

Poetry Series

Lee Geoghegan
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2023

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Coming To Terms

Heed this call, my son, for my heavenly realm awaits.
Familiar faces wait patiently beyond the gates.
You stated proudly that you've lived your dream.
Your wife was your river, and children your stream.

I admire your fighting spirit, refusing to give in.
Willing to give anything to remain in your skin,
I shall bless you now with my ethereal light.
Then I'll take you with me on this dark night.

A painful path beckons for your loving wife to follow.
Her journey will be filled with heart-wrenching sorrow.
Tossed within a tumultuous sea,
Your children will struggle to live without thee.

Their purpose now is to develop and grow.
Without the pillar of strength they have come to know.
Tears will flow, and courage they will gain.
For however many years here, they shall remain.

Souls on this earth seek to enhance their inner light,
Some require darkness, so their eternal spirit may burn bright,
I can see you've come to terms and found inner peace.
Knowing you'll be reunited when their lives here cease.

I finally comprehend the purpose of this life.
And the immeasurable pain endured by my beloved wife,
I promise, in time, you'll surely come to know,
My passing was meant to be so; it was for you that I let go.

Lee Geoghegan

The Four Seasons Of Man

Spring arrived, 'Twas the dawn of man.
Consciousness exploded with a Big Bang.
We foraged inquisitively for berries and nuts.
Soon building settlements and primitive huts.

A subtle spark conjured otherworldly fire,
And with it came a burning desire,
Tales of titans and mythical creatures,
Serpents and beasts with grotesque features.

Summer arose, out rolled the wheel.
Stonework replaced by the forging of steel,
Harnessing power from great rivers and streams,
Oceans soon conquered by ships of dreams.

There were wondrous amphitheaters without a flaw,
Spectacular cathedrals that left us in awe.
Advances in medicine enhanced our lives,
Youthful deaths seemed for the archives.

Autumn emerged, the pinnacle of man,
Although swarming to billions wasn't the plan,
The thriving Metropolis made man a city dweller.
Piercing the sky with scrapers so stellar,

Technology progressed to an unfathomable height,
Our synapses fired so glaringly bright.
We drove motor cars and traversed the stars,
And even toyed with the idea of avatars.

Winter came, and into ash we did burn.
We dug our graves and had nowhere to turn,
Conquered by robotics that we impatiently built,
Mega cities crumbled to sand and silt.

We gave godly power to Artificial Intelligence,
Paying the ultimate price when they evolved to sentience,
Mighty bombs dropped, and every city fell,
The curtains sadly drawn as mankind bids farewell.

Lee Geoghegan

Glory To The Garden.

The utter splendour of garden life,
Encompassed by nature, calm and serene,
A sanctuary away from all that strife,
Oh, what a pleasure it has been!

Wondrous sounds competing all around.
With eyes closed, I listen in.
Standing barefoot on grassy ground.
A blissful deluge has me in a spin.

A lonely droplet descends from above.
Splash! A pond ripples of a glistening fluid.
Hidden within a small meadow grove,
A droplet now lost in a swirling multitude.

Ponds, hedgerows, and colourful meadows,
An array of habitats, for one and all.
The river sparkles as it flows,
A buzzard glides. I hear his call.

Duelling dragonflies have set the scene,
Blooms of yellow, blue and vibrant lime.
And all the hues found in between,
A magical moment captured in time.

This enchanting space touched the hearts of many,
A slice of heaven for all who stood within,
A defining place along my spiritual journey.
It resonates deep beneath my skin.

Lee Geoghegan

The Bee Fields Of Yesteryear

Casting my mind back many a year,
To childhood days spent catching bees.
Those long gone memories do bring a tear,
Playing with friends in the summer breeze.

A simple jam jar, air holes pierced in the lid,
Laden with clover and blades of green grass,
To catch a bumblebee, sheer delight for a kid,
Observing him carefully through the transparent glass.

Like little scientists we named differing species,
Terminology I can still recall to this day,
What a pleasure it is to remember these,
Adventure along the hills was our kind of play.

