

Poetry Series

Michael Micmac Mccrory
- poems -

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Michael Micmac Mccrory(25/01/1954)

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Born on 25 January share Birthdate with Robert (Robbie) Burns.

I have restarted writing poetry after a gap of 30 years.

I am still reading and learning about different styles of writing and am trying to find a style of my own.

Look forward to reading your comments on my poetry

I now reside in London

Have done for 40 years.

' Having Money Is Good For The Soul '

He brought the shears
To trim the weeds growing on the grave
I brought the tears
They flooded out with nothing left to save

New flowers placed on top
Inscriptions cleaned up, now easily read
All the weeds finally cropped
Now we pay our respects to the dead

An aging aunt; we barely knew
Always in the background as we grew
Mother dragged us by bus every Sunday to
Mother being the only one feeling blue

But now we go on Sunday's too
To leave fresh flowers for our love ones there
Because mother's in the grave with aunty sue
We go, not because we care

Aunty Sue left mother a huge fortune
Mother died left the money to both of us
The sound of jingling coins playing our tune
We go home in a roller to hell with the bus

Next Sunday I'll bring the shears
To trim the weeds growing on the grave
He'll will bring the tears
Because he is one of the tear shedding brave

We barely knew mother's sister Sue
But we think she was just a honey
Missing her is something we just won't do
But we will enjoy spending her money

Michael Micmac Mccrory

' I Missed You '

You're the centre of attraction
Everyone is mesmerised by your eyes
They all adore your charm and wit
They pay attention to your every word
Watching your kissable lips
And I am left completely out of it

They listen attentively
Waiting for you to get around to them
And I just stand around
I close my eyes but I still see you
Cover my ears hear your every sound
We came to this party together
I wait patiently for you
To say the most beautiful words to my ears

It's time to go home dear
It been a long night
I've missed you
Where were you all night
I say I was here by your side
I never moved away
I say; I missed you too

Lets go home to our house
Where once again
We will be together
Where you can be the centre of attraction
You can mesmerise me with your eyes
Amuse with your charm and wit
I will hang on your every word
And show you how much I missed you
I will kiss your kissable lips

Michael Micmac Mccrory

' The Unpublished Poets '

They were only half way to heaven
Stranded on a cloud
They were shouting and yelling
But they couldn't have been loud
They were howling at the moon
Too softly to be heard
They could shout until doomsday noon
They'll find out nobody cared

Not rude not bad not rotten
But they still had to go
They were the forgotten
Nobody wanted to know
They were not good enough to save
Nor bad enough to be lost
They just don't know how to behave
So their left out in the frost

They were only half way to heaven
Stranded on a cloud
The unwanted poets
Shouting and yelling their poetry
To people who didn't want to know
This is what unpublished poets have to do
Walk about with their heads in the clouds

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'parallel View'

'Parallel View'

I dropped a mug of tea
The mug broke into pieces
The tea formed a puddle
Pieces of the mug were floating in the tea

I thought what a waste
My shattered life
Adrift in my mind

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'that Was Me; But Who Am I? '

'That was me; but who am I? '

I was that man
Had gun did travel
Shot others for a fee

I was that man
Yet was that man me?
He's not who I am now

This old dog
Learnt some new tricks
I don't do what I used to do

That man was a part of me
He no longer exists
Yet without that man

Who would I be?
Would I still be me?
Am I me?

That was me
Should the question be
Who am I?

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'A Howling At The Fouling'

'A HOWLING AT THE FOULING'

People a howling
at dogs a fouling
And owners that just walk away
It smells like a cess
Clean up your mess
But the owners just let it lay

Cyclists then ride
Push it from side to side
The mess spreads
More dogs a walking
More reasons for squawking
The mess is up to our heads

The rain does pour
And spreads it more
And then it covers our houses
Pick it up
In a bag or a cup
And think of others you louses

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'A Jinxed Wedding Ring'

'A Jinxed wedding ring'

A gold wedding ring with diamonds two
A hundred years ago was bought new
He went down a mine, a hole to blow
Something went wrong, what? We'll never know
She kept the ring on her wedding finger
Cos for his return, she did linger
She died all alone in a paupers bed
Wear this on your wedding day to the nurse she said

The nurse wore it with pride
Seeing the old lady by her side
Next day her husband went off to war
Never to be seen any more
She waited for him and happy news
A life of solitude was what she choose
Constantly waiting forever forlorn
Her wedding ring forever worn

The nurse gave it to her daughter
Whose husband also went of to the slaughter
She wondered what It was all for
Another widow, another product of war
The ring was passed down to her son
Who gave it to his chosen one
But, shortly after the lovers pact
They were both victims of a terrorist act

Once something new the ring of gold
Was handed down as the something old
There's no use for you to get worried
The jinxed ring is now buried
Never to produce another loner
Interred with it's last owner
Another gold ring with diamonds two
My dear! ! ! Will be bought just for you

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'A Lonely Valentine Card'

'A lonely Valentine card'

I received my only Valentine card
It was lying on the floor
Didn't have a stamp on it
It didn't come through the door
I received lonely Valentine cards
So many times before
Please! Please Mummy
Don't send them anymore

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

A Painful Experience

The most painful experience of all
Is to be made to wait
With no control, over one's future
This pain is called expectancy

Expecting something entirely beyond reach
Expecting a happy tomorrow
If you're there when tomorrow comes?
Expecting tomorrow to wipe out yesterday

If you could do that today
There would be no tomorrow
When tomorrow arrives
Yesterday would be today

If it's tomorrow
Then you don't have today
So live for now
Live for the present

Tomorrow may be
A more painful experience

Michael Micmac Mccrory

A Poem In Mime

The poetry is in the mime
It has the perfect metre
Such an immaculate rhyme
There is none greater

All in the movement
Although it's not on a page
Maybe an improvement
Poetry that doesn't age

Poetry without a word
What a clever notion
It's not that absurd
It's all in the motion

A sign of the times
Not like the old days
Poetry without rhymes
Expressed in different ways

(MICMAC)

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'A Question Haiku'

Haiku

'A question haiku'

Why can't I ask a question?
I am a poet pedestrian
Walking on the wild side

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'A Sonnet For Lovers'

'A sonnet for lovers'
(Dedicated to the one I love')

It's the simple things
The simple things you do
Not just the simple things
It's the complicated things too

The simple act of holding my hand
The simple morning cup of tea
Listening to my favourite band
The complicated act of listening to me

You make it simple to love you
As simple as can be
You make the complicated act simple too
The completed act of loving me

One thing that's not that complicated
As a matter of fact it's simple
I love you above all others
This is dedicated to the one I love
This simple sonnet for lovers

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

A Sonnet For Noireen

I saw you across a crowded room
I fell in love
I had to write you a sonnet
My heart went vroom vroom vroom
I asked for your hand
I won it

All the eyes were on us
As we glided across the floor
The ladies Cooed
The men cussed
All full of envy
As we danced more and more

We danced slowly
We danced swiftly
The ladies bowed so lowly
The men minced so shifty
We were too busy in love
Our steps as one so nifty

So let the music of love play on
Let the fiddler's bow be long
As you danced like a swan
All the world stood outshone
As the crowd looked upon
At we two dancing as one

I thank the lord above
For being in that room
When I fell in love
As my heart went vroom vroom vroom
I asked for your hand
I won it

It's been a few years now
My heart is still soaring
To you the perfect muse
I offer this humble sonnet

To one: in all ways so beautiful
To Noireen

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Al Zheimer Will Be My Friend'

'Al Zheimer will be my friend'

Where's Margaret?
Where's she gone?
Why isn't she here?
What have I done?
Who are you?
Al Zheimer, who's he?

Alzheimer's is a complaint, your slowly losing your memory dad.

Al Zheimer is complaining; he should remember where he is
If he's here in my house ask him where Margaret is.
Did he get rid of her; are you all trying to kill me?

Margaret is dead dad, she was my mum and your wife.

That's right Margaret; where has she gone?

Alzheimer's is not a joke
Nothing here, to laugh about
He wanders off to god knows where
To search for Margaret his one true love
She is never there; her suffering done
His suffering is continuing on

His best days are over
His clear days are few and far between
He has only two questions to ask

Where's Margaret?
Who are you?

The answers;
Margaret has gone on ahead, to built your new home
I am your son I inherited your genes

Soon; Al Zheimer will be 'My friend'.

So this is not the end.....

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Ali's Alibi'

'ALI'S ALIBI'

It was only a little white lie
I didn't mean any harm
I provided Ali's alibi
She sure could turn on the charm

I didn't know what she had done
I said what she told me to say
I thought it was a bit of fun
With me, she could always have her way

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'All Or Nothing; For The Gambler'

They enjoy the chase
They really like a flutter
They must be the winners
Happy to come out in front
Russian Roulette for horse's

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'All The Beats Of My Heart'

'All beats of my heart'

All beats of my heart beat only for you
I'm drawn in the purest love
The purest love for the immaculate you
The immaculate woman so perfect
So perfect a woman made for the purest love
All beats of my heart beats only for you

The daylight was made to highlight the beauty in you
The beauty in you is made to love
To love the whole night through
Your eyes that sparkle so that the drummer can see
Can see to play all the beats of my heart
All the beats of my heart that beats only for you

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

An Original

'An Original'

Is repetitive a word
That can be used repetitively.
Does a repeating rifle
Ever repeat what they have heard
When you dig up the turf
Why does it re-peat itself
Why does Katie want to re-pete?
Is it to get 'Ice Cold in Alex'?
I could go on but I'm all petered out
I don't want to repeat myself
I don't want to be
Repetitively repetitive repeatedly
By the way
This is not a repeat
It's an Original

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Antrim'

There is a barber from Antrim
Who is friendly with the reaper grim
He will cut your throat
Like a sacrificial goat
Then bury your remains in Leitrim

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'As Happy, Happy, Happy As Can Be'

Bricklayer's like to keep their spirit levels high
Joiner's and Chippie's will raise the rafters
They do the things that brings them joy
Things that give them the laughter's
Their as happy, happy, happy as can be

Nurse's keep their humour tender
Clown's like to act the fool
Heating engineer's like it hot
Ice cream makers keep it cool
Their all happy, happy, happy as can be

I like to be in your arms
Saying I love you' listening to you saying I love you too
I like to see your smiling eyes
In which my smiling eyes look into
Then I am as happy, happy, happy as can be

You make me so happy, happy, happy as can be
Happiness is me as happy, happy, happy as can be
In love and as happy, happy, happy as can be
In love with you happy forever in love
As happy, happy, happy as can be

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Bad Boy'

'Bad boy'

He's a good boy
Only bad
With the right girl

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Because I Love You'

'Because I love you'

I am the nothing man
Nothing bothers me
I will always be a nothing man
No ambitions see

I am a nowhere man
Belonging's not for me
I am always going nowhere
My wish was to be free

I want to be a somewhere man
Go somewhere where love is true
I'll settle to be an anywhere man
If I can be anywhere with you

I will stop doing nothing
I will stop going nowhere
To be somewhere
Anywhere with you

I now have ambition
For your love to be true
Because Noireen my love
I love you

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Bless You'

'Bless you'

Haiku

Haiku

Bless you!

