  
God love them, all gone back to school.

Albert Ahearn

# Roadside Reminiscence

The sun was shining and no cloud cover  
Was in view. Few cars this early traversed  
The road making my ride decidedly  
Safer and serene. I couldn't contrive  
In my mind a more beautiful Sunday.  
I was consciously consumed; contented  
When suddenly I spotted something steel-  
Gray not far ahead of me. At first I  
Thought that it was the usual soft-shoulder  
Debris. The closer I came it became  
Clear to me what it was, a dead gray bird.  
I stopped my bike, dismounted and approached  
It. I stooped and lifted the lifeless thing.  
Still warm to the touch, that it could have died  
A moment ago. Suddenly saddened  
By this find a feeling of guilt arose  
Within me. Not knowing the nuances,  
With bird in hand I began to bemoan  
A rush of muted memories flooding  
My senses. I stood there alone; alive  
Knowing somewhere, someone or some thing soon  
Would suffer the same funereal fate.  
Guilty because I live to love this day  
Sans mother, father, brother and sister.  
A cumulus cloud snuck across the sun  
Further darkening my melancholy.  
I grudgingly gazed down at my fleshy  
Bier, still cradling the feathery corpse.  
The cloud continued its eternal course  
Across the sunlit sky showering me  
With prodigious, radiant rays once more.  
I knelt and scooped a shallow roadside grave  
And placed the little lifeless bird inside  
While elegiac verses passed my lips.  
As the last of the moistened earth covered  
The unmarked grave I gave thanks to my God  
For this solemn Sunday reminiscence.



# Robert Fisher

I wrote this poem shortly after his death on January 17,2008.

Bobby Fisher, chess savant and master  
Unparalleled among the best that played.  
A champion, a genius, destroyer  
Of chess opponents, this day passed away.  
You either loved him or hated the man  
There wasn't middle ground. His time had come.  
Eccentricities never lost his fans.  
I am the proof, e pluribus Unum.  
In life his brief existence was tragic  
Perhaps in death we'll gain understanding  
Of genius. Chess his forte, his magic  
Preoccupation gave us deepening  
Enlightenment of Caissa, his mentor.  
His spirit now with her forevermore.

Albert Ahearn



# Rue

The seemingly moving white cumuli  
Above me drifting aimlessly away  
Like youthful fantasies: old passerby's  
With muted roles in an unscripted play;  
Foregone dreams with only one performance  
Like yesterdays unique morning sunrise;  
Witnessing it should never be left to chance  
For the moment may end in sad good-byes.  
Oh! The many forsaken dreams that died,  
Aspirations that never dawned a day.  
Oh! If only my orbs were wide-eyed  
Instead of my groping every which way.  
Alas! The clouds are a constant reminder  
Of youthful dreams I let fade and wither.

Albert Ahearn

# Sadness

We have a great deal of sadness  
Pent-up inside our fragile selves  
Bordering at times on madness-  
unhealthy in and of itself.  
You'd think we'd learn to deal with it.  
No! We shelve it for another day  
and indubitably admit  
its return in myriad ways.  
Sorrow assumes many faces  
Far too many to cope with each  
Leaving behind tiny traces  
of memories and self reproach.  
Human minds are the rub, the source.  
Their forlorn heart's, the driving force.

Albert Ahearn

# Sadness Lingers

As much as I wish this frigid season  
Would change into warmer days of springtime.  
I can't help feeling sad for some reason:  
Ruefulness within my subconscious mind.  
It might be the ending of snowball fights  
Where I was the children's adversary;  
Or perhaps it was those cold winter nights  
When we all sang carols and was merry.  
Whatever might be the reason for it  
I guess I will never really know why.  
Therefore it shall remain indefinite  
In the recesses of my mind. Time flies  
By so fleetingly season to season  
A little sadness lingers from each one.

Albert Ahearn

# Saint Patrick's Day

The worst of snow has disappeared  
We had a lot of it this year.  
But now that it has gone from sight  
Our winter blues have taken flight.  
The smell of spring is in the air  
A robin sings its morning prayer  
As morning sun climbs upward high  
To brighten up the morning sky.  
Among this picturesque display  
I stand here on Saint Patrick's Day  
So proud to live in this country  
An Irishman of ancestry;  
'Erin go bragh' is what I say  
But home is here and here I stay.

Albert Ahearn

# Sand Island

The crisp cool wind is blowing in my face  
Kenny G blowing "forever in love"  
In my ears while trying to keep a pace  
The blue, cloudless sky looming high above  
Me only enhance my recurrent ride  
To Sand Island, a very special place  
Where all worldly problems are set aside  
Awhile and "I" is the objective case  
Yes! It's all about me during this ride:  
Pedaling, sightseeing and elation  
These of which can not at all be denied  
Me. Upon reaching my island mission  
I'm Inspired enough for one more sonnet  
About a special day I'll not forget.

The meandering beaten path in front  
Of me guides my way through a host of trees.  
Some I identify but most I don't  
Have a clue as to their names. Just the breeze  
In my face, the earth-colored foliage,  
The fauna scampering in front of me,  
And birds singing from branches, all upstage  
My intruding presence. My mp3  
Playing Kenny G songs along the way:  
Love songs mostly but it doesn't matter  
I'm in love everyday, more so today.  
I love god, wife and nature, all concur  
And reciprocate. This is my heaven  
In a very special place: Sand Island.

Albert Ahearn

# Sandy

The hurricane has now arrived.  
Her centripetal Cyclops eye,  
swirling wind and wall of water  
whirling, churning, surging cyclone  
wreaking death and devastation  
on the east coast population.  
Amidst this inundated scene  
the hapless, helpless victims screamed  
for mercy but none could be found  
instead a swell of water drowned  
the most vulnerable victims  
lacking the means to escape from  
an unforgiving super storm  
the entire country now mourns

Albert Ahearn

## Sans Animals

How pleasant would our weekend strolls  
Be if there were no animals  
To grace the places we may walk?  
No herds nor prides, no packs no flocks.  
To never see or hear a bird  
To trek without would be absurd.  
What good would be a tryst in spring  
Without a redbreast there to sing?  
Why should the oak we pass each day  
Bear nutty acorn fruit today  
If there were no squirrels nesting high  
To gather cache and fall supplies.  
What be the sense of things withal  
Devoid of all the animals?

Albert Ahearn

# Saturday's Storm

The angry sky vented its ire  
on the unostentatious town:  
The lightning discharged, set afire  
The atmosphere and rain came down  
In torrents while claps of thunder  
Frightened the faint of heart below  
Due to this tempest spellbinder.  
The streets became small streams that flowed  
Swiftly by the sidewalk sewers  
that were unable to swallow  
The prodigious volume incurred  
While the children watched through windows  
Hoping this rainy Saturday  
Cease so they can go out and play.

Albert Ahearn



# Seagulls

A prodigious flock of seagulls  
float seemingly, effortlessly  
on a winter frigid river  
like miniature polar floes.  
Their harsh wailing and squawking calls  
are muffled by the roaring sound  
of cascade from an old dam.  
Their idiosyncratic moves  
manifest aquatic prowess:  
Their twirling, swirling, eddying  
against the current as though fixed  
to each molecule of water  
until they rise from the surface  
into winters late morning mist.

Albert Ahearn

## Second Fall From Grace

A priest was strolling in a glorious  
Garden next to a church cemetery.  
Deep into daily prayers his serious  
Reflection had ceased funereally.  
From behind a blackberry bush a man  
In agonizing pain pled for his help.  
Bloodied, near death he desperately scanned  
This holy face and said, "you and me dwelt  
In the same house for many, many years  
Together. Please tend to my wounds. I must  
Not die else many things will disappear  
With me." Sir! You think you know me I trust  
But I don't recognize you, in good faith.  
"That's of no consequence, we are soul mates."

Sir, I do not understand. What's your name?  
"First, look into my eyes, what do you see? "  
The priest peered into them. I see ill fame  
"Correct! What else? " To a higher degree  
I see treachery, deceit and falsehood  
" True! I am their inspiration, each sin.  
I represent all that is deemed not good  
The name I go by today is Satan."  
What! Prince of darkness, the living devil  
The infamous enemy of my god?  
"The one and only my dear friend, evil  
Incarnate, this face is just a facade."  
I'll not treat your wounds that would ease the pain.  
Oh, but you must holy man. I'll explain."

"That church and altar, your Sunday sermons  
Were built, celebrated and orated  
Because of me. Every man and woman  
On this earth that was ever created  
Knows and fears me due to people like you.  
Their lives were and are shaped by your design.  
If I die, sin will also perish. Who  
Would have need of your shrines  
If I did not exist? Now look beyond

Your purpose for living, poor holy man.  
Do you wish to sever the unique bond  
Between you and me, abandon humans  
Or treat my wounds so that I may still thrive? "  
Dejected he chose keeping him alive.

Albert Ahearn

## Secrete Beauty

She was not blessed with comely grace,  
spurned and shunned by cupid's arrows  
because of her displeasing face  
and breasts like kneecaps on a sparrow.  
Her scrawny frame one could infer  
if dressed in red and eyed sideways  
she'd mimic a thermometer;  
no outward grace to be displayed.  
Her real beauty was deep inside  
hidden behind two large, brown eyes  
where a beautiful soul resides  
eternally and undisguised.  
Beauty is a skin-deep grace  
it's just a temporary thing:  
a short-term asset on a face  
that fades away like this year's spring.

Albert Ahearn

# Sensual Intercourse

Brrring!

