

Poetry Series

Ellen Ni Bheachain
- poems -

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Ellen Ni Bheachain(October 2nd 1962)

Hello Poets and Readers,

I have always liked writing poems and really love the concept of Poem Hunter. It is a good way of expressing yourself. I enjoy writing poems and reading them so, Poem Hunter works well for me.

Enjoy!

A Pink Rose

A Pink rose is for the one,
Where love has blossomed and bloomed,
Where passion and purity,
With love and peace,
Combines and grows,
That brings forth the Pink rose,

Of the Red rose,
And of the White rose,
When both entwine,
Comes the Pink rose,
For all the blushing brides,

When the proposal is asked,
With the Pink rose as a sign,
Is one asking another,
In love and loves first
Red and White,
That all will show,
And carry a wedding bouquet,
Are all the Blushing brides to be,

For the Pink rose if for the one,
Where love has blossomed and bloomed,
Representing passion and purity,
That has love and peace,
Combining and growing,

From two different in color,
One extreme to another,
From the Red and the White,
That combine,
And show true love,
A Pink rose evolves,
Showing true love,

It shows in it's splendor of Pink,

For the blushing bride to be,
So to say,
'I do',
When the question is popped,
On this Valentines Day,

Valentine's Day,
A day of proposal's,
Where it is asked,
From one to another,
'Will you be mine',
From this Valentine's Day,
On to,
The next,
And,
The next,
And,
There after.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Atomic War

War!

The final ending to fights and control of others,

War!

Is war,

And comes with,

Such grave situations,

Of:

Victims first,

That brings in armed forces,

To defend and free,

Those,

That are oppressed and held down,

In suppression to others of nations,

Or,

Controller of peoples,

For:

Wanting their resources,

For their own nations,

Wants and needs,

And power and greed.

For,

Freedom comes with a price,

When freedom is denied or taken,

From people,

Of deprived nations,

Where no freedom reigns,

For,

Fighting for freedom,

Causes,

So much death,

And leaves places in ruins,

Fighting for freedom,

Comes with such a heavy price,

War!

War breaks out,

And soldiers,
Of,
Hired guns become,
Guards of borders,
And,
Settlers of issues,
To protect and guard,
The people,
The places of war,

War!
Caused by,
The disputes of control,
While,
Up in the skies,
The skies so far above,
Where,
Planes and jet fighters.
Have,
Atomic control,
And when ordered,
It is activated,

Activated by nuclear waves,
Of radio transmissions,
Sent to set frequency controlled,
Activated by nuclear waves,
Of nuclear fusion,
Of man made nuclear,
With,
Mercury and patens,
Designed to,
Activate the nuclear physics,
Of,
Atom bombs,
Atomic War!
War!

Nowadays,
Atomic war,
Is,
The final frontier of ending what cannot be stop.

Supremacy on peoples,
When one kind wants to be just,
That kind,
And forcing assimilation,
On other nations,
So,
All look like,
And be like,
What they are,
And from,

So,
Those that cry freedom,
In their right,
For,
Freedom in choice,
Must leave,
Or,
Be destroyed,
In their own homeland,
By,
Genocides!
That,
Cause,
War!

Everywhere,
You look these days,
And everywhere,
You read of past history,
There is a truth,
In all the nations,
That just want,
What they want,
Regardless,
Of the other nations,
Just like in,
World War 2,
Which,
Brought about,
That first bang,
Of that,

First,
Atomic bomb,

The one launched,
That,
Hit Japan, ,
By,
The push of a button,
So many still remember,
The ending of,
World War 2,

Now,
Today,
Its what it is all about,
Nuclear war,
And so many that say it,
War!
War!
War!

Now,
Take a look at the world today,
Even,
Our waters and nature is disturbed,
Just like us all,
In races,
Of nations,
And,
Civilisations,

Today in Science,
They are all told,
To get more nuclear!
More nuclear in physics,
For war pays,
And the spoils of war?
Is another nations gain,

So,
In the results,
The People,

The Places,
The Planet,
All suffer,
Where,
Soon,
All will know,
Not to say this,
Or not to say that,

For leaders of nations,
Have proven to us lately,
That all that is said,
And all that is done,
Cannot be unsaid,
Cannot be undone,
However,
It is what is causing,
War!

War all over the power seeking world.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Autumn Falling Leaves

When all have been and gone away,
Like leaves from green to amber orange,
Falling down and to decay,
Is the time for all in nature to fall,
And the leaves on the trees show it all,
Autumn and its falls of fall,

Where all the branches have dropped their leaves,
All have gone except the evergreens,
Showing signs to us that live among,
Four seasons weather,
Where Autumn is,

Just like in life,
When full circle of life is known,
A start in spring where buds appear,
Then in summer full bloom trees will be,
Hence, fall shows all,
When nature falls,
Begining another season,
Winter and chill tempetures,

Where nature decays,
And leaves do fall,
To generate again,
Renewing its life,
Come spring again,

Untill then,
Autumn sheads its leaves of blossom and blooms,
And soon again autumn begins,
From new to old,
And then old to new,
Buds in spring and leaves of green,

Showing birth from what did decayed,
And brought forth from,
What was bear on the trees,
From where beneath was where once,

Those Autumn falling leaves.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Autumn Hello's

Sometimes for others at autumn time period,
Is time for goodbyes when summertime flies,
For autumn is next in season time keeping,
And summer is over and moonlight shines sooner,
To see the autumn early sunset,
Is the time to travel back,

Leaving behind the bright nights,
And early dawnings,
Summertime goodbyes,
And hello to,
Autumn hello's,
Makes some lovers cry,
For time to fly,

When moonlight shines sooner,
And summer nights no more linger,
Tis, when summertime lovers kiss and say goodbye,
Flying back to where they are from,
Leaving each other to fly back home,

Back to the regular days and events,
Back to the mudane schedule,
That made you book and fly away,
Yet, then you settle back in and think,
Of the times you had in summertime joys,

While others of all season,
Settle in and snuggle,
Planning their future together,
Knowing to each in all seasons,

While the whims and joys,
Of summertime loves,
Comes to a halt,
When both part and fly home,

Till,
Mabey they might meet up again,

When autumn, winter and spring has been,
Unless,
In that time and along the way,

They meet an autumn hello,
That keeps them,
Home,
Like all the rest,
That meet and fall in love,
That lasts for more than autumn hello's.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Believe

When you know someone you care,
Its human nature,
You cannot change that,
To care is to understand and want to help,
But when you cared
And what was said,
Was lies and deceit,
It can lead each astray,

Yet,
I Believed you,
When you told it like the truth,
Because thats what they told you,
So you believed it as so,
And cared without knowing,
The real actual truth?

I believe you if you made a mistake,
For to make a mistake is human nature,
None of us are perfect,
That's why we are mere mortals,
And we all make mistakes,

For,
If,
Danger comes a knocking at your door,
Or,
Knocking you down and telling you what for?
For,
The instinct in us makes us lie,
Lie to save ourselves,
So to later explain,
Why?

For to lie is a mistake,
Yet,
Everyone has at one stage in their life of another,
Lied,
Staying true to yourself will get you along the way,

Been too honest in these time periods can get you suppressed,
Or endangered with life's everyday ways,
That,
Can be,
A struggle and a maze?

Don't ask me my business and I will tell you no lies,
For knowing all I know,
I would not risk it,
And tell you everything,
So,
Dont ask me my business and I will tell you no lies,

For,
I have lied,
I have lied for love,
I have lied for freedom,
I have lied to get safe,
I have even lied to myself when its comes to love,
Telling myself I was not even in love,

So tell me,
Is it true or false?
What you did or said?
When it comes to knowing someone,
You know is true to you,
I will believe you,
I'll promise you that,

If you tell me the truth,
As to why,
You lied,
I will believe you,
I Promise you that!
And promise to keep,
The reasons you give,
I'll promise to keep safe,
Believe me,
And,
I'll believe you,
Then,
No lies this time round,

Simply,
For Arts sake alone.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Born To Be Ransomed

Born to be ransomed,
Born for a reason,
On one side Love,
On the other side Security,
Mabey,
Taken to be placed elsewhere,
Or,
Mabey,
Taken to be placed with them,

Born to be ransomed,
Held ransomed by those,
For security measures of the father and mother,
So,
They are called on by the beckoning,
Of,
Those holding child held by ransomed,
Is what people do when child means,
A lot to mother and father,
Love and security in family keepings,

Born to be ransomed,
With intent to use child,
By the takers of child,
To profit and gain,
For themselves in lifes times,
When child born is then used,
Till,
Mother and father is killed,
And,
Child is then raised in a racket,
For,
What mother and father were,
And,
Left for the child when child grown,

In giving is receiving,
All that has good intentions,
Gives for good reasons,

Yet,
Why one is born to be ransomed,
Is,
The what see's and pre-desires,
The placement and life,
Of,
What two in love have made,
The unborn child then becomes,
The ransom of what wants,
What,
The two have in love and wealth,

When this goes on and child is grown,
The eyes that see and yet do not understand,
Is,
The child raised seeing all,
From,
The good ways,
To the bad ways,
To the cruel ways,
To,
The crimes committed and seen,
Is,
The eyes of seeing,
From,
Been born in a world disrupted,
Is,
A child born and ransomed,

What is of matter,
Mattering to two,
Two in love,
That,
Choose to be one,
One as in a couple,
To matter and be,
For,
What matters to them,
Is,
What brings matter of two,
To,
Become a matter of one,

A,
Child born of two,

Yet,
Now matter's to none,
But,
What ransoms the child out,
Till,
The child grew to be,
And,
Left them all behind,
Knowing,
Mother and father are dead,
Living,
Life knowing too much,
Just,
From been the ransom,

The ransom,
Of,
All,
That,
Is,
Of,
Mother and father,
Till,
All,
Of,
Mother and father's,
Income and places,
Was,
Spent and giving to others,

Tis,
Then,
Ransomed child grown,
Can,
Leave,
With noting,
But themselves,
To have some kind,
Of life,

Somewhere else,
Faraway!