MICMAC

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'Camouflaged Love'

'Camouflaged love'

I am a Camo couch
I hide a couch potato
Who lies on me all day
Dreaming of a hot tomato

He never does anything to find her
The one he calls his dream lover
He just lies there
With me, Undercover

I wouldn't evict him from under the cover
Even though I think he must be a mirage
Although I really want him for a lover
I can't find him under the Camouflage

One day he will find I'm not just a cover
He'll see that I'm a hot tomato
Who lies with him all day
Lovingly protecting her couch potato

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Camping For Pleasure'

'CAMPING FOR PLEASURE'

FIRST TIME, WE HADN'T EVEN GOT THE TENT OUT
THERE WAS THUNDER AND LIGHTENING
THEN IT PISSED DOWN WITH RAIN
SECOND TIME, IT SNOWED AND SNOWED
THE GROUND TURNED TO ICE
THE ICE TURNED TO AN ICE HOT PAIN

THE THIRD TIME, WE WERE TRAMPED ON
BY A MARAUDING HERD OF SHEEP,
ONE TIME WASN'T ENOUGH, SO THEY DID IT AGAIN
THE FOURTH TIME, STORMS BLEW AWAY THE TENT
BUT THE NIGHT IN THE HOTEL WAS HEAVEN SENT
THEN I WENT AND CAUGHT A TRAIN
FIFTH TIME, THE SCOUTMASTER GOT HIS WILLIE OUT
I TOOK HIS TENT PEG AND GAVE HIM SUCH A CLOUT
YOU'LL GUESS WHERE NO DOUBT, SO HARD
FROM SUCH ACTIVITIES IN FUTURE HE'LL REFRAIN

I SAID TO MY PAL LES THAT'S MY LAST CAMPING TRIP
NO USE TO COMPLAIN EVEN THOUGH IT IS INANE
LIKE WEARING A BALL AND CHAIN
IN THE MAIN FOR THE PLAIN ON THE PLAINS
WILL SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN, WHAT'S TO GAIN
I THINK IT'S ALL INSANE
LES SAID THEY CALL IT CAMPING FOR PLEASURE

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Christened'

'Christened'

We started thinking seven months before
About your name, from heroes or from folklore
It needed to suit your character with a roar
We didn't want you to grow to be a bore
Therefore, the name we chose had to set you apart
As well, as give you a lion of a heart
Not for a snivelling worrier
A name suitable for a warrior
We chose an outstanding name
That will put you ahead of the game
That's what was in our thought
When we chose a name so taut
We wanted a name that wasn't humble
For you to go through life without a grumble
We want you to be ahead of the race
A name to suit your manly grace
A name that would make you friendly and caring
A name that would make you sound heroic and daring
A name that would set the whole world agog
That is why we named you Zog

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Daft Old Bill

"DAFT OLD BILL"

I look up at the sky and think
What is it that poets see in you?
For all I can see
Is one massive blob of blue

There it is, the poet's 'lonely cloud'
To describe it, he takes great pains
But! All it does for me
Is, to open up and pour with rain

Then he says, 'he's in such a jocund company'
And speaks of golden daffodils
'In sprightly dance' which he then dances with
For god's sake bill keep taking the pills

Next, he talks of, 'the bliss of solitude'
'Dancing with flowers' No wonder he's alone
'His heart with pleasure fills'
As he 'twinkles on the milky-way' Via the twilight zone

So if you see someone 'fluttering and dancing in the breeze'
'swaying with ten thousand daffodils'
It's only daft old bill

"You know the old saying! If a Wordsworth is worth doing, it's a word worth doing properly."

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Dancing Shoes'

Haiku

'Dancing shoes'

Dancing shoes
that cannot dance
Without dancing feet

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Darkest Day

Twenty-four hours of darkness in a day
Because the light of my day has been blown away
In my minds your eyes still shine bright
The torch of our love will always stay alight

Nobody hears me when I talk
They don't see me when I walk past
They don't recognise me without you
I was the shape they thought that was your shadow

The seconds turn into minutes, minutes into hours
The hours turn into days, days into weeks
The weeks turn into months, months into years
Years to ponder the darkest day of my life

Thoughts that turn into dreams, dreams that turn into ideas
Ideas that turn into plans, plans that turn into plots
Plots that turn into reality, reality becomes a nightmare
A nightmare about the darkest day of my life

You were the sun in my day and my moon at night
My guiding star and my compass in the sky
I walk in the smog of my eternal night
To hide the heartache of the darkest day of my life

In death I will be with you
Eternally in the flame of loves Olympian light

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Darkest Day'

'DARKEST DAYS'

Twenty-four hours of darkness in a day
Because the light of my day has been blown away
In my minds your eyes still shine bright
The torch of our love will always stay alight

Nobody hears me when I talk
They don't see me when I walk past
They don't recognise me without you
I was the shape they thought that was your shadow

The seconds turn into minutes, minutes into hours
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In death I will be with you
Eternally in the flame of loves Olympian light

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Dog Lover'

'DOG LOVER'

Hoi! Mister where's your dog
Walking in the rain without a reason
Are you finding it a slog?
Walking alone in the rainy season

I have to walk on my own
My wife has gone and so is rover
I am forever to walk alone
My wife has said it's over

She met a very wealthy man
Now she is living in clover
However, when she up and ran
Did she have to take rover?

Just walking in the rain
Thinking of the great lost I've had
Rains not washing away the pain
I don't miss her, but taking rover makes me sad

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Dreaming Of Salad Days'

'Dreaming of salad days'

Many meals ago
I would only eat
As gourmet would eat
The finest ingredients
In the best of restaurants

Many drinks ago
I would only drink
As a connoisseur would drink
The finest of wines
From the best vineyards

Many sleeps ago
I would only sleep
Between silken sheets
In a four poster bed
In the best hotels

Now I sleep on wooden benches
With sheets made from newspapers
I'd be happy and content
If I had the luxury
Of bread and water

Michael (Micmac) Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Dress Of Snow'

"Dress of snow"

In a snow covered coffin
Her remains were laid to rest
Her god created a snow blanket
For one of his best

She lived a life so pure
Always thinking of others
Now a carpet of snow lay
For the mother of mothers

Not walking on a carpet of red
Her carpet was just right for her
A carpet of pure driven snow
Just as pure as her

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Edu-Mac-Cation'

'EDU-MAC-CATION'

I am going back to school to finish my education
Something, I should have done forty years ago
Will I succeed this time around?
Oh dear, I very much hope so

I have tried several times before
Somehow, I always failed
Couldn't concentrate, hadn't the patience
Think it's time I got it nailed

GCSE's in Maths and English
I have to follow those paths
Not so bad at English
Bloody useless at Maths

That was when I was in school
All of forty years ago
I was jack the lad back then
Now I really want to know

I know it has been coined before
Now, I believe it to be the truth
What some clever person said
Education is wasted on the youth

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Endangered Species (Part One & Two) '

I walk along the broken streets
Leaping o'er the cracks beneath my feet
Trying to stay on solid ground
But! the money people want to keep me down

By creating their financial earthquakes
Then producing their usual earaches
These are hard times, tighten your belts
Easy; my hungry body is now a starving svelte

One day the rich will come to see
Their wealth will no longer come free
They may have get their hands full of faeces
Cos; the working class is an endangered species

'Endangered species (Part two) '
'The Appeal'

Let's be truthful
Let's have some clarity
You'll have to work hard
Or donate to this charity

It's not the fault of the working man
That profits are your only drive
Improve the lot of the working person
Or they won't be the only ones to strive

Improve the economy, create more jobs
Improve the lot of the working class
Redistribute the wealth, give a little to everyone
Or the world as you know it, will come to pass

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Epitaph For Micmac'

'EPITAPH FOR MICMAC'

Here it is my epitaph
Call that a life? You are having a laugh
At life, I was willing to try
However, I was born to die
My life, was never normal or dull
My life, I lived to the full
Wipe your tears do not sigh
I was born to die
Yes, oh to sure, I am dead
Get it into your head
I have not joined god in heavens high
I am dead I was born to die
Celebrate my life I was born to die
Smile and be happy, have a laugh
I was born so you could read my epitaph
Lots to eat and drink at my gaff
Here it is my epitaph
Hear about it, from the local telegraph
See the banner in the sky
I was born to die
My mother gave birth
Which at the time caused great mirth?
She's dead too, why oh why
We were all born to die
Go on get some life in
Beg, borrow or sin
We are all born to die
We are all borne to live
Live now,
Die later,
Much later!
Enjoy life now; you have all the rest of it left to look forward to, the next stage.
Do not be afraid there may be something interesting waiting for you when you
come to join me. Death may be a 'new beginning'.

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Every Poem A Novel

Every letter in every word
Every word in every sentence
A writers job is to make the words
Beautifully heard

Every sentence begins a paragraph
Every paragraph forms a hook
To make every story
Become a book

The poets job is to be concise
To make a short poem
A large story told in a thrice

So all you poets don't complain
Don't you grovel
Write a poem
As good as a novel

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Father Nicholas'

'Father Nicholas'

He was born to go to hell
That is where he is bound
Right now he's in a cell
For messing with children of this town

He wore a priest's cassock
He was there to nurture young minds
But he got them to kneel on the hassock
Then he took them from behind

Now as he sits in his prison cell
Things on his mind to dwell
Is it the truth he'll tell
Not a chance in hell

The children have to get it level
They have to see it in their eyes
They have to know that old nick, was Satan
He was the devil in disguise

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Fermanagh'

There was a woman from Fermanagh
Who was known as lady Hannah
If you called her posh
She'd go bish-bash- bosh
Saying 'I don't like your manner

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Fireworks For Love'

FIREWORKS FOR LOVE

Jumping Jack heart a leaping
At the sound of the Cherry-Bomb
The Bengal light lit up the night
The Roman Candle lit up the way
Tell me does anybody know the difference
Between the Fisgig and the Fizgig
Or a Rocket and a Skyrocket?
Can you throw a Banger
Further than a Bunger
Whizzbang wallop, there's the Devil
Igniting a Catherine's Wheel
Pastille coloured or just Maroon
Or a flaming red Iron Sand
Pyrotechnics for Halloween and Bonfire Night
I have a Throwdown and Tantrum
Then go away like a Creepy Serpent
The original Damp Squib
Off home, seething hot as a Volcano
To shower in a Fountain of love
With my darling, the nights one true Sparkler
Home with you, you my little Cracker

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'First Foot'

'First foot'

A bit of coal with no soot
In the hand of the first foot
But as prices get higher
You should have brought a blazing fire

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Flickering Candlelight

'Flickering candle light'

There she is, gliding along
Tells the world, she's found Mr. right
She picked him out from the throng
In the shadow of a flickering candle light

He's her vision; from the Ad'umbrate
Will pursue him, will go get
Just like Eve's, Adam's mate
Will tempt her Mr. silhouette

He give's her that perfect feeling
Like a Queen Bee, surrounded by her swarm
As if she's floating around the Perihelion
Wrapped in his arms, so snug and warm

Her Mr. silhouette put's all the others in the shade
Switches on her love light
Her Mr. silhouette is as sharp as a blade
Says she found Mr. right

