

Poems and Reflections

read by service users, volunteers and staff

June 21st 2012

Raglan Road

by Patrick Kavanagh

(introduced by Conal Sherry & read by Mary Keavney)

On Raglan road of an autumn day

I saw her first and knew

That her dark hair would weave a snare

that I would one day rue

I saw the danger and I passed

along the enchanted way

And I said let grief be a fallen leaf

at the dawning of the day

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet

I see her walking now

Away from me so hurriedly my reason must allow

That I had loved not as I should

a creature made of clay

When the angel woos the clay

he'll lose his wings at the dawn of day

Life Is

By Mother Teresa

(read by Martin Redican)

Life is beauty, admire it

Life is a dream, realise it

Life is a challenge, meet it

Life is a duty, complete it

Life is a game, play it

Life is a song, sing it

Life is a struggle, accept it

Life is luck, make it

Life is life, fight for it.

The Arts and Celebration
(read by Marion O'Connell)

At Peamount the Arts have always played an important role,
Because they are great for mind, body and soul.

With all your senses you can experience the visual, literal, musical and
drama of the performing Arts family,
Giving people of all ages' enjoyment and creativity no matter what their
ability.

The arts can be used in many ways,
One way is to express one's emotions, on good and bad days,

On this good day we celebrate the life of Peamount,
And see how this has evolved over one hundred years,
Where many changes have taken place,
One thing that hasn't changed is the continued care and compassion
given to the patients.

Now it's time to tap your feet and sing to the beat,
Raise a glass to Peamount's one hundredth year,
May she have many more to come, let's all give a great big cheer.

**Peamount Hotel- abbr.
by John J. O'Shea**

(Read by Orla Gildea)

There is a place in our memory, we patients love well
Not far from "Atha-Cliath" called Peamount Hotel
Where the Ministry of Pensions sent us do you see?
To dispel from our system the scourge called T.B.

On arrival at Peamount you are weighted to be sure
Then a lovely hot supper with milk so pure
And across to the Drive where you take a hot bath
And a lovely "White Locker" for your clothes and your hat

Next morning before "Dr Sheehan" in the West
Who examines you closely and taps your poor chest
Saying the Ministry has sent you for a 13 week rest.

Eight O' Clock in the morning the breakfast bell call
The patients all hurry to the Great Dining Hall
Where the porridge and milk is dished out in Galore
It's marvellous if poor Nurse's feet are not sore
Then comes Tea, bread and butter, some sausage and Ham
But we shout Hip Hooray when up rolls the jam

At 10.30 a.m. to your bed cot you stand
Doctor Sheehan parades with a "Scope" in his hand
He looks at your chart for any change in your temp
How do you feel says the Doctor "tres bien" says the men
I am glad that you think so says the Doctor, Ahem

At 12.15 then the rest bell shall ring
That the patients comply is a very sure thing
Some are reading and writing, other rest at their ease
For the rule is discipline and "Not as you please"

At one O' Clock dinner 'Tis almost a marvel
To watch the "Dear Matron" busy cutting and carving
Her knife slicing this way her fork going that
Dividing the bone from the lean and the fat

The sisters on duty keep an eye to the tables
To see that the patients get to eat all they are able
The Nurses run this way, the sisters run that
While the Doctor stands to and he is minus his hat

There is Bacon and Cabbage and spuds there in plenty
Of patients each table seats the half just of twenty
Each man is so clean and their hair brushed so nice
With pleasure awaits the dessert called rice

Dear Sister then flies through the gloom of the night
Her face it is radiant in her robe of pure white
She reports to the doctor, her dear patient lies sleeping
But the patient God help him is "alert" on his keeping.
If Landscape is wished for, such as Woodland and Dells
Or Mountain or streamlet and Wicklow famed glens
Not to speak of the Air so bracing and pure
There is nothing it's equal for the "Con" and it's cure.

Of the place they call Peamount and the truth I must tell
Is as good if not better than the "Shelbourne Hotel"
And each Sunday Evening a Big Dance is on
When the couples are out on the floor in a throng
Doctors, sisters, nurses, the patients as well
Oh 'Tis Heaven on Earth Sure in Peamount Hotel.

Stradbally Cove, Co. Waterford.

“The boy father to the man.”

by Freda FitzGerald

(read by Mary Lee Tully)

Stradbally! You care

Little who finds you.

Thick vegetation stops your sun
staring inside your cove.

Your river seems to drop
beneath your sand, like
smuggled tears. A phantom?

Ireland! Your anthem is but a cant.

The judge on the bench.

the boys in the dock, excluded,
struggling like rats in a biscuit-barrel overcrowded.

The clinch?

South-east Ireland! Your hymn's
a reminder of a children's chant.

'No more sitting on a hard old bench.'

Holliers over, we must

find other codes,

we must allow crying, snuggling
as real signs of life. A cinch?