

On Second Thought by Seirce Mhac Conghail

I look to the stars for comfort
I think we all do, look to them
And fancy ourselves poets.

If she has eyes like starlight,
It's all a load of bollocks.

They don't give a toss about us,
They have not brains nor senses nor dreams, They just are

Just stars.

Light and gas
And you and me
Lying on the road, staring up at them Fancying ourselves poets
Fancying ourselves at peace.

