

Poetry Series

# **Naoimh Spence**

## **- poems -**

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## **Naoimh Spence(26/10/1990)**

I'm 21, rather mellow and lazy, a stargazer, a dreamer and a part-time philosopher. I've had a few mental health problems in my life so far, and they spanned a good few years, so naturally a lot of my poetry tells those stories. The rest of it... well, you will see for yourself.

The mundane day-to-day things in life are all inspiring in their own way, so I've done my best to portray what I see and feel as I go through life from day to day.

# Allison

A sigh escapes her lips  
As she watches the world from dark eyes,  
All the while hating the silence.

Her long hair obscures her eyes  
As she walks into the Springtime,  
Hopeful, free, barefoot.

Naoimh Spence

# Clouds In October

These days grow dark  
Though palled not as before;  
    Awake, awake and fly,  
Fly to the sacred place  
Where the ashen leaves never fall;  
    Under the elemental sky.

Naomh Spence

# Dirge

I hear it all,  
The inner city song.  
The droning dirge of decay;

Tires screech  
Cars groan and roar  
And grey ash waltzes on the air,

Lightning screams  
On the void of night  
The cold thrill of life here.

I walk on  
With my hands in the  
Pockets of my leather coat

And I step on  
Dead grass and cracked stone  
And all I can think of is that I

Really need to get out

Naoimh Spence

# Dreaming And Waking

Forsaking all my thoughts to sleep and the stars  
While my heart circles in skies not seen before.  
I linger, as a bird, in twilight, for all the dark hours  
Spent escaping a dreamless sleep, the hateful roar  
Of her name in my ears brings no rest.  
And yet I seek respite in images of her, cold and clear  
photographs illuminate my dreams and nature's jest.  
Beholding the face of the one I hold so dear,  
Yet only in a reverie. She remains my painful waking dream.  
And while I seek her out against my own desire,  
Against what I know to be wise and true, I yet seem  
To be drawn to her, a moth unto the fire.  
And yet it cannot last, this chasing of light,  
It is painfully poignant but will never be right.

Naoimh Spence

# Empathy

Empathy

It's an odd thing.

There are kind strangers with  
faces you don't recognise  
But you can't mistake a good deed  
when you see one  
So therefore

I guess I'm not crazy after all.

Naoimh Spence

# English Horses

Starting with old and new;  
Strip everything apart.

Away, my love, away,  
Back to the clear blue;

There's no hate left  
At the bottom of my heart.

Oh, I'll show you inside me  
Where the old horses graze;

Off old paper and through time  
Under an English tree

Beneath a sky so white  
With star-flecked haze.

Naoimh Spence



# Love Transcends Death

I said to my love  
'Do you ever get to rest? '  
'No' said he.  
'I spend my life at your side.  
So it is now, so shall it be  
Even when I am dead.'  
I replied 'And if you die before I,  
You shall never get to Heaven.'  
'Ah, my love.' said he  
'When I am with you,  
I am in Heaven.'

Naoimh Spence

# Passage Of Time

That was the past  
This is now  
This is the future

The past when  
Nothing belonged to me  
Has gone.

This is my past  
and this is my present  
and this is my future

And this is everything.

Naoimh Spence

# So Precious

After so many long lonely months,  
My dear friends were returned to me.  
My solace, my companions,  
My dearest stars in my night sky...

The desert sands,  
The airy oceans,  
The ghost in the cornfields,  
The scarred and beautifully hideous shadows.

They are...  
my solace.  
So precious.  
So loved.

Naomh Spence

# Somewhere

White wings ripple the surface  
Of a lake overgrown with brambles.  
Stars twirl overhead, regal dancers  
In the moon's warm spotlight-  
A quiet wraith drifts above the surface,  
As the hoof beats thunder past  
In the dense brushwood.

Naoimh Spence

## Sonnet Vi

Gone are the days when I freely spoke my mind;  
I haven't written from the heart in a long time.  
I turned from my feelings, fearing what I'd find  
If I dared to admit it; to love her is a crime,  
One I cannot comprehend. To the roof I climb  
And seek out my Heaven, a lonely place afar  
Wherein she cannot hear my song, my rhyme  
To her, and cannot feel the burning scar  
Of where we once touched beneath a distant star.  
But that was long ago. Left behind like desert sand  
And ancient tales and the strings of an old guitar.  
Desire is something I'll never understand.  
Still I remain here, complete but brokenhearted.  
Perhaps it would have been better had we parted.

Naoimh Spence

# Summer Rose

The sweet scent of a distant rose,  
Clouds above in the summer sky,  
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

The dew glitters in the light, morning glows  
with light and birdsong that cannot deny  
The sweet scent of a distant rose.

The faraway rush of a river that flows  
And has always flowed, never running dry,  
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

The river knows not where it goes,  
It can only distinguish, somewhere nearby,  
The sweet scent of a distant rose.

I lie in the grass and take my repose,  
Feeling a peace too complete to deny;  
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

A scene such as this is one that shows  
that the dawn of a new life is nigh;  
The sweet scent of a distant rose,  
Out in the fields where a warm wind blows.

Naoimh Spence