

## **The Magic Cues**

*By Margaret Kelly*

The knowing nod  
The wiley wink  
The mind your business nose tap  
The be quiet finger to the lips  
The inquisitive eyebrow  
The oh so Irish smiling eyes and lips  
The I don't know shoulder shrug and rolling eyes  
The maybe yes maybe no tilting hand  
The come hither curling finger  
The give me a hug outstretched arms  
The goodbye waving hand  
The blown kiss  
The silent tear  
And now the magic cues are gone  
A trick of the fading light perhaps  
Or maybe a never ending childhood game of blind man's bluff

## **Reflections Unseen**

*By Margaret Kelly*

As I look into the mirror and wish that I could see  
An unfamiliar face looking back at me  
For I haven't seen it lately, nor indeed for many years  
So, I smile a timid smile to cover up my fears  
For aging is a process that etches a design  
And tells a life story written line by line

On turning from the mirror, with nothing there to see  
A myriad of memories come rushing in on me  
Some are luminescent, some foggy and unclear

Reliving times of happiness, sorrows and of fear  
But the spirit is resilient and it fans the flame of hope  
And in God's design is written, you can surely cope

### **The Saddle of the Sea**

*By Margaret Kelly*

As I sit and look upon the saddle rock  
The waves at its foot like a frilly frock  
Bringing comfort and reassurance of the world's continuity and  
endurance  
How many have sat and admired as it rode the sea and never  
tired  
Sometimes a sea of peaceful beauty or, at others, a storm-filled  
fury  
From Brackna, Sandport, Port Mor or the pier  
It may seem to some cold and austere  
But to the man who toils the sea, a welcome beacon it must  
surely be  
If it could only its story tell, of the changes wrought by ebb and  
swell  
Being at once the bountiful giver and a purveyor of death,  
making us shiver  
But its power and beauty are like an addiction and I wallow in  
its glorious perfection  
As I watch a wave, another chasing, a salty taste upon my lips  
and pulses racing  
This wild and wind-swept coast will forever be the place I love  
the most  
And, in my heart, it gives me pleasure to close my eyes and  
view my seascape treasure

### **The White Cane**

*By Margaret Kelly*

Clutching the cane in a white-knuckle grip  
With a semblance of purpose while praying not to trip  
The cane, like a pendulum, in an arc left to right  
My feet try to stride but it takes all of my might  
Not to shuffle and slide  
Or maybe even hide

Adolescent angst is undoubtedly reborn  
Feeling self-conscious and a little forlorn  
But practice makes perfect, as the old adage says  
And one of these days  
I'll get out of the maze