She's planning a dream marriage
Their tale told, in the lyrics of a love song
With six Zebra's to pull the carriage
With she says Mr. right, but! He says Mrs. Wrong

Another woman dies because of love
She couldn't live, without her Mr. right
"Lesson to learn" Don't pick your 'Turtle Dove'
In the shadow of a flickering candle light

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'For Your Love'

'For your love'

Open your eyes
Take in the sights
Not in the dark love
Keep on the lights love
That's the sight of true love
Take it slow love
Take time to know love
Make my eyes glow love

Open your nostrils
Take in the smell
It's there In the air
The high of true love
That's the smell of true love
Take it slow love
Take time to know love
Make my eyes glow love

Open your ears
Listen to the sounds
The sounds of heartbeats pulsating
To the beat of pure love
That's the sound of true love
Take it slow love
Take time to know love
Make my eyes glow love

Open your mouth
Stick out your tongue
Taste the sweet love
On my loving lips
That's the taste of true love
Take it slow love
Take time to know love
Make my eyes glow love

Open your mouth

Speak to me about love
Give me the poetry
Of everlasting love
That's the language of true love
Take it slow love
Take time to know love
Make my eyes glow love

Love can be a beautiful experience
Experience will let you know
That an experience lover
Will take it real slow
That's the beauty of true love
Take it slow love
Take time to know love
My eyes glowing eternally
For your love

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Forever In Boots

Swimming costume, bib and tucker
Stonewashed jeans or three-piece suits
Never going to be, a tidy looker
I am the man, forever in boots

Funerals, parties or weddings
Working days or evening pursuits
Planting flowers in their beddings
I am the man, forever in boots

I want to be forever in boots
I wear boots on land or sea
I can be a miserable old coot
If you hide my boots from me

In the ring wearing boxing boots
On a horse in my riding boots
At the riverside in Wellington boots
Happy to be the man, forever in boots

Man forever in boots
Seeks woman, to be his puss in boots
For country hikes, in walking boots
Eternal happiness, both; forever in boots

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Free Poetry

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dearie me
The page is empty devoid of words
Absolutely word free

Along comes a wannabe poet
And before you know it
The freedom of the empty page is marred

But this wannabe poet
Wants the page to be free
So I'll write a poem

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dearie me
Now! The page is only half free
This wannabe poet has become an invader

I sat before the empty page
It looked too empty, too free
So I destroyed it's peace
To set my mind free
The page is no longer free
It's peace is ruined to free me

Now the wannabe poet feels free
Getting something written
Breaking the word blindness

Sometime the innocent suffer
To set others free
This innocent page has suffered
To set this wannabe poet free
But around the poem
The rest of the page stays free

We both have a shared sense of freedom
A sense is all it will ever be
There is no such thing as being totally free

'Funny Love Affair'

"FUNNY LOVE AFFAIR"

It is love, an eerie love
In our funny love affair
However, it is love, real love
In our funny love affair

You are married, you have a spouse
I have someone too
You say that's he's such a louse
You would leave for a love that is true

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Geography'

'Geography'

Why study geography
When you got no place to go
The government has taken all your money
Telling you they need the dough

Why study mathematics
Totalling up amounts
When the government has taken
All your money out of your accounts

Why study English
When you know that the man
Is taking the whole broken country
And flushing it down the pan

I guess we'll have to study geography
If we want to stay in the human race
When the government sinks this country
We'll have to find our way
Out of this place

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Good Times'

'Good Times'

I'm sitting in the dark
Thinking of the light
My light, my darling,
You are my light

You are an angel
A beauty to savour
A beauty to look at
A beautiful kind and caring person

Always looking after me
Always caring for others
I'm resting in your hugs and caresses
I'm drowning in your smothers

Your too good, too goody goody
I'm off to find a bad girl
I'm off to find happiness
You only wanted me Because

I am a bad boy
This bad boy
Plus bad girl
Are off to find good times

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Grew Up Too Soon'

'GREW UP TOO SOON'

You are having a laff ain't ya?
Saying those things to me
Calling yourself me da
Ain't seen ya since I was three
I am burying the only parent I've ever known
Look at the state of ye
Like somit out of the twilight zone
Go away, let me be
You walk in here and you honestly expect
To carry on just like before
But you ain't got no respect
Get out and shut the door
She worked four jobs to keep things going
To keep the wolves from the door
The shame you left always showing
Go on; go back to your whore
Don't contact me, don't write or phone
Don't ever show your face
I hope you die in pain and all alone
For putting her through disgrace
My mum was kind and loving; she had a mother's heart
You even destroyed her faith in god
Leave now; go on, go back to your tart
Don't ever show your face, you sod!
You are having a laff ain't ya?
Saying those things to me
Calling yourself me da
Ain't seen you since I was Three
Ain't had a full time mum since I was three
You took my childhood away from me

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Growing Pains'

'Growing Pains'

The fast flowing water
Swirling from side to side
Rushing busily forever
In the pompous brook
Tearing along speedily
Hurrying to grow into a river

The fast growing youth
Bobbling along the road
As fast as he can
Rushing to be important
Emanating airs and graces
Hurrying to grow into a man

Life's a lot faster
As I hobble along
Now I'm an aging man
Still, when the lassies go by
I dance pompously as a youth
Hurrying along, looking as important I can

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Heavy Winds'

'Heavy wind'

The wind whistled
To places it had never been
Up and down my trouser legs
Shouldn't have had so many beans

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

History

They made me study history
Why?
It's a thing of the past
There's no future in it
Goodbye
Well I knew it wouldn't last

There are people with great wit
Teaching fools about ancient times
They make a living from it
I prefer the people
Who taught me about
Words that rhymes

Do I really want to know history
Or the tale of ancient man
Yes! ! !
I want to know his story
I really want to know him
So I can tell his tale
In a modern poem

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Holy Wars'

'Holy wars'

I wish I was born in B.C.
Instead of Nineteen-fifty-four A.D.

I wouldn't have had to endure
Computers and other machines
That don't do what they were made for

There would be no guns or bombs
There would be no British rule
There would be no 'Man made' 'Holy wars'

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Home Improvement'

'Home Improvement'

Dirty walls
Dust everywhere
Mucky carpets
Grimy windows

A weeks worth of dirty dishes
Waiting in the kitchen sink
A months worth of dirty clothes
Strewn around the floor
Washing machine
Waiting unused in the utility room

Several weeks of takeaway boxes
In several weeks of bin bags
And one weeks more to come
To add to the piles already here

I'm getting married next week
Bringing home a new wife
She'll clean the mess
My sweet little home improvement

Michael (Micmac) Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Hot Lovers From Cold Families'

'Hot lovers from cold families'

Girl Meets boy, they came from warring foes

She Fell in love with the boy with black eyes
Two beauties to behold

He Fell in love with the girl with the big breasts
Two beauties which he tried to hold

She Hit him about the face for being so bold

He Had black eyes now but they once so blue, I'm told

Their Hatred turned to love, so the story was sold

Together They fell in love anew like the tale so old

They Were in love. But like Romeo and Juliet
Their families were cold

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Hot Loving Siobhan'

HOT LOVING SIOBHAN

What you need is
Hot loving Siobhan
To switch your love light on
Hot loving Siobhan
To really turn you on
What you need to carry you on
Is your hot loving Siobhan

My hot love is deeper
Deeper than an ocean
Just like an ocean
My hot love will flow
Will flow on forever and ever
Your warm hands tells me
You have a cold heart
But hot loving Siobhan
Will melt your ice-cold heart

The ice will be so hot
Just right for loving
You're hot loving Siobhan
Hot loving for supper, breakfast and lunch
With some, more hot loving for brunch
Hot loving Siobhan
Has hot loving for every meal
And for every mood you feel
Hot loving Siobhan

What you need is
Hot loving Siobhan
To switch your love light on
Hot loving Siobhan
To really turn you on
What you need to carry you on
Is your hot loving Siobhan

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

How About You?

There's a rumour doing the rounds
Have you heard, have you heard?
They say Micmac is dead and gone
Never to write another word

There's a rumour doing the rounds
Micmac is buried under six feet of soil
I have checked my pulse, and
I know that my blood is still on to boil

My bits are failing, one by one
Can't see clearly, belly's a mound
Taste gone, smell going too, don't believe
The rumour that's doing the rounds

Still listening to my music
Relaxing to the Beach Boys 'Pet sounds'
I am still breathing, don't listen to
A rumour that doing the rounds

There's another rumour doing the rounds
I have just started a rumour of my own
The world has ended, you are all dead
I am on this earth, I am on my own

There's two rumours doing the rounds
Neither one is true
I am very much alive
How About you.....?

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Humbly Yours'

'Humbly yours'

I would like to humbly apologise
To say I was completely wrong
Yes, oh yes! I did err
Only because I did care

I didn't mean to do this thing
I didn't mean to upset
I don't want you to worry
I will show you I am sorry

Can you forgive and forget
Please, please! Let's make up
I can't bear to see you like this
Let's seal our truce with a kiss

You will!
Oh, thank you
I will stop I will refrain
I will never do it again

I don't want keep on or make a fuss
However, so it doesn't stay between us
Just so, it doesn't grow and grow
It's just that I wanted to know

WHAT DID I DO?

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Hungry'

'Hunger'

I am hungry
You make me hungry
I have been starved

I want to gorge myself
I want to be replete
Even though I am full

Of my love for you

I am hungry
I hunger
For your love

Please feed my hunger!

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

I Have Reserved Time To Write This; Why?

I sat in the nature reserve
Watching the animals playing football
I was just a reserve
Not in the first eleven

I had a seat in the theatre reserved
I watched the play unfold
I not an actor I'm too reserved
I'm in the audience where I belong

I was called up by the army
Served before; but they wanted me to re-serve
I was playing tennis; the ball went wide
They made me re-serve

Reserve your energy
Reserve your nerve
Keep your humour in reserve
Keep your reserve in reserve

I reserve the right to say you asked me to write this
And I have kept the best in reserve
You will have to reserve an appointment
With a proper poet after you've read this

An anagram of reserve
Is reverse
I wish I could reverse time
Then I wouldn't have wrote this

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'I Love Sweaty Betty'

'I LOVE SWEATY BETTY'

I sit down to write a love letter
To the woman I love, and I'll get her
For me she's the one, none better
But she's as big as a whale, only wetter

The one I desire and I'll win she
Is the one they call Sweaty Betty
Although, she is as mad as a banshee
And twice as hairy as a yeti

One day in the pub, someone started a fire
From Betty the sweat did sprout
She climbed onto a table to get higher
And sweated the fire right out

One day I got close and gave her a cuddle
Oh! In addition a kiss I did sneak
I ended up in a puddle
Oh god! How that girl did leak

I told her I'd love her forever
I 'd marry her if she'd let me
As the puddle turned into a river
I proposed to Sweaty Betty

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'I Must Have'

'I Must Have'

Hoarding, building collections
Audio tapes, records and C.D.s
Happy forever collating
Books in all the nooks
Have to buy another
Must to have the set
Buy one of those
I haven't had one yet
I must get another
Because there's space behind the door
To collect a bit more
Oh! And then there's the floor
Must have; I need to get
The cupboard isn't full yet
I have to own; it's in the statutes
Ownership is nine tenths of the law
Own it when I am alive
Because the other tenth
Is the ownership of a plot
Six by four with the sods on top
This piece of land
I must have

Michael Micmac Mccrory

I Want To Run Freely

I want to run freely
In the pouring rain
I want to run freely
With the wind in my face
I want to walk freely
Along country lanes
I want to walk freely
In inner city parks

I want to be safe
Wherever I run
I want to be safe
Wherever I walk
I want to be safe
Wherever I roam
But I only feel safe
When I am at home

But the way this government
Is making cuts
I seem to be in every target group
I don't feel safe
I want to be out of the loop
I am not safe
Even at home
So how can I be safe
When I roam

I feel sure that the next taxation
Will be on people, who want to be free
So I run freely, looking behind
For the man to come to slap on a fine
I will never be free
Because the man doesn't care
Today a tax on being free
Tomorrow a tax on fresh air

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'I'M A Conscientious Objector'

'I'm a Conscientious Objector'

I don't want to fight or join any conflict
Any such idea would make me sick

I don't want to fight with a gun or a sword
I want to be able to settle with a friendly word

I don't want to carry on a campaign of abuse
My crusade would be to make a lasting truce

I don't want to be a part of a battle
I just want peace, so don't shake your rattle

I don't believe in war, hostility or strife
That's why I don't want a wife

Marriage! 'I'm a Conscientious Objector'

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Imaginary Dinner Guest'

'Imaginary Dinner Guest'

The old man sat deep in thought
I simply asked him why
This is what he had to say

I am Matsuo Basho
I solve the worlds problems
In seventeen syllables
Five-Seven-Five, is my way

He asked if I could be his muse
He would immortalise me in his next Haiku
And so it was written!

