

Poetry Series

**Declan McHenry**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2007

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Declan McHenry(March Third 1969)

Blue eyed Dal Riadan Celt. Born. Lived some. Loved some. Lost some.  
Serialisation pending. No current plans for ending.

Bored with the petty. Gone.

# Carthage

There are places we walk into  
eyes shut, and finding revelation,  
eyes open, we walk out.

In fleeting moments, memory  
in fragments of opportunity  
in eyes, a smile, a turn of phrase;  
re-kindles feeling.

Then, three glasses in,  
(the New You?)  
gives forth one opinion.  
No ears. No listening. No debate..  
Your way is the only way.  
I will be yours.  
Your demands.  
Your threats.  
And you are surprised I say no.

It is a strange mindset,  
denied what it wants,  
destroys what it wants  
and damages anything associated.

It is a strange mindset  
that throws privacy to the voyeurs.  
Is their approval so important?  
Is their support so vital?  
What do they gain in seeing this pain?  
It is not just my life you paint,  
and not just mine you defame.

There are places we are driven to,  
hearts open, and places the mob rule  
that, heart closed, we are driven from.

It seems,  
I am your Carthage.  
with your marshalled allies

(oh so well versed in both sides - not!)  
you will undermine my walls,  
erase my works, my visions;  
You will inhabit my places, my spaces,  
in pursuit of the innocent.  
You will ensure no welcome awaits.  
You will salt the fields  
so nothing grows here.  
Yet, even then  
Carthage will remain.

When all else is gone,  
Carthage remains.

Declan McHenry