



# POEMS

FROM A LITTLE CABIN

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## *The Strangers Grip*

The Void, the matter,  
The strangers grip, it's chatter,  
The alternate wait or resist,  
The turn, the twist.

Inside view, outside view,  
Colour schemes, thoughts that queue,  
The which way turn, the stop for now,  
Insides in, outsides out.

## *On Foot*

Go go, go where the wild hard wind takes your toes,  
Go flow with your bindle in tow.  
Hard lines, so I flip on the railroad,  
A cannonball run, I'll meet the night & I'll cover the moon.

No food, I'll eat as I find,  
I'll take what I get & I'll ride the next ride,  
Feel the tracks worn on my feet.

No ties, to hammer me down,  
I'll work as I need and swim as I drown,  
Tomorrow will bring a new day.

It's a free life, a be what you be life,  
Follow the trail, less frail from the heavy trod.  
In hard times, carry the load light, and peace will be  
found,  
Lord, we're all heading westbound.

No bills, I pocket my crown,  
Keep as my road stake in the gin bottles spout,  
Jump the rail car the next towns in sight.

Keep my head close to my chest,  
Never I bother a soul for my gain,  
Cos the big house, ain't calling again no, no.

## *Edge of Awareness*

From velvet, to torn edges,  
Grey hollow traces,  
Madness, demon chases,  
No calm, safe places.

Pump, the heart races,  
Thoughts from nowhere places,  
Enslaved, edge of awareness,  
Stilness, stillness, stillness.

## *Sorrows Keep*

Diving deep,  
So what, you say,  
A sould filled,  
Sorrows keep.

Tossed and twisted,  
Gripped on by nails,  
Slipping into,  
Endless space.

Toxic terror,  
Numbed to centre,  
Stocks are low,  
Empty inventory.

## *Channels*

It's the living between the parallel,  
The finite crossing to purity or agony,  
Whether left or right,  
The abyss of centredness, safe.

Channels of sound, of chatter,  
Leaking through the skin,  
Colourlessly drifting imagery,  
Moving within.

*Damn These Wounds*

Looking in, looking in,  
Through the veil into passages,  
Though the body remains so still,  
Exhasutive rumination.

Shiver shudder, a lonely sky,  
Breaking wave floods over,  
Gripped tight against the current,  
Damn these wounds again.



## *Searching For Meaning*

A scatter of bones, some limber some frail,  
Footprints announce our every move,  
Some travel in flock, some go it alone,  
All searching for the hidden trail.

A rainbow, star movement, a smoke signal sign,  
A calling, red skies and the fall of the sun.  
Full and half moon, change of the tide,  
Steals our attention, time after time.

We are of the earth, raised from the dirt,  
Searching for meaning, searching for meaning.

## *Sensory Overload*

Offline, back to a time,  
When life was worth more,  
Worth of a man, a woman,  
Calculated not by social score.

Off grid, tend to matters,  
To look each other in the eye,  
To embrace, laugh or cry,  
With the freedom to roam.

Switch off, power down, stop a little while.

Now-days, like missiles,  
Comes firing,  
No bunker to hide,  
Sensory overload.

Go, feel the wind,  
Let it carry you,  
Across mountains and fields,  
Back to childhood dreams.

Switch off, power down, stop a little while.

## *Dissociation*

Where did I go,  
Like I dropped in a hole,  
Deeper and deeper,  
Left my skin and my bone.

On the bank where the sun,  
Was yesterday familiar,  
Now dissociated,  
Looking in through a filter.

My skin and my bone,  
Hung like a wave,  
Curved on a crest,  
Almost folding in.

I don't recognise this place,  
Cold feeling, shiver  
Hot feeling, river  
Flowing no end.

Where did I go,  
Just mist over mist,  
Feel far from reach,  
Of a place to grip.

Where did I go,  
That me is now ground,  
Into the dust,  
Spinning through trees and meadows.

But I will not fight for his saving,  
For his time was well served,  
I will wander and gain,  
On new roads as found.

**POEMS**

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