I like young Micmac
Always joking, he will learn
Life is serious

But! He was only joking, or was he?

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'In A Dream'

'IN A DREAM'

You came to me in a dream so free
That how I want you always to be
In a dream: you see!
I don't want your reality

I nearly crashed because of the glare
From your bright shiny black hair
It was then that everybody saw
The silly look on my jaw

They knew that you had reeled me in
By the sillier looking grin
The grin ever so broad
That left me locked jawed

But you smiled the same at every boy
The sadness soon soured the joy
As you flirted with everyone
I went to stare at the rising sun

Once had dreams of you as a wife
Now nightmares of taking my life
Climbed up and unto the ledge
And threw myself of suicide bridge

As frightened people scampered away
I was dying beneath the archway
But someone's happy, don't you know it
I became a muse, and inspired this poet

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'In Rehearsal'

'In Rehearsal'

Don't disturb me now
I'm in rehearsal
Learning the ropes
As I progress into my character

There's no director
Just wearisome improvisation
Copying the methods
Of heroes from my past

Performing actions and nature
I observed of persons long gone
Creating a dramatic contour
As I progress into my character

Don't disturb me now
I'm in rehearsal
Finding out who I can be
Forever rehearsing, looking for the real me

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'In The Dark'

'IN THE DARK'

I am oft times prone to despise
When other men look into your eyes
I am oft times at the end of my wits
When other men look at your tits
I oft times think it's a farce
When other men say, you have a nice arse
However, what really get's on my goat
Is when you sit and gloat
When other men oft times remark
Did you meet him in the dark?

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'In The Name Of Art'

'In the name of Art'

Her legs are close together
Only two feet apart
On the bed she lay naked
The painter called it art

The photographer took a picture
Had to capture the image
Her father saw it in the papers
It made the whole family grimace

The world has seen her body
As when she was born
Everything on show
Her family forlorn

Every time the family see the picture
They rip it up and remember
She was their little baby
A loving family member

Their lives they say are ruined
The family torn apart
All because she's a model
Working naked in the name of art

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Is Love Enough? '

'Is love enough'

Floating along on the cruel sea of love
Swaying on the treacherous waves of the heart
Looking for an eternal port in which to anchor
To come home to the one true love

The boat of amore has sailed
However in the cruel sea of love
I am the one who waves to the seafaring lovers
A landlocked landlubber in a lovers dry dock

I want to ride on the waves of bliss
I want to share a loving kiss
I want to say that love is enough
Yet I can't, I am without love

Can love be it?
A lonely man's saviour
Can love keep you alive?
Is love enough?

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'It's Just A Load Of Wood'

'IT'S JUST A LOAD OF WOOD'

Now! Those poets and there are many
Write about the romance of the forest
I think their talking a load of fanny
There, nettles and thorns to gore us

We wander through the tree-lined roads
In search of a fun day out
There we bump into slimy toads
Who think we're barmy, no doubt

Next, we meet the wild boar
The poets call a beautiful lump
To me the poet's a wild bore
The original forest gump

There is mud and slime, pits of lime
In addition, even the odd quagmire
Shucks and the rubbish of an ancient time
Just crying out for a fire

Aw shut it!
It's just a load of wood

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Just Like Daddy'

'Just like Daddy'

Daddy I want to be like you
Just like you; if I can
Live my life as you do
Happy as a single man

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Killing Remark

Here I sit
With a lack of wit
Cause what you said
Is going round my head

I just cannot understand
Why we let it get so out of hand
It didn't take long
For it to go wrong

We got married today
Then you had to say
What you said
Our first night in bed

You tore my heart asunder
But I still wonder
Why my head's still full of thunder
Why did you say
For an Australian millionaire
I wasn't very big down under

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Lardzan

Just like jungle boy Tarzan
Animals brought up the child Lardzan
Tarzan's adopted ape parents were so big
Lardzan's adopted parents were the humble pigs

Just like the jungle boy
Lardzan had his Jane
But his was a short lived joy
About hygiene Jane was a pain

Tell me why oh why
Won't you come and live in my sty
The truth to you I will tell
I Just can't stand the smell

Why oh why do you have to moan
Why do you run down my ancestral home
Smell this a family heirloom
At that she turned and left the room

The smell got worse as the weather got hotter
But this didn't deter Lardzan Trotter
He wooed Jane with flowers and wine
She just said man-ure a swine

Off Lardzan and Jane's romance
Which is a loving shame
Jane never gave Lardzan a chance
Snout from it never came

Poor old Lardzan was down on his luck
Jane went off to live in the city
All Lardzan had was muck
So he didn't smell too pretty

It been a year since Lardzan lost Jane
Now he doesn't give a fig
He lives a life oh so plain
Happy as the proverbial pig

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Last Words'

Your puffing up the pillow
For me to rest my head
Your puffy eyes tell me you know
It won't be long before I'm dead

I know I should say something witty
Some Wilde type retort
Either that wallpaper goes or I do
But I'm not the witty sort

So here they are my last words
I will state them real quick
Get rid of that wallpaper
It makes me feel sick

But seriously darling
I really don't want you to cry
Could you put my head between my legs
So I can kiss my ass goodbye

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Lonely Teardrop'

'LONELY TEARDROP'

Millions of teardrops did fall
The day my love died
The total teardrops I couldn't recall
I just cried and cried
Of all the teardrops, I remember only one
It fell on your cheek and rested
I remember everything that teardrop done
I've forgotten what the rest did
It gently kissed you goodbye
And bade you a fond farewell
I had a good cry
Thoughts of a life of hell
Without you my love, life will be such
I can't imagine a future
I will always remember that teardrop touch
A lifetime in my dreams for sure
A lonely teardrop that made its way
As it passed from me to you
For on your cheek it rested and lay
Until it rose to heaven like the morning dew
As it formed a cloud for you to ride upon
On your journey through the ether
Together you travelled on
I won't forget either
That memory will never leave me
Tears enough to fill a river
I will love our lonely teardrop for an eternity
I will love you for ever

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Long Live Poetry'

'Long Live Poetry'

Waiting for inspiration
To come along
Inspiration, my old muse
Never came to my aid

Then you came to me
We made love
Aaaagh! A love poem
Inspiration is dead

Long live poetry.....

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Look Deeper'

'look deeper'

The old woman cried
The young people cried
The old man said aye
It will happen to us all
So why do you cry?

The young people looked at the old man
It should be you in there
You're the one they should be burying
The old man said aye
Why should I care
It should be you that's worrying

All the young people grew old
They died one by one
At each graveside the old man said aye
They should have looked deeper
They would have seen
I'm the grim reaper; aye

Michael (Micmac) Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Look Good In Pink'

'I Look Good in Pink'□

All day I'm stuck□
To the kitchen sink□
Or cleaning the toilet□
To get rid of the stink□

Making breakfast□
Dinner or tea□
So that they will□
All love me□

Make their beds□
Wash their clothes□
Their dirty socks□
Makes me hold my nose□

So that they will love me□
Partner wakes up□
Has breakfast□
Then goes to work□

The children play with their food□
Go of to school□
This muck, no, thank you□
How rude□

Partner comes home
Has their dinner
In front of the telly
Or the computer

Then they fall asleep
Oh how I could weep
Saturday night
Down the pub

Suddenly they come alive
Come here dear; high five

Then comes the little wink
And darling you look good in pink

That was the final straw
To tell a man
He looks good in pink
In front of his mates

Put away some more beers
Need to sulk; have a think
It's hard to be a house-husband
However! I do look good in pink

MICMAC□

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Looking For A Word'

'Looking for a word'

Looking for a word
I'll tell you what to do
Buy a poet's dictionary
Then you can see it's true
Naughty words rhyme too

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Love - Hate Rain 1&2

'Love-Hate Rain 1'

Walking in the lashing rain
Washing away my blues
My new denim shirt, colour running

'Love-Hate Rain 2'

Walking hunched in the rain
The raindrops
Concealing the teardrops

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Love Fool'

'Love fool'

Your eyes are shut as you kiss
Your thoughts darkened by a mist
As your mind comes to unfold
You give yourself oh so bold

Full body and all soul
For pure love is your goal
Happiness you must possess
Even if you must transgress

As your arms do entwine
You hope he'll like you for your mind
I'll tell you the truth of it
He isn't after your wit

But still you give him your all
Because he says that you're better than football
You think that he's the perfect catch
Even when he's at the match

You are love and you're sure to fall
In love when he will shout his lovers call
You believe in bill and coo and turtle dove
Because you are 'Love'

You are 'Love' the original 'Fool'
You are just a 'Love Fool'

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Love-Hate Snow 1&2

'Love-Hate Snow 1'

The ice hot sun beating down
On the frozen ground
Snow fades melting my cold heart

'Love-Hate Snow 2'

Snow on the window-sill
A snow covered doorstep
I'm happy in front of a raging fire

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Love-Hate Summer 1&2

'Love-Hate Summer 1'

The sun shines
lights up your eyes
I'm sweating love

'Love-Hate Summer 2'

It's the hottest Summer ever
London is boiling
I'm Holidaying in a Typhoon in Tyrone

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Mother In-Law'

I saw your mother
Today in Trafalgar Square
She was wearing a nice bonnet
The pigeons shit on it
They didn't care
I didn't tell her
Cos I didn't care
With a silly grin
I just stood there
Then the pigeons shit again
This time on my hair
I saw your mother
Just standing there
With an enormous silly grin
Serves me right
For marrying her daughter
That's it
I've taken all the shit
I am ever going to take
So it's goodbye to your mother
And goodbye to you
Goodbye my dear
Goodbye
By the way tell your mother
Shit suits her
It's Just so, so her

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'My Dilemma'

I love cats
Twelve have I
So many cats do confuse
I have cats; but no muse
It must be true
What they say
Did the cats chase
The muse away?