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Dolly

She was a pretty Girl,
One that many played with,
Till all that was new,
Became tattered and torn,
And the pretty girl,
Simply faded away,

When all had played with Dolly,
And had their way,
She was then thrown here and there,
Till, she became battered and torn,

T'was then when she was tossed aside,
Dolly thought what would she do?
Far from home,
Yet, so young in age,

She was left to find shelter,
A safe place to sleep,
In a place unknown,
And foreign to her,

She found a safe haven,
And home she did return,
Yet, that feeling of been broken,
Stayed with Dolly as she grew,

Then on her travels Dolly did see,
The other places to live,
Been young and free,
She forgot for a while,
Shook off the blues,
Found the new land,
Of the young and the free,

So, Soar Big Eagle,
But not in arms,
With economics,
And helping hands,

Seek and find what is yours,
And set them free,
So, Dolly and the others,
Can just Simply Be.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Freedom

They said when you were growing up,
Do as you are told and you will be tough,
But tough is the name of the game these days,
So how tough can you get,
To be one with one these days?

I saw what it was to be tough and strong,
Made of the right stuff,
To be tough enough,
They say,
You can't go wrong,

But then you take a break,
To stop,
See nature,
A break,
And what do they do?
Come at you in fatal draws,
To try and break,
That what is born in us all,

What is it they cannot see?
What is it they cannot try?
What is it they cannot hear?
What is it they cannot bear?
Its freedom
That's what it is
Freedom!

So,
Be care free to make your great happenings,
To take that chance and see what happenings,
Or just get it right from,
Trial and error,
We all make mistakes,
To err is to forgive,
Not breaking the spirit,
Of what is within,

We are born with freedom,
To make mistakes,
Freedom!
To make it great,
Freedom!
To just be,
Free!

For in choice is freedom,
Freedom brings choice,
It is what makes us all unique,
Having freedom,
To make mistakes,
And start afresh,
All over again,
When at first,
We at first,
We get it wrong.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Gate Keepers Sins

Gate Keepers sent to befriend those,
Using their charm to get them in,
Not giving them their messages,
Left by others at the door,
And making it look like no ones cares,
For those they want to use and abuse,
For the right price,
The Gate Keepers will let them in,
For these are the ways of the Gate Keepers sent,

Gate keepers are those that come in and out of the door,
Not letting some in,
Yet then letting in others that hurt,
Relaying noting when others inquire,
Leaving the captive more captived,
When the Gate Keepers lies,

For the coin is placed in the Gate keepers ways,
To coin a phrase again,
There is a price for all,
No matter what the game,
This the Gate Keepers knows,
And it becomes part of their sins,
For it is always,
A one sided coin with gain,
When the Gate Keeper names its price,

Heads up for The Gate Keeper,
And heads down or keep low,
For what the Gate Keeper is told,
To keep in or keep down,
For what the Gate Keeper set sights on,
Is always something for the gains of the Gate Keeper,
That is worth something in credits points,
That will pay for the Gate Keeper Sins,
When the collection agency of protection,
Comes in for its fees,

Like,

The Gate Keepers sources,
Hacking into the phones,
Answering it in response like they know me or you own,
Where letters are written and sent,
The replies are taking giving onto another,
Where then the senders are victimed,
By the Gate Keepers stealth and stealing,

For,
What the Gate Keepers keeps and then gives,
To the others of same sorts,
And within the agency of protection,
That too pays its fees,
When the organised agency of protection stops by,
Is also a come back in payment,
To keep the Gate Keepers Sins collectors,
From coming by to seek sin payments,

Yet, the Gate Keepers Sins amount,
As the Gate Keeper gets known,
For,
Gate Keepers are found in all kind of places,
That, they keep watch on peoples places,
And guard at doors of all kinds of peoples,
Yet,
The Gate Keepers of wrong doings,
Are Associates to The 'Devil Advocates',
So,
Beware of the kinds of Gate Keepers there be,
That act as the good ones for your safety,

You see,
Gate Keepers get paid in one way or another,
For those that they let in,
Whether its you that they want,
Or you they can get to,
To get to another,
You will be the last to know,
Yet,
First to get it,

When,
The Gate Keeper opens,
The door for some felon,
Fiend or Stalker,
That wants in to get you,
Or some that will hold you,
Up to blackmail with,
Or hold you up to ransom,

For there is always something in it,
For,
The Gate Keeper fill,
Of wants and needs,
That piles up to a lot,
Of,
His or her sins,

The Gate Keepers Sins usually remain untold,
Yet,
When others unaware wake up to their ways,
Of the lies and deceits of the Gate Keepers ways,
It is then that the lock,
Inside one self opens and sets free,
For when,
The Gate Keepers Sins are told,
To all that care and understand these things,

It is then that the Gate Keepers knows,
He / She is Caught in the Act,
Of keeping them in,
Where an invisible prison lies within,
Where the Gate Keepers keep in at their door,
Is the prison the Gate Keepers make,
From preventing any getting to know you,
And sending stalkers to stalk you,
When you go out and about,

Till,
You get to see the ways,
And how they start to keep play,
Is then where you get to know,
Who is who and known to them,

The Gate Keeper of peoples,
Will,
Get seen,
And then to be known to others that care,

They will then,
Start getting known to others,
That will,
Start,
The Gate Keeper begining,
To feel close in and isolated,
Just like his / her prisoners.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Getting Back Up

So my struggle is over,
I have come through the storm,
A storm of emotions,
Bitter and cold,

What would I have done,
If those close to me were not there,
I don't think I could have ever,
Come out of that storm within,

For what seemed like forever,
I was trapped in that twist,
Of storm filled emotions,
Going around fast in my head,

I cannot say,
How much,
I really do love and cherish,
My sisters and my mother,
That saw me through the struggles,
I had about myself,
And the turmoil's in my life,

And now it is calm,
And the storm has come and gone,
I am left with the calm,
And emotions still and sound,
Hurray!

I have learnt you cannot go through life,
With carrying all your woes,
Without sharing them with someone who cares,
It really lightens your load,

The stormy emotions have now ceased,
With the help and support of them,
They believed in me,
And brought me back,
To the happy place I'm in,

I feel now I have returned,
Back to the place where I belong,
For you really cannot go through life,
Without the support,
Of people who care,
And support you through it all.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Good Luck

Good partings and bad endings,
T'was not meant to be,
Small tokens and good tidings,
Taken and no mentions,
Good luck and good fortunes,
Only words can say,
Bad endings and sad partings,
Come what may,

So,
Farewell,
And goodbye,
To those that did try,
And in today's times of care,
Is not something one can share,
For what has been done,
That cannot be undone,
Is the partings of farewell,
From the ones gone before,
The slipper will get it,
And no kipper will mention it,

Yet,
Don't blame the one,
Who gave them the slip,
Perhaps they too,
Have been there before,
So,
To see it come at you,
And give it the slip,
Is good partings to them,
And fond memories that were shared,
Where happiness once was,

The kipper left,
To kip it out,
Too strong to give in,
Too strong not to fight,
And left in the kip state,

Of what is all in disaray,
Is the kipper and all,
That have been done,
Then,
Laugh and sneer apon,

Good luck who did see,
And said it good,
Yet,
Knows it goes on,
Perhaps,
For the Slipper,
Perhaps,
For the Kipper,
The lucky ones will,
Have safe passage,
So to,
Get up on that ladder,
And when they get there?
Remember,
The Slipper & The Kipper,
And what became of us and them,

So,
Begrudge them not,
A helping hand of good worth,
For the lucky ones are our only hope,
So,
Luck seems to be,
The name of the game,
And when rolling the dice,
Snakes eyes on you all,
For ruining us all,
Or 21,
And our,
Independence restored to us,

For all that know,
The Victims report,
Is to know what state,
They are left in,
A Slipper,

Or,
A Kipper,
We both know,
Life must go on,
So,
What have we to loose?
Snakes eyes to the rest,
And,
The Latter of good sorts?
Good Luck!
When the game is,
Gaming the good ones.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Halloween Bash

