The Dark Night

I rode into battle on a trusty steed,
sword held high to the sky,
to perform a deadly deed,
to fight, the dark night.

I poked a mighty foe.
Thrashing my feeble flesh,
slashing my bones from head to toe.

The only choice on the cards was to seek counsel, from Celtic Bards, before a dignified surrender.

Street Life

The bags under his eyes, drooped heavy, weighed down by hungry cold skies and early morning fights, beaten black and blue by street life.
Dark circles shaded cracked
eyelids and blistered skin,
on a once handsome face.
Now, twisted, sallow, thin.
A guttural voice begged
for change.
With each donated coin,
it was clear, his life
would remain the same,
as the day before,
and a thousand more.

Seán Maguire, 58, has been writing for 30 years. He grew up in Belfast in Northern Ireland before moving to Newry, County Down in the mid-1970s. He has a collection of poems called Harvest Soul published by Sessyu Press in 1998 and various self-published ones. He is currently working on a new poetry collection and a compilation of short stories.