

## Odyssey

I

Lifting her head  
From the balance sheet  
She met my eye  
Weighing her words with care.  
“You should not carry  
Other people’s debts’ she said  
They’ll pull you down, like stones  
Inside your pockets.

II

A quiet thoughtful man, he stood  
And spoke his truth  
When things were bad all round  
Compassion rained  
Upon our wondering heads.  
In face of sore adversity  
Sometimes all we can do  
is stand our ground, hold firm  
While looking straight ahead-

In my mind’s eye I saw  
A sailor lashed upright  
While the storm raged all round  
And siren voices called on him to drown.

III

She tended to her trees  
And to her friends  
With the same care  
When they most needed it.

-you put one foot in front  
and then the other, and keep on.  
Soon you’ll walk, she said.

The seed took root,  
In the scorched earth  
And blossomed in my head, and grew  
Into a leafy bower overhead  
The ramage both my shelter and my shield.

## THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet who is also a member of the PK Poetry List. The PK List is a free to join community of poets who share their work using email and the internet. Information about the PK List can be found on the front page of the Poetry Kit Website at [www.poetrykit.org](http://www.poetrykit.org).

### ABOUT CATHY DALTON

Cathy Dalton lives in County Kilkenny, in southeast Ireland. She has been writing sporadically for some years, but more frequently now. She is a recovering academic and architect, with an unhealthy interest in choral singing, cats, and dystopian digital technology.

Her poems have been shortlisted and longlisted in The Poetry Kit competitions in 2023, and included in the UCD Archive of Poetry of Commemoration, 2023.

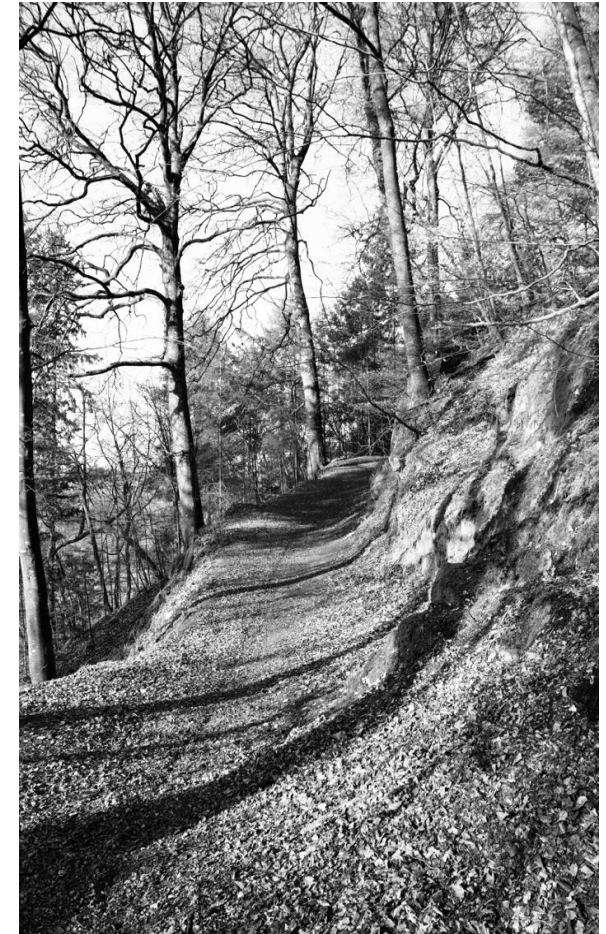
She is hoping to publish a short collection in 2024.

Copies of this poetry leaflet can be downloaded and distributed free of charge provided no change is made to the content. Copyright of the contents remains with the writer.

For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email; [info@poetrykit.org](mailto:info@poetrykit.org)

# THE PK POETS

## #1 Cathy Dalton



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## Her Mother's Eyes

Along the shoreline at low tide she walks  
Her bare feet silent on the murmuring sand  
Waves gently splash and break.  
Her eye is caught: a flash  
Of colour  
Or a glint where sunlight strikes  
The glistening pebbles,  
and she stops  
Eye on the prize.  
The treasure of a shell,  
A piece of wood, some weed  
She fills her hands, her pockets.  
Then she waits.  
The moon is full and round, the water low  
And so she walks, with care  
Footstep in patient footstep  
Hand in hand  
I watch her pace  
And in her childlike toil  
She has her mother's eyes  
Nothing escapes  
Her gaze.  
Seas rise and fall  
Ice sheets retreat  
Shorelines shift  
And shape  
Our timeless dance  
And still she walks  
From age to age  
Looking always ahead:  
Child, mother, sage.

*-inspired by the opening of the Portalis Project exhibition at  
Waterford Museum of Treasures*

## Text Alert

At first  
it was a trickle  
then a steady stream  
that grew into a flood, a deluge, a maelstrom  
of words, emojis, memes  
Sweeping all before it

Nuance was the first to crumble

next, millennia of spoken words

the lilt of of someone you love  
the sharp stab of emotion tingeing a sentence  
human voices, entire conversations  
lost to posterity

It receded into a stony silence  
punctuated by beeps, buzzes and general alerts

Nobody spoke, left drowning in a sea of discontent  
Puzzling over the flotsam of a lost civilisation

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## She Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven I (Liveline)

Exiled from the realm of learned men  
Unfit for elevated talk I sit  
And weave my dreams from images and words  
Of things for which they say I have no clue

Those threads a liveline to an outer world  
Adrift on waves which reach to distant shores  
While Telemachus plays eternal games  
His feet on earth, his head among the clouds

And from my lifespun yarns I form  
A cloak with which to wrap me all around  
Invisibility conferred by sex  
A muted scold whose lips produce no sound

## It's me

Fingernails clicking  
Tap out a staccato  
Marked URGENT!  
Send me an answer, hit return  
Weave me into your threads  
Open Windows

Let me in

Lest I perish out here, screen frozen  
Words dying on my fingertips

It's me, who else?  
Back from the dead, (so to speak)  
Not done dancing yet  
I'm taking steps

Do I still sense the crackle  
Of electricity  
That spark between us?  
Lethal voltage  
Heart-stopping  
Kindling an unforgettable fire

Or am I locked inside  
Fingers scratching pointlessly  
Against the scorched earth  
of memory  
Probing  
a faulty connection?

Chasing a danse macabre  
One last night on the tiles, fit  
to rattle skeletons from closets  
uneasy spectres  
ghosts  
of selves past  
Spinning in infinity  
An unending tarantella  
Always entangled

Mind you don't tread on my toes