

Protected at Last

By Niamh Brilley

The Evening has arrived, At Last.

Thank God we are protected , from the Evil of this Nation, In the gentle Lamplight of the Autumnal Nights, Where we bathe in little luxuries----- Shortbread biscuits and Tea, in Royal Doulton China Cups,

Surrounded by the Scents of Pure Pink and Purple Lilies in a Glass, in the Lamplit Kitchen, Fresh Tea on the Pot, and Peace, Away-----tucked away from the Boom, and Racket of too many Large, Boisterous Car Drivers. We want Quiet and Tranquil Roads in Ireland Not venomous Range Rovers, and Egotists, running us over