That time of year,
When Autumn falls,
And Summer ends,
And Halloween becomes,
The festive time,
With the Halloween Bash,
For all to be,
Seen and Unseen,
For that is Halloween,

Dressing up and covering up,
All and any can go along,
To the Halloween bash,
Is for everyone,
Those whom are shy,
Those whom are fearful,
Those whom are party animals,
And then,
Those whom are,
Of all that is,
Halloween in believing,
What is really understood,
As to what is,
Halloween,

For the eve of hallo,
To all that say,
For all souls day is,
The very next day,
Yet,
Before that day arrives for all to pray,
For theirs gone before them,
Their dealy souls departed,
So,
Most gather and pray,
To help their departed souls,
On with their passage to eternity,
Yet,
On the eve of that day,

Is Halloween,
For what many believe is,
The parting and returning,
Of the souls here on Earth,
The errie time period,

The Halloween bash,
Brings out all in costumes and masks,
From masked balls,
To monster bashes,
To the elegant and graceful,
Of those that have their,
Halloween ball,

By,
R.S.V.P.
With proper attire of course,
Tis when all will become,
Someone or something of the past,

Bringing them out,
Especially for that evening,
As someone else,
Mabey,
One of their ancestors,
Or,
A shadow appearance,
Of,
A hidden side,
That makes them glow,
Or,
Cast their shadow,
On that errie time period,
Of Halloween Eve,

So,
For those that have,
That dark side or past,
They usually get with most,
That really do have the most,
In the host with the most,
Or,
The Hostess with the mostess,

That host the best Halloween bashes,
Showing,
That chilling side,
Yet,
In dress up style,

For,
Showing it in the way they dress,
Is how they reveal,
And what comes to light,
Could be the passing of the spirits,
Onto the other side,
Or the Halloween dressers,
Coming to light,
Or,
Maybe,
The latter,
Spirits returning,
And channeling through,
The Halloween Bashers,
On Halloween Night!

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Halloween Treats

Halloween treats,
Keeps everyone sweet,
Else,
The trickster will play,
A trick on you,
For,
'Trick or Treat',
They say it,
So sweet,
So,
You know they want treats,
When they say,
'Trick or Treat',

For,
The kids on the streets,
If you give them no treats,
Will leave you a sign in some way,
On the trick that they play,
Which will leave a sign on your place,
Of their knowledge of you,
Who live on the street,
That,
Answered their door,
On a Halloween night,
With no treats for the kids?
So,
What else do you expect?
When you tell them to face,
No treats have you in store,
And just close you hall door?

Oh,
What did you think?
Would come out of doing that?
For Halloween treats,
Was once what,
The soul searchers,
And,

Beggar blessers,
Would come a calling for,
'Sweet Bread',
At the doors they would knock upon,
On the eve of every,
'Souls day',
And in return for that,
Sweet bread,
They would say a prayer,
Or,
Gave a blessing to you at your door,
Or your then,
Dearly departed,

That was back then,
And how they made,
'Sweet Currant Baked Bread',
For the Soul Searchers,
And,
Beggar Blessers,
And dare you not have any,
Risked the placing of a curse,
On the door that sent them away,
And in a gruff or a huff,
Now today it is known,
As Barm Brack Cake,
On the table at Halloween,
Where most partake in,
Sweet Bread and Tea,
Every Halloween Eve,
In old and new Europe today,

While,
Outside in their costumes,
Are the little and large,
Knocking on doors,
With painted faces,
Or masks,
So,
Next time they knock,
Have a bowl of treat at side,
And if you don't have that,

Then be out for that time,

Or,
Simply don't,
Open the door,
For,
Trick or Treat,
Is,
You give a treat that is sweet,
Or,
They will come back later,
And,
Play a trick,
Leaving you thinking,
Yet,
Leaving you knowing,
What played that trick on you,
Had knowledge,
Of,
You or yours,
So,
Making it real easy,
For the Tricksters,
At you door,
To play a trick on you,
For having no treats for them early.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

I Feel Anew

I feel reborn,
I feel so renewed,
For one day I got up,
And my blues had gone away,

I thank God for my family,
I thank God for allowing me,
To go through the motions,
And come out feeling triumphant and free,

So, in this new beginning I feel,
I give thanks to my Saviour,
And give thanks to my family,
That understood me,
Even when I was in such a haze,
They were there when I came out of,
The haze and cloudy days,

It's good to be me,
I leave the blues behind,
Yet,
Keep my poems in record,
That I wrote when feeling blue,
To put them out there with the rest,
Just like this one,
Titled,
I feel anew,
With a lot to smile about,

Ellen Ni Bheachain

I Or We

'I or We'

Where I am,
And what I see,
Makes or changes,
Who I be,
For,
Who am I?
Is who I be,
As time goes on,
I ask,
Where is the we?

So,
From time to time,
The changes we see,
And,
Those changes in us,
Can change us,
As time goes by,

So,
Who am I?
Is who I be,
At that time I was that,
And at this time I am me,
For,
Time changes everything in all of us,
When,
Time takes its toll,
It even changes our looks,
And how we think,
So,
Who am I today?
Here and now?
Is what I have evolved into?
As time deals it toll,
In,
Everyday life,

And,
All its worries and woes,

So, that in itself,
Can,
Change who you are,
When,
Starting out and setting out,
To be and become,
Was sometimes good,
Sometimes bad,
But,
In between that,
I became and achieved,
I lost and believed,

Now fate has its course,
And sometimes it so happens,
Your fate or your destiny,
Sets it all straight,
Or time plays a blinder,
So, trials and tribulations,
Takes you astray,

Leaving you asking,
What, when and how?

So,
Getting back to where you belong?
Or,
Back to where you left off?
Can cause you stress,
And cause you strain,
With dealing and decided,
Where do you belong?

But once you go back,
To where once you belonged?
It leads you back there,
A place to call home,

If going back is no path,

That you want to take.
Then finding another place,
Where,
A fresh new beginning,
A new path and a sense,
To where now you belong,
Let's you settle and rest,

So, once you belong,
You no longer need,
To take time at all.
To the who and what am I,
Because now you belong,
The I becomes we,
Adding a sense of belonging,
From I alone,
To We in gathering.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Jack Of Lantern

Tis,
That time of year again,
Where the Autumn leaves,
Fall from the trees,
Tis,
Where Jack and his snares,
Are easily seen,
As,
All the trees are bare of leaves,

So,
Light your amber light,
Whether it be,
Turnip,
Or,
Pumpkin Carved,
With,
Amber lights,
So,
Jack and restless spirits,
Will pass over your domain,
From the Amber light you shed,

For at the time of Halloween,
No wanting Jack,
At your homestead,
But an amber glow,
That warns off restless spirits,
From haunting your homestead,

So,
Carved out a Turnip,
Or,
A Pumpkin,
And place a lite candle inside,
That will shed out an amber glow,
So it can be seen,
Just in case that old,
Restless Jack returns,

The amber light will guard,
You and your homestead,

For those who believe,
Is to know,
Who and what Jack the Drunkard did,
With his goings on and about,
To even have snared the Devil,
Up onto a tree,
And in return he lost,
His passage to Heaven,
And with his snares of the devil,
Hell did not want him either,

Yet,
The Devil he did snared,
So he was left to roam,
Endless,
In the aftermath,
With just a cinder of amber,
In the darkness he was seen,
As Jack of lantern
His resless spirit roamed,

That is what Jack became,
When he passed over,
No place to rest,
Yet,
Left,
To roam Earth's placement,

And that is why,
It is said,
To light an amber light,
To guild the restless spirits,
Over and pass,
Your dwelling homestead,

Tis,
That time of year again,

Where the Autumn leaves,
Fall from the trees,
Tis,
Where Jack and his snares,
Are easily seen,
As,
All the trees are bare of leaves,

So,
Light your amber light,
Whether it be,
Turnip,
Or,
Pumpkin Carved,
Or,
Amber lights a showing,
So,
Jack and restless spirits,
Will pass over through,
The Amber light you shed.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Last Days Of Summer

Whatever the way the summer days end,
In the type of summer is how it has been,
Whether a good one or bad one,
The last days of summer,
Can be sad or happy endings,
As each season ends,
With another one beginning,

The summer could have been,
Miserable yet,
Sun scorching us everyday,
And sunlight shining on all our faces,
It is how it is,
Out there where all is seen,
In,
Summer days of fun,
Summer days of love,
Summer days of seeing,
Summer days of been,
Out and about where summer is,

And when summer came and went?
With a mundane feeling that it left?
Was the last days of summer,
And the beginning of another,
Autumn as we know it,
Fall in other places,
Where the ending of one season shows,
By the decaying of it,
When Autumn Fall shows,

Where we will wrap up and snuggle,
With warm cuppas drinks,
With a book,
Or,
Catch up on watching films,
Yet,
Still,
Musing over the summer days,

Of sunshine memories,

Now,
Warm hats and gloves,
With rustle leaves,
That rustle beneath,
Our feet as we walk,
Through the park,
And see,
The summer leaves turn,
To autumn shades,
Taking in,
The last days of summer,

Reflecting,
And remember,
The falls of Autumn's,
Is the signs of summer,
That has ended,
And minglings with,
All that falls,
From the summer ending,
To autumn beginnings,
Is the,
Decaying,
Of summer,
To regrow itself,
For next season's of summer,
When it begins again,

Yet,
In between,
There's,
Autumn,
Winter,
Spring,
Till,
Again,
Last days of summer,
And all in bloom again.

