

Peter Fallon

**STRONG,
MY LOVE**



Gallery Books

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Contents

PART ONE

Always Something	page 15
Seven Waves: Inishlacken	17
After a Storm	18
A Thanksgiving	20
A Winter Hymn	22
Crane, 2	24
Commonwealth	26
(Tibullus) The Weight of Wealth	27
A Woman of the Fields (Revisit)	28
Late Sentinels	30
The Marriage Mine	32
(Tibullus) Love Ties	33
Fish in the Sky	34
Swifts	35
A Summer Flood	36
Law	38
Thorn Wire	40
An Outlook	53
Field Mates	54
A Winter Wound	56
The Two in It	58
The Man Who Never Was	62
First Born	64
The Fields of Meath	66
A Far Cry	68
The Night Itself	70
A Woman of the Fields (Riverside)	72
(Tibullus) Way Lit by Love	74
The Then and Now	75
The Farther Shore	76
Light (in the Sorrow Field)	77
A Family Tie	79

PART TWO

(Tibullus) Ambarvalia (or, A Field Day) 83

(Tibullus) My Love, with Money 89

Author's Notes 94

Acknowledgements 95

*When the evening of this life comes
we shall be judged on love.*

— St John of the Cross

After a Storm

It took days
for the waves

to recover,
to re-form

their orderly queue
to land.

Then she said,
I'm not the better

of it yet,
and who knows when

I'll over it.
All I know is

I'm ownlier
than I ever thought.

He'd been
good as gold

the whole while
since, a shield

to ward off
blows of grief.

It's where we are
now, he said,

and these
are our lives,

as he looked
to the sea —

but a wave
to hand

simply shrugged,
then turned its back

on their separate selves.

A Thanksgiving

'Fête Day in a Cider Orchard, Normandy' (1878)
— William John Hennessy

As she thinks of his caress
she pushes tears from her eyes
and cries, 'Bad cess
to him and to the world' and 'Why's
there always such a price
to pay for happiness?'

Her sorrow and to spare.
'It was a thing of nothing,'
she heard him declare.
Until it grew.

Some said,
That's the way it ever was.
He takes all that he wants
and she's left with
all she doesn't.



Married, and not for love.
Everybody knew.
And knew
that's why he withdrew
and came back in a uniform.
But what could you
rely on? A game bird not to stray
or lay among long grasses
and the roots of vines?



As the children lay
untroubled by their futures
at a thanksgiving in Normandy
one evening when the rain
held off

she found among the shades
and fallen leaves a windfall —
and she rose
out of the dark of mercy
into its day.

A Winter Hymn

The snow melt falls
like footsteps
coming closer. You hesitate —
you hear your old friend's
'Old too early,
wise too late.'

You've learned his lesson.
He left it that there's not
too much to forgive.
You know the earth
abounds with benefits
and the chance to live

on it's a privilege.
In the bad year
good hay's
gold bullion in the bank.
As many as are
all the gone days

are beacons and bounties —
like the salmon
spawning in three
rivers in the city
for the first time
in a century.

As human as work is
in saw- and splitting it,
or 'winning' it, you feel
something divine
in wood and turf that warms
the family hearth, to which you kneel.

My friend says the mind of the honeybee
is a map of bloom.
It conjures lavish crops.
The ghost of winter snows
preserves a promise every February
in snowdrops.