

The Hospital

*A year ago I fell in love with the functional ward
Of a chest hospital: square cubicles in a row
Plain concrete, wash basins - an art lover's woe,
Not counting how the fellow in the next bed snored.
But nothing whatever is by love debarred,
The common and banal her heat can know.
The corridor led to a stairway and below
Was the inexhaustible adventure of a gravelled yard.
This is what love does to things: the Rialto Bridge,
The main gate that was bent by a heavy lorry,
The seat at the back of a shed that was a suntrap.
Naming these things is the love-act and its pledge;
For we must record love's mystery without claptrap,
Snatch out of time the passionate transitory*

**Kavanagh statue on the
banks of the Grand Canal
Dublin**



In the most beautiful of all his poems, simply called ***Innocence***, the stark landscape of ***The Great Hunger*** has given way to fields of immortality which glow in a late summer morning.

Towards the end of his life, Kavanagh wrote: *A man innocently dabbles in words and rhymes and finds it is his life.*

*They laughed at one I loved-
The triangular hill that hung
Under the Big Forth. They said
That I was bounded by the whitethorn hedges
Of the little farm and did not know the world.
But I knew that love's doorway to life
Is the same doorway everywhere.
Ashamed of what I loved
I flung her from me and called her a ditch
Although she was smiling at me with violets.*

*But now I am back in her briary arms;
The dew of an Indian Summer morning lies
On bleached potato-stalks -
What age am I?*

*I do not know what age I am,
I am no mortal age;
I know nothing of women,
Nothing of cities,
I cannot die
Unless I walk outside these whitethorn hedges*

North Norfolk Festivals 2014

COAST 2014

**Cromer and Sheringham Art and Literary Festival
"War and Peace"**

POETRY AND CAKES

**St Peter's Church, Sheringham
28th October 2014 at 1.30pm**

**Open mic poems about war and peace
Poetry reading competition
Adjudicator
James Knox Whittet**

CRABBE LUNCH & Competition Poetry Readings

**Sunday lunch on
12th October at
Aldeburgh**

*See Suffolk Poetry
Society website for
details and lunch booking*