Hello! .. Oh, hi

dear...fine.. You? ... that's good to  
hear...dinner? ..where? Perkin's is fine.

Bye Love.

Albert Ahearn

# Sharing A Volume

'Crime and Punishment'  
lies open upon his lap.  
A fly alights page  
two hundred seventy three  
and both continue to read.

Albert Ahearn

# Signs Of Autumn

The signs of autumn are upon us. Wow!  
The Sun is heading south and harvesting  
Is ready for a host of crops by now.  
In early fall the days are warm as spring.  
The leaves are turning yellow, some are red  
And few are brown as yet. The oaken tree  
Is dropping fruit and squirrels running ahead  
Of other squirrels to claim a guarantee  
Impending drops are won. The scent of leaves  
Is carried by Septembers gentle breeze  
Throughout the day bestirring memories  
Of seasons past: A time of youth, who seized  
The autumn moments with a measured scheme:  
To laugh and play; to sing; to love and dream.

Albert Ahearn

# Silence

Subtle sounds are all around us  
A kind of silence one can't hear.  
A child's soap-pipe-bubbles bursting  
or some lovers eyes shedding tears.  
One does not hear a falling snowflake  
nor nature's music of the spheres  
for so many go unnoticed  
it's as though we all lack ears.  
Silence is a lone taper flame,  
a dim flickering solitaire  
smouldering on its waxen wick  
to a slow deafened melody  
extinguished before it is heard.

Albert Ahearn



# Sing To Me

Ligeia is my Greek siren singer.  
Singing warmhearted songs of happiness  
At night, I waking at sunrise to her  
Indescribable Psyche\* loveliness.  
Although oracles consulted are wise  
And state her beauty is too great for me.  
To leave her on a mountaintop advised  
Placate the jealous gods I'll not agree.  
Unlike Eros\*\*, Ligeia lights each lamp  
And knows her man that loves her every night.  
She'll not make compromises -not this vamp!  
So serenade me Ligeia, excite  
My fancies. Sing to me songs that we love  
The kind we dream and those still undreamed of.

\* Greek goddess of the soul and one of exquisite grace and beauty.

\*\* Greek god of love, husband of Psyche.

Albert Ahearn

# Sisyphean Solace

Eternity is a long time to learn.  
Yet Sisyphus was able to adjust  
To his punishment. He refused to yearn  
For bright tomorrows and knew that he must  
Dispel any and all such thoughts of hope.  
His salvation was not the morrows but  
The moment at hand. Not the highest slope  
The boulder could attain, in vain it must  
Descend again. But the span of descent  
Was his freedom: this brief trek down the hill  
Was his only joy before his next ascent  
Once more and endless treks as yet fulfilled.  
Man through his suffering does find solace  
Often long waited yet found anyplace.

Albert Ahearn

# Slavery

I found blinded slavery: a persons'  
Present tied to their parents' past that urge  
Them to yield to their traditions, worsened  
By ancient spirits, fettered and scourged.  
I found muted slavery: which mated  
The life of a man to a wife he hates  
And places her body in a hated  
Husbands bed deadening both lives and fate.  
I found deafened slavery: which stifles  
The soul and heart of man rendering him  
An empty echo, no voice, pitiful  
Shadow of a body, a grim phantom.  
No emancipation proclamation  
Freed man from self-imposed subjugation.

Albert Ahearn

# Sleepless Symphony

The rain fell steady on the roof  
While I lay awake next to her.  
Her slumbered sounds while fast asleep  
Had scored a midnight symphony:  
Each dropp of rain from heaven fell  
Made sounds like strings on violins  
Each tightly strung and singly tuned  
Awaiting for the slightest cue.  
A flash, then thunder from the clouds  
Commenced the orchestrally sounds  
Of euphonic respiration's  
And the strings of condensation  
Played for an audience of one:  
Dreamy arrangements envisioned.

Albert Ahearn

## Slow Down, Smell The Roses

Whoa! Friends, slow down a bit, smell the roses  
And appreciate your situations.  
We can't lose sight what's under our noses  
If we do, we invite our frustrations.  
Who needs that god-awful discouragement?  
Not you or me, so look for the flowers,  
They are there. Look around; follow the scent.  
But don't look in other people's bowers  
You have plenty more in your own backyard.  
Now take a whiff and thank your lucky stars  
For these gifts, you have earned this high regard.  
That's right my friends, give yourselves a cigar.  
Over the years we sowed what we reaped  
Its harvest time now, the roses smell sweet.

Albert Ahearn

# Solemn Bells

Toll the iron bells!  
Let the knelling peals linger  
In our hearts...Again! For the  
Many fallen loved ones. Hear  
The tintinnabulation!

Albert Ahearn

# Solemn Purpose

Poet!  
recite to us  
a monody. Let it  
be sad. Make us cry for those that  
have died.

Remind  
us on this day  
of mourning, why they died:  
So that everyone may live in  
freedom.

Albert Ahearn

# Solitary Delight

Alone  
but not lonely.  
Pedaling along an  
odoriferously perfumed  
pathway.

Albert Ahearn



# Song Of Love

Some songs are sad songs: dum &#9834; de&#9834; dum&#9834;  
dum&#9834; dum.&#9834;  
Others are cheerful: tra &#9834; la la &#9835; la ling&#9835;  
And people are the same. Some may become  
A sadden lot, see gloom in everything.  
And then there are the opposite, see joy  
In what life brings. They dance to different drums.  
The sad do dum&#9834; de&#9834; de&#9834; dum&#9834; de&#9834;  
de&#9834; hooey&#9834;  
The merry do Tra&#9834; la&#9834; la&#9834; la&#9834; tra&#9834;  
umm&#9834;  
The moral of the story is: The Earth  
Is our home and we love it, no matter  
Who we might be. Our self-defining worth  
Depends if we get along together.  
So lets tra&#9834; la&#9834; dum&#9834; de&#9834; umm&#9834;  
tra&#9834; de&#9834;  
And try to live our lives in harmony.

Albert Ahearn

## Song Of Solomon 2: 15

Catch for us the foxes,  
the little foxes  
that ruin the vineyards,  
our vineyards that are in bloom.

Identify the sons of bitches  
Those littered curs  
Whose gluttonous manner  
Leaves naught for us and ours.

Catch for us the greedy  
The avarice few  
Who take that which is earned  
collectively with toil and tears.

Albert Ahearn

# Song Without A Voice

A saddest song within me idly pursed  
Is lodged in lyrical melancholy.  
A muted voice attempts to sing a verse  
But only soundless words escape from me.  
Its somber composition might as well  
Be blank without a pleasing melody.  
The lyrics are lost as sinners in Hell.  
The couplet verses filled with self-pity.  
An aria within my doleful soul;  
A piece that never will be heard by ears.  
A single opus creation, surreal  
And limited, saddening with no tears.  
A song without a voice to sing its sad  
Refrain, enough to drive me raving mad.

Albert Ahearn

# Splendor In The Grass

Come; lie with me in the grass  
Of summer and feel the cool green  
Blades give ground to our presence here.  
Smell the white clover my dearest?  
Its odoriferous fragrance  
Pales by comparison with you.  
Look! I see a four-leaf clover,  
Though rare, it's not as rare as you;  
I picked you out amongst a crowd  
And have been in love ever since.  
That sun that kisses these flowers  
Is not as warm as your kisses  
And the warm rustling summer breeze  
Lingers long about your tresses  
Stilled by the jealous Aeolus  
Who claims all things but you my dear.

Albert Ahearn

# Spring

Alcyone stared starry-eyed  
From heavens clustered quietude;  
Below, the dark, deserted night  
Anticipates impending dawn.  
Melodic notes begin to break  
The early morning silence; Spring  
Is welcomed warmly from the trees;  
Forthcoming light compels the songs  
Of robins welcoming carols  
And the fiery star begins  
To rise above the mountain peaks.  
A brightly measured golden glow  
Ignites the atmosphere of morn  
And winters grip becomes the past.

Albert Ahearn

# Springs Splendor

The nighttime air baptized the earth  
with a fresh, clean renewing dew  
admitting the seasons rebirth  
bidding 'old man winter' adieu.  
The sun emerges warm and immense  
casting a golden illumine  
adorning springtime's resplendence:  
yellow daffodils flowering  
in meadows and dandelions'  
their tiny sunburst dewy globes  
drizzled about in disunion;  
each claiming its own abode  
amidst ground ivy and clover  
nurtured by a gentle zephyr.

Albert Ahearn

# Springtime

Spring brings the red-breasted robins  
To fill the early morning hours  
With their cheery chirrs that beckon  
The sun to waken the flowers.  
Dewy heads of dandelions  
Are first to stir from nighttime sleep  
Like little yellow rising suns;  
And from the trees in nests are cheeps  
From newly hatched robin fledglings.  
On the dew-covered grass below  
A parent thrush struggles, tugging  
At a worm lodged in its dark hole  
While silent shadows fade away  
And springtime births another day.

Albert Ahearn

## Star Stuff

"The fate of individual human beings may not now be connected in a deep way with the rest of the universe, but the matter out of which each of us is made is intimately tied to the processes that occurred immense intervals of time and enormous distances in space away from us. Our Sun is a second- or third-generation star. All of the rocky and metallic materials we stand on, the iron in our blood, the calcium in our teeth, and the carbon in our genes were produced billions of years ago in the interiors of a red giant star. We are made of star-stuff."

