

*Freedom-Song*

Pick a day or any day  
Cry out freedom-song  
Sing for gaps of blue in sky  
And that for which we long

Embrace mundane malignant days  
With voices of the meek  
Wait to suffer other ways  
Sing another week

freedom-song cannot be sung  
No rhythm, phrase or time  
Measure out the chains of steel  
No voices, strings, or rhyme

Listen close to leaves turn red  
Soft clouds floating by  
Hear the beating of my heart  
—Moon rising from the sky

Run away from sunny fields  
Flee your pretty life  
Run away to dying lands  
Filled with war and strife

Free the song stuck in your heart  
The one that beats so loud  
I hear it sing from miles away  
Arrogant and proud

Never sing out freedom-song  
Let it pale your skin  
Crying out for which we long  
No peace left for my sin

*Dublin Nights*

Here now, gone now, cast away,  
Homes too cold to starve,  
Mark a fall of grace anew,  
No heart loaves left to carve.

Powdered hope that's neatly sealed,  
Packed for long lost noon,  
Little children waiting last,  
With promises of soon.

Into Dublin's smoky dawn,  
Grinding mills of you,  
Smoking chairs and leather twists,  
Coal stones and skies not blue.

Waiting for the last dream-train,  
Walking streets that crumble,  
Pretty girls and stolen kisses,  
Empty hearts that rumble.

O! Alone, alone again,  
Puppet's masquerade,  
Shameful strings on willing hands,  
With nothing left to trade.

Grieve some sunken rolling hill,  
Beg your given role,  
Opus sung to creeping walls,  
To lose the poor you stole.

Why has midnight slipped away?  
Moonlight skewered nights?  
Waning fences set you free,  
Too wrong to make your rights.

*Love-Song*

Laugh away the Saturdays  
Wasted stars gone by  
Signal Flares and fireworks  
On artificial sky

Sing about her brazen hair  
While brushing it aside  
Kiss the freckle on her neck  
And bury all your pride

Sing about her sudden eyes  
That rip your shells apart  
Hum a stanza in caress  
To nurse your aching heart

Pick apart the lonely days  
Assemble melody  
Throw away the empty phrase  
Find notes you could not see

Sing out love-song without words  
Cry not from your towers  
Her lips tremble soft rubato  
—seconds into hours

Breathe out love-song without sound  
Sing only with your touch  
She will hear you through the skin  
Your fingers softly clutch

Love her with each fleeting breath  
Sigh in B-flat major  
In love-song there are no wrong notes  
Only chords to savor