Love That Shines On

All that shines,
Spreads rays of light,
In all direction of others,
Just like the Sun's Rays,
Just like the Star's Rays,
Both eluminate light to see,
And in the eyes of love,
They shine so bright,
No matter what color the eyes are,
When love shines it shows,
In the eyes of both that know,
They are in love,
Love shines throught to show it,
Love,

In love with each other,
And it simply beams out of each of them,
And shows the light bright in their eyes,
Like Sun with Rays,
Like Stars with Rays,
It reflects and gets to be seen,
For Love that Shines,
Shows itself,
And eliminates happiness,
That shows so bright,

It creates smiles and laughter,
Song and dance,
For when love that shines,
Gets out and about,
And all around and about them,
That too can see,
The love shining bright,
And within,
Two people in love,
Will show a ray of light,
For love that shines,
Will eluminate love,

For,
Love that is seen,
From the eyes that reflect,
In both two people in love,
Is not hiding or obscene,
It is the smile on their faces,
Where two people in love,
Know its warm rays,
That gives confidence to each of them,
Bringing,
Hope and happy future to one another,
That shows its strength,
When two people show through,
And let love,
Shine in them,
To shine through and eluminate,

For to see love that shines,
Is to have loved and been loved,
For the eyes will tell,
When two people are in love,
For it is not a condition,
Or a manual or book to keep with,
It is not a predictable feeling,
Or,
Anything that can be certified or tested,
That shows clear and precise results,

Love that shines through,
Is been honest and true,
A hard task for all,
In this day and age,
Wearing your heart on your sleeve,
Is not recommended these days,
Yet,
The love that shines through?
Is the one honest and true,
That makes us all know,
just what it means,
For the love that is seen,
Honest and true,

Honest and true,
In the sparkle of their eyes,
Is love burning bright,
Within each one and another,
That shows itself true,
For,
Love that is love,
Even illuminates like a star,
Where it may get dull,
Where it may get old,
Where it may go amber,
And burn out and die,

Yet,
Love that shines on,
Is love deep inside,
That,
Spirits can even be rekindled,
And shine on,
For,
When love leaves this planet,
And goes in spirit to,
Shine on higher places above,
In spirit,

Of,
No human matter,
But,
Terrestrial in spirit,
Now,
That is love,
Where,
Love That Shines,
Like a Star in the Sky,
Burning brightly,
Never ending,
Love,
That shines on.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Nature's Season's

Season's come and season's go,
There are four in each year,
Of our time keeping.
Spring,
Summer,
Autumn,
Winter,
In other parts of the world,
Their season's are called something else,

Each Season is,
Of different type,
Yet,
Two and Two,
To begin and become,
Spring shows the begining,
Of growth and new season,
So for plants,
Vegetation,
Spring Chickens,
Spring Lambs,
The Calflings,
The Fouls,
All come in the Spring,
And flourish in the Summer,

Summer shows bloom,
From the plants to the Fouls,
And all are seen in full bloom,
Even the birds and the bees,
Sing the songs,
Of spring and summer,
With the Sun's rays,
That shows nature,
In full bloom,

By the time,
All is in full bloom,
And what shows and blooms,

Blossoms all summer,
And just when we are relaxed,
And see no clouds in the sky,
The seson changes,
Beginning with,
The fall,

Autumn's,
Season,
Commences to begin,
Where,
All in bloom,
Falls away and decays,
While the rest,
Fly away,
And,
Migrate,
Or,
Hibernate,

And just when,
We have seen it all disappear,
The frost and snow,
Covers all over,
And chills the air,
Where the chilling effect,
Kills off all decay,
And the blue ice time period,
Takes over for a time,
Chilling,
Freeezing,
Keeping everything beneath the earth,
As winter sets itself right in,

And far beneath the froasted earth,
Is all in nature,
Rekindling itself,
To regrowth itself,
And then spring growth,
Again,
Next season,
That starts the circle of life,

2 x 2 = 4,
The four seasons,
Of,
Our circle of life,

Spring,
Summer,
Autumn,
Winter,
The four seasons,
Of ours,
That is 2 x 2,
Spring and Summer,
Then,
Autumn and Winter,
That makes it known,
As 4 seasons,
To us all.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Only Time Will Tell

As I packed up the last of what is left,
Of the contents of what,
Was our house,
I stopped and thought,
If the memories would be kept,
As we now go our separate ways,

From what was happy,
And we called home back then?
To now the parting,
Of this and that of ours,
Starting again strifes,
And new parting battles,
Of what was ours,
To now ending with the fussing,
On shared items and such,

So,
We gave them to our children,
To put them in their own place,
Their place of dwelling,
Now,
To them their new home,
Without either,
Mother or Father,
Yet,
In reflecting,
Would the items not be out of place?
Our items and memories,
Of us two as a couple,

For what we took for granted our bits and bobs,
They had a place not just in our home,
But in the memories of us both,
Yet,
As the years go by,
Only time will tell,

Time did tell as time went on,

Our star wars collection brought strife among them all,
The books and then the films,
That came out from then,
Were books we inquired about,
To both of our children,
As to where they were today,
Yet,
They too could not say,

For the 80's and 90's they just young or been born,
Time did tell,
As it told them a lot about us,
Even answering some of their questions,
Why they like an old song,
When,
That was a favorite of ours,
That we both played a lot,
And they were quite young,

For in time we did heal,
And friends we are now,
Our past together was love,
And fun with laughter,
For time heals a lot,
So in time when we speak,
Of each other to others,
Time does tell,
And in time tells it better,

Time did tell us that,
That was so,
We did stand the test of time,
In memory recall,
For more love and laughter,
Can be gathered from it all,
With all those bits and bobs,
We gave to the children,
And friends with others,

Of gadgets,
Souvenirs,
And photo pictures too,

Are now kept with such care,
In the friends and close family,
A place in their home,

Only time will tell?
Its has on us,
From memories of what we fussed and fought over,
These memories now,
Are a conversation piece about us,
Time did tell,
It told on us all,
For time always does.
Tell in time.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Our Single Red Rose

When I met you I was so young.
Love was something then unknown to me or you,
Love as in two that becomes one,
For me that was still unknown,
Till you came along,

We were silly yet,
Always true to each other,
Both of us still young,
Yet,
Growing as we fumbled,
In and out of Love,
No fronts or hidden agenda's did we have,
Just you and me,
And us in youth discovering,
What is love?

As we sat in the park,
On that full bloom summers day,
You picked me a red rose,
From the rose garden therein,
Holding it in your hand,
You whispered in my ear,

My love for you is as deep as this single red rose,
One red rose for you,
And one for me,
To show our love as one of two,
You and me,
That is one love,
We will seal it with a kiss,
And on this day it will be,
The start of our love,
As it blossoms and grows,

Poet to poet we each fell into love,
With our words of feelings we spoke to each other,
Yet, with the kiss that did seal,
And show the chemistry within,

That our young poor poet hearts,
Had falling in love,

We spoke only the truth and put it in poetic love,
Our feelings and love that made us gaze at each other,
When we walk and talked,
Sharing our thoughts of what is love,
We compared it to the one stem of the rose,
That we both shared as two in one love,

My love is like a one stem rose,
Where the petals does bloom and grow,
Then it falls from there and sheds its seed elsewhere,
Till again and again love blooms again,
Just like the love of youth passed that was,
First love from the hearts,
Of two youths that fell in love.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Phyche Movers

He moves in places unknown to many,
Searching for 'Soul Keepers',
There are many,
Keeping the souls of people's lives,
Claiming all that they have got,
And in return a deal of a life,
For those that sell their soul contents,
To get away from what is searching for them,

He searches in places in search of souls,
That are losted from been mislead,
To a better life with money and leisure of lavish life styles,
The return is their life, name and place of birth,
So they that search for a life can sell theirs that they claim,
Even their soul contents of life, religion and family,
To those that are of the book of dead names in life,
Name and placed of Birth from past relatives in life,

The Phyche Movers move around seeing Eye to Eye,
In search of those victimed by the Soul Keepers,
For what took them too when all names were sold,
Looking into the souls of empty beliefs,
With the names of others that are of good sent,
The eye is to the window of a Man's or Woman's Soul,
And the Phyche Movers are ones that can,
See into the eyes of the soul and souless,
When phyche movers are sent in seeking,

They seek to return to the lost souls their life,
And in return they enter into the Phyches places,
To build back and repair,
Their souls and life to begin back again,
Giving back to them their name as given,
And seeking out the name they were given by those,
Whom took theirs to enter into their life as them,