I am a scion of the Milky Way  
Wholly unique to the highest degree  
My soul is as old as light-years away  
My provenance stems from cosmic debris  
I need not religion to guide my life  
My quintessence antedates mankind's creeds  
The brief time walking beneath starlit nights  
Imbue my soul more than mankind's prayer beads  
Every thought, all that I am is akin  
To these heavenly designers birthplace  
The very essence, my soul within  
Began eons in interstellar space  
Knowing who I am and where I came from  
Is my greatest joy than what I've become.

Albert Ahearn



# Sterile Sermons

An old church stands with a spired steeple  
Amidst the townspeople at Fox and Main  
Where the hypocrites pray for sinful souls  
And clergy holds sermons that entertain.  
Within this sanctuary lined with pews  
And opalescent glass and glittering gold  
Odoriferous breaths of morning booze  
Betray inebriants among the fold.  
The Sunday sermon lectures temperance  
Its message they heard many times before  
The spoken words make no difference  
Because people don't heed them anymore.  
The pimps and sots, sinners all congregate  
Buying forgiveness while passing the plate.

Albert Ahearn

# Stream Of Consciousness

Kenny G is blowing "forever in love"  
In my ears on my media player.  
His haunting sound makes me want to weep.  
Why that song affects me that way  
Probably can be explained by my analyst  
But I have neither the time nor money  
To spend on such a frivolous notion.  
The song is nearing its end like this  
Stream of consciousness will in a moment.  
The flowing series of images and thoughts  
Running through my mind are unique  
Inasmuch as another person listening  
Might be affected differently or perhaps not at all  
Nevertheless, the feelings have ended and so has the song.

Albert Ahearn

# Summer's End

Gone are the summer wildflowers  
those many, subtle scented breaths  
that once allured nectar seekers  
and me to their wild colonies.  
But now those lifeless peduncles  
that once bore inflorescent blooms  
decay amidst a grand graveyard  
of myriad, deciduous dead.  
Gone are the summertime players:  
the honeybees and bumblebees,  
butterflies and dragon flies  
mulberries and elderberries;  
brief were the roles each had played  
in their own, spectacular way.

Albert Ahearn

# Summoned

I hear a plaintive

Call: cooOOoo-woo-woo-woooo

That evokes in me

Extraordinary sadness

Yet the sun unyielding shines.

Albert Ahearn

# Swan Song

A poet's quill lies on his desk  
Atop a sheet of coffee-stained  
Paper containing stylish script-  
An Edwardian handwriting.  
The quills point appeared to be dry  
For sometime, likewise the inkwell.  
On closer inspection the words  
On the page became legible:  
"My Swan Song" the title began.  
It continued: "The flame of life  
Grows dim and everything I have  
Seen in this light was through the eyes  
Of love. Love was writing verses  
With this pen." The words ended there.  
Further searching found a yellowed,  
Crinkled obituary clip:  
"Today the town is saddened by  
The loss of its poet Albert\_\_\_\_."

Albert Ahearn

## Swan Song 2

His skin was like loose Saran wrap  
that no amount of topical  
cream could smooth away its wrinkles.  
His skeletal bones creaked, muffled  
by an old squeaking rocking chair  
he gently, rhythmically rocked  
to singsong poetry he wrote  
nearly fifty odd years ago.  
Each iambus spoken aloud  
curiously matched his rocking:  
the short syllables went backward  
the longer ones ever forward.  
Suddenly his recital stopped  
and the chair went still and silent.

Albert Ahearn

# Swansong

"Look! The aging poet sleepwalks again."

"Sir, should we wake him from his nightly tour? "

"No! God no! His heart could not stand the strain."

"He's heading for the open study door.

His ambulant steps on the floorboards creak

With every step along the corridor."

"Listen! The bard is beginning to speak.

Let's heed his words, step softly on the floor."

"Where do you lead me

Erato? Oh! The study

What for may I ask? "

He sits at his desk with his pen in hand

Writing vigorously on a tablet

Almost as if it were by some command.

His outline cast a dreamy silhouette

On the study wall caused by the moonbeam

Shinning through a curtained opened window.

"He writes with eyes closed in his dream"

"Be still! He calls out the name, Erato"

"Erato, you say

This love poem is my last?

How so, may I ask? "

The poets hand stops writing a moment

Than briefly begins again then desists

Completely; lays the pen down and laments

While rising from his chair clenching both fists

Then begins to walk toward his bedroom

"Should we read what the old bard has written? "

"Not now! Let's follow him back to his room

"But..." "Please keep quiet! He speaks once again."

"Erato I have

Finished what you asked of me

This is my swansong."

The old poet reached the side of his bed  
And gently slid under the bed covers  
A smile appears than wanes. "Is the bard dead? "  
"Yes! He's gone where all the poet lovers'  
Always go: with the lovely Erato"  
"I hear a lyre! Do your ears hear the same? "  
"Yes! It plays for another poet's soul  
That enters Erato's love poems domain"  
\*\*\*\*\*

Standing at the old poets study desk  
The two men look down upon the tablet  
And begin to read the verses expressed  
This saddest of nights both will not forget

My Swansong  
In life all things must always reach its end  
My life is no exception to this rule  
True love was writing verses with this pen  
And know for sure I had not been a fool  
Love was all I had to offer in life  
Expressed in many forms of poetry  
Each I shared with my friends and loving wife  
Intent was never a commodity  
My time has come; the flame of life grows dim  
And everything I have seen in this light  
Was through the eyes of love I owe to Him  
My hand grows weak, my effort ebbs tonight  
I see your face, your myrtle crown and lyre  
You strum the strings, sweet music to my ears.

Albert Ahearn



# Tears

There is a man standing in the rain in a cemetery in front of his deceased wife's gravesite. He appears to be crying. Her death occurred years ago and left him with everlasting grief. He is resigned to this fact so everything he sees and hears casts him further into this state of mind.

This day is no different than all the previous times, except this time, the rain, a bird and a sound of bells contribute to his continued descent.

The rain concealed the tears he shed today.

He cried this way so many times before  
but always alone. No rain can wash away  
his anguish, anxiety... nevermore!

A tiny feathered harbinger alight  
her stone and cocked its head. A dropp of rain  
upon its beak it seemed to weep in sight  
of him, a tear; then takes to flight again.

A distant tintinnabulation from  
a church's belfry pealed so mournfully.

He muses: fleeting wings of death had come  
and taken from me so prematurely  
my lover, leaving only heavens tears  
to drench my heart with sadness all these years.

Albert Ahearn

# Television

In my opinion one of the greatest inventions there ever was. Yet Man has never discovered it's true potential. It has become for the most part entertainment for the boobs.

Colored  
talking gadget  
programmed specially for  
societies mental midget  
demands.

Albert Ahearn

# Temporal Tenure

I stood on shore at rivers edge  
And gazed at it as it streamed by  
Me. I was mesmerized by its  
Uninterrupted babbling voice  
That captured my receptive ears.  
I thought about eternity:  
Thinking how insignificant  
I[we] are in the scheme of things.  
This majestic river flowing  
Through time endlessly to the sea  
While I a humbled sojourner  
Standing on forever's shoreline  
Realizing temporariness  
Even for a moment like this.

Albert Ahearn

# Tenacity

A tiny mottled maple leaf  
appeared outside my window pane.  
Its superficial veiny face  
Clung wet glass precariously.  
Its nemesis, the wind, blew strong  
But yet the tiny thing held on.  
Its struggle onset reverie  
I saw self-similarities:  
bygone years of bold contentions  
underdog I need to mention;  
but like this leaf I gave my all  
I cared not where the chips might fall.  
As this enlightenment gave way  
The wind had whisked the leaf away.

Albert Ahearn

# That Rose And I

Though a lone rose in yonder bed  
Blooms all alone in remoteness  
Its regal grace reaches beyond  
Its small cultivated confines.  
Its blood-red petals capture  
Sensuous eyes of passerby's;  
Thoughts of love materialize  
And some are stricken teary-eyed  
By measured memories of love.  
Then there are those aesthetic hearts  
Who are dazzled by its beauty.  
As for me, I assume that rose:  
The empathy I have for it  
I become its flowery soul.

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Albert Ahearn

# The Beast

The weirdest beast inhabits Earth;  
A Human with a brain. It's large but uses  
a tiny bit of what's bestowed at birth.  
Whatever primal concept Man chooses,  
catastrophes usually soon arise.  
Developed fire, but readily is burned,  
Invents the wheel, then underneath he dies.  
You'd think he would eventually learn.  
Impossible you say? I think your right!  
This is the beast who thought the world was flat.  
Pathetic creature never was that bright.  
But ask him if he is, he'll laugh at that  
inquiry. Arrogance asserts itself  
when having high opinion of ones self.

Albert Ahearn

# The Beast Sleeps

The quiet solitude of the early  
Hours of morning while Humanity  
Is still asleep, soothes and heals my Psyche.  
The hum of my computer while I type  
Is the only bearable sound. I succumb  
To this transcendental inner sanctum.  
Away from those raucous sounds that are caused  
By the beast's awakening. Injuring  
Noise that reverberates throughout my brain  
Resulting in insensitivity.  
Longing once again the tranquility  
Only the early morning balm provides.  
I'll relish this comforting quietude  
Until the beast once again rears it's head.

Albert Ahearn

# The Birth Of Verse

The words unspoken rest within the tomes  
of dictionaries and thesauruses  
Their overpopulated muted homes  
await the poet to give them voices.  
'Oh! Wordy friends, beseech your help I must.  
Inspire me with living elements  
that I may structure verse with words I trust.  
Let truth bespeak my worthiness intent.  
And give it rhythmic regularity.  
Allow its message avenues of grand.  
Have muse, Erato, speak with clarity  
to humankind and make them understand  
that poetry, the universe of love  
and Truth is His only recourse thereof.'

