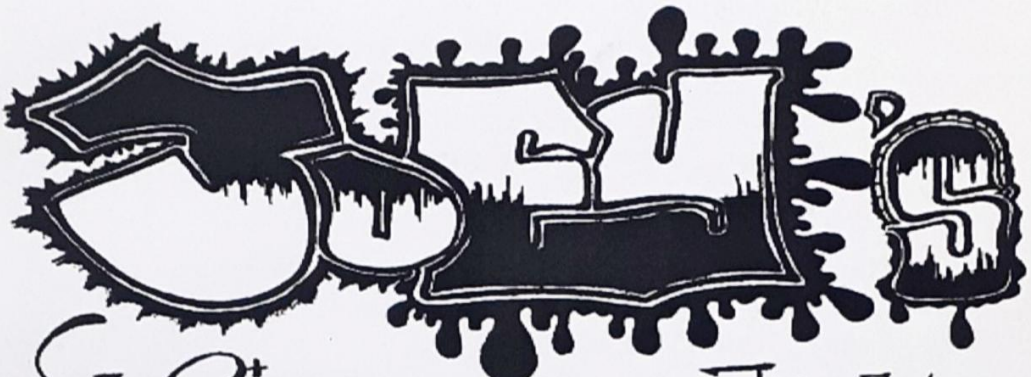


St. Joseph's Yearbook 08-09

SCOIL IÓSAIF
DEO DUCE

Editorial

It's been quite a while since our last Year Book – 2005, I believe. How time flies. Mr O' Dwyer, our beloved principal, said that it was about time that we had one again and suggested that I organise it. Well, my friends, this is it! However, behind every good organisation lies a dedicated team. Our marvellous team that spearheaded this project comprised: Nathan Murphy (Fifth Year, Editor), TK (source of inspiration) & Sam Morrissey (typing and Reality Checker), Mr. Tony Barry (Technical advice) and myself, T. Quinlan who badgered the boys into writing articles and doing drawings and sketches by way of illustration.

Finances are always tight, and time did not allow us to engage in a big sponsorship drive. We only asked for a donation of €2 per student by way of a token contribution and met the rest of the bill out of school funds. Collecting money is never easy. However, I had a wonderful squad of helpers in Alex Murphy, David Barry and David Dyvalitis who went from class to class collecting the money.

I'd also like to thank the staff for their patience with the lads in allowing the boys to interrupt classes at regular intervals for collections and announcements. Thanks also to Mr O' Dwyer for suggesting the idea and to all who contributed articles, poems and pieces of art for this Year Book.

The past few years have witnessed great progress in our school: a great spirit of co-operation with the primary school – the annual science classes for our primary school boys under the watchful eye of scientists Mr. Don Sheahan and Mr. Michael Kelly here in the secondary. We also have a joint Home School Community Liaison Teacher in Ms Mary Collins who knows the pupils in both schools equally well. The primary Principal, Mr Pádraig Ó Fainín kindly allows us to use the Primary School Hall for kick boxing and the entrance examinations and other school functions like our annual Carol Service which is a special highlight of our school year. While the school walk, the Christmas Vincent de Paul Party, the scholarship presentations, our successes and defeats on the field of play, our Sports Day, the Graduation Mass and Awards ceremony may now be just memories, they are memories worth cherishing because they are the stuff our personalities are made of – that indomitable spirit that belongs to the school as a whole, both staff and students alike. Personally I'll miss the Sixth Years very much, those young men who have now completed their six years at secondary school, and who are going out into the world of adulthood, college and work. Thanks for all the good memories, lads, and the very best of luck to you in everything that you do.

As part of the above mentioned editorial team I hope that all our readers will enjoy our effort at representing in print and in image the spirit that is uniquely Joey's.
Scoil Iósaif abú!

Go maire ár n-iarscolairí an céad. Le meas mór,
Tim Quinlan.

Teacher Quotes

Ms Barry: How are ya? **Ms Farrell**: Stop that dirty, filthy Masticating

Mr Early: It's very stuffy in here folks **Mr Glynn:** Are you for real LIKE? Ya Muppet

BOD: Hey you, you're gone, buster! **Mrs Lonergan**: Does it make sense to ye?

Mr Kelly: Are you awake?! If you don't wanna be here….. just leave.