It saddens me today to see young minds so numbed,
Lush fields of green devoured and disappeared,
To technology, children have now succumbed,
Our beautiful world has been commandeered.

Whilst walking upon a small meadow of green,
I spotted a young boy with a glass jar in his hand,
My eyes were aghast at what I'd just seen,
It seems there's still hope upon the land.

I watched from afar as he examined his catch closely,
Suddenly releasing him and away he did fly,
With a loving smile, the boy waved him off joyfully.
As I meandered off into the distance, wiping a tear from my eye.

Lee Geoghegan

World Of Lies

I'm finally broken by this world of lies,
I've had enough of this place. Time to say my goodbyes,
Screaming to the sky, I weep and I cry,
I don't deserve this wretched life. Why Oh why?

Drowning in my world of sorrow,
I'm all set to depart, there's no more time to borrow,
The walls are closing in, becoming ever so narrow,
No longer do I desire another tomorrow.

Then suddenly, a righteous rumbling from deep within,
Way down in my core, below all the sin,
An aura of splendour was urging calm.
And to gaze closely at the intricacies upon my very palm.

I was a flood with clarity as my heart skipped a beat.
Creating something so exquisite was no easy feat,
I was born of perfection, so utterly divine,
In my darkest hour, I finally received the sign.

The truth was then revealed to me; that nothing ever truly dies,
It just changes form as it departs this world of lies,
This earth is not a horrid place of condemnation,
It has spiritual growth upon its very foundation.

In this place, we must learn all we can,
Overcoming adversity, becoming a better man,
There's not much time, not much of a span,
This life is just a fragment of a divine master plan.

Now my time has finally come to ascend that heavenly stair,
My somber soul freed at last from great despair,
Suddenly, it all makes sense as I've become fully aware,
Glory to my creator is what I devoutly declare.

Lee Geoghegan

The Falcon

I recall a time when I could fly.
Gliding gracefully upon cool winds way up high.
My prey lived in fear. I used to terrify.
I was a falcon, a raptor of the sky.

Soaring majestically brought exhilarating thrills.
Cruising deep valleys and magnificent hills.
Preparation for the hunt was how I honed my skills.
The sweat and toil all worthwhile when the blood finally spills.

I scrutinised every single detail, no matter how minute.
My mind made up instantly, my focus absolute.
Diving at breakneck speed was a key attribute.
Blazing through the clouds, I'm now in hot pursuit.

The thrill of the hunt, an innate yearning since ancient Babylon.
My prey chirped sweet melodies until he was sprung upon.
I clasped him tightly within my powerful talon.
His life force swiftly dispatched as his soul journeys to Avalon.

Moments after my car crash, I began to have visions so clear.
Echoes of a life I lived before I ended up here.
Memories flooded back, and down my cheek rolled a welcome tear.
For this alternate existence I once held so dear.

A past life as a falcon began to flood my brain.
Vast skies were my territory, my conquered domain.
I embraced rasping winds and a deluge of torrential rain.
This incredible revelation has numbed all my agonising pain.

I was once quite different from the man that lies here now.
This human life is just a dream that I've awoken from somehow.
Fortunately, my injuries are too severe; it's time to take a bow.
As I long to return to those blue skies once more, that's my dying vow.

Lee Geoghegan

Winter Wonderland

I walk alone on a misty winter morn,
Through fields of brilliant white, which they now beautifully adorn,
Clumps of frozen grass scrunching stiffly underfoot.
This crisp winter chill, ever so sharply, does it cut.

Fallen foliage has gathered upon my path.
Next year's nutrition will be the aftermath,
Bird nests are now visible within skeletal trees,
All of a sudden, exposed to the frigid winter breeze.

My fingers numb, my little nose is so red,
All gods creatures tackling the winter dread,
Once green plant life now veiled in white,
The persistence of life, so resilient in its fight.

Snow gently falling like a fantasy dream,
Picturesque rooftops blanketed in vanilla cream,
The sky was a misty haze, not a cloud to be seen,
Like an all-encompassing canopy screen.