Albert Ahearn



# The Coward

A frightful face floats upon  
The undulating waters edge  
Like a ship-wrecked casualty.

Its distorted image mirrors  
Its vacant eyes and ashen face  
Though still alive but dead inside

A failed life, a flubbed suicide  
A washed-up failure washed ashore  
Rejected by the waxing tide

The sea accepts the very brave  
From long fought wars and weathering  
But spews its cowards back to shore

Where uncourageous men are made  
Those live their lives in masquerade.

Albert Ahearn

# The Day Lily

The magnificent perianths  
Of the Day Lilies with their six  
Spreading bright orange arms (funnel-formed)  
Fixed in their clustered colonies  
Absent of any luring scent  
Still attracts the bees  
And the poets aesthetic eyes.  
Oblique, penetrating sunrays  
Shine through the high canopied trees  
Directly onto their blossoms  
Seemingly glowing like embers  
In a campers dying campfire;  
And not unlike the fire, remain  
Briefly beautiful and then die.

Albert Ahearn

# The End

Death, the final equalizer;  
be it a leaf, human or star  
their end is inevitable.  
Can it easily be conceived?  
will it truly be understood?  
Do their unique differences:  
diminutive or gigantic  
change deaths meaning and concept?  
Does any of that matter much?  
Humans perceive death as macabre  
a horror of loss and decay.  
leaf and star suffer the same fate  
yet both lives end naturally  
without a promised afterlife.

Octal Syllabic Verse

Albert Ahearn

# The First Deadly Sin

There once was a woman who happened to be graced with beauty. She was adorable from the moment she was born. This wholesomeness lasted throughout most of her life. Her eyes were her greatest asset. They could mesmerize almost any man and hold him captive for as long as she wished.

Unfortunately, this beauty was the only thing she had to offer anyone. Her life was great for as long as this skin-deep gift lasted.

Then came a time, as happens to all of us at some point, where this youthful beauty begins to wane. The lovely face and eyes that she was so popular for had changed. Her image in the mirror was now a face of a unappealing spinster. The beauty gone, so were all the suitors. Then.....

In youth her comely grace and eyes entranced  
So many suitors. Men accompanied  
Her every place she went. A few but glanced  
Until they saw her eyes, then joined the stampede.  
She enjoyed this charming situation.  
It never dawned on her that beauty fades  
In time. A slightest of inclination,  
the queen of hearts became a queen of spades.  
And now the throng of men that used to greet  
Her, doesn't bother calling anymore.  
Her lengthy lonely nights are not as sweet.  
She sits alone and dreams of times before.  
So now her mind has gone in seclusion  
Loneliness is a foregone conclusion.

Albert Ahearn

# The Flood

Inundating, binging,  
the muddy, bulimic river  
gorged the flood plain, consuming  
everything that wasn't nailed down:  
tree limbs, leaves, bleating sheep, chicken coups,  
plastic grocery bags, inner tubes,  
cesspit contents, only to vomit  
it back up to its torrential torrent surface.  
Helpless victims stand the high ground  
with a wing and prayer their homes  
be spared the wrath of God  
knowing only too well that the laws  
of nature...  
have no favorites.

Albert Ahearn

# The Gulf Of Mexico

The fetid black fluid of crude  
Aroused from its watery grave  
From geologic slumbering  
Awakens with unabated  
Vengeance. Its black soul emerges  
From the underworld to punish  
For an irreparable wrong;  
To drown Man in a sea of sludge  
And stench and render him helpless;  
To ravage his pristine landscape,  
His livelihood, all held so dear  
To his soon blackened, broken heart;  
The aggregate of Man suffers  
For the greediness of a few.

Albert Ahearn

# The Heart

Each heart has a somber chamber  
where Melancholic days are stored.  
Those never to be forgotten  
Times baptized with life's anointing tears.  
Passing years of joy and sorrow  
Both have found their place in the heart.  
Though diametrically opposed  
Each holds permanent residence.  
When joyful manifestations  
Dance to the beat of happiness  
Sorrow waits in its sad chamber  
For inevitability.  
When it arrives joy surrenders  
Uncomplaining into limbo.

Albert Ahearn

# The Jewel

Our brief existence on this marbled sphere  
Is meaningless unless we treasure life.  
The jewel, love, is obviously rare.  
Its importance is great: A man and wife,  
A country, town or city knows for sure  
Without its presence everything must die.  
If hate prevails then war is what's in store.  
It sates itself on humanities cries.  
Alas! Our souls are wandering through space-  
Our beings on borrowed time, few morrows.  
Today? - Almost the past! So embrace  
Another day, toast to end mans sorrows.  
And keep in mind that time is running short.  
Expressing love is Mans only comfort.

Albert Ahearn



# The Letter

Walking barefoot on the noon shore  
Oblivious of the combers  
With their new metal detectors  
Her head bowed low as if in prayer;  
But at a closer look we see  
That she is holding a letter.  
Her grimaced face stared long at it;  
Then dropped it on the glistening  
Wet sand and stood there a moment  
As the returning salty wave  
Washed over its ink scripted words-  
Words now lost forever in time.  
Its message known only to her  
And the blue eternalness sea.

Albert Ahearn

## The Pill Box

I woke up early this morning  
And didn't know what day it was  
Until I walked to the kitchen  
And spotted my pill dispenser  
Sitting on the oaken table  
Placed there by my loving wife  
Before my angel left for work;  
Looking at the seven day-marked  
Cells just piqued me at that moment:  
To think at this phase of my life  
A pill box was my calendar.  
I looked at the empty cells marked  
"S", "M" and "T" and realized  
This morning has to be Wednesday.

Albert Ahearn

# The Portrait

Her legacy of beauty hung unchanged  
And serious above my cluttered desk.  
The shadows sketched unworldly creatures: strange  
Anomalies around her. Their grotesque  
Demeanor: demonic, wildly dancing  
A celebratory rite on the wall.  
Dubiety! Perhaps I am dreaming.  
And yet I still observe ethereal,  
Surreal visions. Perhaps pinch myself  
That's it! I'll twist a bit of living flesh.  
Oh! Ouch! The pain is real as life itself.  
The portrait! ... Changed! Her likeness diminished  
I see. her comely grace I once beheld  
Become a hag where beauty once had dwelled.

Albert Ahearn

# The Price Of War

Their mangled and broken bodies  
return home in flag draped caskets.  
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori  
while a band plays patriotic  
hymns for their services rendered  
and a choir to give them a voice.  
If I may be so bold to say  
that I see no sweetness in death  
nor the acclaimed gloriousness  
that lyrical poets have penned.  
what I see is sugarcoated  
rationale for warmongering  
dolts. I see no glory in that.  
Mortem est pretium bellum.

Albert Ahearn

# The Reign Must Fall

The tyrants psyche is broken.  
He sits in his gilded palace  
Surrounded by his trusty band  
Of armed thuggish cutthroats, waiting  
For the inevitable end.  
Outside the palace walls a crowd  
Of angry, loathing citizens  
Whose long suppressed voices bellow  
An immediate regime change;  
But like most tyrants of the past  
Ego and self-aggrandizement  
Deludes clear, rational thinking;  
As a result, grasping at straws  
Hoping for the impossible.

Albert Ahearn

# The Ring

A small golden ring with a blood-red heart  
Rests amid his gadgets and the clutter  
Of his desk like some famous work of art.  
He gazed at its bright luster then muttered:  
"Why must your keepsake evoke this sadness  
In my heart each time I gaze upon you?  
Her ring remains but also my madness  
Lingers on, anguish I'm suffering through.  
Oh heart! Must your heartthrob keep on beating  
Since my lover's heart stop beating long ago?  
Must this ring bestir in me these feelings,  
Unfeeling band must you torture me so?  
Will you ever grant the peace I'm seeking  
Or remain a hopeless pawn of her ring? "

Albert Ahearn

# The River

The river runs its winding course  
along an ageless bank I stand  
ceaselessly brewing silty soup  
a recipe of dirt and sand....  
I played in youth along these shores  
And swam its raging watercourse  
Wearing makeshift suits, swimming nude,  
floating its breadth on inner tubes....  
Alas! Those days are nevermore.  
... As I mused my lost childhood years  
Seeing this eternal river  
from a timeless riverbank  
it's hard to fathom life's changes  
until I saw my wrinkly hands.

Albert Ahearn

# The Sage

Alone, aloof atop a hill they're lived  
A sage whose renowned insight I sought  
To gain. Trekking, trudging I soon arrived  
Exhausted- Price to pay for abstract thought.  
Upon my reaching wisdom's only door  
I ventured-dared- an undertaking knock.  
"Who's seldom rap I hear, I implore? "  
He asked. "A knowledge seeker, please unlock  
The mysteries of life, I'm looking for."  
"You that entreats abstruse profundity  
Request to borrow secrets from my door? "  
"Yes master, my climb was steep and weary."  
"You're a fool! Your effort was all in vain.  
Wisdom's door is closed until it's gained.'