Ms Martin: Have you got your financial documentation? **Ms McDonnell:** 2+2=4!

Ms Mac Cormick: Alright lads? **Mr Sheahan**: No eating in the lab guys!

Ms McGorman: No, I'll do that with you later **Ms O'Connor:** Sorry lads

Ms Nolan: Ah lads, c'mon, this is not fair! **Mr Oonan**: You big Gazebo

---

Polaris

It stood there
a light in the void
Gleaming through a crown of clouds
The regal navy of night
focusing its rays on this planet-
saluting the setting sun
hailing the rising moon

I raised my eyes to the cosmos
I gazed into the immaterial
the gates of Heaven, of other life
stood in that hazy portal

Soon the noise, and the traffic brought me back to earth
and space receded. But I touched infinity.

Seán Masterson

(Thanks to a little influence from the poems of Patrick Kavanagh, and a massive Dorling Kindersley book about the universe in school, but really this is really my own work, as this was an actual phenomenon that I saw not 3 hours ago at time of writing.)

Name : **Gavin O'Brien**
Nickname: Gav/G-Bob
What he wants to be : Engineer
What he's going to be :
Chronic Gambler
Favourite memory :
Miss Barry's "Step to this"

Name : **Stephen Whyte**
Nickname: Whyter
What he wants to be : Gambler
What he's going to be : Poor
Favourite memory :
Mr. O'Brien bursting the door in 1st Year

Name : **Aaron Stanford**
Nickname: Stan/Harry
What he wants to be: Business-man
What he's going to be :
Murdered by D'Arcy
Favourite memory : Zambia

Name : **Conor Bolger**
Nickname: Bolger
What he wants to be: Rock Star
What he's going to be : Biker
Favourite memory :
Mr. O'Brien's butchering days.

Name : **Seán Walsh**
Nickname:
Walshy/Walsh/Squalsh
What he wants to be: Woman
What he's going to be : Pro waster
Favourite memory :
Brenna's magic moments

Name : **Peter Tiernan**
Nickname: Peewee/ Moanbag
What he wants to be: Astronaut
What he's going to be :
In anger management
Favourite memory : Laughing at Donnelly trying to remember when he is drunk

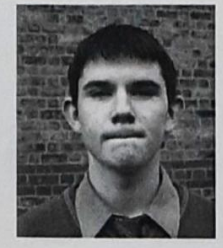
Name : **Michael Donnelly**
Nickname: Donnelly
What he wants to be: Accountant
What he's going to be :
Chronic Alcoholic
Favourite memory :
Can't remember...was drunk most of the time

Name : **Aaron Caffrey**
Nickname: Caffo
What he wants to be: Drunk
What he's going to be : Locked
Favourite memory :
Mr. Quinlan going mad in drama

Name : **Philip Condron**
Nickname: Philly
What he wants to be: Mr. Quinlan
What he's going to be : ??
Favourite memory :
Laughing at Mr. Kelly

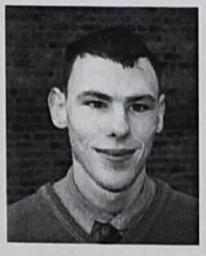
Name : **Aaron Maloney**
Nickname: Aruna Malundi
What he wants to be: Shepherd
What he's going to be :
Hopefully a shepherd
Favourite memory : Mr. Kelly outside the computer room

Name : **Ross Barnett**
Nickname: Barnzie
What he wants to be: Rich
What he's going to be : Broke
Favourite memory :
Conan Smithers with toilet roll
in Mr. Brockie's class

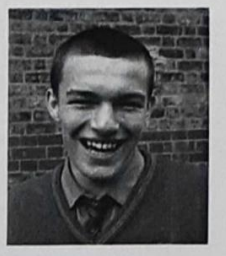


Name : **Liam McNamara**
Nickname: Macker
What he wants to be:
Primary School Teacher
What he's going to be :
Baby Sitter
Favourite memory :
Coming to school

Name : **Gary Ivie**
Nickname: Gar
What he wants to be:
Businessman
What he's going to be :
Con Man
Favourite memory :
Mr. O'Dwyer's Maths Class