What's that you say? you louse
Cats only chase away the mouse
That fact is of no use
I just want to find my muse

Here I sit in my hell
No muse
And you say, I can't spell
I can't take this abuse

There it is my dilemma
Is this the way it should be
My hand shaking in a tremor
Now! if only I could write poetry

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'My Grandpa Turned Me Into Robbie Burns Mouse'

'Grandpa turned me into Rabbie Burns Mouse'

Whilst celebrating the birth of Rabbie Burns
The Mother after so many twists and turns
Gave birth to a bouncing baby boy
Filled the fathers heart with joy
The grandpa lifts the baby high
And like a banshee gave a cry
You'll be a man with concerns
You'll be a poet like Rabbie Burns
You'll write about "Mans inhumanity to man"
And fight to save old Ireland
You'll fight "a Nation of rogues"
Like they did at bolavogue
You'll charge them roaring, you won't wait
And you'll lead us into a free state
You'll rid us of quislings and such
Give us freedom "No monarch can touch"
But alas, grandpa don't you know it
You turned me into a poet
A wandering poet "Who did dally"
"On British ground to rally"
I know you think, your kin has been blighted
And "British wrongs must be righted"
But in my heart and in "my Breastie"
I'm a "Wee, Sleekit, Cowrin, Tim'rous Beastie
MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Noireen' 'You Are My Light'

'Noireen'

'You are my light'

I sit in the darkness of my cave
When my world is black
I rant and rave
I shout the blues out of me
I sit in the darkness
So I can see a way
To find my light

I sit alone in company
The darkness still surrounds me
The party is going full tilt
Still I sit like a flower in wilt
I sit in my dark world
Thoughts so black feeling blue
Searching for my light

Even when I sit in the dark alone
I don't feel completely on my own
There is one thought that always comes through
I can banish the black and blue
When I get thoughts of you
Cos even in my darkest plight
Noireen you are my light

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Old Memories, Renewed Love'

'Old memories; renewed love'

Well I'll be!
Mary Hennessy, 'That was'
How the hell are you?
Girl you have changed
Two children, both girls
What a lovely surprise
Well I'll be!

Your eyes still sparkle
Yes' oh yes it is me
Yes I got married too
Two children, both boys
It's nice to see you again
I can't believe it's you

How are your family
Partner dead; mine too
Boys all grown, yours also
On my own again; what you as well
A movie, dinner, a drink or two
Mary Hennessy; forty years on

In the chapel of love
The priest asks
Do you take this man
You say you do, me too
Our love will be more beautiful
The second time around

Well I'll be.....

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'On The Couch'

'ON THE COUCH'

One more 'session' on the couch
Another unloading of fears and woes
Talk yourself out of it, you slouch
That is the way forward, history shows
Psychiatrist asks, what do you think?
I don't know, my thoughts astray
You tell me, you are! The shrink
You must help me chase the blues away
I do not need to be told its stress
I need to know how to rid
I need your pity even less
Do not treat me like a kid
I am in two minds schizophrenic
The good or bad, which mind will I use
The clearheaded or the hallucinogenic
Both my minds open to abuse
One more session on the couch
Another unloading of my fears and woes
Less money in my pouch
Another holiday abroad, off my psychiatrist goes

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Our Love Is Forever'

'OUR LOVE IS FOREVER'

Now, there's a you and I
You no longer need to cry
Sit and enjoy being together
Storming the cruel bitter weather
Our love is forever

Written about by the clever
Sung in all their songs
About how our love survived
All of life's twisted wrongs
Our love is forever

Our love without lies
Will survive their jealous minds
No matter what the world tries
We're in love is all they will find
Our love is forever

Our love in our house
In the middle of our street
Even the little mouse
Think's its ever so sweet
Our love is forever

To Noireen,
The love of my life

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Our Stairs

Our stairs goes up to our bedrooms
They also must lead to heaven
The older members of my family went up there
And my sister who was only seven
There's a roof that stops me
From seeing or reaching the sky
Yet half of my family did. How? Why?

My uncle James went up the stairs
Then there was such a yell
He was a bad man, a thief and a drunk
So dad said! 'he went straight to hell'
'He'll burn real quick, Cos he was 100% proof'
And just like me he couldn't go through the roof

So when it becomes my time to disappear up the stairs
There's one thing I urge of thee
If I can't find the secret door in the roof
Please pray I can go to purgatory
I've been quiet too long; So I must tell
I'm just a good boy; who doesn't want to go to hell

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Paper Thin Amy'

'PAPER THIN AMY'

She struts her stuff
Like she's walking
On a catwalk
For all the beautiful people
To come and idolise her
However, they don't come
To revel in her beauty
They come to abuse and ridicule
Her less than size zero
Her third world figure
So who could blame them?
For writing to
Paper-thin Amy
Your looks are not dreamy
You could be in a nightmare
From a Hitchcock movie
When you turn sideways
You disappear
You are so thin
The photographers
Airbrush
All the fat bits in
You were the queen
Of your fashion world
Your brain emaciated
And your body too
All the world thought you a freak
You got dressed up
Or dressed down
To show the world
Wearing your beauty queen crown
But, eventually it got to you
You took your life
As great people often do
You joined the great in heaven
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder
I hold you forever in my eye
To me you were beautiful

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Pilgrim's Daughter'

'Pilgrim's daughter'

I met a pilgrim's daughter
We did things we shouldna oughta
The old pilgrim father caught us
God he was in such a lather
Now I'm! the pilgrim father

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Poetic Justice

'POETIC JUSTICE'

POETRY

LOVE

PROSE

ENGLAND LOSING

THAT'S POETIC JUSTICE

TO THIS IRISHMAN

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Practice Makes Perfect'

'Practise makes perfect'

That sweet young couple down the lane
Who found making love such a pain
Well It didn't take very long
To see they were doing it all wrong
Now they practice again and again

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Practising My Art'

What is it?

What do you want?

Where are you taking me?

When did I get here?

How do I know your white coats are for real?

Am I real?

What did you say?

Your taking me to the nut house

What type of nuts?

I think I may be allergic to nuts

A home for mentals

For madmen like me you say

Your treatment is making me mad

Why am I wearing a white jacket?

I don't like white

Blue suits me

Have you got it in blue?

Why am I here?

You said I was talking to myself

Why yes that is what I do@

I'm in the theatre you know

I'm a ventriloquist

They came to take me away

For practising my art

The whole world is going mad

I'm the sane one

Sitting with my hand

Up the backside

Of a talking piece of wood

Yes I'm the sane one

'Protestant Catholic'

PROTESTANT CATHOLIC

All ye that enter the church abandon all hope
You may want to marry but the rules says nope
However, you can have all the children you can grope
And you will get protection and cover from the pope
They make you take orders and wear a frock
Then they get all-uptight and go into shock
When in front of children you produce your cock
Then they hide you away in amongst the flock

They deny it; they really do it so neat
You do wrong and they put you in retreat
But the children you molest and even beat
Lose the will to live and end up on the street
It is a mystery to say the least
How some people turn into a beast?
The animal within them is soon released
All because they made them a priest

These people are supposed to be our rock
We all know that is just a crock
When the devil within is unlocked
Another child's life goes into hock
Next time you go to mass
Ask them where they get the brass
To stand and spout such crass
That makes their religion look an ass

Hey pope, you, I don't want to worry
If you don't want your religion to end up in the slurry
Do something now, and in a hurry
You have to let your priest's marry
MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Race For Love'

'Race for Love'

Whether short, fat, square or perpendicular
It doesn't matter when you know, she's the one
She's the special one, La Femme Particuliere
His search for that perfect love is now done

His idea's of the immaculate woman, now modified
No longer are looks and beauty desired
As long as she is genteel and dignified
With a Calm and innate charm acquired

To him she is a real cutie
With her bluey- green eyes and wry smile
That contributes to a lopsided beauty
In his race for love, she wins by a mile

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Racing Certainty'

Haiku

Racing Certainty

Racing certainty
Insured horse dies
Owner wins again

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Racing Wars'

Five horse's have died
They call it the sport of kings
For king and country
The misguided animals
Some say it's their sworn duty

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Real Love Will Shine Out'

We can't hide our love
Love will shine out come what may
The moon shines on our love at night
The sun shines on it by day

The love light shines from our eyes
As we lovingly take in loves young gaze
The old fools in loves young dream
Walking in a puppy loves haze

We walk on pastures new
Far from all our usual crowd
Trying to keep our love hidden
Holding hands, gazing lovingly, our love crying out loud

We couldn't hide a love like ours
We couldn't keep it a secret for long
Your husband and my wife knows about it now
Our love was just too strong

The moon shone on our love at night
The sun shone on our love by day
Our love is now an open book
Real love will shine out, come what may

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Reality! What?

REALITY! WHAT?

Is it real?
Was it real?
Can it be real?
How real is it?
How real was it?
How real can it be?

Reality?

Who is real?
When is it real?
How real was it?
Why is it real?
Where is it real?

Was it real then?
Is it real now?
Who makes it real?
When is it real?

Why do we need reality?
When do we need reality?
Where do we need reality?
How do we get reality?

Reality!

What reality?
Is my life a reality?
If my life is reality
You can have it
Take it please
Reality! What?

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Reallity Tits'

'Reality tits'

There was young Frankie the fool
Who was manipulated by the tits at the pool
By an older lady called Denise
She asked, Have you seen many of these
He said; lots; But yours are so cool

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Reincarnation'

'REINCARNATION'

A twinkle in his eyes
Catches her eyes
Their eyes love-locked
They speak their first words to each other
The first real date
The courting game
The gelling together, becoming real mates
They announce their engagement
Settle on a wedding date
The pre-nuptial plans
At last, the wedding day
A nice honeymoon suite
From sperm to baby
The baby is a boy
From boy to man
From a man to dust
The wind blows the dust into another man's eyes
From dust to a twinkle
The twinkle in his eyes
Look out ladies
□
REINCARNATION!