For the 19th century was the taken of names,
With the 636 of Rev 13 in action,
The names of good sorts were lead astray,

And the names of religion were taken by them,
The names of those that had been though life in all stages,
Were the names that could see the old names of ancients,
So when the psyche movers,
Were sent out and among,
To regain back what could be,
With the list of the ones that went wrong,

This they began with a new list for a new century,
Of what is what and who is who,
Now in this new century,
As new age and new beginnings of time starts again,
For what sit on the fence,
Because it saw what went on,
And could not be bought in,
These are the ones,
That are in the middle,
Mediators of sort,
That write it down,

So in the results if you wander around,
Be careful of what says is,
Could be just by a name only,
Where a lost soul is crying,
Trying to get back to where they once belonged,
To regain what is theirs,
Or perhaps even still,
They are glad to have lost,
A name and identity,
That was of too much a burden,
For them to carry,

Then, there, is them that just,
Are the ones that sit on the fence,
With no ties or interest or really do they care,
To give up their name and identity,
With the history of it,
Written in good, bad and indifferent ways,
From them and past generations of them,
That always wrote it down,
For the next generation to know,
What their past relatives life had been,

Yet,
Know what it is to see,
When the Phyche Movers,
Come out of their places,
To seek back their losted ones,
From the devil snares,
The devil snares,
That puts them in hellish places,
And they that just cannot break free,
From the chains of liabilities,
Where deals were made,

For that price that they paid,
When all was low,
And despair set in,
The Devil Snares were hard at work,
And when the price is paid,
That did involve,
The taking of a name,
Or,
Switching places,
Enters in,
The Phyche Movers.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Pretenders That Save And Then Leave

Pretenders trained to be in their mode,
For what they come in as,
Nobody knows,
They become whom they have to,
To save others and then apprehend,
Who they need to,
In order to save,
And make that place safe again,

In their mode,
And most times all alone,
Learn't and studied from issued centers,
Fast and quick,
With no time to waste,
So in and out,
Search and seek,
Before anyone knows,
Whom pretender really is,

The pretenders game is any game,
They are who the center agency send in,
To take out or away,
The ones whom pretend to be others,
And committ crimes,
Pretending to be others,
That get the blame,
So skilled trained pretenders,
Are sent in instead,

Pretenders in modes of thinking,
With the personality in types that is needed,
To go in and help,
Or,
Rescue those endangered,
Is,
Where pretenders are hired,
To get into their mode,
The mode of thinking,
With the type of personality,

And job code to complete them,
So to become that type,
Till,
Task and case is completed,

For they could be,
Teacher / Scholar,
Poet or writer,
Actress / Actor,
Judge or Police Officer,
Doctor / Nurse,
Soldier or Pilot,
Scientist / Researcher,
Beggar or Thief,
Its whatever,
They need to be,
Is how,
The pretender comes in,

They may makes friends,
Or they may not be liked,
It depends on the job code,
And on how,
They are presented as,
But when task in done,
And they must go,
The call comes in,
For them to tie the loose ends,
Pack their bags,
And report back in,
For,
The pretender seldoms get to say,
A fond farewell,
Or a keep in touch,
With contact card address,

So what is it that makes them be,
The ones that save,
And then they leave,
Perhaps,
It is something that calls them to be,
Or,

Maybe something similar or the same,
Happened to them once,
At a time in their life,
That puts them in,
That field of work,
As,
A pretender,
An uncover for the agency,
Of government listed,
Yet,
Unknown to the public,

A government agency,
Where,
They will come and go,
Unseen,
Or,
Not noticed too much,
So as to see,
And report back in,
What is really going on,
To those endangered,
Or,
At risk,
That can be saved,
From,
Been the next,
Victims Of Crime,
That brings in Pretender,
That saves and then leaves.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Searching Soul Contents

Searching souls for lives that lacks,
Places and peoples that just don't match,
For a time and place,
Is memories kept,
Of ones,
Whom's life could not totally be erased,
For the memory still remains,

Searching souls of souls contents,
Of those with religion still intact,
That, that, have seen,
Those, that, have heard,
And those, that, were victimed,
Yet, still survived,
Is where the phyche movers know those names,
And their free spirits in kind,

Searching for those that took part of their time,
Time of a person held for only who they choose,
Time taken and them left there scattered and torn,
Time past on where those captured could not be found,
Till, lapsed memory of the happening was suppressed,
So the real story could not be told,
And the free spirited kind were set free without and abandoned,

The phyche movers that catch up with them,
Begin in searching in their soul contents,
With name and place of the lost soul,
To know what was theirs,
To try and return them back there again,
Unless they just want to forget and start again,

For to take a person's life,
Leaving them in disaray,
Taking them away with past memory erased,
Where society see's them none,
From the taking of their identity,
And using what will say,
Is not you but them,

That see to the wants and needs of the deceitful,
What is gone and taken from you,
Is now the replacement of you and your past history,

To go with them and say as they want,
Is to take apoun yourself,
And become one of them,
Or one for them,
Their advocate in society and building,
Of no return as now one of them,
With your soul contents no more in tact,
With the deceits and all losing their soul contents,

So when those that are held,
In memory lapsed and elsewhere,
Return to the knowledge of the lost years and in placing,
Can cleanse their robes or garments and self,
For soul still in tact,
Yet dorcas for a while,
As they try to break ones mind,
Body and free spirit,
When what did to what and to whom,
Is where freedom don't come easy,
So, to break free,
Was to fight the good fight,
And win back ones freedom,

The 19th century tells it all,
In religion, politics, places and peoples,
Names and families,
Most left in gothic ways,
In a wicked state for a time,
Then from bad or worse,
Till the life of past goes back into place,

Then what remains,
Is the past, present,
To then pick up and try and salvage,
Or in most cases,
Begin again,
Knowing all others have moved on,
As time did pass and lost were replaced,

By the kind face and knowing friends,
That understood so time did heal,
Those missing losted ones,

To those of the captive still only knowing,
What happened and why,
Is a name of many places,
Names and faces,
Travelling and keeping on the move,
Torn and scattered,
When trying to settle when finding some happeness,

Yet,
With soul contents of their book of life,
Whether good, bad or indifferent,
Or even wicked with bad endings,
Was the insurance of don't touch,
That allowed them to be,
By the highway to the byways of life,
Yet, with no real long settlement,
As always moved on,
For not settling for one of theirs,
Of advocates deceits,
So,
As to have your wants and needs meet,
And life struggles made easier,

For ther is those that did,
Once taken stay in with the ones,
That meet their wants and needs,
As long as they do it their way,

So,
Their soul contents start filling,
With their lies and deceits,
With those called the 'Gate Keepers',
That keep them from getting out,
While still trying to snare,
The ones whom broke free,
And not searching for soul contents,
For never wanting to be taken,
For were happy to be.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Searching Within Yet, Hidden Within

Searching for them,
While hidden within,
Not telling them all,
That you hold within,
Telling only what,
Needs to be known,
While dealing with,
Whats all around,
You is unknown,
To what is going on,

Wondering why they,
Would want to be you,
Then finding out that,
Thats what they do,
And do it,
A lot of the time,
Take, take, take,
Leaving others,
Hurt and abused,
Behind,
And blame it on you,

They blame it on you,
With the use,
Of your name,
So you have to,
Deal with it and try and help,
Solve,
For the victims,
They have done and robbed,

Yet,
You can only be in one place,
At one time,
So,
While they are out and about,
With the use of yours,
And others names,

In committing crimes and injuries,
To others,
While you and the others blamed,
Have to help in,
Solving,
By locating who are these that do that,
To others with you and others names,

So,
Finding out who they are,
And making sure you have,
Their real names,
Leads you to the rest,
Done that same way,
To where your names,
And the names of those,
That commit the crimes are,
Of two different places,
In nations and flags in placements,

Searching for them,
While keeping hidden within,
Not being able to be fully yourself,
And distressed and irate because of it,
For the fear of these felons,
And what they do in crime,
With the use of your name,
Is a major dangerous crime,

Going on in pretense,
Telling yourself you are alright,
Till,
Far off you must fly,
Letting it all out,
And to cry,
For what they took,
And did to others,
Leaves you tarnish,
Bruised and battered,
When its your name that,
Got the blame,

While,
You that is,
The name that they use,
In mentioned and on paper,
When arrested or caught up with,
After committing such horror and shame,
To their victims and those,
That they use and take the name of,
To blame,
So they get away,

Searching,
Seeing,
Beliving all,
That seemed strange,
Or estranged,
When first you meet them,
By introducing yourself,
By your name that was used,
Hearing what was done to them,
Yet,
Its not your face,
That they saw,
When it was been done to them,
But the face of those that did do that,
To these,
Victims of crime,

Yet,
It is your name and identity,
That was used to blame,
So,
Law and files say this of you,
On paper and records,
Yet,
When all is said,
And all is done,
Where situations,
Are clarified,
And facts and details,
Put the records,
Straight and detailed,