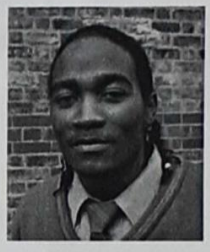


Name : **Emmet Brennan**
Nickname: Brenna
What he wants to be:
Out of school
What he's going to be :
Prostitute
Favourite memory :
Mr. Sheahan's classes



Name : **Robert Keenan Farrell**
Nickname: Steve
What he wants to be: Lifeguard
What he's going to be : Steve
Favourite memory :
Conor in Biology class stealing
his own bag

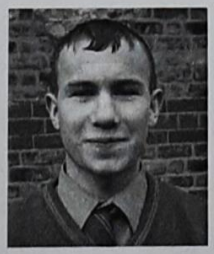
Name : **Gary Chizaza**
Nickname:
Aquivé Opium/Chizz
What he wants to be: Rapper
What he's going to be : Rapper
Favourite memory :
First day of the rest
of his life (rebirth)



Name : **Aaron D'Arcy**
Nickname: D'Arcy/ BobMarley
What he wants to be: Free
What he's going to be :
Locked up for killing Stan
Favourite memory :
It's all very blurry

Name : **Takura Marunda**
Nickname: TK beats
What he wants to be: Racer
What he's going to be : ??
Favourite memory :
Wouldn't you like to know

Name : **Philip Ivory**
Nickname: Philly
What he wants to be: Mechanic
What he's going to be :
Poker Dealer
Favourite memory :
Mr. Timmon's class (cos it's gas)



Name : **Darragh Smyth**
Nickname: Hairball
What he wants to be:
Web Developer
What he's going to be :
Full time waster
Favourite memory :
Getting back late to the bus
in L.A at Universal Studios

Support your School Library

Donate a Book.

Make use of the Library by borrowing one.

Be a reader.

Use your imagination.

Class 1.2 visit Marino Library

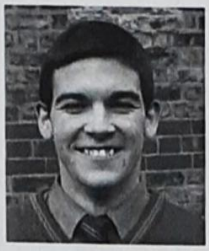
Reading is a marvellous pleasure and it is a hobby that is relatively inexpensive to pursue. In fact it costs you nothing to become a member of any public library. Over the years the Joey's Primary have built up a wonderful relationship with the staff at Marino Library. Not to let ourselves be outshone by our sister feeder school Ms Jennifer Berg took her 1.1 English class on a visit there in the recent past. We publish here some pictures she took of the lads doing some worthwhile research in the library. Remember there is free Internet access for library members on the two computers there and that citizen information leaflets are available. Also the staff is very helpful and will have a chat when it's quiet.

Marino Library, Dublin
Marino Mart, Dublin
018 336297

Name :Adnan Khan
Nickname: Ads
What he wants to be: Mechanic
What he's going to be : Playing World of War Craft
Favourite memory :
Buying a car

Name : Sam Christie
Nickname: Samuel
What he wants to be:
Physics Teacher
What he's going to be : Me
Favourite memory :
Mr. Earley's Class

Name : Glen Bewley
Nickname: Rasher
What he wants to be: Bigger
What he's going to be :
A bit bigger
Favourite memory : Physics Class



Name : Matthew Tebbutt
Nickname: Matt
What he wants to be:
P.E.Teacher
What he's going to be :
The next Super Nanny
Favourite memory :
The Phanthom (Manus) Whisperer

Name : Glen Conway
Nickname: Sarah
What he wants to be: Barman
What he's going to be :
Barwoman
Favourite memory : Delphi

Name : Richard Farrelly
Nickname: Harry-Hackett
What he wants to be: Girl
What he's going to be : Tranny
Favourite memory :
Ms. O'Connor trying to be a Dub.

Name : Max Panych
Nickname: M.P.
What he wants to be:
Event Manager
What he's going to be :
Mafioso
Favourite memory :
Look it, is that O.K.?
(Mr.O'Dwyer)

Some more quotes :

Mr O'Brien: This isn't written down; it's straight out of my head

Mrs O'Brien: I Love Daniel O'Donnell **Mr Quinlan**: Oh I tell you…..

Mr O'Callaghan: LADS get away from that window! **Mr Timmons:** Eh ….lads

Mr Brockie: Are you mocking me boy ???

Class 1.1

Class 1.2.