Albert Ahearn



# The Second Coming

Conceived a king amid a war, within  
The age of Pisces. Newest moon began  
The term of human being gestation  
The hope of mankind, and savior of Man.  
Then from the east a sign ascending, climbs  
The scales of justice. Ten degrees hereby  
Have marked the birth of Him a second time.  
The sun will reach the stubborn Taurus sky  
And greet the ever-fleeting mercury.  
Disguised a bull from doubting eyes of man  
Avoiding cruel exposure: Misery,  
The kind of torture where it first began.  
This time he'll come to save the few remained.  
The wicked shall lose all the few have gained.

Albert Ahearn

# The Servitude Of Words

Muted words linger in limbo  
imprisoned between many leaves  
bound together in the darkness  
of a poet's tried thesaurus.  
Their alphabetic existence  
is but an endless servitude  
whose individual meanings  
chosen and together sequenced  
for the glory of the poet.  
The many verses read aloud  
gives each utile word a voice  
and continues till completion.  
Then darkness returns once again  
as the reference book is closed.

Albert Ahearn

# The Shadow Is You

Young lady! Yes, You! , I'm talking to you!  
What do you see looking in a mirror?  
Do you see a pretty face as I do?  
You do? You're sure about that? Stand nearer  
My dear and look into mascaraed eyes  
In deeper, deeper still, into your soul.  
Does beauty reign in that realm undisguised?  
External beauty plays a minor role  
In life. Now, my dear, stand back from the glass  
See what's behind you? No? It's your shadow  
A faceless non-irradiated mass  
Devoid of beauty and class, this you know.  
It has accompanied you from the start  
While beauty waned your soul became its heart.

Albert Ahearn

# The Son Also Rises

It was there when a serous sea  
Spewed out its only occupant  
Through a very narrow fleshy  
Cave into a harsh world of light.  
It sojourned during the long days  
Of never ending crying pleas,  
Assuming only a bright smile  
Throughout it all uncomplaining.  
It witnessed the sound of three words  
Coochie, Coochie coo vocalized  
While the alien, helpless, squirmed  
Under ten soft probing fingers.  
It was present when the first two  
Steps teetered into outstretched arms.

Albert Ahearn

# The Spell Of Spring

Exfoliative sycamore  
Limbs splay low above the water  
like giraffe's drinking from the shore  
at some silty, placid river.  
Where once their arthritic branches  
at the mercy of winters winds  
it's springs meliorative changes  
that bring green budding knobby limbs.  
Here I sit astride a boulder  
overlooking the riverbank  
awestruck by springs natural wonders  
recurrent offerings enchant  
me like a mesmerizer's spell:  
enthralled, hypnotized, compelled.

Albert Ahearn

# The Thief

Recently, I read Kahil Gibran's prose 'The Criminal'. I have read it at least two other times in the past but this recent read had effected me more so than the past reads. So much so, that I was inspired to write this sonnet not too long after I put the book down.

In Gibran's prose the man from the beginning was poor. How he winds up, to me, at least seemed fated.

In my sonnet, in the first quatrain I added the God Moros (God Of Destiny) to build on my theme (Fate)

The stars were dim when he entered as man.  
The angry Moros god unfurled his wrath  
on mothers womb, thus poverty began  
its dolorous debilitating path.  
His youthful foes were painful hunger-pangs.  
He'd sit at byways begging alms to no  
avail. Idle dinner bells ne'er rang.  
He'd think, when might I eat? He didn't know.  
Unfed and desperate he took to theft.  
Thus headed for the corner grocer's store.  
A stolen staple booty was fetched, but yet  
a meal was not in store-seized at the door!  
Predetermined ill fate forced him to steal  
obtaining an incarcerated meal.

Albert Ahearn

# The Visitor

Corvus corax with croaking cries  
Why look at me with one black eye?

Your presence here I'd not request  
What seek you in black splendiddness?

Why perch you there on bended bough  
Hid beneath your feathery shroud?

Why stare at me with solemn bent  
Why do you croak a dark lament?

Begone! Dark shiny messenger  
Sound your dirgeful hymn elsewhere.

But still it perched unmoved in tree  
And now both eyes transfixed on me.

Unfolded wings that made no sound  
The visitor alight to ground

And plucked an iris growing near  
I knew right then its purpose here.

Albert Ahearn

# The Weary Poet

Lethargic verbs coax sleepy nouns  
along verses of poetry  
in the wee hours of the night.  
A flickering fluorescent Light  
tremulously glows its paleness  
above the weary poets head,  
each tremor depriving him sleep.  
The first rays of sunlight shine through  
the rooms window, devouring  
the artificial annoyance  
while his tired head slowly descends  
onto his outstretched left forearm;  
the pen still resting in his hand  
while his dreams devise completion.

Albert Ahearn



# The Wind

The February full moon stirred  
A wintery blustering  
Wind that roared through the neighborhood  
Like an out-of-control freight train.  
The stark, naked trees swayed wildly  
In a ceremonial dance  
While low-growing tree branches touched  
Intermittently the ground  
In swift, servile genuflections.  
Then for an abbreviated  
Lull, an eerie silence prevailed  
Within this moonlit quietude  
Until the winds bellowing voice  
Was heard echoing its return.

Albert Ahearn

# Theatre Of The Absurd

All of us are born ignorant and some  
Of us remain that way I'm sad to say.  
The knowledgeable flourish and become  
The shepherds, the dumb just piddle away  
Their lives like sheep in a grassy pasture.  
The ignorance in our society  
Exists through our own design I am sure  
To guarantee an apt propriety.  
Without the sheep there can be no shepherds  
Therefore a symbiotic relation  
Plays in the theater of the absurd.  
There's no appropriate explanation.  
Don't even attempt to state a notion.  
Our roles are predetermined one by one.

Albert Ahearn

# Them

What I love most about poetry is that a poet has the license to write poems about subjects that are not necessarily the reflection of him. Case in point is the following poem. I was inspired after reading the atheist author Christopher Hitchens book "god is not great"

They live in a spiritual universe  
Where life is controlled from birth until death.  
God and religion are somewhat perverse  
Their morrows all dawn without any mirth.  
The clergy worship tithing's surrendered  
Fleeced from the faithful flock each Sunday.  
Sermons of dread are read to each member  
Spreading the fear of forthcoming doomsday.  
The young and elderly kneel on their knees  
While a pretentious priest preaches his lies.  
The fold mumbles prayers on rosary beads  
In hopes of salvation when death arrives.  
Poor souls! Lived their lives by the golden rule  
To find out too late they'd all been such fools.

Albert Ahearn

# Theory Of Devolution

I am a pacifist, I despise war.  
It's the only thing I actually hate.  
I'm never able to brace myself for  
Diplomacy that deteriorates:  
Recriminating dialogue amuck  
That results in irrationality.  
Adults become intellectual schmucks  
Whose mentality in reality  
Is equivalent to a chimpanzee  
In spite of our advances in science.  
Our mentality still swings from the trees  
Where once apish self's had claimed provenance.  
We haven't evolved from our ancient source  
Thus war is likely a matter of course.

Albert Ahearn

# Thief Of Time

Day changes to night without a whimper  
Another day of time I can't retrieve.  
The thief of time blithely robbing the hours  
From me, a felon that I never see.  
I once had youth, my heart was young as spring  
Where all life's offerings were there for me.  
But now the yoke that once connected things  
Somehow became a distant memory.  
Here I am in the autumn of my life  
Clinging like a withered leaf on a tree  
As the setting sun again turns to night  
And the purloiner robs again from me.  
How long must I suffer this living death?  
Until the thief of time steals my last breath!

Albert Ahearn

## Three Score Ten

This spring he will turn seventy  
And most people's opinions think  
He looks fantastic for his age-  
Whatever the hell that might mean.  
He has a hard time stifling his  
Discomposure when they say that  
To him but manages to grin  
Like an ancient, anthropoid ape  
Rather than express what he feels:  
He knows it's not a compliment;  
It's more like discriminating  
Rhetoric than anything else;  
Imagine saying to a child,  
"You look good for a ten year old."

Albert Ahearn

# Thunderstorm

The dark sky flashes  
a silvery, jagged streak.  
Thunder booms along

the path of discharge.  
Strong winds blow the falling rain  
obliquely downward

drenching all below.  
Another flash, a louder  
boom, rain continues.

Albert Ahearn

# Time

Time is a nonspacial continuum  
In which events occur in obvious  
Irreversible sequencing union:  
Past, present and future, continuous.  
What does all this mean to us in our lives?  
Well, we have many memories don't we?  
Shared with our loved ones and our relatives.  
Past experiences that once were new  
Are now old, recyclable memories.  
Those timely abstract musings cling to  
Everyone: today's contemporaries.  
The entire past is what we are anew.  
The present is shaped by this time "before"  
And hinged on what the future holds in store.

Albert Ahearn



# Time...

The silent invisible thief  
Of life indiscriminately  
Creeps along, irreversibly  
Filching tiny bits of precious  
Youth from us, always leaving clues  
Behind yet unbeknown at first  
Whereas youth is preoccupied  
With its feigned immortality.  
But comes a time when youth shuffles  
Off this pretentious naïveté  
When he first sights that single strand  
Of silver hair at his temple  
Or those unmistakable fine  
Lines subtly etched around his eyes.

Albert Ahearn

# Tin Soldiers

Sickening smell of gasoline and gore  
I can't take much more of this Goddamn war.  
My third tour of duty, I'm all worn-out.  
The folks back home lost hope, beyond a doubt.  
Our clueless leaders lead the battle cry  
My battling buddies gave both their lives  
All expendable soldiers, unknown names  
Little tin men in some general's war game.  
We're here for the sake of Democracy  
But I know better, it's hypocrisy.  
We're the victims of this unworthy war  
The fallen brave and the esprit de corps.  
I pray each night this war will someday close  
But I know which way the winds of war blows.