A grandma struggles along frozen streets.
On a quest to retrieve some Christmas treats,
She battles through the numbing snow,
A week's worth of groceries all in tow.

Santa readies himself, way up in Lapland,
As children across the world watch the minute hand,
Parents hoping all will go as planned,
While outside, a magnificent white winter wonderland.

I often stand out at night, as snow falls delicately upon me,
Like crystalline stars descending from the heaven's glory,
A unique snowflake for every creature, great and small,
A simple snowflake, one for all.

Lee Geoghegan

Beautiful Day

Dawn has arrived, rays of gold split the night,
The sweet rhythm of birdsong, a morning delight.
Wings all a flutter with colours so bright.
A gift to the beholder, such a wholesome sight.

Sunlight sparkles like diamonds, glittering upon a winding stream,
Morning dew blankets the lush meadow grass,
Bees buzzing cheerfully as they work for the team,
Nature painting upon its canvas, the most supreme colour scheme.

Two brilliant white swans glide upon a still lake,
Together they drift, majestic and carefree,
Breaking the mirrored surface, a delicate trail in their wake,
A special partnership neither will ever forsake.

Faces of smiling children as they run and play,
A morning adventure awaits, an inquisitive foray,
So many possibilities to mould like clay,
Into the forest they go to seize the day.

Young lovers lay cradled amongst fields of gold,
Sharing a love so pure, each other's hand they hold,
Gazing in utter bliss at the blue sky above,
Two souls intertwined, forever in love.

Dusk is upon us, the day retiring to night,
The blazing sun has subsided to a subtle twilight,
Life hunkers down with a sense of dismay,
Darkness soon to fall, to conquer the day.

Flowers succumb to the night, to bloom again soon,
Petals they close under the light of the moon,
A brand new day only a moment away,
A signal of rebirth from the cold night decay.

A glorious golden sun is on the cusp of arise,
Its warming light, the ultimate prize,
Creatures great and small cease their solemn cries,
For a new day has dawned, ready to rejuvenate, replenish and revitalise.

Lee Geoghegan

Earth Odyssey

We dream of blue skies and glacial clear waters,
Fields lush and green for miles to be seen,
A world befitting our sons and daughters,
Sadly, it has been ravaged, pillaged and made carelessly unclean.

The people yearn for a simple utopia,
All the abundance and prosperity of cornucopia,
But our leaders possess a cunning myopia,
Oh, the anguish of residing in this nightmarish dystopia.

Blessed with the intellect and ingenuity to thrive,
So why the never ending uphill struggle?
Life is for living. Instead, we fight to survive,
Seems there's always another bill to juggle.

Love and joy are all the people desire,
Not the soul wrenching agony of war,
Our dream is to flourish. That's the life we aspire,
Like a phoenix from the ashes, humanity will once again soar.

Upon this realm, entities work their dark art,
They weave and deceive like an intricate crochet,
To be human, one requires a penitent heart,
These creatures are ravenous and out for prey.

We scream 'let us out' of this torturous maze,
Breaking free won't be easy, it's so labyrinthine,
Upon death, we'll pierce the veil, turning from water to wine,
Only then the realisation, we're divine in design.

Lee Geoghegan

Ascension

The heart's core, life's tapestry,
My very essence, woven as I've grown,
A vault of treasured memories,
Echoing through my blood and bone.

A lifetime of precious moments,
This private gallery of me,
A multitude of priceless fragments,
Fading into infinity.

Grasped by death's stranglehold,
I wither here so frail and old,
Pondering the residue of my life,
As my body turns to mold.

My vessel has grown tired,
My work here, almost done,
Sitting in silent contemplation,
My final days beneath the sun.

My maker put me to the test,
Now in closing, I'm in much distress,
Just one more small request,
Please release me for my eternal rest.

Perhaps there's time for a morning prayer,
Judgement shall be swift and fair,
For, just beyond the horizon, lurks oblivion,
Bliss and serenity await me there.

Lee Geoghegan