

Poetry Series

**Annette Lohan**  
**- poems -**

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Annette Lohan(9/7/71)

# Arra Musha

Each time the mixing bowl is on the ledge,  
You're here with me in my kitchen. Scent of  
Sponge wafts from cold oven. I crack an egg  
Then stir my mix. I tick in time far off  
Sat on your lap while you comb through my hair  
Arra musha, a gráín. What's this stance?  
One chicken broke a wing and you offer  
The spectacle of severed head death dance.  
Five children screaming run for mother. Could  
She once have watched that gruesome show for lark?  
We sit round peeling a great pot of spud;  
Our bird forgot makes finest roast. As dark  
Descends you rock another hen with beak  
Tucked under wing and we all fall asleep.

arra musha: colloquial Irish meaning ahh pet.

a gráín: Irish meaning little pet. Pronunciation: a graw een.

Annette Lohan

# Awakening

You awake with the  
alarm I do not hear. You  
go to the kitchen.

I awake with your  
smiling kiss and aroma  
of warm ground coffee.

Senses nudged conscious;  
aware that a dropp of thought  
swells to an ocean.

Annette Lohan

# El Centro Del Mundo

Slieve bends up the mountain we drove  
through clouds and beyond all reason.  
The air is thinner up here, my head  
is lighter while my belly sinks away.  
Looking from a tower at the centre  
of the world across volcanic valleys  
- fecund, alive. My spirits rise up, soar  
out of me. Dive headlong down the slope,  
glide the plateau, return. I am breathless  
at altitude but my soul fills the world.

Annette Lohan

# Fishing

I went fishing last night and  
Caught a great big bag of bones  
that tinkled and tangled  
Themselves up in my hair.  
That's when I saw you;  
Half of light, half of darkness.  
Swirling through my head,  
Curling the tails of my mind.  
When I find such  
Soul full treasure,  
I bathe it with my tears,  
Dry with breath,  
Feed this soul fire wood.  
Let it burn all the days.

Annette Lohan

# Gone With Tomorrow

London landing  
There I'm standing  
On a platform;  
Pleasant plateau.  
About to step on,  
Open the door  
Move toward,  
Embrace.  
Kiss your face  
Hold.□  
Eight long years of  
Solitude shatter;  
Raining shards scatter.  
We walk down the road and  
Turn left straight into  
Yesterday.

Annette Lohan

# It's Dark

I awoke this morning to find

It's dark.

Perhaps the sun is lying in  
Or the world has stopped turning?

It's dark and quiet.

Not a single bird is chirping.  
No light is cracking the horizon.  
The milkman has brought no milk.

It's dark and quiet yet peaceful.

I don't want any cereal.  
I don't need my morning coffee.  
I don't even feel  
The worms on my skin.

Annette Lohan

# Knight Of Cups

I dress you in shining armour, my  
Scented scarf your red banner. Poised,  
Joust in hand, steed at your heels. Ready.  
The glint of a smile flashed from eye  
To I. Then you charge. I would bottle  
That moment for a rainy day. For  
You, I would lower my braided hair;  
The ladder to my heart. I would prick  
My finger on a spinning wheel  
And as a dropp of blood wells up,  
My last thought would be my first  
- Your kiss as I awake.

Annette Lohan

# La Bella Luna

He said  
- My bella luna,  
You reflect my sun.  
She sighed,  
Breath swept out  
Inside.  
A compressed tear  
In her eye  
Took an age  
To form a diamond  
And drop.  
Put it in a ring,  
She'll sigh.

Eyes wide blue ocean  
She has no notion  
How keen.  
Can you bear to look  
Past my cratered face?  
One million and two  
Asteroids broke surface here.  
I wear my scars well;  
Badges that tell  
I have been moved.

She said  
- I'll rise every night  
To reflect your light.  
I shall raise tides,  
Illuminate the sea swell  
to tell my bubbling  
Cup brims over.  
He offered her  
His shoulder.