Albert Ahearn

# Tomorrows

Ah, tomorrow and tomorrows!  
A procrastinators' catchall  
future days that he will borrow  
freely to do nothing at all;  
but presently those days will dawn  
calling due his declarations;  
promises he'll not keep thereon:  
deliberate fabrications.  
His wishy-washy character  
lacks effectiveness and purpose;  
his favorite word is "later";  
which can be defined as fruitless.  
Is there any hope for him? No!  
as long as there are tomorrows.

Albert Ahearn

# Trimming

Clipping, smoothing, pruning; silly  
dilly-dallies that people do.  
Gross lessons in futility  
achieved. And Oh! , tis true, tis true!

Albert Ahearn

# True Beauty

We do not fit in with esteemed  
Authority to ascertain  
Beauty that their caste may deem  
It to be- how shallow and vain  
they are in our amateur eyes!  
For us, magnificence finds us:  
Virgin snowflakes fall from the sky  
In myriad splendiferous  
Silence; A flock of ring-billed gulls  
Swooping wailing and squawking  
In descending widen circles  
amid the frozen flakes, settling  
like miniature river floes.  
This is beauty that's apropos.

Albert Ahearn

# Truth Uncensored

To condemn the modern conflicts  
like Vietnam, Afghanistan  
and Iraq where there's no quick fix;  
and countless deaths in no man's land  
are still shamelessly occurring.  
If one should speak out against them  
those of us are charged as being  
leftwing radicals and condemned  
strongly as unpatriotic  
a catchall word used to censor  
opinion against quixotic  
military pursuits and measures  
that needlessly spill the lifeblood  
of a nation based on falsehoods.

Albert Ahearn

# Turning Pages

Naiveté in younger years  
And meager sense between my ears  
What interested me the most  
Were comic strips within the Post.

“Deep in Bengalla  
Woods within the famed Skull Cave  
The masked Phantom waits...”

Throughout advancing teenage years  
My interest turned to social spheres  
Again the Post is what I read  
To see the people who were wed.

“Maryann Fulmer  
And Nolan Zane Fullerton  
Were married March 3rd...”

Turning the pages to sixty  
I sport a silver-white goatee.  
I still read the Post but only  
Familiar obituaries.

“Nolan Fullerton  
Of Whitehall, Pennsylvania  
Passed away Monday...”

I keep turning the pages daily  
Until the death bell tolls for me.

Albert Ahearn

# Turtledove

Six o'clock on a Sunday morn  
I hear the call of a forlorn  
Dove. Its mourning sound so sadly  
pled evokes a melancholy.  
It spurred my thinking back in time  
When I was of another mind:  
A time when we had fell in love  
And witnessed by a turtledove.  
So many springs have come and gone  
And still I hear its cry at dawn  
A sound that conjures up in me  
A sad but loving reverie:  
A daydream of that morning bird  
Whose sad refrains we both had heard.

Albert Ahearn



## Twin Faces

I gazed into her lovely eyes  
and saw miniature faces  
of myself looking back at me.  
Do these blue orbs see what I see?  
Is what I see what she perceives  
through these tinted panes to her soul?  
Can she see Mr. Hyde lurking  
behind the comely mask I wear?  
A smile on her innocent face  
appeared, then she gently kissed me  
caressing my cheeks with both hands.  
I knew then it did not matter  
what I saw in those twin faces  
hidden now behind her closed eyes.

Albert Ahearn

# Two Hearts As One

A single heartbeat  
Reverberates the ether  
Returns twice beating.

Albert Ahearn

# Undying Love

In everyone's existence certain sights  
And sounds have more importance over all  
Other things we occasioned. Some excite  
Us more today than yesterday, Enthrall  
Is more precise. And others make us sad.  
The mulberry tree and dandelion  
Reminds me daily, happy times we had  
Together picking berries; her crying  
Because her hands were stained. To stop the tears  
I would then stoop and pluck a yellow bloom  
and place it over her ear. I also hear  
The sounds that make me very sad. Entombed  
My heart becomes, beside my loves' remains  
Upon my hearing morning doves refrains.

Albert Ahearn

# Unknown Soldiers

Just beneath a grassy meadow  
That one time was a battlefield  
Lies the bones of two unknown men  
Still clothed in their tattered fatigues  
in a shallow unnatural grave.  
Unnatural because if buried  
With the customary honors  
There would have been two separate  
grave sites with much deeper holes.  
One of the uniforms was gray  
In color, the other one blue.  
It's fair to assume that both men  
Prayed to god for his own safety  
But god does not take sides in war.

Albert Ahearn

# Unrequited Love

Returning from a one-sided  
love affair  
on a full tank of unleaded love.  
It didn't help matters much  
with Roy Orbison singing  
"It's over" on the radio;  
I made an attempt to turn it off  
but I just couldn't do it.  
I was masochistically mesmerized:  
hearing only his voice  
lamenting its familiar, few last lyrics:  
"It's over, it's over,  
it's over... it's o...ver."  
Indeed, it was!

Albert Ahearn

# Unrequited Love Poem

Accidentally chanced upon  
While browsing through a set of tomes  
An unrequited love poem  
Marked between the yellowed pages  
Within a volume rifled through.  
Thereupon, I eagerly read  
The words in Edwardian script  
Predated nineteen hundred six-  
A sad age of class distinction-  
Where lines describe a futile love  
Of two unfortunates in love  
The beau from high society  
His belle of notoriety  
The aging ink was droplet smeared  
I want to think it was from tears.

Albert Ahearn

# Unspoken Words

Words will never convey my thoughts  
What I so want to say to her  
It often leaves me overwrought  
My mind becomes a hopeless blur.  
Her comely grace and pleasing eyes  
Her sweet amicability  
Leaves me goggle-eyed and tongue-tied  
when I look upon her beauty.  
At home I think up words to say  
Articulating syllables  
Spoken in a well mannered way  
But deem them unacceptable.  
The hardest thing for me to do  
Is utter three words, "I love you."

Albert Ahearn

# Until Death Do Us Part

Most of us at one time or another take this marriage vow. At the time it is usually a rote recitation because we are young and our attention is on other imminent matters. And that's the way it should be. Nevertheless, if we remain married and outlive a spouse we are faced with the same thoughts, doubts, questions and helplessness as the man in the following poem.

On line 14 he does the only thing he can do to express his love for her before the casket is closed.

She lay upon a cold and stony bier  
within an open coffin lined with silk.  
She didn't look the same: Her face appeared  
to have an ashen color; white as milk.  
In life her comely facial features glowed  
a lovely roseate but now she is dead  
Forever gone from me. My head is bowed  
in prayer and sadness all around. I dread  
the coming years without her next to me.  
Is life important anymore? I asked  
myself. Her love is still alive but she  
is motionless before me with the mask  
of death and delicately folded hands.  
I gently touched her golden wedding band.

Albert Ahearn



# Vampire

His manic mind this particular night  
Was dulled by the fractured waning moonlight.  
Standing alone amongst the monoliths  
Of stone and marble, cold and spiritless.  
The sky, all black and bleak, nary a star  
To behold. Somewhere distant a bizarre  
Sounding canine howled its mournful distress.  
A black ominous cloud slithered across  
The dying lunar orb like a veiled-face  
Demon lurking in an unholy place.  
Possessed, his unquietness bestirring  
Within his tormented soul a craving  
For human blood. Someone's vitality  
Will be drained to sustain immortality.

Albert Ahearn

# Vanished Egos

The clouds pass silently above  
On their way to infinity;  
Sojourners drifting in the sky;  
Compliantly acquiescent  
to whims of dominating winds.  
Our paths to perpetuity  
are like those hovering above:  
Short time stays in this dimension  
crammed with egregious egotism;  
Marvel at insignificance  
as though it were significant.  
Our egos pass, notwithstanding,  
into amnesic nothingness.

Albert Ahearn

## View From Above

Look at all the little people  
Insignificant lost souls  
Hurrying, scurrying below  
Like some fast-forward picture show.  
Always moving rarely balking  
And when walking hardly talking  
Tiny animated shadows  
Puny dots moving to and fro.  
If they were me where I now stand  
The whole of them would understand  
They're human lemmings on the run  
Behind their leaders one by one.  
From high above this bizarre scene  
I see folly in their routine.

Albert Ahearn

# Virginia

I also loved Ginny, Edgar.  
Though mine is an imagined love  
It's nonetheless deeper than yours.  
When I recite 'Annabel Lee'  
Every salty-breeze line I taste  
As you did when you composed them;  
Each grief-stricken line I feel  
As you felt those many years ago  
When you wrote those dishearten lines:  
'That a wind came out of a cloud  
By night/chilling and killing [our]  
Annabel Lee' I must give pause...  
For each time I read them, I find  
My heart seemingly beside her  
in that sepulcher by the sea.

Albert Ahearn

# Voyage Through Obscurity

A man is standing alone on shore in darkness on a foggy night. He is looking out over the water when suddenly he hears a ship's fog horn. He can not see the ship but the repeated sound of the horn and his present state of mind he begins to associate himself with this ship.

The man is at a crossroad in his life. He knows his life has been unsatisfactory up to now and is posed with a choice as to how to proceed in the future. One way is risky, the other is safe.