It is then that you know,
Its time to sit,
Gather what little is left,
To begin again,
With little or noting,
Yet,
This commissioned shield,
Held for family name and honour,
You return with pleasure,
From all you have been put through,
You were left to be worked,
So as to bring in to agency sent,
And show in evidence,
What did what,
And to whom,

Tis not a way to have to see,
Life and its horrors,
Of serials with vendetta's
Taking it out on you,
And on others,
Till,
Those that do that,
Have to be found,
And caught at it,
So,
To be named by their names,
So justice can prevail,
And bring them in,
For judgement,

So then,
What is hidden within,
You,
Your true self,
Can again go away,
And know,
Tis,
Now safe,
Safe to,
Scream,

So,
You can let it all out,
Of what it was like,
To suffer and indure,
Of been the victim,
In the blame games,
That they played,
On you,
And the others,

The group of the names,
The group of those blamed,
The group that did do it,
Then the group of,
The victims put through it,

Those,
Subjected to such ways,
So had to stay for a time,
Hidden away,
Till,
Those blamed and with agency,
Had to be commissioned to not tell,

Till,
Those that did do all that,
Were apprehended,
And taken in,
For judge and jury,
To see and hear,
So,
Judgement could be placed on them,
And they put away,
To pay for the crimes,
They committed against us all,
So we all could,
Be and stand still again.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Seasonal Time For Wandering Souls

Wandering souls like all that know,
What makes a wandering soul,
Or,
If,
One,
Is a wandering soul,
Then,
Them,
Themselves,
Will know,
A wandering soul,
Sometimes will,
Go home for seasonal greeting time period,

For seasonal times will reach out,
To all souls contents in peoples,
Even,
The wandering soul,
Has a season that will make,
The wandering soul,
To wander home,
To home where,
The heart is known,

All wandering souls know,
When that time of year springs to mind,
Be it Winter,
For,
Happy Holidays,
Be it Spring,
For,
Renewal and starting again,

Be it Summer,
For,
Summer settling while weather is warmer,
Be it Autumn,
For,
Remembering, reflecting,

And pondering why,
They still wander to forget,
Or to be able to return,
And be again,

For all the wandering souls will know,
What time of the year,
Will bring them home,
Home to what was home,
Before the wander years began,
Where they left what was home,
And were settled and content,
There,

Till,
At that time and place,
In life,
Something happened,
Leaving them in a wandering state,
Then,
There is the Wandering Souls,
That,
Seasonal time brings them back in,
For,
All that soul searching,
Did bring them to,
Good places and meetings,
Of,
Others in similar or same,
Issue and cases,

Where,
Answers meet,
And reason why?
Told,
Where the wandering soul,
No,
Longer is,
Needing,
To wonder,
Or ponder,
No more,

Wandering soul,
A indept person,
With persona and atonment already within,
Where all that,
A wandering soul has to be,
From wherevever,
It wanders,
Groups and begins,
Begin again,
What once it had,
Happiness,
Contentment,
With new or old friendly faces,
It can laugh and be with,
To begin again,

A wandering soul,
With soul contents,
Sometimes the Phyche mover,
Or,
Goes in to become,
A prentender,
For,
What makes a wandering soul wander?
Is many,
A many reasons,
For grief,
Sorrows and woes in life,
Can bring you,
To a lonely place,
A lonely place,
For a time,

Till,
You will stumble,
Or wander,
Into a place,
That finds you finding,
Yourself again,
Among the others,
That too were settled,

And happy to be,
Till,
Along life's hard deals,
You stumble or fall,
Or,
Just simply,
Were saved to save,

Save from the cluches of those,
That take,
Till,
There is noting left to take,
And you are gone,
Among the lost souls losted,
Tis,
Then your saved to save,
So,
To understand,
What will understand,
Can I help you?
So,
To help each other,
And wander to wonder,
No more,
Or to remain,
A wandering soul.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

September

As the autumn leaves falls on the ground,
From what was the beginning,
Is now the end,
Why did I not question then,
The value of our love?
For value holds a price,
That can cost a lot,
When love goes astray,

Why could you not,
Turn over onto a new leaf,
That would have been asking too much,
I know what that means,

For knowing what we were,
Then to try and change that,
Was as if to say,
I knew you not at all,
So,
Remembering,
September falls,

Like the changing of the leaves,
That in Autumn fall off the tree's,
So,
Did we,
Fall,
Fall away,
Leaving,
With no real goodbyes,

Knowing,
All was lost,
So,
We changed,
When,
September came,
Around again,

Why did I not question then,
The value of our love?
For value holds a price,
That would have cost a lot,
When a love goes astray,

Like falling leaves,
We tarnished our names,
September came,
T'was then,
In Autumn,
We faded away.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Sins That Cannot Be Forgiven

Sins that are committed by those that did to others,
Premeditated the sins that hurt causing injury,
Taken from others caused by theft and stealth,
An offense caused to others,
Which goes without punishment,
Are sins that cannot be forgiven,

There are sins that cannot be forgiven,
For sinning is in all ways,
Some minor some major,
Some that sorry and remorse shown can be resolved,
Some that sorry and remorse is time spent in prison first,
To do the crime is to do the time,
Then perhaps victims can forgive,

There are sins that cannot be easily be forgiven,
Premeditated and in doing so causing a deadly sin,
A deadly sin is something not so easily saved,
For what brings in the judgement,
Is what sometimes is a part of the deathly sinning,
Of taking from others and causing pain and suffering,
Is the trials and tribulations of the deadly sinners,
Where others might not see them coming,
Or survive to tell the ordeals of their doings to them,

For to lie,
Deceit and take from others,
Then,
To never expect them that are done to,
To catch up with them and their others that do the crimes,
Is when the sins are piling up,
And the sinners are not keeping count of their own actions,
Yet,
Others are that have had such crimes done to them,

For to catch up with those that have done to you,
Will find you in a safety net with others like you,
Where done in the same way,
By,

The sects of deadly sinners,
For a time you get to hear others talk,
Just how they enjoyed,
Doing such deadly deeds to others,
With,
The sneering and snaring to get their victims entrapped,
Is,
The cache of methods when you configure their methods,

For what goes on doing and causing the victims such pain,
Is such a deadly sinner that needs keeping score of,
For what is sected and alpha in bases,
Will hear of those that play such cruel games,
For,
The travels of many have seen such ways,
And,
When their nets are casted to catch the lot,
The net for the others in safety is casted out first,
To draw in and let loose,
So,
As to keep the nets of the deadly sinners,
In the bases of sects,
Unlisted and unseen,
To the outer world we all know,

For such gluttony of wanting to see,
So much victims in pain and suffering,
Done by deadly sinners to the unsuspected victims,
Is such a deadly sin,
By,
Those with their major click,
Where,
Greed and sluth conquers over the victims,
Causing grave situations and reports unreported,
To know it even happened,
Instead just listed missing,

It is then when all that are of night,
That see from over to under ground,
Rise up and surface to see,
And when it is sick to their bellies too,
That,

Is when it is brought down by what can,
Them,
Those of the dark,
That,
Rule in the night,
And remain unknown to us,

They,
Will group when they hear of unruling gaming,
Take,
What is theirs and release what is free,
Then,
Punish the ones,
That,
Commit the sins of crimes,
That,
Cannot be forgiven,

So,
As The Holy Bible says,
'Let the holy remain holy,
Let the evil remain evil,
Let the righthous remain righthous,
Let the filthy remain filthy',

Then,
Let be what is,
For,
You cannot be of all,
That,
Is the deadly mistakes,
Causing,
The deadly sins,
For,
The world is a place of many ways,
To be of the world is,
To know of such things,

So leave what is,
To be what they are,
Let,
Rulings in governments and placements,

Be,
The judge of what is brought in,
And,
When you come in the night to commit,
Be,
Then of the night,
Or,
Be taken by the night,
To be judged,
When,
You take and do,
To others and harm,

Let no one put asunder,
What God has put together,
Live and let live,
Or else,
Pay your dues to whom is overseerer,
And,
If,
You are not aware,
Of,
The upper or lower in knowledge?
Then,
Pay the price,

Pay the price when,
Gothic takes over,
For,
What was put asunder,
Is,
Of the grey that matters,
What is grey matter,
Never forgets,
And,
Will not forgive the sins,
That,
Cannot be forgiven,

For victims they were,
And,
What was taken from them,

Was,
What cannot be returned,
So,
They that took from them,
Were caught up on by others,
And,
When it came to showing mercy or forgiveness?
Were,
The sinners that cannot be forgiven,
And were not!

