

THE SOUL IN WORDS

A COLLECTION OF POETRY & VERSE

COLLETTE OMAHONY

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ISBN 978 0 9575493 5 7

Published by Beacon Publications
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Author's Note

Poetry of the Word

There are days I am whole
Some days I feel bruised
A silhouette of verse emerges
To mirror my mood
And with every word
I undress my soul
Baring it to the world

~ ♥ ~

**I am Poem & Poet
Feel the rhythm of my words
Stirring in your soul
Run your fingers
Beneath my words
Underlining what you
Love most in me**

~ ♥ ~

I pour my essence
Into words
When you read me
I come to life
In air you breathe
And the way you feel
In the sacred beat
Of your heart
I whisper truth
Within my words
And blow them
To your ears
In your silence
You shall hear
The universal verse

~ ♥ ~

**Perhaps if I kiss you with words
When you read them out loud
They shall vibrate on your lips
And my intention
Becomes your assertion
Uniting us in an ecstasy of sound**

~ ♥ ~

Pure and simple
Are the words
Forming on my lips
Moving out
On the breath
To join the universal poem
That celebrates love

~ ♥ ~

**You hold me like a favoured book
Pressing my spine with your fingers
Leafing through my pages
Anticipating each phrase
You rest me on your knee
As you ponder their meaning
Feeling me weave
Lyrically through your soul
And when you return to me
You devour me from cover to cover**

~ ♥ ~

Words spill like raindrops
On a window pane
I gaze beyond the glass
And rearrange them
Into pools of poetry
Inviting you to swim
Within their depth

~ ♥ ~

**Truth stings my eyes
Cleansing the spirit
Words taste like citrus
Fresh in my mouth
Love takes the form
Of black ink
And flows freely
From my pen**

~ ♥ ~

You speak to me
Before you sleep
Unconcerned that my ears
Are not there to hear your words
I speak to you when I awaken
Knowing you listen to every word
And kiss my forehead in reply

~ ♥ ~

**Days come & go
Night becomes dawn
I resume my position
And stifle a yawn
I pick up my pen
Like a baton of verse
Orchestrated in rhythm
By the universe**

~ ♥ ~

Words spring to mind
Forming quick vocabulary
A fountain of ink
Splashes onto paper
Swirling emotions
Blotting out memories
Writing for a new world
A new consciousness

~ ♥ ~

**What good are thoughts that weigh you down?
What good are beliefs that box you in?
What good are friends that hold you back?
What good are lovers that seek to possess?
What good is comfort if security pains you?
What good is laughter at another's expense?
What good is poetry that needs explanation?
What good is civilization at nature's cost?
What good is *thinking* when it causes all this?**

~ ♥ ~

The creative life manifests in the Now
A state of being expressing originality
A moment of grace revealing its gifts
To a nature open enough to understand it
Creativity requires no rationalization
Authenticity escorts creative expression
Allowing a delivery of unique design
Into a world weary of imitation
Ruled by hypothesis and monotony
A parenthesis of limitation
Go, break the replication of habit
Seek your inner Artist
Emerge in a spectrum of colour
Bristling on the canvas of life

~ ♥ ~

**I feel you exhale
An exclamation mark
Punching the air
Pausing for breath
Holding the words
In inverted commas
You continue to read me
Like a mystical poem
Your chest rising and falling
In rhythm to my phrasing
You raise an eyebrow
As a question mark
Then your heartbeat quickens
And you understand me**

~ ♥ ~

The book of love unlocked its covers
I leafed through its pages