

Summer Saturdays

By Carmel Quinn

Saturday can be one of the loneliest days
Especially amid the Summer haze
The silence of the light
Gradually dying into the night
That balmy heat
Suggesting gatherings to meet and greet
Sitting alone, waiting for the phone
To ring...
Anticipation of something

White Foxglove

By Carmel Quinn

I went on a walk
With a group from Dundalk
To Carlingford by the sea
A girl walked with me
Describing the scenery
On the way, nestled among the green
Was a beautiful white foxglove, slender and slim
Braver than brave among the green
I had to stop and take a photo
Of the white foxglove
The only one I'd ever seen
Thrilled to pieces by such
Precious glimpses
Of nature's magical species

May Orchestra

By Carmel Quinn

In the farmyard, high up in the ash tree
Or maybe the apple tree, sings the blackbird
Clear and resounding. Perfect acoustics
Permeating the fading light
The coolness now creeping in, not a cloud in the sky
Could be frost tonight

In the farmyard, high up in the ash tree,
The blackbird continues to sing above everything else
A crow with a low base caw
The distant barking of a dog
And the passing traffic, a mild percussion
Drinking it all in on this beautiful May evening
After a roasting heatwave day
So thankful for my senses