Class 2.1

Class 2.2

Third Years

Survival

By Jason Cullen – Fifth Year

"T'was the night before Christmas." That was the title of the last poem I had read for my poetry appreciation class. I can't believe that's what I'm thinking about, I should be thinking about why I'm hiding under this log in the middle of the forest.

It all started on the last day of the semester. All the tests were done and I and the guys were going to Aspen for a skiing trip. After we had picked up the girls we set off to the cabin. Tom ran upstairs towards the rooms: "Jack, I can't believe your brother is letting us use his cabin," he shouted while we brought the bags from the cars. That evening I was sitting in front of the fire when Kat walked through the door: "It's freezing out there," she said shivering from the cold. I went over and wrapped a blanket around her "It's your own fault for skiing so late. Let me guess you were flirting with your ski instructor….again," I said, trying not to laugh.

"Yah kind of, so what are you doing here by yourself?" she asked as she sat down on the couch. I sat back down. Kat moved over and put the blanket over me as well: "What are you doing?" I asked. "You looked cold" she replied. Then I looked at the table and saw a glass of water shaking on top of it. I looked out the window and saw a wave of rock and snow coming towards the cabin.

"Look out," I shouted, as the snow smashed through the wall of the cabin. When I woke up it felt like I had been shot in the leg. I took a look around and saw Kat. "Jack you're awake, good, I was afraid you wouldn't wake up," Kat said, sounding relieved.

"You're not getting rid of me that easily, AHH my leg," I said trying to hold back the pain. "I think it's broken.

"Don't try to move," Kat said, looking increasingly nervous. I could tell she didn't know what to do.

"Hand me that piece of wood and that first aid kit" I said pointing to the items. I told Kat to bandage up my leg.

"I think that will hold. Can you walk?" Kat asked, helping me to my feet.

"I'll manage, are you ok?" I said trying to stand up straight.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me. We have to get you to a hospital to get that leg checked out," she said, helping me to the door.

We pried the door open and went outside. It was freezing and it was getting colder. I didn't know how much farther I could go. That's when I looked down and saw a trail of blood pouring from my leg. "Damn!" I said in a flash of pain. "What's wrong?" Kat asked, before she saw the blood.

"Jack your leg" she said sounding shocked. I could see fresh paw prints in the snow - too big to be dog prints, and then I realized it had to be wolves. I could hear howling and it was getting closer.

"We have to hide. They'll smell the blood," I said feeling weaker.

"Who's going to smell it," Kat said, before we heard the howling again.

"Them," I replied, getting weaker by the second.

"Look we can hide in that log, we'll be safe," she said pointing to a log.

"No, you'll be safe. I'll lead them away," I said, finding it hard to breathe.

"Jack, you've lost a lot of blood, and you can barely stand. You'll never make it. You stay here I'll go for help," Kat said, pulling me towards the log.

"Kat, in case you don't come back," I began to say.

"Don't, I'll come back, I promise" she said, before I lost sight of her.

"That's it if I don't freeze to death the wolves are going to get me!"

Jack, wake up, you're in the hospital. You're going to be fine. Kat got you help. You almost didn't make it, "Thanks Mike." Where's Kat? She's in the next room, I'll send her in."

"Jack how are you?"

"Better after seeing you, and thanks.

"For what, Jack?

"For not forgetting about me..,…"

All is Not Lost

In the wet hallway
Where even fresh lilies
Hang their heads
In seeming sympathy
With the sad song
Of a lonely singer
On a dark city street
You feel like just another ant
On some great anthill
Anonymous and indifferent –
Just one among the many
Little creatures that crawl
About and live
Their little brittle span
On paltry earth.

Yet even in the very act
Of waking, being, rising,
Clothing the body
To meet the day,
Sucking comfort from a coffee,
Shaped in a mug
That warms fragile fingers;
Even in the steam that rises
Like a prayer of supplication
To an unknown God uncaring;
Even in the downpour
That seems to say "Give up"
There is a calm
That belies each drop –
That has a rhythm
All its own,
Mesmeric and hypnotic
That seeps root-deep
And enlivens places
Dark and dank,
That seems to say
To the drooping lilies
In the wet hallway
That all is not lost,
Not lost at all, at all,
Not lost at all.

