

Poems by David Moynihan

Serenity Within

“Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make and cannot mar.”

- Matthew Arnold, 'Lines Written In Kensington Gardens'

Arnold!
You wrote of a place,
That man could never mar,
One which gave you strength to feel
Amid the city's jar.

Like you, I long to escape,
From urban din-
To gain perspective,
Serenity within.

What Cannot Be Foretold

Do not dwell upon
The wreckage of the past,
What might have been,
What couldn't last.

The future is uncertain:
Judge life as it unfolds.
Why rue the things
That cannot be foretold?

Perseverance

There are those who will despise you,
Criticise, antagonise you,
Frown on all that you hold dear,
Out of envy, out of fear.

Be prepared to take the blame
For what you love, what disdain;
Those forsaken, left behind,
Deeds undone, words unkind.

If life is but a twist of fate,
Do not let the world dictate.
Trust your instincts to survive,
To persevere, to stay alive!

The End Of A Sad Episode

I'm heading
Towards the highway
Down that mystifying
Route of life
Not knowing where I'm bound.

As I wander down the road
Sheltered by the stars and moon
For they
Know where
My future lies

Take away the torment
Hound away the pain-
I'm at a distance
But my longing
Remains at bay

And I've won all the battles
But I'm losing the war
And I'm sure that
It's the end
It's the end
It's the end
Of a sad episode.

I'm weeping on the inside
My pride is wounded
And marooned
My thoughts reflect
The patterns in my mind

The past
Is left behind me
As I turn to face
Another day alone-
What will tomorrow bring?

Take away the torment
Hound away the pain-
I'm at a distance
But my longing
Remains at bay

And I've won all the battles
But I'm losing the war
And I'm sure that
It's the end
It's the end
It's the end of sad
End of a sad
It's the end of a sad episode.

What Is Yet To Come¹

Gazing out my window,
Staring at the wall,
Don't know where I'm goin'
If it's me at all

Deep inside I wonder
Am I the only one
Reachin' for tomorrow,
And what is yet to come?

Memories still haunt me,
Faces come and go,
As I seek direction,
Images that flow

Am I only dreamin'
Of the day that's done
Hungry for new meaning
And what is yet to come?

And if I don't understand
(Please lend a hand)
And if I don't understand
Just lay me down again
Say it again,
Say it again.

¹ To end this collection, I have included a selection of lyrics from my next album *What Is Yet To Come*. This will be its title song. It is currently available as a single and can be bought from the following address: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/album/what-is-yet-to-come-feat./id1072236948>.

Now I ponder over
Half-forgotten dreams
Knowing where the truth lies
I question what they mean.

With this simple notion
A new change has begun
Shattering illusions
Of what is yet to come.

Shattering illusions
Of what is yet to come.

Bio poem

Ducksy:

Thoughtful, quiet, odd,
At times, a grumpy old sod

Brother, artist, teacher, son,
Likes to unwind
When work is done

Shares experience, personal views
Also loves
To dance the blues!

Long for encouragement, support,
Aspires
To be a good sport

Values friendship, family
Compassion, love,
Humanity

Accepts that he is growing old
Still seeks wonders
To behold

