

OH MY IRISH LOVER

In my youth I was told,
And therefore I thought,
That by sixty all passion was spent.
But now I'm that old,
I have to report
That the opposite must have been meant !
For love now appears
To cheer me and nourish me.
My former fears
No longer discourage me.
Oh ! Oh ! Oh! how I'm pleased to find
Joy replacing tears.

Oh my Irish lover,
I've been taken by surprise.
Dare I believe
What I'm tempted to read
In the sparkle of your eyes ?
Oh my Irish lover,
You've caught me on the hop.
Our light conversation
Brings rejuvenation—
I don't want it ever to stop.

When we talk I just bask
In the glow of the flow
Of warmth to me from you.
I'm too timid to ask
And therefore don't know
If in the other direction that's true.

Oh my Irish lover,
Your heart is on your sleeve.
I want to believe
It's there just for me,
But I see
There is another.

Oh my Irish lover,
I think there are many who'd share
The touch of your hand and your lips and your tongue,
If only they could dare.

For whoever you're with,
For the time that you're with them,
Feels the full blast
Of the warmth of your heart.
But then when you part,
Not a word, not a call !
There's no way to know
If you're living.
Can that be all ?
Can it be past
After so
Much of your giving ?

Oh my Irish lover,
Where do I go from here ?
There's no going back
To my life in a shack
Built of solitary moping and fear.

Oh my Irish lover,
My limbic system's on the blink.
I find myself reeling
With uncharted feeling.
Now I have to rethink.

On my journey through life
I'd evolved some defences
To shield me from mocking emotion.
Safe from marital strife
I could unleash my senses
And live free; or so ran my notion.
But when I met you,
My defences all crumbled.
The trumpet just blew,
Walls of Jericho tumbled.
Oh ! Oh ! Oh! how I'm pleased that they've
Been overthrown by you.

Oh my Irish lover,
Let me praise you for your tact.
You've accepted my love,
Not returning but not mocking it:
That's a welcome fact.

Oh my Irish lover,
Will you ever be mine ?
My feelings insist I'll
Gaze in a crystal,
And this is what I divine:

You were born to break hearts:
It's not that you're cruel,
It's just how you are.
When I came to your bar
For personal fuel,
You were bound to break mine.
But you've given me hope
That there's something in me
To which you respond;
Is this the slope
to love
Or are you just fond ?

Oh my Irish lover,
The verb “to love” has no past.

Now that I scent
A chance of contentment,
All obstacles I shall outlast.

So, my Irish lover,
I’ve cast off my sorrow and woe.
Next, I must destabilise,
All my thoughts re-Babel-ise,
In order to grow.

It would seem That the dream
Of a love supreme
Leads you blind till you find your heart breaking.
Take a chance That the dance
Will your life enhance—
No more weeping on sleeping and waking !

Oh – my – Irish lover,
You ask if I’m in a jam,
And regret having met you.
Let me explain:
I refuse to forget you;
I’d rather know pain—
For I feel, therefore I am.

Oh – my – I–rish lover !
No point in concealing
The depth of my feeling;
I want to embrace you
And cannot replace you;
My song’s beyond words,
So I’ll sing with the birds:
I — love — you.