Annette Lohan

# Notes From The Shore

Monday

A flock of starlings take off  
from the shore like a dark  
yet translucent cloth escaping  
the pegged prison of a line.  
Tossed on the wind, a  
billowing blanket of feathers  
twirling and curling on themselves.  
I stop and wonder -  
Why do they do that?  
Then I walk on.

Tuesday

I had lunch by a foggy sea today.  
I could not see but heard the water  
lapping and a seagull's scree.  
A ham and cheese salad sandwich  
tastes better with fresh salt in the air.  
Water flowing before me,  
traffic flowing behind;  
I am in the middle sitting still,  
eating more than bread.

Wednesday

I sat and watched the moon fill  
for two hours. I would have  
stripped down naked if it  
were the sun; but under  
moon conditions, one does best  
to remember, it is fancy full.

Thursday

Freezing cold watered ladies  
warbling Alleluia down by  
the black rock diving board.

They remind me to smile.  
I am glad I do not need to  
dip into a cold sea to see.

Friday

I have a dog who likes  
to walk with me.  
He tries to talk with me  
but we don't see eye to eye.  
So he jumps all over  
my lovely coat while I shout.  
The people passing have a laugh.

Saturday

The whole world is walking the prom  
today. From first light they walk  
on past the sun sinking in  
the water behind the islands.  
Hundreds of miles are covered  
on this pavement everyday.  
Herds of people walk up,  
kick the wall, walk back.  
And still, it does not crack.

Sunday

Today I stayed in bed.  
If God can rest on Sunday,  
then so can I.

Annette Lohan

# Nothing In All

Stretch out in a meadow, gaze at  
Sheep grazing 'cross a blue sky.  
Slide forefinger and thumb up  
Along a stalk of seeded grass;  
Collect a miniature bouquet  
For a Lilliputian princess.  
Lie there, watch the silver line  
The cloud, hear the chatter of  
A million beasts. Listen to  
Everything and nothing at once.

Annette Lohan

# One Foot In The Water

Red jacket skirted beneath blue wellies  
Walking the burn behind our house.  
Stream trickles over smooth brown rocks  
That crumble and roll from my feet.  
Water steals slowly, inching up my boot  
Drawing me deeper down murky green.  
A step stops in wonder as liquid rises,  
Builds a bowing arc of balancing light..  
Seeps down to my sole, a cool washing.  
I'm walking with a river in my welly.

Annette Lohan

# Open All The Stops

Breathe in,  
Open all the stops.  
Take in a panoramic breadth of life.  
Exhale, exude  
A macnas\* of energy  
translated to action that  
Permeates.  
Let its pan-pan beat  
Out the rhythm.  
Breathe in,  
Open all the stops.  
Let your organs pipe out  
A fog horn blast.  
Pass ships in darkness  
Bathed in sound.  
Breathe out.

\*macnas: from Irish meaning the exuberance of a lamb in spring.

Annette Lohan

# The Butterfly

I laid an egg,  
A tiny seed of possibility,  
In my centre.  
There it grew bloated  
With the thick rich blood  
Of experience.  
Nourished by a mulch  
Of knowledge.

The egg hatched, crawled,  
Sieved through the multitude.  
The caterpillar consumed all  
Then wove a silver cocoon  
In which to dwell, mull over,  
Incubate and transform.

Crack of light split surface;  
The beautiful butterfly of an  
Idea emerges.  
Spread her splendid wings  
In flight.

Annette Lohan

# Wish Full Thinking

My granite heart is of molten rock  
Washed water smooth, cooled by breath  
Of reason. Do as you wish. I will  
Not falter on my way. I lie  
At the centre and follow the flow of  
Blood. I am the blood, I am the heart;  
I allow this flow. I swallow an  
Unfathomable pain. Through my blood  
And my bones I grind it down to memory.  
What remains is sweet, and I remember.

Annette Lohan