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Spring Sunshine

After all the chills and winter blues,
The staying warm and staying in,
Meetings indoors for outside is cold,
Then comes the spring sunshine,

The sun breaks in like a door open wide,
With the burst of sunlight,
That lasting and warm,
Bringing smiles back on peoples faces,

While in the chilling season it brings,
Us all to hibernate and stay in,
Not getting out much as weather is cold,
Until the spring sunshine brings us back outdoors,

It is the time for new growth,
It is the time for new beginnings,
It is the time for buds to bloom,
It is the time for nature to sound its sounds of nature again,

For all the while when we shelter from the chills,
Winter is chilling,
And springs getting ready,
For all the new beginnings,
Brought forth from the old,
Of last seasons blossoms,
Spring will bring new growth from its roots,
And bloom again with spring sunshine rays,

Spring will start again,
And a new year to begin it with,
That starts with first,
The spring sunshine,
Of first days of spring,
That brings the smile back,
To all our faces,
With warm sun rays,
Of spring sunshine.

Summer Chance

The chances of summer are of chance,
When you take a chance,
Chances will bring,
The good,
The bad,
The indifference,
The outcome,
For taking a chance,
Is what is left,
Then is left to per chance,

Yet,
Summer time,
Brings all kinds of chances,
Summer romances,
Summer time ventures,
All in all it is a time,
For taking the time,
To just relax,
And simply just,
Let things happen,

Oh what it would be,
If, we all took a chance,
On love for love sake,
Leaving to per chance?
So summer songs,
Would ring with chimes,
When summer's love,
Would then last all year long,

What too could happen,
If,
We all took that chance,
Just to see,
What would happen,
To simply be,
A wild card,
Let loose,

To take a wild chance,
And let per chance,
Take its course,
In summer chances,
Of summer romances,

For to let a pattern to evolve,
That brings about that summer outcome,
Of a summer in per chance,
That has,
No arrangements,
Appointments set,
An agenda to be met,
Or,
A poise or position in life,
That one must be of,
Or,
Have to make that grade,

For summer chance,
And taking that chance,
Will bring you to a better place,
A fresh beginning,
Or,
New places and people,
Or a summer's love,
To last all year long,

Is,
To believe in,
Per chance,
Of Summer's chance,

That then begins,
A short story of life,
That leads to the book,
Of two people in love,
From what took a chance,
With a summer romance,
That lead to their book,
A book of life,

From summer chance,
Of meeting per chance?

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Summer Chimes And Summer Wines

Listening to the summer chimes,
Of summer sounds of summer time,
Bringing all that nature is,
That shows and sounds like,
Summer chimes,

Chimes of soft winds,
Chimes of soft river streams,
Sounds that say of that time and season,
That summer time sounds so sweet,
It rings the sounds of summer chimes,
With rays of sunlight streaming by,

Summer chimes with summer wines,
Can be the momentum interludes of summer times,
When summer time is to be,
There in nature's places,
Full of bloom and hidden places,
Where,
Listening to the summer chimes,
Of summer time,
And sitting and drinking,
A summer wine,

With the summer chimes,
And summer wines,
With summer and its nature sounds,
Bringing out the musical chimes,
Of summer sounds,
Along with summer chance,
And the per chance that evolves,
Bringing summer chimes,
With summer wines,
Of true summer chance,
With love intertwined,
And summer wine,

So if per chance,
To meet again,

That evolves and begins,
From summer meets,
Bringing that summer chance,
To summer chimes,
With summer wines,
That begins and lasts,
Within in the hearts of those,
That let per chance happen,
And fall in love,

Then it will continue all year long,
For those that took the chance,
In summer chance,
And let the per chance,
Take it course,
And win,
For love to hear,
The summer chimes,
Sipping summer wine.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

The First Signs Of Spring

The first signs of spring bring smiles and joy to us all,

Its the beginning of nature and the birth of the new season,

It brings life and renewal back to the cold plains,

Springing buds that will flourish,

Then open in full bloom for summer,

The young of the cattle and the spring of the lamb,

Are all the signs of spring,

With the snow and freeze temperatures,

Turning into cool breezes,

And clear sunny winds blowing,

Knowing its spring again,

The mundane feelings of winter blues,

Start to diminish in our seasonal affective winter faces,

As the sun shines a bit warmer,

So does the color of our face glow brighter,

And all show well in the spring of their steps,

As even the old can get out some more,

Now spring has arrived with safer passage,

Spring is also a time to clear out,
The unwanted items in our homes as we spring clean,
Then there the things to forget or put in the past,
Is in the spring cleaning of our thinking,
To clear our thinking better for a clearer future,

Then there's the renewal of forgiving,
As we forgive and forget,
Forgiving to start anew,
Is the starting again,
Or re birthing the past,
With a new attitude to help,
Its foundations this time round stronger,

Spring,
Is the time to see how it all begins,
For what is way beneath the ground or hibernating,
In the spring shows itself and nature in it splendor,
For what decays and withers,
The spring shows its second coming,

From what lay beneath the ground all winter,

Springs renews in growth,

And mother nature shows her splendor,

Come the first signs of spring,

We all start feeling somewhat better.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Those Trying To Be You

Those that see you when busy you be,
Moving in places and working to get there,
Where you are and where you be,
That brings you out and about so to gain,
The needs and wants of what is yours by choice,

Yet those that see you out and about,
When happy and known till,
Something happens and goes wrong,
It will take you to a far off place,
And while you are gone,
Someone else claims your place,
Your place in time,
Your place in mind,
Your place of knowing,
Your place of good memories,
Showing concern in misleading ways,
In order to settle in,
And take your place,

For what took you out,
And to a far off place,
Leaving others to replace,
And tell your loved one,
Any story that will surfixe,
To make them believe,
You left at free will,

Enters in the one,
That comes in with letters first written,
Saying they are you,
And with the posion pen of false hand,
Writes the farewell letter to the loved one,
Leaving them believing you left for good,

The one sent to replace you,
And trying to be you,
Going into the ear,
Of the one you still love,

Saying,
What and where they assumed,
Assumed you to be,
Yet,
He not relating to it at all,
Yet,
You are gone and life goes on,
So going on is the name of the game,
When money too tight to mention,
And homestead is at stake,

So,
What is wanting to take you place,
Will do till ya come home,
Yet,
When you yourself wake up for the snappers stealth,
With lose of the memory,
Of that time and that place,
With,
Only what shows in care to help restore,
Restore of what is left from the past,
So as to get back up and start again,

As,
The memory of that time is losted,
And your love one gives up,
On you go to work, rest and play,
With what was restored or data filed,
With film to back up,
So staying where is new to begin and renew,
While back where you had settled,
Is a story or fuzzy picture,
That has been distorted and torn,
Not even making sense to,
What you are and what was known then,

So,
Then when you go back to see,
Where memory of pictures,
Are scattered and not in perspective vision,
So not sure what to say,
Or even believe,

Yet,
Knowledge and knowing cannot be explained,
And what is there now is a bigger threat,
That what took you away,

So,
With what is what,
And what is done,
What is best,
Is how it is done,
Till,
It is easier to handle the facts,
And put the jigsaw of your life back,
Is wanting till the head wont hurt,
So you let the memory of that time return,

Till,
Then and what is,
Tis best to just write on,
For what care and medicine says,
It will return but things wont be the same,
For in all those years away,
Not returning because no memory of that place,
To write,
Send a card,
Or even return,
Is,
Whomever,
Was trying to be you,
Must have become you,
Or,
Was better than none there at all,

Care and understanding will help you get there,
So you can put the jigsaw back yourself,
With the missing time period replaced,
With where you were,
In dreams of dreams,
And when awoken from such deep sleep,
Back to where you were before,
What happened and caused you memory laspse,

So even the place where you were at,
Happy to be,
Before the fact,
You did not miss for you dont remember,

Yet,
Someone did,
For they did not want others to know,
What really happened,
And not a story just to tell them,
For what puts you in deep slumber,
Is a tragic tale to tell,
And sometimes when your memory returns,
Tis,
Sometimes best just to place together,
What memory has returned,
Safe in care with medicine,
So time is kept for good time well spent,

For what back then were,
Two people struggling,
Yet,
Both in Love,
With a place and in a place,
That in time,
Would have worked,
Now,
It is just,
Those trying to be you,

While,
Where you were at,
There and of that place,
With all the trials and errors,
Of starting over again,
They too were,
Just trying to be him,
Instead,
If everyone would,
Just try and be,
At least themselves,
Then in truth,

They would be true to themselves first,

They would then know,
What they want,
If only,
They would just try,
And be,
Themselves first,
And be happy again,
So we all could be,
Ourselves again.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

To Understand What Breaks Your Heart

When all is known to whom,
You, yourself, in choice chooses to love?
And time apart with no connections,
Of keeping up with each other,
When time to give is available,
How can one show love to another?
Then loves temptations moves in,

What happens in one persons life,
Will differ from another,
For when seperated from one and another,
Will bring one of the other,
In different paths to the other,
And trust is all that can prevail,
When love is love,
Yet,
Not there much to show it,
Love,

One and one,
That makes two,
A couple,
That makes two of one,
A loving couple,
Is that not love?