A heavy fog looms over the water.  
A far-off horn somewhere in the distance  
Wails its melancholic voice of despair  
Repeatedly with urgent persistence.  
On shore I stand alone in the darkness  
Feeling a coexistence with this ship  
That navigates blindly more or less  
Onward a potential perilous trip.  
Where is my life taking me on its voyage?  
What is my warning device? Do I scream  
Out loud when life's pitfalls impede my way?  
Shall I navigate without a light beam  
Through life's hazardous chartered odyssey  
Or flounder searching for safe guarantees?

Albert Ahearn

# Walking Through Time

This morning I went on my daily stroll.  
Only this time it was quite different:  
I permitted my mind to take control  
How much I knew not or to what extent.  
It took me on a tour of memories.  
I see a boy walking in this same place.  
He hears a call, "Al...bee! " The reverie  
Had roused in him his mother's lovely face.  
He knew the purpose of her tireless call  
It was almost noontime, its time to eat.  
He arrived home late that day I recall  
And consequently took a little heat.  
She said, "Albee, it's rude to be tardy  
'I'm Sorry' does not ease severity."  
Just as I was about to get a smack  
My mind propelled me into the future  
Same boy, a bit older. As I think back  
I was always getting slapped, that I'm sure.  
I couldn't understand, I'd done no wrong.  
If angels roamed earth, you're looking at one.  
Again I hear her call the same singsong  
Inflection. Al...bee! Al...bee time to run.  
I could hear her from across the river.  
There is no way I can make it back in time.  
The kids chanting' run! Run Chicken liver! "  
I booked it to the bridges railway line  
Crossed over, then across the open field  
To where I'm walking now. I'm here! I yelled.  
But my words fell on deaf ears. I'm a tot  
Again. Standing atop a rail, arms stretched  
Out for balance. Not too far from this spot  
Where I'm now walking. The memory is etched  
Indelibly in my mind. I count steps  
One! Two! Buckle my shoe, three, four, close...oops  
The door, Five, six pick up sticks. This I kept  
Up until I slipped off the rail. Then whooped  
Like an Indian, then once more I cried  
Out and an echo returned repeating  
Wooaheeeah! Aheeah far and wide.

Suddenly I heard a whistle blowing  
A freight train on the same tracks where I stand  
Better move myself from this piece of land.  
The next instant found myself soaking wet.  
We were all swinging naked from a rope  
That hung from a trestle. I'll not forget  
The first time I let go of the towrope.  
Plunging into the fast current river  
That swept me downstream, desperately  
Fighting the fast water that delivered  
Me to shore, embarrassed and with skinned knees.  
If mom sees these bloodied knees, I'm dead meat.  
I could say it happen playing baseball  
Yea! Playing in the middle of the street  
But will she believe catching a ground ball?  
Why don't I tell her the actual truth?  
No way! That might just cost me a front tooth.  
I sensed my mind was tiring. The present  
Was emerging as quickly as the past  
Disappeared. I'm myself again. This meant  
A lot to me. Too bad it didn't last.  
Well, got to be a little tot again  
Moreover, I got to hear mothers' voice.  
Both boy and mom I thought I had forgotten.  
Not true! A mind's a memory device.  
All one needs to do is let ones self go  
And it will take you places you once were  
To relive each special time long ago  
Keeps alive the little boy and mother.  
As I conclude this walk I say a prayer  
I'm so elated, like walking on air.

Albert Ahearn

# Waning Love

There was a time when I knew she loved me.  
Yes, that was a very long time ago.  
Her every word and deed, the way that she  
Looked at me, her way of saying, hello!  
I just knew, needing no confirmation.  
But when it came: I love you my dearest,  
An overwhelming giddiness begun.  
A Reeling as though drunk is the nearest  
Comparison to explain it. Today  
The words are few, most deeds begrudged. Her love  
Once true has waned in a well-mannered way:  
Like moonlight once bright, now, none to speak of.  
It's very hard to state what was the cause  
This we know, it will ne'er be like it was.

Albert Ahearn



# Waves

Clear undulating waves play tag  
with an omnipresent seashore;  
each recurring breaker burbles  
sounds from an ancient beginning  
ebbing back to its salty self  
with rhythmic perpetuity.  
Subtle unvoiced fricative sounds  
echo from sandy, shallow shoals  
awash with vacant tiny shells  
that once dwelled in this saline soup.  
Gray and white gulls hover above  
receding breakers scavenging  
them opportunistically  
in a cacophonous frenzy.

Albert Ahearn

# What Makes A Marriage?

It has been almost forty years  
Since we had taken our marriage  
Vows. Yes, we are still together.  
I guess that means something today

Considering most never last  
More than, I suspect, a few years;  
Sometimes I can understand why  
Marriage is not a piece of cake.

In the beginning all is fine  
Everything is brand spanking new  
But that finish dulls quite quickly.  
That moment after the "I do's"

The gravity of the marriage  
Begins to materialize.  
Vowing for better or for worse  
Were just words uttered thoughtlessly.

Like reciting a bedtime prayer  
Never actually listening  
To each word we recite by rote  
The truth is, marriage is both words

"Better" is a relative term:  
What could be considered better  
For me would not necessarily  
Be the same view held by my wife.

Therefore we are both compromised  
And there's the rub of the matter.  
Marriage is a balancing act  
That's between better and the worse.

Learn the knack of juggling the two  
The marriage will certainly last.  
In those years we've become a team  
And we're both still madly in love.

Albert Ahearn

# When Time Began

Try to imagine our world without time  
A timeless world that festers and rots;  
But if some change no matter how brief  
Could change this world and make a difference.  
The "now" would be different than "before"  
Indicative of the passing of time.  
Thus time and change are related events  
Because passing of time depends on change.  
In our real world changes have never ceased  
Some happen repeatedly some just once:  
The breaking of waves against the seashore;  
Or it's a particular falling leaf.  
When we first counted repeated changes  
It was only then, friend, when time began.

Albert Ahearn

# While Angels Weep

Lying awake abed and all slept out  
I listened to the falling morning rain.  
The pitter-patter landing in the spout  
Made rhythmic sounds while flowing down the drain.  
In vain I tried composing rhyme to it  
Instead I found myself just mesmerized.  
The drip, drip, tap, tap I must admit  
Had totally rendered me hypnotized.  
While in this early morning conscience sleep  
An inner voice of mine began to speak:  
You are a fool to think while angel's weep  
The muse will help you in the quest you seek.  
When the rain stops and angels dry their eyes  
It's only then a poem can be devised.

Albert Ahearn

# Whirlpool

I gaze into a whirling pool  
from atop a small grassy knoll.  
It's like looking into the past.  
Its magnetic, impelling force  
Draws from my mind sweet memories  
while discerning the dark vortex.  
Each drawn closer to the center  
and one by one I remember  
them; and one after the other  
is captured in the swirling mass  
and instantly fades out of mind.  
I look up at the clear blue sky  
And espy the coming future  
And wait for what tomorrow brings.

Albert Ahearn

# Whispering Wind

Standing amid the forest trees  
I feel so insignificant.  
Small and unimportant can be  
Very humbling among the plants  
And underbrush that are dwarfed by  
The regal, deciduous trees.  
Quiet is defined by the sigh  
Of the wind breathing through the leaves  
And serenity thrives beneath  
This lushest leaf-green canopy.  
I walk along an ancient path  
Once tread by aborigines.  
Then, out of the blue, the soft wind  
Whispered, " you're home again my friend."

Albert Ahearn

# White Virgins

This poem was written after the seasons last snowfall, a few days before spring 2009.

It began with a single flake of snow  
That fell upon my brow so gently down.  
Almost imperceptible, ever so  
Subtle and never making any sound.  
I love these silent tiny crystalline  
Flakes that now are falling numerously  
In front of grateful eyes at wintertime.  
I extend my open hand graciously  
And welcome these white virgins from heaven  
That have clung to me so effortlessly.  
Their prodigious numbers against my skin  
Benumb my hand homogeneously.  
I stand alone in winters fading fling  
Holding these virgins while thinking of Spring.

Albert Ahearn



# Who Am I?

Rene Descartes popularized  
The phrase: Cogito ergo sum-  
I think therefore I am. How wise!  
If I'm thinking, then it's presumed  
That I exist because of "I"  
The one doing the thinking.  
On this point we see eye to eye;  
Even so, it begs questioning  
Beyond my very existence;  
That is, the question: who am I?  
A query asked with persistence.  
What does "buried beneath" imply?  
Does it mean "core sense" of myself  
Or an illusion of one's self?

Albert Ahearn

# Wildflowers

The fragrances of wildflowers  
are now a pleasant memory.  
I close my eyes and picture them  
still swaying in a gentle breeze;  
but when I open them they're gone  
and where they once had smiled at me  
there's barely evidence to see  
their beauty once had flourished there  
in kaleidoscopic colors.  
Their absence only bears to mind  
that beauty last the briefest time  
and one day when they reappear  
my aging self will not be there  
to sniff their bouquets from the air.

Albert Ahearn

# Will You Be There

Should early morning sunrise skip  
A day or two and nighttime stars  
All disappear from view, would you  
Be there to hold my quaking hand?  
When cherubic celestial wings  
Begin their white, feathery molt  
And fall to earth as virgin snow  
Will you be down below with me  
To warm and tender through the storm?  
If all laughter turned to sadness  
And music sounds on Mans deaf ears  
Will we ever hear our laughter  
Once the teary, tidal waves'  
Incursion floods our precious shore?