Anonymous

A retelling of the story of the death of Cúchulainn, through the view of his enemies, the three lords, Erc, Luga and Curoi.

By Seán Masterson

A baleful light, bright and hot as a furnace, surrounded the lone chariot on the plain. Its glorious helmsman, clad in burnished copper with a halo above his head, slammed headlong into a group of armed clansmen. Nothing could be seen but fur, flesh and blood. As the carnage raged, Leagh, the charioteer, noticed something in the air. It whistled, fell, and then landed on his chest. He gasped as the spear pierced home and died instantly. The helmsman, his master and friend, hardly noticed as he trampled dozens of unfortunate soldiers.

"You said a king would fall by that spear", cried Erc to a brood of hideous goblins. "You promised me that spear would slay him, not his bastard cohort!" The brood clothed in filthy rags, their skin swollen and discoloured, spoke as one in rasping, guttural shrieks, "Ha! You have just slain Leagh, King of Charioteers. Watch your companion Luga have his chance." Luga threw a second spear. It missed Cúchulainn by an inch, and struck his steed, the Gray of Macha instead. The horse broke free of its girdle and galloped blindly across the plain. A second king fell.

Erc, Curoi and Luga were desperate. Ulster's finest champion lived up to his namesake. His sword and spear danced like fire and wind, blood splashed and fell like rain, and men wailed like farmyard swine. Curoi, at the last second, took the final spear and threw it. The weapon impaled The King of Champions, and he slumped onto the chariot floor.

The chariot broke down in the middle of the field and Cúchulainn, though skewered, managed to get up on his legs and limped down to the river to quench his thirst. Noticing a pillar nearby, he tied himself to it using his steeds' girdle. The horde of Erin crowded around the hero, wary of him even in pain. Snapping off the shaft of the spear, Cúchulainn let out a laugh, then a sigh, then death. It was then that Luga, full of selfish pride, strolled over to the body, his blade unsheathed, ready to take his head. As Luga swung down, the Hound of Ulster's sword fell from his outstretched arm, and it fell to the ground with Luga's hand.

Class 2.3

TY Class

5th Years

Dublin Docklands Sound School April 2009

Around October in 2008, Mick Hanley, CEO of 103.2, Dublin City FM which is based in Eastwall, came into our Transition Year class to offer a chance for the students to plan, develop and broadcast their own radio programme. The programme usually consisted of an interview with a celebrity guest, but the rest was entirely up to us. Six people decided to go for the project, and from the start we started to develop a layout for the programme.

After four months of recording, writing and ideas, the show was scheduled for Aril 2nd on Dublin City FM. The project successfully aired at 1.30 on the day, and included articles on Zambia, the Sunderland Trip, an album review, an interview about the Gaeltacht, and an interview with Naked Cameraman PJ Gallagher, as well as a bunch of April fool jokes and on this day readouts.

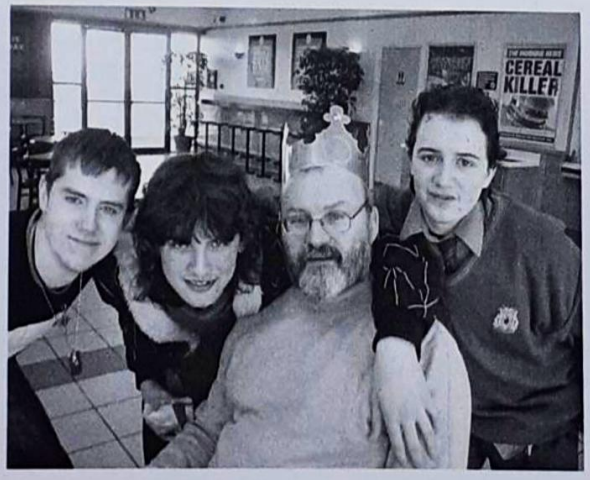
(Séan Masterson)

Resourceful at the Plex

From time to time we get good ideas in the *Resource Room*. To this end we have been planning some outings. Our first outing occurred on Thursday April 2nd and we went to *The Plex Coolock* to do a spot of bowling. Present on the trip were Mr Quinlan, Ms Sinéad Coffee, Sandra, Susan, Neasa. and the following young men: Shane Quinn, David Carroll, Ruairí Conboy, Francis Murray-Griffin, Jamie Furlong, Stefan Conway, Daniel Kavanagh and the one and only Jason Cullen, the leader of the pack. We were booked in for 11 A.M. and we arrived bang on time. We all remarked on how foolish we were not to have thought of this outing before as *The Plex* is so easily got at, being only a short bus ride away: one literally goes from door to door on one of the following buses: 27, 42 or 43.