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Researcher Of Poetry'

'Researcher of poetry'

To be or not to be that is the question
Am I a word junkie or a poetry equestrian?
Riding a rhyme changing the line
To make it look like it was mine

The good Lawrence Durrell was a wordy man
Little about poetry he did understand
Till a woman led him to the Promised Land
Now he's one of the best in the land

Barrington had a duck-billed Platypus at trinity
With whom he shared a remarkable affinity
The Platypus made Barrington nervous
When he suggested they join the Diplomatic Service

John's padre was an old sky pilot
Until they clipped his wings
He sits in his garden: writing poetry
Playing guitar, composing songs which he sings

Noel proved he was no coward
He proved he was the brave one
With mad dogs and Englishmen
He went out in the midday sun

Cole Porter said let's do it let's fall in love
I said Cole you have had to much porter
I really don't fancy you, but, if you can wait
To get drunk: I might like a little porter

I did do some research to come up with this prose
I know you're not happy, and what's getting up your nose
I am not a researcher I will tell you for free
I may just be a thief of other people's poetry

MICMAC

'Santa Is Just An Old Wives Tale'

I'm not the simpleton you think I am
I'm not the buffoon you'd like me to be
You keep me in a blind corner, whilst whispering away
However much kept in the dark, I learned to see

My dislike of your secretive ways
Your treating me like a court jester
Made me a very bitter person
Who just sat and learned to fester

You could have told me the truth
I learnt it anyway, and took it without pause
Now it's you who look like fools
I know now, there's no Santa Claus

You always called me your little man
Which made me want to throw up
Look in the mirror, you're aging parents
Despite your lies, I did grow up

Santa is an old wives tale
They say he could be St. Nicholas
He made parents lie to their kids
But he must really be old Nick, alas

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'She Watched Me On The Telly'

'She watched me on the telly'

She watched me on the telly
But I'm not of great renown
Don't blink or you'll miss me
In the video of Shane McGowan

Mammy mammy mammy
Uncle Mick's on the box
It's called 'If I should fall from grace'
Mick looks like an old grey fox

Uncle Mick's in his second home
Down there in his local pub
Standing at the bar
With the usual pint at his gob

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Small Town Boy'

'Small town boy'

I went away to stay away
But wherever I went
It was just like home

So I came back
I am here to stay
A small town boy

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Something Old, Something New'

'SOMEONE OLD-SOMETHING NEW'

I sat in the cool night air on my balcony
When the sound of voices came a fluttering up to me
I wish one had said, I did that when I was younger
Do it now, you can afford to, you won't die of hunger

However, alas, I am too old to do it now
What? Too old, at fifty, you are only just alive
If I had the chance to do it, I would, but
I am too old, at three score years and five

I'll tell you what, let's do it together
Let's dance a swift fandango
Forget our ages we'll go ahead
Then we will dance the tango

They found they could do something new
The tango led to other dances
Just shows you what you can do
If only you take the chances

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Standing On The Edge

Standing on the edge
Today yet again
Here I stand in the rain
The soil beneath me
Turns to mud
Standing alone
With just memories
Of a fruitful past
The fruit now fallen
On the mucky grass

Standing like a smoking gun
All my bullets spent
Looking down a loaded barrel
Like a blind man in the glaring sun
No damage left to be done
All faculties have slowed down
All strength has flown away
At life I have tried
But yesterday I died
They bury me today

A dear friend
Someone just as old as me
Is by my grave today
Standing on the edge
Tomorrow who will it be
I'm lucky
It won't be me

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Staring Down'

'STARING DOWN'

It is a familiarity
Staring down at me
A photograph that I kissed
Everyday, I never missed
Kissed it as I went out to work
Or on days off, having a shirk
Talked to it about my day
Smiled at it in a silly way
I would have a blessed rave at it
Although it is my favourite
Makes me feel heavy and mild
A picture of a mother and child
The child died while still little
Ever so small, fragile and brittle
The mother, my wife, full of joy
Of holding her sweet baby boy
The mother so young, sadly is dead too
So why? Picture do I still love you
Is it because you're a familiarity,
Forever staring down at me
Or is it because of the two people from above
Invoking memories, that I once had love
It is a familiarity, staring down at me
Filling my heart with glee
□
MICMAC
□

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Suitably Refreshed'

'SUITABLY REFRESHED'

Suitably refreshed
Drunkenly caressed
One for the road obsessed
Morning after depressed
Hair of the dog, insides messed
I am an alcoholic, I confess

Path of life confused
Last nights drink being spewed
Walking a line, vision eschewed
Walk on by, do not be rude
Go home to the family, in a merry mood
Liver is shot, heart not so good

Back in the bar with my friends
I am hoping this fashion has no end
Getting blottoed, drunk and pissed is the trend
Drinking so much I got the bends
To the children what message this sends?
However, another drink, and my spirit soon mends

To be 'suitably refreshed' I intend!

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Swallow Or Spit'

Haiku

'Swallow or spit'

Are you a swallower?
Or a spitter?
This is my first cigar

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Tantric Poetry

Phone: Ring, ring, ring

Him: There goes the phone
Hello who's there?

Her: It's me darling
Are you on your own?
I've been lying here on my bed
With thoughts of you in my head
I want you to please me
With sweet loving words of poetry

Him: Oh alright; here goes
I'll start at the bottom
At the tip of your toes
I'd like to kiss each one
Then rub you all over with my nose
Show love: like the Eskimos

Then there's your dainty feet
Small and ever so sweet
Up to your ankle
Caressing gently with a tickle
I hope this doesn't rankle
I aim to please you

My tongue ascends up your leg
To the upper reaches of your thigh
Stopping at your knee
To acclimatise as I get high

See as I massage your back
Turn you over to lick your tummy
On to your chin and cheeks
Then kiss your lips so yummy
Ending with a gentle blow in your ear

A little rest on your shoulder
Start, on my way down again

On the other side
Caressing, licking and kissing
All the bits I was missing
On the way up

I haven't mentioned your naughty bits
Cause that would be obscene
I want the world to know that
Tantric poetry if practised right
Can be kept clean

I hope this poetry
Has pleased your ears
I hope you get what I mean
This poem is for you my love
The most perfect human being

Now I am finished, I hope you love me
And I'm the one who you'll always want
To be with you in your bed
But, please get it into your head
I love you but, heavens above
I like us to be in the same room
When we are making love

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Teachers Preach, Others Act

Teachers preach, others act

Those who can do, do the their jobs with panache
Those who can't do their jobs, teach
They teach some, who will do their jobs with panache
They teach others, who will teach and preach

I'm one of those who can't do their job, and that's a fact
I tell you why, why I am good at what I do
I get all the others to act
Then I bank the brown and pay in blue

Me, I will hire those who can do
Cos I'm a user through and through
Don't judge me, don't be so rash
I'm the one with all the cash

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'That Was Me; But Who Am I? '

'That was me; but who am I? '

I was that man
Had gun did travel
Shot others for a fee

I was that man
Yet was that man me?
He's not who I am now

This old dog
Learnt some new tricks
I don't do what I used to do

That man was a part of me
He no longer exists
Yet without that man

Who would I be?
Would I still be me?
Am I me?

That was me
Should the question be
Who am I?

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Aging Man'

'The Aging Man'

The aging man sat on the concrete seat
Outside the hidden mountain cottage
The seat where generations had sat before
A family party going on inside the cottage
He sits and ponders his future
As generations have done before
Some chose the priesthood
Others opted for foreign climes
Some had gone to war
None of the family who had left
Had ever returned home
The eldest, as he was, of each generation
Stayed at home on the farm
He thought, this he might change
He wasn't sure if he wanted
Another family member
Stuck on this mountain
In this out of the way cottage
That they called the family home
But he never felt at home
Someone standing on the doorstep
Shouts come in son
It is your eighteenth birthday party
You should be in here
He went back to the party
The family were in full spirits
Happy to see him grown
How will he tell them
He is going to break with tradition
A heavy burden for one so young
What a weight on his shoulders
For him, the aging man

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Alphabet Of Love'

'The Alphabet of Love'

A boy meets a girl
Both fall in love
Cupid performs his duty
Days getting to know her
Eyes only see her beauty
From morning to night
Girl tells boy
He is the one
In sickness and in health
Joined in matrimony
Kiss the bride
Love's young dream, matures
Mummy and Daddy
Nappies and noise
Old before their time
Parents don't do parties
Quick growing family
Ruining their waking hours
Sleepless nights, days and weeks
Tough times, more ahead
Utopian love was just a dream
Veritable nightmare
Wishing they had never met
X husband and wife
Young enough to fall in love again
Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.....sleep on it, is it worth the hassle?

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Beautiful Tree'

For hundreds of years
It has stood nobly
It is so beautiful
It will reduce you to joyful tears

It's branches a playground
For generations of kids
It's dark green leaves
Dark as the secrets it hid

It has a gory history
And met many bad men
It was the hanging tree
Way back when

For hundreds of years
It has stood nobly
With it's history of varied tears
Now it is so beautiful

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The Eejit

'THE EEJIT'

DO YOU SEE THAT EEJIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET
DANCING AND SWAYING AND STOMPING HIS FEET
HE CAN'T HEAR MUSIC, BUT ALAS INSTEAD
HE'S CAVORTING LIKE THAT BECAUSE OF VOICES IN HIS HEAD
TO CALL HIM AN EEJIT IS A BIT UNKIND
HE'S LIKE THAT BECAUSE HE HAS A WANDERING MIND
ASK HIM ANY QUESTION, YOU'LL GET THE ONE REPLY
I DON'T KNOW THAT, BECAUSE MY BRAIN DID DIE
HE CAME FROM A BIG FAMILY, HAD MANY KIN
THEIR ALL DEAD, ALL BUT ONE DONE IN
BUT HE CAN'T GET IT LEVEL IN HIS HEAD
WHY HIS BROTHER TOOK A GUN AND SHOT THEM DEAD
MENTION ABOUT HIS MAMMY AND PAPPY
HE'LL SHOUT AND SMILE, THAT'S WHEN I WAS HAPPY
THEY'LL BE FOREVER WITH HIM, HE ALWAYS HAS SAID
HE KNOWS IT TRUE; IT'S THEIR VOICES IN HIS HEAD
HE'S BEEN THAT WAY SINCE HE WAS THREE
HE WAS THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE THE MASSACREE
YES, IT IS TRUE! HE WAS ONLY THREE
THAT'S THE AGE HE WILL ALWAYS BE
DO YOU SEE THAT EEJIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET
DANCING AND SWAYING AND STOMPING HIS FEET
LEAVE HIM ALONE, AND THANK YOUR GOD
YOU HAVEN'T THE LIFE OF THAT POOR SOD

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Elder's Corner'

Heaven's waiting room
Is in the corner from hell
The corner of the pub
Where, the elders dwell

Whose going to be next?
Only time will tell
Politeness prevails
After you; I yell

It's called heaven's waiting room
But not for me, cos I am bound for hell
Last orders! one for every road in town
Before you ring that bell

Surprise, surprise, up to heaven; what joy
St. peter's is standing behind the bar
Is that you Micmac me boy
Will you have a little jar

Then the landlady wakes me up
Will you ever go home; will you empty your glass
Come on now you, take that last sup
Drinking with St. Peter... you were me ass! ! !