Love that is,
Caring and giving,
Caring for each ways in knowing,
Yet,
When love leaves or goes astrays,
It,
Leaves the other left hurting?
For what once was,
Love,
Wth trust and understanding,

Tis,
Then,

You will know,
And also understand,
What breaks your heart,
Is the love,
You still love,
When two were one in love,
And mistrust made you blue,
And parted did you two,

For to set someone free,
Is to have been loved,
And sometimes lost,
By what is love,
That went astray,
For love has no chains,
It is to give,
And in giving,
Receiving back,
Love from love,

So if loves parting glances,
Is to wish old love,
New found love,
Then farewell to love,
But,
When new found love,
Does not love,
In true heart felt love,

It is,
Then you see love,
With that look in his eyes,
For you too had,
That same look,
When love broke your heart,
For giving into,
The swaying advances,
To a fancy in glances,

Now left to understand,
And listen to how they were taken in,
Is to understand what breaks your heart,

When you are left to pick up the pieces,
Listen and know it hurts,
For what goes around comes around,
Yet,
Love is blind and sometimes cruel,
When the shoe is put on the other foot,
And they come back to you?

And in ironic stages,
Is when love returns to ask of you,
To be together,
As when your love was true,
And there you be,
Mending what,
A broken heart?
From love that made you blue?

Then trying to understand,
What broke your heart,
And telling you now he will be true?
For doing what made you blue,
So you get cruel,
And make him see,
What made you blue,
Is now blue himself,
For someone else in doing,
What he did to you,

And in doing this,
That is what broke his heart,
Is his new found love,
That was not true to him,
So in understanding that,
He comes back to you?
For true he now is,
Blue,
Just like you,

Now there you be,
Listening to him,
Telling you,
Just how blue he be,

What does one do?
When still in love,
With love that did not stay true to you?
And,
Made you so blue?

Remembering how,
Breaking your heart,
When he went astray,
And now you are left,
To understand,
Why he too is now blue,
And then explain,
To him returned,
What is it,
That breaks your heart?
So he,
Understands,
What broke your heart.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Wandering Soul

Places that take the wandering soul,
Maybe be far off distances,
Or close range in places,
To recollect what recalls in memories,
Some they go where unknown,
To peoples and places learning their cultures,
To settle and begin again,

Going to places of different culture,
Of those that brings them back,
Where once settled,
In their soul life of contents,
For what unsettles,
A persons life in contents,
Leads the soul searching,
For restoration,
Of their life contents,
To return to their,
True self again,

Living and learning,
While the soul stays unsettled,
Because of peoples places and their cultures,
Bringing understanding of different souls,
Each others and their shared contents,
As for the souls left to wonder,
Wondering and pondering,
And finding out all about those,
That strip the souls of peoples,

Trying to configured why,
They come in and take,
Of those that were settled,
In their happy collections,
Of memories and pictures,
They take from their past memories,
And staging a reinactment,
So,
To distort the truth with fake faces,

Distorting it to make it different in happening,
Of the persons memory in collections,

Giving it to the soul less of non beliefs to take,
When they destroyed their own true path of life,
And needing to take anothers to be safe and shielded,
They then use the life,
Of those that are set up to be taken,
Along with,
Their happy collections of life that they choose,

Where those that have happy lifes in existance,
Having acceptance of their paths,
Whether straight, narrow or rocky,
Is the content soul's chosen paths,
That is of their choice in life,
With,
Their true life chosen paths,
That guides them aright,
In content living day and night,

A wandering soul though now left,
Meets with the unknowns,
Some of them too,
Wandering souls,
That gathers in meetings,
At places in some wide open spaces,
At dawn by seas front,
Or atop of hills,
And beneath valleys of such high hill places,
The wandering souls,
Knows of others and do gather,
And discuss,

For the eye to eye contact,
Shows through and each sees,
One of the same kind,
That does have soul,
Even,
Making Psyche Movers,
Out of the,
Wandering Souls,

So they too,
Can collect back for the others,
That are left the lost souls,
From those that took it all,
Leaving the lost souls to be found and brought back,

Tis,
Something,
That those that could not be taken,
That once was a happy soul,
That then became,
The Wandering Soul,
Is life hard deals,
From the happenings,
Of the 19th century,

People,
Misplaced,
Or,
Mislead,
Stolen,
Abducted,
Yet,
Would not be taken,
Casted out,
Exploited there of,
Used,
Then told sorry,
Mistaken of identity,
After all have done wrongs to,

Or,
Left there behind,
Disregarded,
Left to lick their own wounds,
No report sent in,
With other to replace them in name and person,
While the others known at the time to them,
Gone by,
Or becoming of,
The lost souls,
That were taken.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

What Makes One A Wandering Soul?

For all that is written,
For all whom must wander,
In search of places, peopes and family,
Is what can make wander,
For themselfe to know,
And any others like them,
What is is that makes someone,
A wandering soul,
In search of it own,

Their own self and self worth,
Their own independence or wanting ways,
Leaves them to wander and search,
Some wander for left with little,
Makes a wandering soul of them,
Leaft to think and ponder,
Of the ways in life,
That leads them on,
A path with no fixed course,
Or settled or fixed abroad,

For the wandering soul that,
Sets out to search,
Searches from present to past,
To get what is in between,
Is first to return,
To then go forward,
To get back where they belong,
At some place or inbetween,
If ya know what I mean,

What is in present,
Is time of knowledge,
Knowing and places,
That is of past to present and still is,
And if time has changed,
A place of past,
The wandering soul will know first,
If this is so,

Where ones that left,
And others became of and from,
In those lifes places,
That once was of their life in time and places,

To follow by day and sleep at night,
If befitting for good days and good nights,
In safe keeping,
Yet,
When night and day you must seek,
Those that discourse you,
In your choice of life paths,
Of,
What life is for you,
When put in disaray,
Is what leads you to be,
In search of what is taken from you,
Hence makeing you,
A wandering soul,

For one that knows,
What one,
Wants in life,
And others that discourse you,
Changes your life,
To search and find out,
Is to be left behind,
By those that only wanted for them,
And leaving noting for you,

For,
What is only on their terms,
Makes,
A vagabond of you,
For,
You wont be taken by them,
Or,
Allow them to use you,
So,
From settled or free spirited,
You too become,
A Wandering soul,

From what came in and destroyed.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

What Was Yours

"What Was Yours"
What was yours was there when I left,
We left you there,
While we went back,
I know you knew that,
And so did they,

They took it all,
And went out as you,
With all you had done,
They claimed that too,

Yet,
The avoided me,
Who did know,
What was yours,
But I went home,
To where I was from,

So what was yours,
Is still today,
Yet, what they sold,
Was you and me,

Because,
What was yours,
They claimed it all,
And sold us off,
Like we were slaves.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Winter Chills

Winter hills of white with silverish gleam,
Of winter season and colors that reflect,
The shades of blues and purples,
From the suns reflection on natures winter,

Bleak and empty yet in a solitude way,
Resting or sleeping,
Hibernating and regenerated,
Till spring arrives,
Bringing back its flourishing blooms,

What is pretty to watch is cold to indure,
The chills of winter from watching it indoors,
For the nature trial of winter will,
Chill and freeze,
And numb you till,
Your lips turn color,
The freeze and chills of real winter,

And then as you warm up,
And your nose and finger tips tingle,
And looking around you on natures trails,
Will be the reminding of the hiding buds and roots,
Laying buried beneath the snows of winter,

Reminding you,
That too in the spring,
Like the birds will return,
Bringing color and birth back into the light,
With the sounds of nature,
Becoming more musical than winter,

As the birds and the bees,
And all that return or hibernate,
All wake up to wake us up,
To the spring,
When winter chills and freezes thaw,
Taking away the winter chills,
By bringing in the springtime breeze.

Ellen Ni Bheachain

Winter Thoughts

As Autumn leaves and Winter begins,
So does the color of autumn to chilled winter,
For the golden browns and amber in shades,
Turn to grey clouds and ice chills,
Of snowy hills where blankets of snow begins and show,

With the season greetings and family celebrations,
Tis no place for the lonely or the homeless persons,
Winter and its isolation,
Is not kind to the exposure of the unsheltered,
For with the weather also comes the sheltering,
For peoples gather indoors and outdoors is its outcasts,

Winter brings good cheer and tidings,
It also brings out the cold and reality,
For in summer and Autumn,
Where nature trails and outdoor meets,
The winter shows who has what and who has not,
By seeing the isolated alone and the outcasts left out in the cold,

It shows the warmth of open fires and seasonal greetings,
Of lavish homes and homely places,
All in good cheer and spirits in celebration,
Yet, winter will show,
The lost and the outcast,
Of no fixed abode or family to gather with,
Looking on yet,
Not apart of or with any to gather with,

Its winter when we reflex and ponder,
Of the year near ending and what we have acheived,
Or, what we have neglected or put off again,
Or what we have losted or had to indure,
Winter reflections can bring sorrow and pain,
Or laughter with good gains,

With the gains means we all party and laugh,
While the sorrow and pain,
Is in quiet and shadowed,

Like the lost and forgotten of yesterday,
Gone like the leaves of Autumn,
Decayed and blown away,
In the chill winds of the winter,
Covered by a blanket,
Of white,
That covers it all.

Ellen Ni Bheachain