The boys took to the bowling like ducks to water, to use an inappropriate cliché. David Carroll proved to be the expert bowler among many good bowlers. He won the day and made at least three strikes. It really does not matter whether one is good or bad or indifferent at bowling because it is such an enjoyable game where one can laugh at one's really bad shots. After all, bowling is about fun and fun alone. All the boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly. We then repaired to Burger King for much needed refreshments. Mr Quinlan wore his crown as you will see from the photo above, taken later in Burger King. Our next outing is to the Zoo and our past-pupil David McGuinness (Class of 2008: now a trainee teacher in St Patrick's College, Drumcondra) will be our guide for the day. We are all looking forward to this special day and being one of the first schools to see the first baby gorilla born in Dublin Zoo.

By the way do look at their wonderful website: http://www.dublinzoo.ie



Be better and feel good about it!

(Gary Chizaza)

Revolution

And I came to that point when I felt my life needed to change. It was beyond the "I give up" stage when I realised if I didn't pick myself up no one would. If I didn't rule my own life I could possibly be never in control of anything. *I became my greatest influence, my greatest inspiration.* Going through what then seemed to be the hardest time of my life, I had to devise a way of coping. *I needed to be strong mentally.* Nobody could have told me anything I didn't already know which could have cheered me up. I had to go beyond the normal thinking parameters. Was this necessary? I felt so. I needed to answer some unanswered questions. I had to find and rectify the problem. It struck me one day and it seemed to be the root of all things in our everyday lives. The matter is complex, yes, but one word made so much sense to me… *Atmosphere*...

If I was to be the cause of any good activity, a good *atmosphere* had to be present. It would have been much easier to avoid, or rectify any problems if the *ambiance* was "safe." I was in my own world where it almost seemed as I was self-centred. I despise such behaviour, yet I had programmed myself to only believe if it was not *about me* it was not anything important at all. Had I let myself go? I fail to understand where that part of my life went. What was I doing? What was wrong with me? I needed a good mental *atmosphere* where I had to believe things could never have gone too far to be fixed, where *I had to believe the world would make me better.* I had to retreat from my previous strategies by which I had abided by for ages. I had believed if I had nothing, it meant that I didn't have anything to lose. I always had *something* which depended on other things to exist, just as I depended on it that I breathed –*LIFE. I began to heal myself.* I had to fight, defeat and take over myself again. I feel good right now, knowing I did it all by myself. By winning this battle I gained knowledge which I'll forever hold. But it wasn't all good that I got, though – I also ended up with qualities which are perhaps negative, but which only fulfil me as being a human. I will use myself to my own advantage. I did it, I'm doing it, I did it. Weird (or wonderful)? Yeah… you too!! We're different. You might need a revolution to realise it! ***Revolt!***

I write a few rhymes

In my jotter or copies

Rapping is very good

It's one of my hobbies

Rapping is not hard

Well, it's a bit hard

You will so succeed

If you put your mind to it

Spit a few rhymes

When you are bored,

Talk about your youth

And make a record.

If you want to be a rapper,

That's what you want to be,

Stick to the subject

And you'll be famous on T.V.

Christopher Kenny 2nd Year

Ten Excuses For Not Doing Homework

I accidentally divided by zero and my paper burst into flames.
I did do it, Sir, but it's in my other bag/locker/copy/house.
I have a solar powered calculator and it was cloudy.
"My dog ate it."—I had to force him, but he ate it.
The dog did it for me, but it was in his language.
The lights in our house went out, and I had to burn it to get enough light to see the fuse box.
The paper airplane I made out of it accidental flew out the window.
'I did do my homework but it got a bit wet so I put it on the grill/toaster/heater/stove/fire to dry it out and it caught fire.'
I took my essay to the soccer match on Saturday to finish it off at half time but, the match was abandoned after 10 minutes.
And, of course, the classic (and most believable): "I forgot."—No. Really. I have short term....