It'll be hell for you me lad
The flames will make you sweat a load
Won't your ugly face be sad
Cos the devil don't serve one for the road

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Empty Canvas'

THE EMPTY CANVAS

The empty canvas
Here I stand
Ready for the deluded illusion
To be painted, sketched or drawn,
Into the self portrait
I could eventually become

The canvas is empty
Waiting for me to become
A surrealist, because the image
Like the canvas is bereft of substance
Not finished, never to be done
Cos I'm still searching the real me

I will have to start
To begin the search
For the lines and shapes
That portray me
So that people can say
Aye! That was him

He filled the image
Live the life, fulfilled his potential
He was big enough and had importance
Sufficient meaning to his existence
Lived his life to the full
To fill the canvas was his desire

The canvas is still empty
Surrounded by scaffold and a dustsheet
Waiting for the day
Someone will pull the cord
Then paint my outer form
Then I will have to start
The search for the inner me

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The Empty Page

Here I sit and stare
At the empty page
Because it's empty
I am in a rage

Here I sit and stare
Trying to empty my mind
To find the words
To write poetry of some kind

Here I sit and rage
I need more booze
Still looking at an empty page
Searching for a muse

The muse had always been there
The thing that made me rage
At it I did stare
My muse was the empty page

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The English Invader In Training 2011

Future English invaders in training
Running amok
Bust that lock
Plunder and pillage

Good old English youths
Keeping the home fires burning
Stealing all that's not tied down
It's riches they are yearning

They are the new English invaders
In training
Today an unruly mob
Tomorrow they'll be reigning

The English are at it again
Bullying by force
Taking what's not theirs
It seems nobody cares

The victims can only wait
Prisoners in their own home
As the villains lay in wait
There is some good news

These particular English
Are leaving Ireland alone
They are practising by robbing
From their own

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Fighter'

'The Fighter'

I was the fighter
I fought and beat the best
They chose the wheels
I was left with no choice

We looked at each other
A few feet apart
Raced towards our goal
The chicken fell off

Couldn't stand the pace
I beat them with miles to spare
I was the first one there
I got to the tills first

I'll get the chicken tomorrow
It'll be trolley's again at dawn

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The Fop Flops

He was the well dressed man
Who wore the best of treads
Where ever he walked in the land
He would turn the girls heads

He wore the best shirts and ties
For his love the girls would hope
He shot his wife because she forgot the milk
He ended his life wearing a tie of rope

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Game Of Life'

'The Game of Life'

Where would we be?

Without the eccentric

Life would be square

And never concentric

Now and again

I need the odd

Wouldn't it be wonderful?

If we were all god

□

My head's permanently in a mangle

My life is a triangle

Looking askew

Life is always a left angle

Wish I were normal

Want to blend in

Yet I could never be formal

Men in white send in

□

You never see

My point of view

However, I can see

Straight through you

You think you would like to stand

On the outside of the frame

You never will because you think

That I am suited and it's for the lame

□

You're so happy

It is my game

It is my life

I am the man with no name

And so my life goes on

Out in rain, hail and smog

Spit at and pissed upon

Always the underdog

Forever last in; THE GAME OF LIFE'

MICMAC



Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Gunless Wonder'

I don't own a gun
But if I did
There are so many people
To get rid

I would be all the news
Cause there is so many people
Who give me the blues
The gun barrel would melt

The bullets would chase my blues away
As they hit the targets in their way
Yes so many people have to pay
When it becomes the judgement day

Beware! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
There are shops that sell guns
Judgement day is nigh
I could just go off to buy

I am a joker; I am a one
For I am in jest just having fun
I simply couldn't shoot anyone
Cause..... I don't want to own a gun

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Hippy Pilgrim'

'THE HIPPY PILGRIM'

On a journey to find, the thing called me
I travelled through life with the rock and roll circus
Psychedelic rock and the love that's free
Wine flowed like a river, and I drunk like Bacchus
Looked to the bible for a reason to live
To see if living had some merit
No matter how much time to reading I'd give
I could never believe in the religious spirit

I went in search of my personal Mecca
However, no divine spirit I did find
I found solace in records from Virgin, Island and Decca
Narcotics had me out of my mind
I was the typical spaced out pilgrim hippy
On a high, a solar system drifter
Back then, I thought I was happy
Happy heroin user, I enjoyed a snifter

I stopped searching and found that elusive one
Who was never lost, just insecure?
Finding the real me was so much fun
Since those days I have grown in stature
Clean living, pure thoughts, looking to the future
All this for the aging pilgrim hippy
They say this new way of living suits you
However, the pilgrim hippy is still not happy

I'm still no saint that you can anoint
I have found myself I am pill happy
Moreover, I still like the odd joint
I will always be the pilgrim hippy
Life is what you make it
Enjoy in your own way
Nothing wrong with a bit of of what you fancy
See you up in the Milky Way

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The Humane Thing To Do'

No bullets were fired
But, five innocents have died
All for sporting fun
They call it a festival
Shots fired; The human(e) thing done?

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Lady Noireen'

'The Lady Noireen'

There is a lovely lady called Noireen
Who is everything and anything but boring
But she's can always make me weep
With her; I never get any sleep
Cos of her incessant farting and snoring

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Last Rites'

The last Rites

The blessing from the priest
Did not allay her fears
Cos she was still having them
The pains she's had for years

What is the use of religion to me now
She cried at his reverence
You could anoint me in a sea of holy water
It would still be time for my severance

The priest he knelt in solemn prayer
May the good lord take care of you
She said; the gravedigger may dig another layer
Cos you'll be dead before the answer comes through

Sure! Says she; the truth to you I will tell
Listen to me; before I'm in my mound
By the time I get ready to die
Sure! Even the devil may be heaven bound

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Murphy's'

'The Murphy's'

My name is Paddy Murphy
A stout, stout drinking fellow
I've drank so much stout
My skin is turning yellow

Hi! My name is Seamus Murphy
A beer drinking lager lout
I've drank so much lager
I've had my liver taken out

Lo! My name is Bridget Murphy
A bitter drinking trollop
Get me another drink
Or I'll give you a wallop

Hic! My name is Hic! Mary Murphy
Bridget's whiskey drinking daughter
Buy me another whiskey
Then I'll do things I shouldna oughta

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The Mystery Of Life

The theory of life
Is to be at one
With strife
And remain calm
Calm is where we are at one
With ourselves
When the day is done
We put our strife on shelves
Like books to be read
When we are at one
With ourselves again
Life is performed in
Recurring circles and stages
To be acted out like a play
A mystery drama
We continue to perform
In circles and stages
Life is not a mystery
The mystery is
Why we live in
Recurring circles and stages
Doing the same today
As we and all of our ancestors
Have done in the past
Change is what's needed
Change our lives
To live in harmony
To live in calm
To live as one with ourselves
To sleep in peace
To rise
Without taking the books full of strife
From our shelves
But to read of peace
To have self respect
The self respect we get
From having respect for others

We don't do this

WHY!!!!!!!!!!?

That is the-'Mystery of Life'

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Naked Poet'

I sit before the bare page
With just the lines protecting it's emptiness
My mind is also bare, bereft of words
The pen in my hand shouting
I am here with all the world's language's
Held within my ink filled lining
The pen goads me on, go on, you naked poet
Make me the empty one
Dress your bare page
With the words I have within
My ink filled lexicon lining
Go on if you dare you naked poet
Claim the glory for the words
That that stream from my innards
True poetry flows from my nib
True in every language
I am the almighty pen, the one truly gifted poet
Dress your page with my prose, dress your page with an ode
From my memory, the memory of the almighty pen
The one true poet, the poet master
The one who dresses your mind with words
The one who will dress you, until then you must remain
The naked poet'

Micmac

□

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Oddball In The Window'

The boy sat at the window
Looking out at the other boys
Laughing and playing their games
Enjoying their childhood days

The boy hopes that they will cherish
Those blissful moments of youth
That have been stolen from him
Moments gone forever from his childhood days

He's not crippled in body or mind
He's not allowed outside to play
Those boys point and stare at the boy
They call the oddball in the window

His parents have imprisoned him
To wrap him up in cotton love
He is just too much a gift from god
He is their only precious child

The parents say it's for his own good
He's such a delicate child
He just sits at the window
Jealous of the children running free

He will never laugh with other children
He will never join in their games
He never smiles in photographs
He's not enjoying his childhood days

He's grown up now; still sitting at the window
His parents can't get him to venture outside
Everyone passing takes time to point and stare
At the man they call
The oddball in the window

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Pilgrim Father'

'The Pilgrim Father'

You were the greatest the greatest explorer
A genuine pilgrim father
When you ran out of places to explore
In this your own country
You began to explore the world
In your pilgrimage to find another shrine
For your apostles to worship
And to stand in awe at your skills
One more day one more Mecca

But before you set off on your voyage
Your brand new expedition
To search again in pastures new
May I just mention your wife?
And the children not yet grew
Think of staying home
Try exploring, how to be a dad
A husband who is true
The tablet left to them
Is a pill grim

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Queens English'

The Queens English

Wotcha mean
Don't care, ain't it
I ain't bovered!

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Reverend Paisley'

The Reverend Paisley

The reverend Paisley is on the way out
Up to heaven and not to hell
Long chats with dead popes no doubt
The pope's will chat; but he will yell

The pope's will work on him: a religious turn
Then he will change his name from Paisley
Home's in Northern Ireland will burn
When he becomes the reverend Papistley

Perhaps before he goes, he will see the light
Become Northern Ireland's brand new daddy
To London's parliament, he will take our fight
Yelling; give Ireland back to paddy

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Shadow'

The shadow

The shadow

Of a praying mantis

Cougar woman is on the prowl again

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Tadpole And The Comma'

'THE TADPOLE AND THE COMMA'

The tadpole is the lowest
Bottom of the range
The comma can be important
The words to arrange

Tadpoles wriggle on a leaf
One of the surviving frogspond
Comma wriggles on a page
To help the words flow on and on

The tadpole develops
Into a frog or a toad
The comma helps the sentence
Shorten a wordy load

Whilst Tadpoles are getting bigger
On a watery manger
Comma's police the written word
So becomes the tone arranger

MICMAC

The difference between the tadpole and the comma.
The tadpole is sentenced to a short run.
The comma is there to help run the long sentence.

Michael Micmac Mccrory

The Torch Carrier

The Torch carrier

I am the person in a million
I am the lucky one
I will carry the torch
I will complete the run

I will run around our town
For all to see the flame
I will carry it high and proud
But not for an Olympian game

I will carry the torch
I will do the run
I will protect the flame
Because you are the one

The flame of the torch
Burns only for you
The woman I adore
With a love that's so true

The Olympics circus is in London
Third time lucky, I will be so bold
If they have a race for your heart
I will be running to win gold

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The True Poets'

'The True Poets'

Joshua Tracey said the poets that hates themselves are true poets
The true poets are the poets that hates the poetry they write
But they love themselves for writing them
They love to hear; your poem was brilliant so they can say not quite

My poetry is trite it doesn't quite scan
My poetry is an abomination to man
My poetry is an extension of little old me
Sometimes in rhyme sometimes flowing free

The poet use words in clever ways
Then wants to take all the praise
But any old fool can make up a rhyme
I could do it myself if I had the time

Sometimes I wish I was like grandma
Then the words like the river would easily flow
But I'm not very good at grammar
So into the river; me; I will throw

Some poets think they are great wits
But they fail and collapse in bits
The real poets are the ones that know it
That there is no such thing as a true poet

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Unfeeling Forest'

'THE UNFEELING FOREST'

He was so confused, fed up with life
Found hanging by the neck from a tree
In the unfeeling forest full of strife
Only happy, when creating misery

Your covered avenue provided a shroud
He thought was made for him to wear
Are you and your friend the grim reaper proud?
His friends found him there

He left behind two young sons
And a wife whose thoughts are array
Why was it him, why are they the ones?
Perhaps you will explain it to her one day

You have a penchant for taking the confused
You think it is all just a game
To see their life drain, all bruised and contused
Yes, you the unfeeling forest are to blame

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The Unknown Man'

'THE UNKNOWN MAN'