Albert Ahearn

# Willful Neglect

In youth I often wished on stars  
I thought the largest ones came true.  
But longing never got me far  
So wishing ceased, long overdue.  
As I matured and ventured out  
Into a world so alien.  
A lesson learned I had no doubt  
Was always take it on the chin.  
In life there are setbacks galore  
A definite fact to expect  
So never sit and wish for more  
Since wishing is willful neglect.  
When in life your dreams are plenty  
Strive for them, fools wish for many.

Albert Ahearn

# Willow

A tribute to Joyce Kilmer

I sit under this willow tree.  
Its pendulous branchlets swaying  
In concinnity around me,  
spontaneously bestirring  
a soliloquized pleasantry:  
No measured words and rhymes I write  
Could ever describe your beauty  
Because fools never get it right  
and "Poems are made by fools like me"  
imperfect presentable lines.  
"But only God can make a tree"  
creation of perfect design.  
So I write down beneath this tree  
these feeble lines of poetry.

Albert Ahearn

## Winds Of Passion

The September odoriferous winds  
Are not unlike my lover's perfumed breath.  
Their sometimes subtleties, like cherubs wings  
Moving warm fragrant air across the earth;  
Like unto slumberous respirations  
My lover's exhalations warm my bed.  
Yet winds must change, their aberrations,  
Those once heated airs turn to rage instead  
Whose blustering breaths blow prodigiously  
Like our passion'd breaths from pillowed-heads,  
Panting, respiring uncontrollably.  
December dawns, the wind is lulled unwed  
And virgin snow falls onto earthly spread.  
Thus, not unlike this maiden in my bed.

Albert Ahearn

# Winter

A skein of Canadian Geese  
fly above snow laden treetops;  
Wave after wave crossing the sun  
impelled by internal instincts.  
Their discordant cacophonies  
impel eyes on the ground upward:  
young children pause their snowball fights;  
Adults halt shoveling their sidewalks;  
Motorists at intersections  
crane their heads through open windows  
straining to see their journey south.  
Inharmonious honks fade away  
Leaving anserine memories  
and winter's crystalline silence.

Albert Ahearn

# Winter Rhapsody

The leafless, arthritic branches  
of the sycamore and maple  
trees stretched their grotesque, naked forms  
now stripped by the blasts of winter;  
splaying drearily overhead  
casting cold, rickety shadows  
over recently fallen snow.

A prevailing wind rushes through  
the trees and a choir of creaks  
begin their rasping rhapsody.

A momentary lull begins  
and the wooded composition  
in a *Larghissimo* tempo  
ends on a melancholy note.

Albert Ahearn



# Winter Soliloquy

Icicles hang like translucent,  
Inverted tapers from house eaves.  
Seventy-two winters are spent  
but now another winter freeze  
wreathes my study window with ice.  
How many winters have I left?  
Three, Five, perhaps if I'm blessed, thrice  
as many- I'll not hold my breath  
as though it were a death sentence;  
Hell no! Life's too short as it is  
to think about morbid nonsense  
(besides, all things have their finis.)  
I'm yet alive and winters here  
I raise my brimming coffee cup  
and toast my seventy-third year!  
May I see it through; bottoms up!

Albert Ahearn

# Wishful Thinking

Wish on your left hand, spit in the right hand.  
Tell me my good friend what do you expect?  
I'll tell you, Nothing! Do you understand?  
Wishing is nothing but willful neglect.  
To sit awaiting your ship to come in  
is just pie-in-the-sky for all dreamers.  
For most if not all, take it on the chin  
for the fantasies of these believers.  
The spit in the hand is of little use  
perhaps flattening cowlick one morning.  
Yet even this task of digestive juice  
has worthwhileness more useful than yearning.  
Young children are known to wish on a star  
but as an adult you'll never get far.

Albert Ahearn

## Wooded Destinies

The sun-bleached exoskeletons  
of old dead trees stand like sentries  
along the towpath riverfront  
exfoliated and gangling.  
In a former age they stood tall,  
grandiose to all passerby's  
but they too are dead to recall  
their once impressive colossi.  
Eventually these remains  
will meet their final destinies:  
to fall-never to rise again-  
among forgotten progenies;  
yet many springs have passed since then  
each sprouted trees, time and again.

Albert Ahearn

# Words

Erato whispered in Man's ears  
poetic words that he could hear;  
they are ancient as Greece itself  
which became Man's only real wealth.  
Aeschylus heard her wordy waves  
that sparked his tragedian plays.  
Her soft words waft Man's atmosphere  
producing a William Shakespeare.  
Today her words still ride the wind  
murmur in the ears that listen  
by few of the plurality  
who pen or type their poetry.  
Her words have yet to reach my ears  
I'll write in silence I can hear.

Albert Ahearn

# Writer's Block

I found myself staring at a blank screen.  
I was clueless as to why or how long.  
It could have been a moment or fifteen  
Minutes for all I know. I'm sure I'm wrong.  
Nevertheless, this sort of thing happens  
Now and then when I get this writer's block.  
It happens when expectations transcends  
Inspiration. It's like my mind is locked  
In a thoughtless vault and my gray matter  
Is scattered all over the freaking place.  
In this mental state, everything's a blur:  
Vacuum in an inter-cranial space.  
At this particular moment in time  
I've written nothing, at least the lines rhyme.

Albert Ahearn

# Yesterday And Today

Oh yesterday! I lost your innocence.  
I used to sing and hold my head up high.  
Today I am a prisoner of greed.  
My wealth is restlessness and misery.  
O yesterday! I was a singing bird  
happily soaring free among the fields.  
Today I am a slave to fickle wealth.  
Conforming to mans' strange and narrow laws.  
The fields! The songs! My freedom! -Where are they?  
The yesterdays are lost and gold can't find.  
Today my fields are bare, my songs are dumb  
enslaved within my palace walls-entombed!  
Yesterday I was rich in happiness  
Today I am poor in gold and alone.

Albert Ahearn

# Yin And Yang

The television downstairs is blaring  
"Americans don't want National  
Health-care" from the Fox network;  
But there are no conservatives  
In our house  
To listen to that stations commentary.

Upstairs my wife is in her sanctum  
Chatting with cyber junkies on facebook.  
What I consider a waste of ones time.  
But she works all day and if she wants to  
Push a mouse  
Around a pad and type the keyboard, Amen.

It is amazing how different we are:  
What she considers something relaxing  
And fun, I think it banal and dull.  
Telling her that, I would come across  
As a louse  
And I wouldn't want that said of me.

Withal, we obviously have chemistry  
That works well together and for so long.  
It could be a lot worse I should think:  
I could be living alone without her  
And that's one option I'd never consider.

Albert Ahearn

# You Can Not Have It Both Ways

The practice of professing beliefs that one does not hold or possess.

Pro-lifers are a band of hypocrites.  
Profess that fetuses and embryos  
Are human beings. Their beliefs conflict  
However, when put to the test, you know?  
They say that they're human and therefore have  
A right to live. But they must not forget  
If what they say is factual, this jazz  
Has to stand up to scrutiny. I'll bet  
The farm their arguments fail withal.  
Why? They're pro-choice! I cite one example:  
A teen is raped; the parents are appalled.  
They want no part of this potential soul.  
Thus we have what is termed "non-keeper"  
Guess what life, my friends, meets old Grim Reaper?

Albert Ahearn



## You Have A Secret...Want To Bet?

Most things men do secretly in darkness  
Will soon be clearly revealed in daylight.  
His uttered private words become careless  
Common conversations. The deeds he recites  
Today in the corners of his lodgings  
Are shouted on every street tomorrow.  
The closet skeletons unearthed yield things  
That ordinarily wouldn't cause sorrow.  
Its said, 'loose lips sink ships', I deem that true.  
The trouble is there's not a \*oddamn thing  
One can do as long as men resort to  
Antics that have harmful effects and bring  
Pain and humiliation caused by louts  
Who oft have diarrhea of the mouth.

Albert Ahearn

# Your Only Friend

Difficult time again for you;  
no safe haven for you to go?  
Where are your friends you call true-blue?  
Some friends! You can search high and low  
and I'll bet dollars to doughnuts  
not a single one will be found.  
Isn't that usual conduct  
of dime-a-dozen's that abound  
when things remain hunky-dory  
but disappear when things get tough?  
It's my same old commentary  
quite often repeated enough:  
the only friend you have is me  
through thick and thin times, ma chérie.

Albert Ahearn

# You've Been Had

I heard a subtle sound from outer stairs  
That interrupted peacefulness in house.  
I asked myself, what was that noise my ears  
Have hearkened to, perhaps it was a mouse?  
Although my curiosity aroused  
My cautiousness in check I ventured from  
My study most perplexed, and then I paused  
Because my heart was beating like a drum.  
Anticipating what I feared the least  
A mouse was not the cause of noise I heard  
Nor any grievous, carnivorous beast  
Not even Allen Poe's foreboding bird.  
I played a joke on you with all respect  
Now the question: what thought you the culprit?

Albert Ahearn

# Zombies

Most of the masses are gullible they swallow what their fed.  
They feed on exotic canards, prejudice and fibs. Alcohols  
Imbibed to dull the aftertaste and nothing goes to waste.  
From birth to death it never changes each robbed of true identity  
By unseen malevolent minds who sow these seeds of animosity,  
Enmity and lies; all poisoned zombies (the living dead) who  
Roam the earth mindlessly in numbers that are mind-boggling  
To those of us still left. We often watch and hear their rants-  
Dissonance of ad-libbed ad nauseam and pledging of dead hearts  
While humming individual anthems ad infinitum plus a day.

Follow what we say  
Never, ever as we do  
That's our golden rule.

Albert Ahearn