What was I saying.....?

Graham Harrison – First Year

My name is Graham Harrison. I am in Dublin Dockland Boxing Club. I am 13 and I weigh 57 kg. I had 14 fights of which I won 11. I won three matches by K.O. and I only had three losses. I started boxing when I was 11. My manager's name is Paddy Keogh, and my trainers are Glen Holmes and Deco Geraghty. My titles are one Dublin League's and one Dublin title. Last year I was supposed to go into the all-Ireland's, but I was going away with my football team. I am weighing in for the Dublin Championships at 57 kg. If I win these, I go to the all-Ireland's.

Dylan Lynch – First Year

My name is Dylan Lynch and I am in Darndale Boxing Club. I had eight fights, two of which I lost and six I won. I boxed my first year in the Leagues and I won. Then I boxed in the Leinster's and I won them. Later I got to the Dublin Final and qualified for the All Ireland's. In the end I was beaten by three points. This year I won the Leagues and I lost the semi-final by two points. I am weighing in on Sunday for the Dublin's. My weight is 36 kg. I train 5 nights a week and spar for three nights. I am training hard and I have a good chance to win .

Richard Hedderman's Stats:

WEIGHT:	57kg
FIGHTS:	10
WINS:	7
KOs:	7

The impressive sportsman describes one of his fights

It's the start of the fight and I get in the ring, the bell goes ding-ding and the round starts.

I meet my opponent and his hands are raised. He wastes no time and starts throwing punches left, right, left and, boy he aint missin'. It doesn't look like he is gonna lose today. He throws a right hook but I manage to get out of the way, I return with quick jab to the left, then a double to the right. It's only a matter of time before I win the fight.

I stop throwing for a while but, I land clean punch and he screams "oof"

And flies up so high that he hits his head off the roof, he comes back down and lands flat on the floor. The referee starts shouting "6.7.8….." and he is not getting up, the referee finishes counting with a nine and a ten. The bell goes and the fight is over. I have done it !

Trip to the Irish Seal Sanctuary

Well, the good Mrs Bowles does it again! Through her contacts, the good lady arranged a trip for all the First Years to go visit ***The Irish Seal Sanctuary***. With the boys were the following teachers: Mrs. Bowles, Mr. Kelly and Mr Quinlan. Now, I must remind our readers that this organization is so busy that it is very rare for them to welcome too many visitors, though they do like to welcome as many people as possible to their seal releases. However, they do arrange occasional educational visits. As part of the their ***CSPE*** project, the First Years travelled by bus to ***Garristown, County Meath*** to see first hand how injured and sickly seals are nursed back to health. They were guided around the centre by the helpers and volunteers Brendan Price, Sarah, Lynn, Nicola and Ann-Marie.

As you will see from the photo included here that the boys got to meet the seals at close quarters. Featured in this photograph are three first years with Benny the seal. The Irish Seal Sanctuary believes that education is key to increasing our awareness and understanding of marine wildlife and their habitats, particularly seals and our coastline, to ensure the continued conservation of local and global biodiversity and our overall wellbeing on earth. The Sanctuary also provides a series of educational talks and activities for both Primary and Secondary Schools and Community Groups on request, which we were pleased to take advantage of. The web address is: http://www.irishsealsanctuary.ie and it is well worth a visit.

Regret

Regret is a thing with feathers –
That flew into death –
So unexpectedly –
A puff of life
Squashed out
By vulcanized rubber.

Was it a seed or a twig
Or some small insect
That caught its eye?
So small and significant
In being insignificant –
Yet such is life –
We mourn the miniscule,
Consign the many bloodied corpses
To indifferent statistics.

Yet this, mark this well,
It does disturb –
Penetrate to some long-lost level
Where sympathy cowers afraid
That it will be seen
Naked in all its fragility.

A squashed bird
Ready for decay –
Sends its atoms to
The anonymity of clay –
A miracle of life
Unwound into nothingness.
Such a random death –
Yet the beauty was
The very mystery
Of its being –

The superfluity of life,
The prodigality of nature,
The expendability of one member
For the greater good of all.

Blessed be the singer silenced,
One less chorister –
For the dawn –
One more prayer –
For the driver –
One more character
On his gravestone.

Anonymous

Autographs

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