I am the unknown man, well known to all
I am the unknown, all mankind knows me
Nobody knows I exist, but the whole world I enthrall
I am invisible, there for all the world to see

I walk in darkness, always in the light
I speak in silence for the whole world to hear
Nobody see's me, but I am always in sight
When you close your eyes, you will have me in sight

Hidden to the unseeing eye, but always on show
Always with you even when you are on your own
Outside your minds but you always know
I am right there with you in your zone

You hate me but rely on me as a friend
I am still the person you can't abide
Cannot stand to be alone with me, you will love me to the end
You cannot stand the sight of me, but want me by your side

You do not want to know me, but will always seek me out
Of me, you will always want to be better than
You will want to be me, but always have your doubts
You want to get rid of me, but I am part of your plan

You do not want to meet me and my presence you ban
But I am not just an ordinary Dan
I am part of you, I am your clan
I am the unknown in each and every man

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'The World Wide Web'

The World Wide Web

I looked up the Web
To find the love of my life
I was sure I would find
Someone to take me for a wife

I thought I had found the one
He called himself easy rider
Showed me a lesson to learn
The experience a decider

So don't go on the Web
When you have drunk too much cider
Cos I didn't find the one
I've found a pervy spider

He took me into his web
Before I could say maybe
He had his wicked way, now he's gone
And he's left me with a spider baby

Micmac

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Thirteen Minutes To Go'

'Thirteen minutes to go'

Hurry mister cab driver hurry please
His plane leaves in thirty minutes
I've just have to let him know
How much I love him
I just can't let him go

The trouble is I didn't let it show
I love him
Refrain I really love him so
I just couldn't show it
I didn't know how
He was the one that mattered
My one true love

Thank you mister cab driver
I'll get out here
I'll run as fast as I can
Catch him before he reaches the gate
I just can't let him go

Refrain

Darling you've got thirteen minutes to go
I just have to tell you I love you
Please! I don't want you to go
I'll be what you want
I can change you know
Darling I really love you so

Refrain

We are going home now
Love will see us through
We know now that we are meant to be
Love nearly missed us
Nearly passed us by
We only just caught it

With thirteen minute to go

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Three Crows'

Three crows

Three crows

Cross the night sky -

Like the ducks on grandma's wall

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Three Old Dogs'

'Three dogs out for the day'

His old heart is past it's prime
Gentle exercise the doctor suggests
So three old dogs go for a stroll

Three old dogs out for a walk
To get their old tickers going
Stopping to rest on a grassy knoll

Out of breath; legs all wobbly
Weary bones, completely knackered
Backs, once straight, are now bent

On and on they go, homeward bound
Stopping again on the way back
A seat on a grassy knoll, heaven sent

The oldest dog of all home to the wife
The nice long walk to lengthen his life
She says there's life in the old dog yet

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MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Three Squirrels

'THREE SQUIRRELS'

I stood on my balcony
Gazed hopelessly at the skies
No poetic prose jumped out at me
Only three sets of two staring eyes
They swapped branches by a daredevil jump
Passing each other in mid air
Swapped trees, but one got the hump
I'm not jumping; so there!
The other two turned and gave chase
The third scampered to the ground
So at an almighty pace
Three squirrels ran round and round
They formed a continual circling rush
As round and round they twirled
Nothing left, not even a tail bush
As the vortex unfurled
Where oh where! Have the squirrels gone?
I looked low and high and everywhere in between
No squirrels, not a one
I wasn't the only witness to the scene
A crowd had gathered to see, what I couldn't see
What are you looking for?
I saw three squirrels disappear, where could they be?
They were just here, now they're here no more
Searched and searched, they're nowhere to be found
There where they formed a continual circling rush
They ran themselves into the ground
Nothing left, not even a tail bush
Once again, I stood on my balcony
To gaze hopelessly through the trees at the skies
No poetic prose jumped out at me
Only six mischievous staring eyes

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'To Live In Peace'

'To live in peace'

You've got to kill the past
To build yourself a future
Try anything to make peace at last
Sticky tape, plasters or just plain suture
Sow up your wounds
Go forward with a blast
It's as simple as it sounds
The shape of peace is easily cast

You should all have had your fill
Of watching each others insides churn
Please beg your god to give you the will
To stand and watch your history burn
Mistakes have been made by all, don't stand still
To forgive and forget, you will have to learn
One step at a time, move on at will

Takes the steps move on a piece
So your children can really get it on
They will, at their own pace
The future within grasp, our past now gone
Their future; theirs to live in peace

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Together We Shall Overcome'

'Together we shall overcome'

'Poetry for the Deaf'

Eh! What

What Eh!

What did you say?

'Poetry for the Blind'

It's called Performance poetry

It's loud; so real

It's written down

But only in Braille

'Poetry for the Dumb'

For their eyes only

Read only

Poetry for the Deaf, Blind and Dumb

We will work it out between us

Please don't make it:

Evil; no hear

Evil; no see

Evil; no speak

Once it is explained

The words the pen did lay

We will all understand in our own way

Yes, once the words are written

In addition, the reasoning is known

We three together will decipher the poem

'Together we shall overcome'.

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Traffic Jam'

Haiku

Traffic Jam

Traffic jam
Too many trolleys
a scene at the mall

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Unkind Human Kind

Why don't you watch where you tread?
There are insects down here trying to sleep
You wouldn't like us to stroll all over your bed
Oh dear! how you would blubber and weep

Please watch where you step
Mind where you put your dirty feet
Mrs insect is proud of the way she's kept
Our place in this exclusive street

Please be careful to inspect
On the path where you roam
Be aware of the humble insect
Oh! do take care of our home

So look out you clumsy fools
On one thing we will have to agree
Here they are, these are the rules
Don't mess with us and we'll let you be

Insects rule
Insects are superior
Insects are cool
Unkind human kind are inferior

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Untidy Thoughts'

'UNTIDY THOUGHTS'

Untidy thoughts are in my head
There's a wandering in my mind
No rest, even in bed
No peace to find
Everyone seems to remonstrate
You're just lazy that's all
How can I demonstrate?
My minds not on the ball
Some say it is sad
The way he's gone to seed
They remember the bright lad
Always in the lead
Got to, have to, find a way
To get back my sanity
I know I can do better
Or is this just vanity
Need a kick up the ass
I am told to get a grip
No one has an easy cure
I've let it slip too much
Life will pass me by
Of that, there is no doubt
No use to sit and sigh
Need to Get up, get out
Untidy thoughts in my head
No reason or rhyme
Better of dead
A complete waste of time
Sorry mum, sorry dad
For wasting your genes
Some people although it's sad
Are not fit to be human beings

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Untitled And Unheard

"Untitled and unheard"

The reason of me, you would never have heard
I was not a shepherd; I was one of the herd
To be in the limelight, I was not that keen
You could pass me by, I would remain unseen

I was not a leader, I was not me laddo
You won't have seen me hiding in the shadow
I was not an entertaining type of chap
I was in the audience, but you wouldn't hear my clap

I was too mild, I was too weak
I was too scared to turn the other cheek
I was the one with my head bowed
I never stood out in a crowd

Then I met you my love
Now I am the envy of all men

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Used To Be A Pilgrim'

'Used to be a pilgrim'

I used to be a pilgrim, with a searching mind
Searching for a better world to live in
A world with a caring' loving humankind
I found a world of war, gluttony and sin

I used to be a pilgrim, looking for the truth
Filling my mind with knowledge and fact
Education was the meat of my youth
Until I found, life was not an act

I used to be a pilgrim, looking for love
Taking love where and when I found it
I enjoyed the push and shove
Free love, I found I didn't fit

I used to be a pilgrim, but I'm not searching no more
Now I spend my days thanking the man above
I'll leave pilgrimage to the students of folklore
Now that I've found Noireen and true love

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Welcome To The Real World'

'Welcome to the real world'

You should have read between the lines
If you did, you wouldn't cry
Inside the suit was a real man
Who like all of us, would eventually die

Please remember to read the fine print
There is no such thing as Santa Claus
The man in the suit was real
Like every one of us he had his flaws

I know how you feel
Your young, you still believe in Santa Claus
But if you had, read the small print
You would have seen it's Satan's clause

Adults want you to have something to believe
It's the lesser of two evils
Your nice and quiet when you play with your toys
Santa claus is really the devil

He lulls you into a false sense of happiness
Then he pulls away the rug
You become a disillusioned youth
Now your one of his thugs

Santa is an anagram of Satan
Welcome to the real world.....

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Wherever I Go I Will Have A Friend'

'Wherever I go I will have a friend'

You were a very good friend
When I was low
You got lower
So I could cry on your shoulder

You were a very good friend
When I was high
You offered me your shoulder
To climb on so I could get higher

It was your ears that listened
To my tales of woe
It was your ears that
Heard my confessions

It was your eyes
That saw my pain
It was your eyes
Through which I saw the future

You shared the bad times
You shared the good times
You were the tick of the clock
That showed me it was time

To be a friend like you
To be true and loyal
To be an ear and a shoulder too
To see that friendship helps one through

I want you to know I wanted to be there
Because I wanted to be by your side
I wanted to be like you
A true and loyal friend

Here lies a beautiful person
Who right up to the end

Remained a true and loyal friend
Who bravely went on ahead
So that I when I die and meet my end
Wherever I go I will have a friend

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Whispering, I Love You'

'WHISPERING I LOVE YOU'

There is something you should know
Just like the stars that shine above
I sit in the dark and glow
Because of you, I am in love
Even though we are miles apart
I feel so close to you
You are always in my heart
My love for you is true
I want to hug, cuddle and kiss
I want you to be near
I want to tell you of the bliss
Of whispering, I love you, in your ear

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Ye Olde Picture

'Ye olde picture'

Taken in Victorian times
A modern picture of John Betjeman
Glass in one hand
Cigarette in the other
Faded depictions of poets and scholars
Tree lined hollows

Beer and Cider
That don't need hard sales
Life as normal in Highgate
In the 'Prince of Wales'
Ye olde style atmosphere
The modern pint of beer
Cheers to the famous clientele
The stories they could tell

Oh to be a wise old seer
Alas, I'm only here for the beer
This is the Prince of Wales
I'm only interested in their ales
Ye olde picture
No! A new pitcher

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Your Beauty.'

'Your Beauty'

We talked about political colours
You were green, I was red
We talked about writers we liked
All the books we have read

However you got annoyed
Then Had a go at me
You said you were disgusted
Because I didn't read poetry

Then you perked up and smiled
And you began to grovel
When I said poetry is too short
To describe your beauty I would need a novel

MICMAC

Michael Micmac Mccrory

'Your Body And My Mind'

'Your body and my mind'

The perfect union heaven made
Your body and my mind
The things I can see to do to your body
Lustful love-ins of all kinds

The tools I'll use to please your body
In all parts of your body to go among
Always at your service
My slow hand, my fast tongue

Your body is so intoxicating
My mind drunk on thoughts of pleasure
You'll just lie back, rest and enjoy
I will please you; at your leisure

My eyes take in your beauty
There's no time to waste
My nose takes in your smell
My tongue enjoys your taste

As I feel my way around your body
I hear your moans of joy
But! the perfect union of your body and my mind
Is Just a dream of a growing boy

Michael Micmac Mccrory

Michael Micmac Mccrory